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WORLD'S FAIRS

FROM LITTLE EGYPT TO ROBERT MOSES
by GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

CAN WE AFFORD
TO BE HEALTHY?
Donald B. Straus

THE ELUSIVE
LEO SZILARD
Alice Kimball Smith

RAND:
ARSENAL FOR IDEAS
Joseph Kraft





Roman Glass Museum, Cologne, Germany

How nature and time helped an artist create a masterpiece

Fashioned sometime during the period of the Middle or Later Roman Empire, the soft sheen of this perfume flask is an accident of time — its glowing quality the result of more than fifteen hundred years of aging. Its design, however, is a deliberate — and successful — work of art. Like so many artists before and since, its maker turned to nature in search of a decorative motif. Inspired by the gentle curves and graceful simplicity of the scallop shell, he created a masterpiece in glass.

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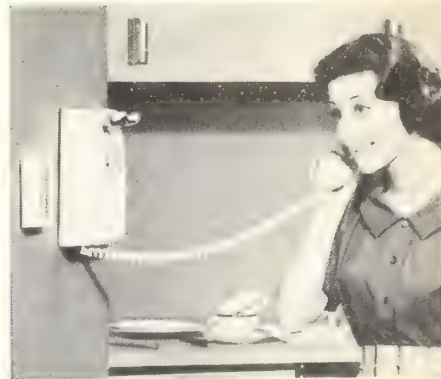
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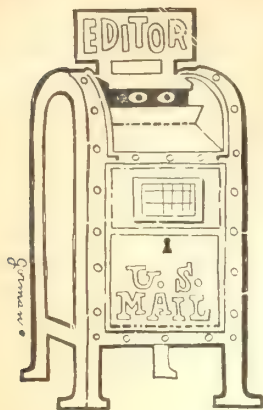
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LETTERS

I want to congratulate you on the very fine article by Alek A. Rozental. It seems to me that it would be a fine thing for medical students throughout the country to have an opportunity to read it.

ARNOLD D. WELCH, M.D.
Chairman, Dept. of Pharmacology
Yale Univ. School of Medicine
New Haven, Conn.

Drugs and Ethics

TO THE EDITORS:

Alek A. Rozental's article, "The Strange Ethics of the Ethical Drug Industry" [May], deserves the serious attention of all thoughtful people. In addition to an eloquent and soul-satisfying expose of the elaborate smoke screen the drug industry has thrown around its practices he has indicted the AMA and the U. S. government. They are worthy of less than our unreserved respect unless they can prove the falsity of his charges. I for one do not believe they can do this. . . .

What Dr. Rozental has done for one aspect of American medico-political-social life needs to be done for the problem of undergraduate and postgraduate medical education. . . . The stultifying influence of self-seeking and self-interest is rampant in American medicine. . . .

RICHARD D. BALDWIN, M.D.
Boonton, N. J.

Congratulations and many thanks for a really objective commentary on the ills of one of our major and most vital industries. . . .

J. A. MANLEY, Chief Pharmacist
Supt. Ancillary Services
Presbyterian Intercommunity Hospital
Whittier, Calif.

I object strongly to a statement misleadingly attributed to me in Alek Rozental's article. A sentence was quoted and misquoted out of context from a book of which I was co-editor. The book, which is intended for medical readers, is *Clinical Evaluation of New Drugs*, Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., 1959. It includes an entire chapter on "Problems of Publication" and the ideas expressed cannot be conveyed accurately by a single brief sentence.

Since Dr. Rozental's article is obviously an attempt to produce a sensational effect (and reveals a strange lack of faith in the medical profession) I wish to dissociate myself from it entirely.

S. O. WARE, M. D.
Lilly Research Laboratories
Indianapolis, Ind.

Proud Procals

TO THE EDITORS:

I hasten to applaud Cynthia Lindsay on her excellent article on Southern California [May]. . . . I'm a Procal myself—once removed, courtesy of Santa Fe Railway, now a reluctant Chicagoan. But I still have my dog, my barbeque, and taller child, as well as my freeway-proven flivver, and will keep my fingers crossed in the hope that some day I can get back to that heavenly place where geraniums and children grow like weeds.

A big bouquet of geraniums to Miss Lindsay.

ROBERT E. GEHRT
Chicago, Ill.

You are entitled to the gratitude of all old-time Procals for publishing Mrs. Lindsay's effort. . . . Her argument that Southern California is a nasty place and that all of its residents are lunatics may help discourage any more of her kind from coming here. We already have settled among us more sneering critics than we care to assimilate. . . .

HAROLD H. STORY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Once a Southern Californian but never a Procal, I enjoyed Mrs. Lindsay's collective portrait. Two years as a newspaper publisher there gave me all the inoculations (divorce included!) so that at the time I could not tell whether it was hilariously distressing or distressingly hilarious. [Here] are several Procal odd-ballisms now in my own collection:

A siren is a warning device, on a fire engine. . . . Clean Mexicans are Spaniards, dirty ones are Mexicans. . . . The Daughters of the Golden West have supreme competence for their delinquent organization, The Daughters of the American (excess of) Revolution. . . . Every young Procal wants to grow up to become a highway patrolman or a cowboy and by God they do. . . .

CHARLES DELUCA
Chicago, Ill.

Is it not obvious that those attitudes decried by Mrs. Lindsay are exactly those which the majority of Americans believe to have been most important in the foundation, and more particularly the development, of this wonderful country of ours? . . . Sir, I am of the opinion that your magazine has become insular. You have used the standards of some stay-at-home, stick-in-the-mud place to judge those progressive attitudes that have become part of the universally approved heritage of all Americans.

JOHN FORESTER
Fullerton, Calif.

Tax-exempt Largess

TO THE EDITORS:

Ralph Lee Smith's "But Is It Deductible?" ["Easy Chair," May] was an admirable apologia for the reluctant and uncharitable giver. I suggest that some of the underlying moral and economic principles ought not to be passed over. . . . What shall we say about a certain taxpayer, Ben, who in November 1958 bought \$20,000 worth of stock? By February 1959 its value had risen to \$40,000. Well, he had a little problem. If he held on [to qualify for long-term capital-gain tax treatment] the stock might go down as much as it had risen. On the other hand if he sold, the profit would be ordinary income. And he was in the 70 per cent bracket!

So what did he do? He just made a "charitable contribution" of the stock to the University of Julepsippi, his lily-white alma mater. And here is what happened financially:

If he sold the stock:

Gross proceeds from sale	\$40,000
Less income tax on profit (70% of \$20,000)	14,000
Balance retained by Ben	26,000

If he donated the stock:

Value of gift at date given	40,000
Tax saving attributable to the gift and retained by Ben (70% of \$40,000)	28,000

. . . I suggest that we need a law deleting the tax-deductibility of contributions. . . . In the giving of charity, let not the right hand know what the left doeth—nor the Internal Revenue Service either.

JACOB GOLDBERG, C.P.A.
Instructor of Accounting
Roosevelt University
Chicago, Ill.

The actions of the Internal Revenue Service concerning tax deductibility for organizations have been nothing short of high-handed. But Mr. Smith is correct in attributing final responsibility to Congress.

"Well, good Lord, what have I done?"

"That feed of yours is selling too well to suit Mr. Hall. I told Hall was one of the bank's largest stockholders, and he owned a wholesale grocery in town. I hadn't stopped to think that our sales of feed would cut into his business, but they undoubtedly had.

"What does Mr. Hall want me to do?"

"He doesn't want you to do anything. He wants me to fire you," Holland snapped.

I hesitated a moment, but before I could ask the question, Holland said, "I told him that you were doing what you were hired to do. I told him he could buy my stock or I would buy his, but I wasn't going to fire you for doing something that needed doing."

I accepted Mr. Holland's reassurance gratefully but still felt uneasy. Why was it that whenever I turned around I stepped on someone's toes? I sensed that this was but the beginning of my latest trouble. Now that there was opposition to me so close to home—in the bank itself—I had the feeling that I would be stopped just as I had been down in New London.

As always when I was troubled, I thought of old Pop Hart and I went up to see him again at Amherst. "My goodness, I'm going to run into this sort of thing all the time? Have I got this to look forward to all of my life?"

Pop looked at me for a long moment. "Murray, just as long as you're doing something a little different from the way in which it's always been done you're going to find some sort of opposition. The best evidence you are doing something worth while is this kind of opposition. Now, you can go ahead doing something and getting into this kind of trouble or you can stop and just coast. But I don't think you're the kind that will stop. If that's your nature, then reconcile yourself to it. Don't get discouraged. This is the sort of competition that goes on all the time, and you've got to learn to handle it."

While Pop Hart's words made good sense and gave me courage, I don't think I could have gone on very long without the support of C. P. Holland.

Holland was a remarkable man in many ways. He was a big man in a little bank, and I always thought that if he had more

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One basic point needs to be underlined: People should give to organizations whether they are deductible or not. If they were [planning] to give \$100 to a non-exempt organization and then tax rate is say, 25 per cent then let them give only \$75. The cost to the donor is the same but the organization is not penalized the whole \$100.

WILLARD JOHNSON, President
Com. for International
Economic Growth
Washington, D. C.

You may be interested in learning that on April 1 of this year IRS granted tax-deductible status to the American Friends of Vietnam. We believe that this development will further complete the record documented by Mr. Smith. . . .

LOUIS ANDRIATEA, Exec. Sec.
American Friends of Vietnam
New York, N. Y.

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Smith's position. I would like, however, to point out one minor factual error.

The article makes it seem that the American Committee on Africa has been denied tax-exempt status. Although IRS at first proposed issuing an adverse ruling, that proposed ruling has been protested, new evidence has been submitted, and we are still awaiting a final ruling [which we hope] will recognize our tax-exempt status. Our case has been pending for four years now, and perhaps we are not expecting too much when we express our hope that we will not have to wait too much longer.

GEORGE M. HOUSER, Exec. Dir.
American Committee on Africa
New York, N. Y.

Rovere vs. McCarthy

TO THE EDITORS:

I was disappointed and disgusted to observe in the note accompanying the article "Eisenhower and the New President" [by Richard H. Rovere, May] a reference to the fact that the author [wrote] the book "Senator Joe McCarthy" and that you should give that as a token of esteem. . . .

In my opinion Rovere's book is the most disgraceful publication that has come off the press in recent years. . . . A person who could write such a book should not be allowed to write anything else for decent people to read and the fact that you allow him to write the lead article in your magazine raises a serious question in my mind as to whether it is worthy of any further consideration.

I note that you have published our advertisement "Who Are These Million Men They Call 'Knights'" on the left-

hand page near the back of the book.

This is another indication of your lack of consideration for things that are worthy. . . . I am going to give serious thought to the question as to whether we should not discontinue entirely the publication of advertising in *Harper's*.

LUKE E. HART, Supreme Knight
Knights of Columbus
New Haven, Conn.

FROM THE EDITORS:

Four comments: (1) Regardless of our opinion of it (which happens to be harsh) Mr. Rovere's book was mentioned because it is a relevant fact. (2) Placement of advertising in *Harper's* is decided entirely by its business department. (3) Advertisers rarely try to influence *Harper's* editorial policy, and never succeed in doing so. (4) In this country neither Mr. Hart nor anyone else is authorized to decide whether an author should "be allowed to write anything else."

African Riches

TO THE EDITORS:

In the May issue Adlai E. Stevenson had a thoughtful article, "The New Africa." . . . With the general content and outlook no one could take exception. But one point seemed questionable to me, [namely, his statement that] Africa is "not a very well endowed continent." This referred to the poor soil and lack of rich mineral resources.

In 1956 in *Africa's Challenge to America* Chester Bowles declared that among all the continents Africa "may turn out to be the richest in those natural resources that make our modern age possible." In view of more recent discoveries in the Sahara who will dare to say that he was seriously mistaken?

ANDREW W. BLACKWOOD
Philadelphia, Pa.

Grand Central Grandeur

TO THE EDITORS:

As an architect and planner I am naturally pleased when you publish articles like Edgar Kaufmann, jr.'s "The Biggest Office Building Yet . . . Worse Luck" [May]. I am even more pleased when, as in this case, your readers are given a point of view and a philosophy with which I am wholly in sympathy. I was particularly impressed by the skillful drawings by John Pimlott. . . .

[However] I found several deplorable boners in Mr. Kaufmann's piece. For example . . . he speaks of "Commodore Vanderbilt [organizing] the Grand Central Area"—a fuzzy statement that makes a New Yorker wince. The famous Commodore, the Staten Island ferryman who

. . . "We live in an age
in which new impressions
so crowd upon us that
the miracle of yesterday
is the commonplace of today.
We fail to appreciate
how rapidly our environment
is changing or how profoundly
it has changed."

DR. ARTHUR DEHON LITTLE
1863-1935



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P-168. FRENCH POSTERS: Picasso, Chagall, Leger, Miro, Matisse. A portfolio of 8 brilliantly colored posters that will add a sophisticated sparkle to your library, den, office or living room. Reproduced directly from the original lithographs, their large size (16" x 20") makes them ideal for hanging singly or in a group. Pub. at \$8.00. *Only 2.98*

3118. HEGEL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PHILOSOPHY. First published in 1817, here is the culmination of a great philosopher's attempts at presenting philosophy as a system *in toto*—a major work that developed from his inner growth and philosophical maturity. Pub. at \$6.00. *Only 2.98*

9821. TRUMAN MEMOIRS. By Harry S. Truman. The history making memoirs of a man who forged some of our era's most momentous decisions, the most important presidential biography ever written. These volumes are a remarkable record of the former president's tumultuous years as the nation's Chief Executive. Two volume set; almost 1,200 pages. Pub. at \$10.00. *Only 2.95*

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6293. Sartre—BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Available for the first time in English, Jean-Paul Sartre's major opus is a *une qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of the 20th century. Over 700 pp. Pub. at \$10.00. *Only 2.98*

P-739. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB. This silk screen reproduction in red pigment of a priceless Chinese stone rubbing made over 2,000 years ago is the perfect center of interest for that important wall in your house. Every mark, every scar on the stone appears as it was executed for the Chinese master of the Chang Dynasty. The print is 15" high x 52" long, and its panel shape blends equally well with modern or traditional settings. *Very special, only 4.95*

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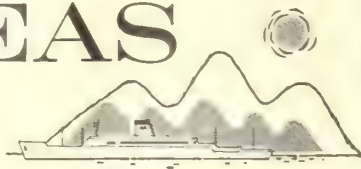
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*Even with a century of distilling experience, it took our master blenders 25 years to perfect today's Lord Calvert. It's truly America's whiskey of distinction. Enjoy its superb flavor now!

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The ultramodern cruise liner ss MONTEREY sails September 2 and October 22 on Matson's longest South Seas cruises for 1960. With up to 5 extra days, including an extra visit in colorful Hawaii, you gain as much as \$480 vacation value free. You'll sail on the only all First-Class cruise liners to the magic South Seas... the only liners to both Tahiti and Pago Pago — plus New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Hawaii. Cruise passenger list limited for more space and service per passenger. Fares for 46-47 day cruises, from \$1125. See your travel agent.

ALSO WEEKLY SAILINGS OF THE LURLINE OR MATSONIA BETWEEN HAWAII AND CALIFORNIA
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organized the New York Central Railroad, died almost a century ago when the present Grand Central area was still farmland, abounding in rabbits, goats, and squatters' shacks. It was to his son, W. H. Vanderbilt, that the statement "the public be damned" was popularly (and perhaps apocryphally) attributed, in connection with his ruthless exploitation of beautiful St. John's Park as a railroad terminal in the 1870s. And he died before the present terminal at 42nd Street was even thought of.

The brilliant organization, during the first quarter of the twentieth century of what we now know as the Grand Central area was, . . . so far as I know, the result of a combination of economic forces, engineering ingenuity, and real-estate acumen. . . .

ROBERT C. WEINBERG
New York, N. Y.

It seems only yesterday that the RCA Building was being criticized for the very reasons that Mr. Kaufmann praises it (the vogue was then for the "functional look," emphasizing the horizontal not the vertical). . . . Mr. Kaufmann would do well to read Russell Lynes' *The Tastemakers* and be reminded that to prove or disprove any structure requires little more than the ability to collect supporting facts. . . .

"Logic" is not the motivating force in our society. Nothing, in fact is more impossible, incongruous, or exasperating at times than New York and in particular the midtown section where there is probably less light, greater congestion, more confusion, and less planning or general agreement than anywhere else in the entire world. But this just confirms its uniqueness [which is perhaps why] we like it as it is and grows.

Dear Mr. Kaufmann, go back to "Fallingwater." New York is too much for you.

JOSEF KOLENSKI, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

THE AUTHOR COMMENTS:

Like Mr. Weinberg, I deplore the boners he correctly spotted. To Mr. Kolenski, no answer.

EDGAR KAUFMANN, JR.
New York, N. Y.

Bussotti's Score

In the June issue the copyright of the music by Sylvano Bussotti ["The Far-out Pianist" by Harold C. Schonberg] was inadvertently omitted.

It was reproduced in these pages by permission of the Associated Music Publishers, Inc., American agents for Universal Edition (London) Ltd., who copyrighted the score in 1959.

HOW CAN WE CATCH THE THIEF IN THE LIGHT?

In broad daylight, the thousand-fingered thief, inflation, goes on stealing from us all.

Turning the glaring spotlight of public alarm on him hasn't even slowed him down. Like a disease, he goes on shriveling the precious dollars we spend today to live, or save for the future.

But are you aware that *even when you pay your taxes*, inflation is there, swindling you! For inflation puffs up the cost of all the countless things the government must buy, too.

Is there no small step a man can take to help catch this robber? Or at least to slow him down? There is. It is based on a simple rule of everyday economics.

Each of us can try to *deserve* more before we demand to get *paid* more. And one way we can do it is by producing more, and better, of whatever we have to offer the world.

This is the first step every man can take to sound, individual prosperity, without inflation.

REPUBLIC STEEL

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INFLATION ROBS US ALL



The road to sound national prosperity lies through sound business developments and product improvement, not through inflation.

One of Republic Steel's important developments in the field of new products, which reduces costs for industry, is X-TRU-COAT*, a plastic-coated steel pipe. Republic is the exclusive manufacturer of this product.

X-TRU-COAT combines the strength of steel with the proven protection of plastic, sealing out corrosion permanently. Thousands of miles of this plastic-coated pipe are now in use throughout the country. Utility companies, for example, find it specially useful because it is immune to corrosive soil conditions—prevents electrolytic action.

*Produced under the Dekoron process.

the editor's EASY CHAIR

A Small Buried Treasure

ALEKO became a grave robber mostly out of boredom, though hunger had something to do with it.

He is not a talkative man, so I learned about his profession only obliquely and over a considerable period of time. (His former profession, that is. Now he is a businessman of monumental respectability, the owner of a cherished second-hand Cadillac in which he will drive you anywhere in Europe for quite a reasonable fee.) The first hint came in Salonika, after we had been traveling for days over the rutted, dusty roads of northern Greece.

We had stopped at a sidewalk café for a cup of coffee. On the way back to the car we passed one of those little open-front shops which seem to be the commonest form of enterprise in Macedonia. Its counter was piled with canvas shoes, old clothes, battered lamps, and similar castoffs. At one end was a tray of jewelry. I wouldn't have given it a second glance if Aleko hadn't stopped and begun to poke around among the earrings and bangles. Most of them looked as if they had come originally from the Greek equivalent of a dime store, and the one he pointed out to me—a copper-colored bracelet—was even more tarnished than the rest.

"You might buy that," he said. "It won't cost much."

There was nothing I needed less, but I had learned to follow Aleko's suggestions, however odd. He conducted the mandatory haggling and bought it in the end for a few drachmas.

When we were on the road again I asked him why.

"It's old," he said. "Probably about eighth century B.C. I think it came, maybe, from the grave of a little girl. Because it wasn't gold, the grave robbers sold it cheap. They are ignorant fellows mostly." He was silent for a couple of miles, and then added: "I know a little about such things."

(At the time all this sounded unlikely, but weeks later I found out that Aleko was right. Museum people told me that the bracelet was

bronze, not copper; its incised decorations were Early Geometric; a few similar pieces are in the Binaki collection in Athens.)

Two days later Aleko asked, diffidently, if I would mind our making a short detour. We were driving east, toward the Turkish border, along the narrow strip of coastal plain at the top of the Aegean Sea. The road originally had been built by the Roman emperors to link their two great seats of power, Constantinople and Rome, but it had deteriorated considerably since their time. A few miles to the north rose the long crest of mountains that mark the Bulgarian border. In their foothills, Aleko said, was the village of Moustheni. No, I wouldn't find it on the map—just a dozen or so stone huts.

"When I left there twenty years ago," he said, "I wore handcuffs. I never expected to go back—but now that we are so close, I would like to drop by and see if they remember me. It would be good for them to see me traveling in my own car and with an American friend."

As we turned onto the rocky track that led toward the foothills, he told me about his boyhood in Moustheni. His family, like most of the others, were tobacco farmers. Except for the few weeks each year when he helped plant, hoe, and harvest their three-acre patch, he had no work. Nor was there much else to do—no school, no movies, not even any girls; for in this part of the country, so long under Turkish rule, the women are still secluded. (Many of the older ones never appear in public without their heavy, tent-like veils; the younger ones, never without a chaperon.) So Aleko spent much time with a few other idle youngsters at a table in front of the town's only café, playing cards, nursing a thimbleful of coffee through the long hot afternoons, grumbling about their poverty and boredom.

He doesn't remember who first thought of the tumuli. These are mounds, about ten feet high, which rise like pimples all over the Macedonian plain; along some stretches of road you pass one about every quarter of a mile. Each of them covers a tomb, usually a rough stone enclosure which contains (or once did) the bones of some

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In just 25 years, rural electrification has done more to revolutionize farming and country living than any other social or economic force. Electricity truly has brightened the outlook, and broadened the interests, of rural people.

Back of this renaissance in country living have been loans made available through the Rural Electrification Administration . . . created in 1935 on the premise that all Americans—not just city people—should share the benefits of electricity.

Since then, rural people have organized non-profit groups, borrowed capital from REA, and built their own lines . . . the only way most of them could get electricity. These rural electrics are pledged to serve everyone—large or small, near or far—at lowest possible cost. From the start, the law has prevented them from serving towns of over 1,500, and people already being served by other systems.

Today, more than 97 per cent of rural America is electrified. And despite the handicap of scattered consumers, more than 1,000 locally owned and operated rural electric systems—mostly cooperatives—have paid more than \$1 billion in principal and interest on their \$3½ billion REA loans. They have proved rural electrification to be one of the best investments our Nation has ever made.



AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS



Bronze Age chief, and sometimes those of his family, servants, and horses. (Common people were, presumably, buried with less pretension.) A stranger finds it hard to believe that there could have been so many of them; but, as Aleko pointed out, people as bellicose as the Achaeans and Dorians could manage over a few thousand years of tribal warfare to run through quite a few chiefs.

The young men of Moustheni had heard that archaeologists from Athens recently had been digging in such a mound near the ancient ruins of Amphipolis, not far away. Nobody knew for sure what, if anything, they had found; but there were rumors of much treasure—jeweled sword hilts, necklaces, armlets, statues of solid gold. Why shouldn't the boys do a little digging on their own?

Such enterprises are of course illegal in Greece, and the penalties are severe. But policemen are scarce in the country districts; besides, the Moustheni Explorers planned to work at night. As an extra precaution they organized themselves into two shifts of four men each, one to stand sentry while the other dug.

"For the next year," Aleko said, "I labored harder than I ever have in my life. We would tackle a grave just like the archaeologists do—cutting a trench about two feet wide straight through the middle of the mound. If we hit anything promising, we would then open branch trenches to the left or right. And always we would try to finish the job and fill in the trenches before daybreak. We even replaced the sod and bushes as best we could, to avoid attracting attention to our business.

"We must have opened a hundred tumuli without finding a thing except bones and bits of useless pottery. Other grave robbers, you see, had got there first, maybe hundreds of years ago. So all we got for our trouble was calloused palms and aching backs, and naturally we began to get discouraged. Then one night we found it.

"This mound looked exactly like all the others, but somehow the earlier diggers had missed it. Alongside the bones of the old warrior we found all the equipment his people had given him for his last journey—three pots that must have held food and wine, a bronze spearhead, a wreath of gold leaves, and a little statue of Hercules. It was only about six inches high, but it was gold—probably from the ancient mines near the headwaters of the Strymon River—and to us the workmanship seemed very fine. None of us had ever seen anything like it.

"But what could we do with it? If we tried to sell such a rarity anywhere in Greece, the authorities would begin to ask questions at once. And how could we find out what it was worth? After so much labor, you understand, we didn't propose to let ourselves be cheated.

"We stopped our nighttime ventures, and for

days we sat around the café and talked about this problem. In the end we worked out a very clever scheme. . . ."

At this point Aleko's account was interrupted by our arrival at Moustheni. It looked even grimmer than he had led me to expect—a single cobbled street twisting up the hillside between two rows of gray hovels. But there was nothing grim about the people. As we came abreast of the first house, Aleko began to honk his horn, and the whole village—including a remarkable number of dogs and babies—poured out to follow. The appearance of any automobile here was cause for excitement enough, but when they recognized the man at the wheel the uproar really cut loose. If St. Demetrios himself had ridden into town on his spectral white stallion, he couldn't have produced more astonishment, or noise.

Aleko inched the car along to the café, where he had plotted with his friends so many years ago, and stopped to receive homage. At this place the street widens a little, to form a sort of village square. Though it was crowded to the walls, somebody managed to drag a couple of tables out to the center, and after Aleko had introduced me to what I took to be the village elders, we sat down with them for a ceremonial round of *ouzo* and thick, bitter coffee. Aleko insisted on paying for everything. While I couldn't understand a word of the conversation, it was clear that he was enacting—with great dignity—the Prodigal's Return.

His sense of timing was flawless. In precisely twenty minutes he rose, shook hands again with everybody, and led the procession back to his car—the very image of the man of affairs who has to be off to the pressing business of the outside world. A swarm of children and dogs, in full cry, raced beside us until we passed the last house.

All the way back to the main road Aleko grinned in silent satisfaction. I had a hard time getting him to pick up the thread of his story.

"One of the men you met back there—the one who passed around the tobacco and cigarette papers—is Philip Galas," he said. "He is a farmer now, but in the old days he was one of our diggers. He had relatives in Kavala, and there he had met a jeweler and pawnbroker—a rich man but trustworthy. To get our scheme under way, Philip took the statue to him and persuaded him to make an exact copy. Naturally we had to promise him a share—a full one-ninth—of the wealth we expected to have before long.

"The jeweler then carried his copy to the local museum and tried to sell it, saying that it had been pawned in his shop over a year ago and that the owner had never reclaimed it. The curator, of course, refused. He explained that it was only a modern reproduction, though a good one, and therefore worth little more than the

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75 TONS AT A TIME!

A far cry from the miner's mule of the '80s, this new mammoth ore truck performs Herculean tasks in Anaconda's Berkeley Pit at Butte, Montana. Still in the experimental stage, the gigantic vehicle hauls ore up-grade out of the pit, 75 or more tons at a time. Designed to replace Diesel trucks with less than half the capacity, it operates electrically on special trolley wires and each of its four outsized wheels can deliver 400 horsepower, a total of 1600 horsepower—making it the most powerful truck in the world. Without a load, it can leave its trolley wires and operate on 350 horsepower supplied by its own Diesel generator.

Huge as it is, Anaconda's new truck is in proportion with the vast Butte operation. One of the richest mineral areas ever discovered, Butte has supplied industry with more than *three billion dollars in mineral wealth*. Up to 1959, more than 7 million tons of copper had been mined at "the richest hill on earth"—which has also been a bountiful source of zinc, manganese, lead, silver and gold.

Current production at Butte continues to set king-sized standards, and the new king-sized ore truck is part of a system which moves more than 28,000 tons of ore a day at the Berkeley Pit. This is just one reason why the Company's ore production is consistently on the increase. Not only with new and highly efficient equipment, but through continuing exploration and constant development of new copper sources, such as the new El Salvador Mine recently opened in Chile, Anaconda meets the growing needs of industry for more and better products in the entire nonferrous metal field.



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POSTHASTE

It was just a hundred years ago that the pony express went into operation between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California. The intrepid riders carried their messages almost 2,000 miles through hostile Indian territory and delivered them in an incredible eight days.

Our ideas of speed have changed considerably in a hundred years. Today jets cover the route of the pony express in about four hours, and messages can be transmitted even faster by telephone and telegraph. No wonder the tempo of our lives has quickened!

Every so often, someone asks, "Why all the rush?" We don't know why everyone else is in such a hurry, but speaking for ourselves, we put a premium on speedy executions of our customers' orders for two reasons. One is simply that our customers expect it; they want to buy or sell at a price as close as possible to the quote they received or the last report they saw on the tape in our board room. The other is that we must execute orders with speed and efficiency in this period of ever-increasing trading in the stock market.

That's why we have eight brokers on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange alone, why we keep acquiring the latest and fastest equipment from IBM and A.T.&T., Western Union and RCA, why we keep 280 people as busy as beavers in our New York Wire Room, nerve center of our operation—simply to serve you better all the time.

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

metal it contained. Our friend pretended great disappointment. But if it *had* been genuine, he asked, what price would it have brought? At least a million drachmas, the museum man told him. Perhaps more, for such works of art from the archaic period were very rare indeed.

"Once we had that information, we knew just what to do next. From our fathers and the jeweler we borrowed enough money to send one member of our band—you will forgive me if I don't mention his name—to Paris. He carried the little Hercules, the real one, baked inside a loaf of bread. It was a safe hiding place, since nearly all peasants carry a parcel of bread and sausage when they go traveling, and the customs guards never pay it any attention.

"In Paris our messenger had no great trouble in finding a dealer willing to pay a fair price and ask no questions."

Aleko lapsed into one of his long silences; I thought the story was finished. When he began talking again, it was about Greek history.

"The habit of betrayal has always been our great weakness," he said. "Remember Alcibiades? Remember Ephialtes, who sold the pass at Thermopylae? Such men are more typical than you might think. Every city in Greece has its legend of at least one betrayer. So has Moustheni.

"Our agent didn't come home. Instead he went to Athens with our money in his pocket, and wrote an unsigned letter to the national police, telling them all about our little venture in midnight archaeology. So a truckload of policemen pulled into the village one morning, and arrested all seven of us. They took us to the Kavala court, where the judge sentenced us to a big fine and many years in jail. If the war hadn't broken out that fall, I might have been in prison yet."

What happened, he explained, was that the royal government had opened the jail doors for every man who wanted to fight the invaders. Aleko and his friends set off for the mountains, with no equipment except a rifle and a belt of cartridges apiece, and fought for five years against Italians, Germans, and Bulgarians. When the war was over, nobody felt inclined to remember the old charges.

"But the archaeologists didn't forget our statue," he added. "With the help of the French police they eventually got their hands on the little Hercules. You can see it any day you like in the Kavala museum—the finest piece in its collection. We never got a penny for it, of course."

Did he know, I asked, what had become of the man who turned them in?

"Yes," Aleko said, "he came back to Macedonia after the war. Perhaps he too thought that old scores would be forgotten. He was mistaken."

For a long while we had met no one along the road. Now we saw ahead of us two old women on minute donkeys, riding side-saddle in the fashion of the country. Aleko pulled up beside them to ask about the turnoff for Keramoti, the fishing village where he was to leave me and where I hoped to find some sort of boat to take me on the next leg of my journey. When we were on our way again, he said:

"There is one thing about these old graves. When everybody knows that one of them has been opened—as, for example, the one where we found the treasure—it is no longer of interest. Nobody else is likely to look inside it again, maybe not for centuries. It makes an ideal place to hide a body."

The Ballot on Billboards

LAST February a San Francisco advertising man, Howard Gossage, put forward in this space a gentle suggestion about billboards: that the only way to deal with them is not by regulation, but by abolishing them outright. The billboard industry, he pointed out, has no right to exist because it is selling something it doesn't own—your field of vision. It is not an advertising medium, since—unlike TV, magazines, newspapers, and other media—it doesn't provide information, entertainment, or anything else the customer wants. Worst of all, Mr. Gossage noted, billboards are an outrageous invasion of privacy because they inflict themselves on you without your permission, and—unlike any other kind (continued on page 21)



Panning out along the Pacific



Up and down the Pacific Coast, a great new economy is emerging. Right there growing with it is Gen Tel.

In the West Coast areas served by General Telephone, population is expected to double in the next ten years. This will call for new homes, new towns, new telephones, and generate a vast increase in traffic over existing telephone lines.

This same sort of growth is taking place in the rapidly expanding areas Gen Tel serves in 31 states.

For our part, we will see to it that more and better telephone service will be ready, wherever and whenever it is needed.

At General Telephone, we constantly strive not only to meet today's communications needs, but to answer tomorrow's.


General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Avenue, N.Y. 17.

**GENERAL
TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS**



THE CHEMISTRY
OF THE WORLD
WE LIVE IN





"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made."

How the "flower animals" of the sea gave a cue to chemistry

The lovely rock gardens in our photograph are coral—the skeletons of innumerable tiny marine polyps called Anthozoa, meaning "flower animals."

Chemically, coral is chiefly carbonate of lime. The flower animals extract the carbonate of lime from the sea water. With it, they have built the coral islands of the Pacific and the Great Barrier Reef of Australia—1,250 miles long.

The chemistry of coral is Nature's chemistry. For long it was believed that no laboratory, no scientist could duplicate organic matter, since it was the product of "vital force." Then came the first synthesis in 1828. Organic chemistry was launched.

Today, the chemists of Allied Chemical build compounds never before seen on land or sea.

The flower animals create only one product—coral. Allied's product list includes more than 3,000 items. Basic chemicals like sulfuric acid and soda ash... ammonia and nitrogen products. Sophisticated compounds used for aerosol propellants... missile fuels... pharmaceuticals. New products introduced since World War II now account for one quarter of the company's sales.

Our doors are open to the future—and our laboratories are shaping things to come. Allied Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y. HAnover 2-7300.



BASIC TO AMERICA'S PROGRESS

The good Captain sets sail for SPICE ISLANDS (a precedent followed happily ever since by other astute Cooks)

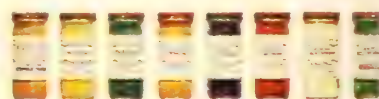
History holds that he named The Sandwich Islands for an erstwhile Earl in Albion. But food was clearly on his mind: Captain Cook's thoughts lingered lovingly on a scented paradise to the West-Sou'west. There, in SPICE ISLANDS the very air bespoke romance. There, too, was a fortune in spices—a host of flavors to

bring joy to a waiting world. It is, of course, quite impossible to prepare and package enough of these superlative spices to make them available everywhere. But today as in the Captain's time, any Cook worth his salt knows this: No tour is too long if it takes you to the priceless pleasures of SPICE ISLANDS.



SPICE ISLANDS

SPICES • HERBS • VINEGARS • TEAS





If you think this fellow with the spyglass looks more like Captain Cook than Tony Randall, congratulate photographer Arnold Newman. And if you'd like to see Tony Randall in a motion picture, look for Jerry Wald's "Let's Make Love". Also look for:

SPICE ISLANDS

BEAU MONDE SEASONING



Here is the perfect introduction to the glorious pleasures of spice cookery: SPICE ISLANDS Beau Monde Seasoning. This subtle combination of celery seed, salt, onion powder and MSG is carefully balanced to enhance a food's individuality, rather than intrude its own. Try it first, perhaps, with a salad dressing (the handy shaker top adds an easy, do-it-yourself touch to your table). Then, later on, blend it with other spices and herbs on your favorite fish or meat (either in the pot or on the table).



And have you enjoyed new SPICE ISLANDS Bouquet Garni for Lamb? If you'd like a free booklet on this exclusive SPICE ISLANDS herbal blend just write to:

SPICE ISLANDS COMPANY
Dept. L • South San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

of advertising—they are inescapable.

Because he was curious about how many people might agree with him, Mr. Gossage ended his article with a ballot, inviting readers to check it for or against billboards and to mail their votes to him.

We thought you might be interested in the rather curious results.

Votes were still trickling in five months after the ballot was published, but at the last count they totaled 1,950 for abolishing billboards and 111 for letting them exist. Among the pro-billboard voters, 224 appeared to have actually read the article. The rest didn't use the printed ballot, or write letters of their own; they signed their names to a printed form letter and used identical envelopes, nearly all of which were mailed from the same city. Mr. Gossage suspects that some angry billboard men must have 187 friends, or anyhow acquaintances, who are willing to sign their names.

The anti-billboard voters, on the other hand, wrote 297 highly individual (and usually indignant) letters, while an additional 1,078 added a note or comment to their ballots. Many asked what they could do to help abolish billboards. Others made suggestions, ranging from legislation to organizing vigilante groups to chop them down.

To the inquirers Mr. Gossage replied with a suggestion of his own: if you don't like billboards, tell the people who advertise on them.

Most advertisers are surprisingly sensitive to protests from the customers they are trying to attract. One big oil company already has stopped advertising its gasoline on billboards, and other firms undoubtedly would do the same once they realize that such ads make more enemies than friends. (An executive for one nationally-known manufacturer recently remarked that in his office "one critical letter causes a commotion, two a crisis, and three chaos.")

If you feel strongly about the billboard issue, you might want to try a modest experiment this summer. Whenever you start on a long drive, take along a pocketful of stamped post cards. When you stop for lunch or coffee, write a note on one of them and send it to the president of the firm whose billboard ads have annoyed you most during the last

twenty miles. (Mail it to the company's local office; you'll usually find an address in the handiest phone book.)

If a good many Americans don't make some such small effort to protect their privacy—and their heritage—this country's once-beautiful landscape is certain to grow more and more hideous. For example, the Phillips Petroleum Company has just announced the biggest advertising campaign in its history to introduce a new gasoline. It plans to use more than five thousand billboards. (This company's address is Bartlesville, Oklahoma.)

A few advertising publications but by no means the most important ones—got the strange notion that Mr. Gossage was attacking the whole advertising business. This misconception was perhaps stated most vigorously in *Western Advertising News*, which chided Mr. Gossage for criticizing "an industry which needs critics like a cotton field needs another boll weevil."

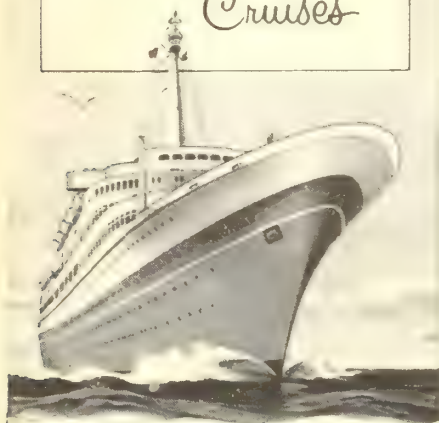
It is true, as the same editorial noted, that the advertising industry recently has been "busily ducking a varied assortment of brickbats, dead cats, and cabbage"—but I doubt whether its best remedy is to attempt to suppress constructive criticism within its own ranks. In fact, just the opposite tactics might work wonders. Why shouldn't the advertising industry itself take the lead in the campaign to wipe out billboards?

The Advertising Council has conducted many public-service campaigns of great benefit to the nation. To these worthy causes it has donated millions of dollars' worth of effort and talent. What worthier cause could it now find than a crusade to clean up the American landscape—and to clean its own house at the same time?

The billboard companies represent only a small fraction of the advertising business, but they bring down untold resentment on the whole industry. If the big, responsible agencies—which traditionally have provided leadership in the advertising field—were to take up the fight for anti-billboard legislation, they would win the gratitude of millions; and in the process they might improve remarkably the tarnished image of their profession.

ANNOUNCING

The Season's
Most Brilliant
International
Cruises



on the **LARGEST** and
NEWEST Cruise Liner

— the distinguished Flagship

ROTTERDAM

A luxury liner of proven cruiseworthiness
— offering the tops in entertainment,
service that pampers and delights,
an alert and world-wise staff,
famous Holland-America cruise menus,
100% air-conditioning, automatic stabilizers,
plus every ultra-modern aid to navigation,
operation and passenger comfort.

DEC. 9, 1960

Rio de Janeiro and the
West Indies
Christmas-New Year's Cruise
Calling at St. Thomas, Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro,
Bahia, Curaçao, Haiti, Nassau.
29 days • \$875 up

JAN. 28, 1961

**Around-the-
World Cruise**

Calling at Palma, Villefranche, Naples, Malta,
Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Bombay,
Colombo, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Kobe,
Yokohama, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, Balboa.

77 days • \$2525 up

All sailings
from New York

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

**Holland-America
Line**

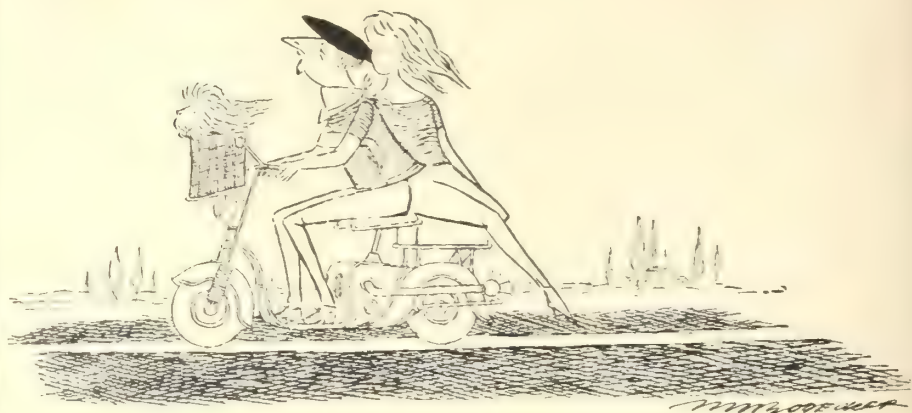
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

"It's good to be



on a well-run ship"

AFTER HOURS



The Dangerous One Hundred Per Cent

By Russell Lynes

RECENTLY, when I was in Europe, I was told that the automobile accident rate there is very much higher than it is in America but that far fewer fatalities resulted from their collisions. They chip away at each other but, on the whole, they do not do each other in. This would seem to be contradicted by the recent deaths of Camus and Prince Aly Khan, but after driving for a month in France and Italy and Sicily, I am willing to believe what I was told. Whether the statistics fit the facts or not, they do seem to fit the temperaments of European drivers.

The man behind the wheel of a European car has the bit in his teeth and a precise instinct for the point beyond which he cannot force his bluff. As anyone who has ever driven a car around the Arc de Triomphe in Paris knows, he encounters no respect there for the faint of heart. If you have a split-second advantage and don't push it, no other driver is going to give you any consideration. If you pause, you become a stationary rock in a torrent, with the currents bubbling and eddying quietly (no horns in Paris) around you. In America we would consider this kind of dog-eat-dog attitude both the height of folly and the depth of discourtesy. To the Frenchman it is merely that nice point at which logic and independence meet.

And there is much to be said for logic and independence, as the

French have long been telling the rest of the world. There is undeniable logic in the Frenchman's method of driving. He believes that an automobile is a means of getting from one place to another in the least possible time with the fewest possible interruptions to his progress. Such obstacles as may stand in his way (primarily like-minded Frenchmen in other cars and, of course, cyclists and pedestrians) will, he believes, get out of his way if he makes it quite clear that he means to brook no nonsense. He gives the other fellow every possible opportunity to yield and as little opportunity as possible not to. He reasons, logically, that the other driver does not want to get hurt any more than he does, that he has his mind on what he is doing, expects the worst, and will know when he is beaten. He has faith in his own sense of timing, in the law of averages, in his independence, and in *la psychologie*. The reason for the large number of small accidents is that French logic is never quite the equal of French independence . . . at least, not on the highway.

THE way the European driver uses his horn is a case in point. Outside Paris the horn becomes as important as the accelerator or the brakes. It is used not only for saying, "Look out, here I come!" but for saying, "Thank you." Where roads are winding and mountainous, as for ex-

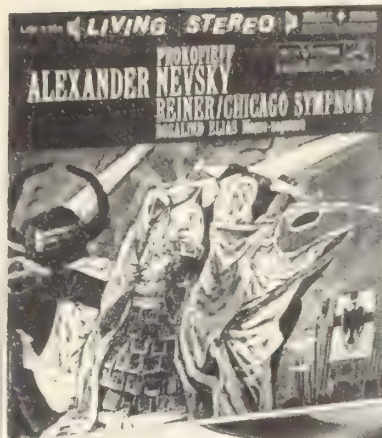
AFTER HOURS

ample on the Route Napoléon from Grenoble to Cannes or up the coast of Calabria, your life depends on your horn, and on your ability to distinguish the horn of a bus or a truck from that of a passenger car or a motorcycle. If you hear the Gabriel-like trump of a bus as you approach a narrow hairpin, you reply and, since there is no shoulder to pull off on, stop. (The Italians, especially, delight in putting drainage ditches where we put shoulders.)


The Peugeot I was driving in Italy had a double horn—a polite city beep which with extra pressure could be turned into a piercing scream you could hear from Naples to Pompeii. Not to use it almost constantly at full-throat on the drive from Salerno to Ravello, for example, (the road winds along the mountains by the sea) would have been to court death. When a car coming in the opposite direction toots, you answer; if you don't, he will, as likely as not, come around a sharp curve on your side of the road on the logical assumption that if no one answered his toot, no one was there. The horn to the European driver is not just a means of self-expression, as it so often is with us, neither is it used out of exasperation; it is an integral part of the logic of his technique.

MOST American drivers in Europe are alarmed by the swarms of two-wheeled vehicles that they encounter everywhere. Gradually this alarm subsides as one realizes that the bicycle in Europe is not a child's toy ridden by a kid who is both an exhibitionist and clumsy. The bicycle, like the motorbike, the motorcycle, and the scooter is a part of life—not just a convenience or a toy but an economic necessity. The Vespa and the Lambretta (I never found out whether mufflers are forbidden by law or by custom, though nobody loves a noise like the Italians) are often the family car. Three on a scooter is a common sight, usually with a child sandwiched between father, who drives, and mother on the rear. Only once did I see a family of four on a scooter, and that was in Sicily. But with gasoline at about 80 cents a gallon, a vehicle that will go over a hundred miles for that investment (as motorbikes evidently will) is important. Most Europeans

Brand-New Recording of the Classic Film Score



Eisenstein's majestic film, "ALEXANDER NEVSKY," inspired a musical masterpiece. Now Fritz Reiner, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, presents the first truly modern recording of the score! This marks the first version recorded in stereo in the past three years.

Living Stereo and regular L.P. **RCA VICTOR** 

New Honeywell Portable Electronic Air Cleaner

For effective removal of pollen, soot, dirt, smoke and odors.

Honeywell scientists have perfected a portable electrostatic precipitator that will clean the air in an average 12 x 14 foot closed bedroom, office or meeting room in 15 minutes. Designed to provide fresh, clean, odor free air for more healthful living, the portable unit will remove an average of 90%* of all airborne dirt including pollen, bacteria, soot, smoke and other irritants as small as 1/2,500,000 of an inch. It also includes an activated charcoal filter which removes virtually all gases and odors.

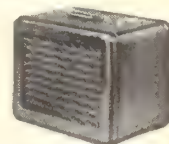
Resembling a piece of lightweight luggage, the portable can be moved easily from room to room and can be plugged in to any standard outlet. A product of Honeywell Research, the Portable sets a new

**Slightly less with charcoal filter.*

standard of performance and quality. It is fully guaranteed by Honeywell, world leader in environmental control. If prescribed by your doctor and purchased primarily for the prevention or mitigation of a particular illness, the purchase price is deductible for income tax purposes.

See this new Honeywell portable electronic air cleaner at selected department stores, physician and office supply dealers everywhere. For a free illustrated booklet on electronic air cleaning, write Honeywell, Dept. HA-7-129, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota.

Price: \$229.95
Includes Activated
Charcoal Filter—



Honeywell



First in Control

SINCE 1886

75th
PIONEERING THE FUTURE
YEAR



Dr. Werner Pfenninger, renowned for his work in laminar flow and low drag coefficients at the Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich, joined Northrop in 1949. Today he heads the scientific and engineering team working on Boundary Layer Control Research at Norair Division, Northrop Corporation.

How Boundary Layer Control Reduces Friction Drag on Aircraft in Flight, Can Increase Range 50% to 100%

by Dr. Werner Pfenninger

The boundary layer is a very thin stratum of air that surrounds an aircraft in flight. This air passing across the aircraft surface flows more slowly than the free stream velocity of the air around it. Turbulence results. This increases air friction—waste friction drag. Norair Low Drag Boundary Layer Control prevents this turbulence by smoothing the flow of air. On wings and empennage this reduction can increase the aircraft's range or endurance 50 per cent. If BLC is applied to most of the airplane, this increase can go as high as 100 per cent.

BLC's reduction of friction drag increases endurance missions, flight efficiency, amount of payload. It reduces fuel consumption to the point where aircraft can remain on station for long periods of time. It reduces operating costs.

These advances apply to military and logistic operations, commercial and passenger flights, and nuclear-powered aircraft of the future. On any type of large, long-range aircraft, Norair's BLC can be quickly adapted at a cost of approximately 10 per cent of the total airplane.

Northrop Corporation—the only American aerospace company to pioneer extensive research in the field—has conducted more than 250 laminar flow flights with an F-94 jet fighter and has achieved full laminar flow at a wide range of speeds.

For the scientist and engineer at Norair, design, manufacture, and flight testing of BLC offers a gratifying opportunity to create advances in a new field. The specialist enjoys the advantages of working with the facilities of the entire Northrop Corporation in an atmosphere where management encourages, recognizes, rewards individual achievement.

Current papers by

Dr. Werner Pfenninger include:

Design Considerations of Large Subsonic Long-Range Transport Airplanes with Low Drag Boundary Layer Suction.

Design Considerations of Propulsion Systems for Low Drag Boundary Layer Control Airplanes Cruising at High Subsonic Speeds.

For copies of these papers and additional information about Northrop Corporation, write:

NORTHROP
CORPORATION

Department R8-1300-32, P.O. Box 1525
Beverly Hills, California

AFTER HOURS

are not on two-wheeled vehicles for sport but for business, and they are businesslike in their mode of driving. They do not panic and consequently they need not alarm the American driver.

IF the temper and tempo of European driving at first seems unsettling, one soon discovers that there are a number of road customs that Americans would be wise to adopt.

The first of these is the system of road signs. They are, for one thing, the same in every European country. What means *One Way Street Do Not Enter* in France also means it in Italy and England and Switzerland and elsewhere. It is a circle with a horizontal line across it. The same is true of warnings for railroad crossings, for roads that are likely to be slippery, for roads that are about to narrow, and so on. The signs are not written out, no clumsy verbiage; they are all pictorial or symbolic, easily learned, immediately recognizable, and above all, consistent. This may be the first hint of European unity; in any case, it makes more sense than our wordy signs about which our several states cannot seem to agree for obscure but perilous reasons.

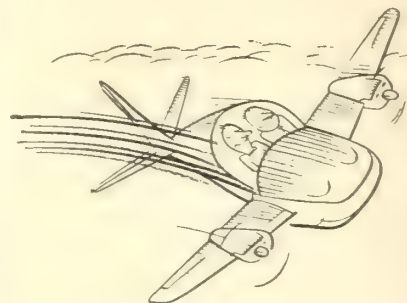
I would like also to commend to our purveyors of gasoline that they take a pious look at the *Agip* stations in Italy. They are models of cleanliness that should make most American station operators blush; they are also models of service and style. Instead of strings of plastic pennants and whirling pinwheels to attract attention, they have flower beds. The attendants not only wipe the windshield but the side windows as well, on the reasonable assumption that the passengers enjoy looking at the countryside and should be able to see it.

Americans abroad will soon discover where they can get tourist coupons in France and Italy that will save them quite a lot of money on gas. They will also discover that a small car in Europe has many advantages over a large car, especially in the narrow streets of ancient towns and when one meets a bus on a winding mountain road.

If they have any sense, they will also soon discover that it is foolhardy to try to compete with the European driver on his own terms.

COMING IN AUGUST

IN HARPER'S



THE REVOLUTION IN SMALL PLANE FLYING

Once a sportsman's toy—and a rather dangerous one—the private plane has now become a real utility vehicle . . . fast, and easy to handle.

By Wolfgang Langewiesche

CHRIST UNDER COMMUNISM

A startling first-hand report on what is happening to the churches in Eastern Europe. (Once again, persecution may turn out to be a good thing.)

By Milton Mayer

TV 1960

The first of two searching articles on the outstanding programs of the past season.

By Martin Mayer

THE AMERICAN TALENT FOR CHAOS

By Charlton Ogburn, Jr., author of "The Marauders"

THE DOUBLE IMAGE OF AMERICAN BUSINESS ABROAD

What some firms are doing . . . and others might emulate . . . in Latin American countries which have good reason for resenting foreign investors and managers.

By Thomas Aitken, Jr.

AFTER HOURS

There are subtleties to their conventions which the American cannot hope to learn in a few weeks or months. If you learn how to use your horn, not to be overly timid or aggressive, to be far more constantly alert than you are accustomed to being on our wide highways, the chances are that you will come back in one piece. But don't be seduced into playing their game. It is far more interesting to watch them go three abreast around an uphill curve, like jammers in a roller derby, than to find yourself squeezed between a wine tank truck and a drainage ditch. They seem to know how to cope with these perils. You don't.

MUSHROOMS

Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly,
Very quietly

Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam,
Acquire the air.

Nobody sees us,
Stops us, betrays us;
The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on
Heaving the needles,
The leafy bedding,

Even the paving.
Our hammers, our rams,
Earless and eyeless,

Perfectly voiceless,
Widen the crannies,
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,
On crumbs of shadow,
Bland-mannered, asking

Little or nothing.
So many of us!
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek,
We are edible,

Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves.
Our kind multiplies:

We shall by morning
Inherit the earth.
Our foot's in the door.

—Sylvia Plath



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Ford Motor Company, Inc.

You're not alone, Charlie Brown, because the Falcon reaches the hearts of 10,000 new owners every week. The Falcon is far and away America's most successful new car. Falcon combines plenty of power with up to 30 m.p.g. A handy new size outside, yet room for six. America's lowest priced 6-passenger cars and wagons* . . . with luxury interiors. Economy where it pays, quality where it counts make Falcon the new measure of compact car success.

FORD DIVISION, Ford Motor Company,



EASIEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO OWN

FORD Falcon

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices.

New "hide-and-seek" missile bases on rails



A time-tested principle of warfare—swift maneuverability—is the railroads' newest contribution to the Missile Age.

Mobile launching pads on wheels will be able to fire missiles of intercontinental range from almost any point along the nation's 220,000 miles of railroad line. Most importantly, the mobility of these bases protects against enemy detection and destruction.

This development, announced by the Department of Defense, underscores once again how the needs of the nation are met by the railroads—the backbone of our transportation system in war and peace.

And it's one more reason why the health of the railroads must be assured through enlightened public policies, providing for equal treatment with competing forms of transportation. America's railroads—lifeline of the nation—are the main line to your future.

ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

WORLD'S FAIRS:

From Little Egypt to Robert Moses

The first of two articles by
GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

Stately pleasure domes, palaces of commerce and of art, and the glorious honky-tonk of the midway have lifted the spirits of hard-boiled promoters, do-gooders, and dreamers for more than a century of the biggest-shows-on-earth.

Why have some succeeded and others been catastrophes? Here are some tips for Mr. Moses . . . and for everyone who loves a fair.

FOR Mr. Robert Moses the New York World's Fair of 1964-65 opens the prospect of a burst of sunset glory. The appointment comes to him at the age of seventy-one, when his talent, zeal, energy, pride, irascibility, and capacity for making enemies are undiminished. Before him is the opportunity to put a diamond crown on his career.

He was the landlord of the World's Fair of 1939. He wrote the terms under which the city leased the Flushing Meadow tract—then largely a dump—to the promoters. In nine months three shifts of men, working around the clock, cleared away thirty years' accumulation of ashes and trash. The bog was drained, filled, and land-

scaped. The boulevards were laid out, the water works and sewage system completed. (Later, just before the fair opened, the Whitestone Bridge was completed and thrown in as a sort of international exposition bonus.) The site prepared, Mr. Moses handed over the tract to the promoters. Flushing Meadow ceased to be a dump in 1939. 1964, we suppose, will see it turned into a glory.

Still, Mr. Moses is going to find out that being boss of a world's fair is different from being its landlord. World's fairs have generally left behind them memorials in the shape of art galleries, museums, esplanades, plazas, fountains, and so on. But the memorials are not the important thing. *A world's fair is its own excuse.* It is a brief and transitory paradise, born to delight mankind and die. Mr. Moses will have to deliver this glory if he is going to get his diamond crown. There is a streak of the puritanical in Robert Moses that sometimes suggests Cotton Mather on a bender. How Moses railed at Billy Rose's electric Aquacade signs in 1939! Let him recall how the London *Spectator* denounced the Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1889 as a "wasteful eccentricity."

In a heartfelt spirit of co-operation, may I offer President Moses two pieces of advice? Here they are:

(1) *Have enough free toilets.*

In the 109 years since the first world's fair of all—"The Crystal Palace," in 1851—the free toilet

has been a burning issue. During those 109 years of world's fair history, exposition managers slowly learned that enough free drinking fountains and enough free places to sit down were essential. But to this day the free toilet problem remains.

As opening day draws near, the harassed management—having spent millions and wondering whether they will ever get any of it back—begin to cut the corners. Somehow the budget cutters always find comfort in cutting down the number of free toilets. Or a concessionaire offers to supply a number of free toilets in exchange for the privilege of installing double the number—or more—of pay toilets. To yield to such tyranny is disastrous. The management of the San Francisco International Exposition of 1915 abjectly admitted their blunder. So did the management of the Chicago Century of Progress in 1933. Yet Grover Whalen, President of the New York World's Fair of 1939-40, dismissed the free toilet as a "small" problem and airily referred to it as "The Battle of the Turnstiles." He seemed to see no connection between this "small" problem and the fact that King George VI, finding himself *in extremis*, broke up the royal reception at Flushing Meadow.

(2) There is one other point which Mr. Moses will do well to bear in mind: *A world's fair is a law unto itself.*

PRINCE ALBERT'S WONDERFUL INVENTION

A TRUE world's fair has to try to take in the world and "every" occupation and interest of mankind. There have been trade fairs for centuries. They are not world's fairs. There have been international exhibitions, of art, of science, of horticulture, of industry. They are not world's fairs. There have been national exhibitions. They aren't world's fairs either.

Each world's fair picks up where the last left off, no two have ever been exactly alike, but an examination of the genesis of the first one gives a tolerably clear idea of what is involved in all.

Long before the Crystal Palace of 1851, an organization in Britain called "The Society of Arts" had been trying to bring about a junction of manufacture and artistic design. If Josiah Wedgwood could design and manufacture beautiful pottery, and if the Adam Brothers could design and build beautiful houses and furniture, why couldn't *all* British manufacturers unite the aesthetic and the useful?

When Albert of Saxe-Coburg arrived in Britain

to become the husband of Queen Victoria, he began to concern himself with a variety of enterprises devoted to the improvement and edification of mankind. The Society of Arts was one of them. One of the members of this society was a man named Henry Cole, a talented busybody who spent a great deal of his time in pushing aesthetic projects. He was well aware that the French had made a success of national exhibitions which, at one and the same time, promoted their trade and their self-esteem as the most civilized of human beings. Cole told Prince Albert that the prizes offered by The Society of Arts, their exhibitions, their blandishments toward British manufactures, didn't go far enough. What would happen if one combined the French idea and the Society's idea?

Albert was much struck with Cole's suggestion. But there was, plainly, more involved than that. Albert was acutely conscious of man's duty toward man. "Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?" No! if people from distant climes were brought together under happy and peaceful circumstances, would not that promote international understanding and good will?

A group was formed, with Albert at the head, to manage the enterprise and invitations were broadcast throughout the world. The Crystal Palace of 1851 (properly called "The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations") was the result. The sensation was tremendous; London was thronged from every quarter of the globe. And ever since then world's fairs have delighted and enchanted mankind.

Albert was jubilant over the success of his great idea. The trouble was that, like so many inventors, he didn't quite understand what he had done.

His moral purpose was clear. (On the cover of the Crystal Palace catalogue were the words: "The Earth is the Lord's and all that therein is, the compass of the world and they that dwell therein.") But scarcely had the Crystal Palace closed its doors when Europe was shaken by the Crimean War. Apparently world's fairs were not going to guarantee international concord. The correspondent of the *New York Times* at the

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Exposition Universelle of 1867 concluded that the reason why the Emperor Napoleon III had so little to say on opening day was that he wasn't sure but what the Prussians might blow up the works. Spaniards came in shoals to the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago, but that didn't prevent the Spanish-American War. The New York World's Fair of 1939-40 spanned the Nazi march into Poland and the crumbling of the Maginot Line.

It was only gradually that some of the world's fair moralists began to realize that international expositions do not *prevent* wars; they go on *despite* wars. They don't solve the problems of depression and unemployment; they persist in the face of depressions. The world's fair idea is tough and durable, and the reason is this: people think they're just wonderful.

To illustrate:

The hard times of the 1890s were a nightmare in the American Middle West. The Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha (in 1898) was begun at the lowest point of this depression as a desperate expedient that might ease the trouble. Luck was with it, if not understanding, and the fair was a great success. Why, just look! There, on the platform, was Mark Hanna's "Advance Agent of Prosperity," William McKinley, himself. "Every barn in Kansas has got a new coat of paint."

Again:

In November 1914 the French government fled to Bordeaux, seeking a refuge from the invading German army. Summoned by Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, the cabinet huddled together to consider what should be done about the French pavilion, planned in happier days for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. Behind them was ruin. All around was desolation. No **one** could tell what the morrow might bring. No **matter**! Here was the American agent, awaiting their decision. *Allons, enfants!* The decision was made and French architects and California contractors finished the job.

Two nations above all have demonstrated surpassing talent in the conduct of world's fairs: France and the United States. During the past century there have occurred some twenty international expositions of the first rank (in addition to scores of smaller ones) and the larger number of the great shows have been held in



The Crystal Palace, home of the first world's fair (London, 1851) was called by "Punch" . . . "the only National Building that an Englishman is not ashamed of." Six million people visited it in six months at a resounding profit of £185,000.

these two countries. Their methods of organization are diametrically opposed.

In France the parliament decrees that there shall be a world's fair and fixes the date. Then comes the guarantee of the subsidy. Then comes the City of Paris with another subsidy. Then comes the appointment of the Director-General "who is really a sort of Minister of the Interior with the equivalent of cabinet rank." The trade associations, professional bodies, and individual participants bring up the rear.

In the United States the process is reversed. An American world's fair begins as a local enterprise, organized as a corporation, with initial capital from the sale of world's fair bonds. The



The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 cost six times as much as the Crystal Palace. The Horticultural Building (above) was just one of its seven magnificent palaces. (Photograph from the Free Library of Philadelphia)

locals want money and support from the municipality and generally get it early in the game. Next, they want the home state to come in with more money and support. This takes time, but the state does its duty. Finally, the promoters go to work on the federal government and here the real agony begins.

CONGRESS AND THE NUDE

FROM the very beginning, with few exceptions, our government has regarded world's fairs with suspicion. For years the Congressional cry was: "Get the government out of the side-show business." In 1851 the most that Millard Fillmore's Administration would do was supply a vessel to carry over the exhibits. A crew dumped them on the wharves at Southampton and left them there. Outraged, George Peabody, the American banker in London, put up the money to bring the exhibits to London and then paid to have the American section of the Crystal Palace decorated.

Franklin Pierce's Administration didn't spend a nickel on the Paris Exposition of 1855. When the Centennial of 1876 came around Senator Charles Sumner did everything he could to hamstring a federal appropriation. Just to make it bi-partisan, Sumner's efforts were echoed by

Congressman Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, grandfather of our esteemed fellow citizen. Federal dealings with the Chicago Fair of 1893 were scandalous.

President Eisenhower was forced to send a special agent to Brussels in 1958 just to reassure the Congress that the American pavilion hadn't been compromised by a picture of a nude lady. Senator Olin Johnston of South Carolina told his fellow Senators that the agent's effort was "a classic example of locking the door after the horse has fled. What is needed more than an inspection trip is a thorough-going probe by Congress to determine how such a fiasco was allowed to come about in the first place and who is responsible for it."

This federal antagonism toward world's fairs is curious, considering how successful Americans have been in conducting them. But that's the way it is. Snarling and griping, dragging its feet, the government generally ends up by doing its duty. The promoters must have federal endorsement in order to get the official participation of foreign governments. (The State and Treasury Departments usually handle the details; foreign exhibits "not for sale" enter the host country duty-free.) The two items that the locals want most of all from Washington are (1) an imposing federal structure at the exposition, housing a

similarly imposing federal exhibit; and (2) an appropriation for the promoters to spend on the exposition in any way they please. Not always this last. The 1933 Chicago Century of Progress asked for and got a handsome federal pavilion. They did not ask for a subsidy.

There are lots of other things the promoters want. Sometimes it's a commemorative postage issue. (One of the most gorgeous philatelic jobs ever done was got up for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.) Sometimes it's a commemorative coin. The promoters want the Marine Band. They want the Smithsonian to get busy. They want, generally, everything they can get their hands on. Strange though it may be, this combination of lobby and shakedown generally works out very well in the end. And, after all the bickering and pulling and hauling, the President comes and gives his benediction to the exposition, assuring one and all that international understanding will surely be one of the by-products of the glorious show.

The roles played by other nations in world's fair history are curious. The British take the credit for the discovery—the Crystal Palace of 1851. In 1862 there was a second international exposition in London, but Prince Albert died and turned the occasion into mourning. The British never attempted it again. They have had Empire Exhibitions and Franco-British Exhibitions and so on, but never, since 1862, a world's fair.

The Belgians, after a series of tries, finally covered themselves with glory. There were more than forty million paid admissions at Brussels in 1958, the biggest crowd that ever attended a world's fair.

The Germans, familiar with trade fairs since the Middle Ages, have never had a real world's fair. Nor the Russians.

Next to the United States and France, Brazil and Japan have the most extraordinary enthusiasm for world's fairs. No sooner is one announced than a Brazilian and a Japanese delegation are on the ground, ready to sign up. True, both of these countries are intensely interested in export, but so are lots of other nations.

Japan spent more money on our Centennial of 1876 than any other foreign nation. A contingent of Japanese artisans came to Philadelphia to erect the pavilion, with a royal commission along to superintend the work. One of Director General Goshorn's most trying labor difficulties was how to prevent his men from downing tools to go and watch the Japanese. The Orientals used an ink block to mark their cutting lines instead

of chalk and string. They had never seen a wheelbarrow and had difficulty in mastering it.

As for the Brazilians, not only did they throw their money around at the Centennial. The Emperor Dom Pedro (Brazil was not yet a republic) came in person for the opening ceremonies. The Emperor was noted for his tact. He landed in New York on Saturday. On Sunday morning he attended mass at St. Patrick's; on Sunday evening he attended a Moody and Sankey revival meeting and sat on the platform.

When the turn of the Brazilians came to celebrate their Centennial with a world's fair in 1922, the United States government for once showed that it understood the meaning of *noblesse oblige*. Not only did the Americans erect a splendid pavilion (it was a permanent structure subsequently used to house the Embassy), but with guns booming and flags flying, Secretary of State Hughes was escorted into the harbor at Rio by two United States cruisers.

SOME INTELLECTUALS WON'T GET THE IDEA

THERE is always a contingent of intellectuals who regard a world's fair with supercilious disdain.

Henry Adams was so appalled by the Paris Exposition of 1867 that he fled to Baden Baden to recuperate. He told Charles Gaskell that Paris was overrun with "hordes of low Germans, English, Italians, Spaniards, and Americans, who stare and gawk and smell. . . . I did not detect a single refined-looking being among them, but there may have been one or two who, like ourselves, had drifted there by accident or necessity." It would be hard to find a better illustration of the genteel tradition at bay. (Though Adams changed his mind about world's fairs later on.)

Richardson Wright, an articulate aesthete—as S. S. Van Dine he wrote the Philo Vance detective stories—took one look at the Paris Exposition of 1925 and declared that "it is very doubtful if the modernist movement, as applied to the home, ever gets a strong foothold in this [*i.e.*, the United States] country." Before the year was out designs for tubular steel chairs were on their way around the world.

Bruce Bliven told the readers of the *New Republic* that the Chicago 1933 Century of Progress was strictly a middle-class affair. "The poor can't afford to come; the rich know better. . . . The perfect characterization of these worthy people," said he, "is to be found in the fact that the pop-



Four decades of progress—Little Egypt packed them in in Paris in 1889; Sally Rand fanned herself to fame 44 years later at Chicago's Century of Progress. (Photographs: Gerhard Sisters, St. Louis 1904; Brown Brothers)



corn sold at the fair is accompanied by a chemical analysis printed on the box, which proves that it is highly nourishing. No good Middle Westerner would eat popcorn just for fun."

This from a veteran of uplift!

Albert Mayer looked forward to the New York World's Fair of 1939 with alarm because of the "soul-shattering discontinuity of the Chicago Century of Progress" and because of the influence of the Paris Exposition of 1925, "meretricious on the whole." His only hope lay in the efforts of a "voluntary" committee which had been formed to "reformulate objectives."

The trouble with the intellectuals is that they don't know what a world's fair is all about. *A world's fair is an art form, a combination of beauty and bombast, and is the expression of a complex idea involving trade, the arts, national, local, and individual prestige, uplift, and the universal hankering for a holiday.* There is a mystique involved with world's fairs that defies analysis; it recalls Isidor Rabi's comment on modern physics: "We work with known laws in the midst of data unknown and unknowable."

How does a world's fair get started? Many a world's fair manager has confessed that he doesn't know. Cole said that he happened to drop in at Buckingham Palace on the twenty-ninth of June 1849, and told Prince Albert about his idea. Had Cole talked to anybody else beforehand? Probably. Since Albert was so instantly receptive had he had ideas beforehand? Quite likely.

It appears that, at some moment, the idea for a world's fair occurs to some one person. (Robert Kopple, a New York lawyer, is credited with getting the idea for 1964—simply because he had enjoyed the New York fair of 1939-40 and wanted to make another and better one.) This person presently discovers that another person has just had the same idea. These two discuss their inspiration and then, suddenly, are overpowered with enthusiasm. Quivering with excitement, they tell their friends.

Sooner or later the spark strikes the tinder. For one reason or another the times (be they good or bad) are propitious. Some mayor begins to brood. A manufacturer begins to see things at night. A member of the International Society for Universal Understanding begins to worry and ponder. An architect finds himself sketching pavilions on the back of an envelope. (Paxton's design for the Crystal Palace was first sketched on a piece of blotting paper.) Somewhere some Sally Rand reaches for her fans. The ball starts to roll. It gathers momentum. Before people

are aware of what has happened, a world's fair is getting ready to be born.

In the United States the fair is usually preceded by wrangling between municipalities over which one is to be the site. San Francisco almost had a collective nervous breakdown for fear New Orleans would get the prize for the Panama Canal celebration. Then regional jealousy gets going and the press in towns that got left begin to assure the nation that Binghamton-on-the-Wabash was a hopeless choice and that the world's fair there can't possibly be finished on time. But in the end, as with the federal government, all the ill feeling evaporates and everybody is satisfied that Binghamton-on-the-Wabash has done itself proud.

In Europe things are handled differently. Beginning in 1912, efforts have been made to achieve international agreement on the frequency with which world's fairs may be held, how a world's fair is defined, and so on. But, outside of Europe and the British Commonwealth, few nations were willing to ratify the proposed treaty. (The attitude of the United States and the Latin American republics was: Phooey.) So the office of the international exhibition bureau in Paris is, at intervals, the scene of complicated negotiations. There are acid remarks about tariffs, about the taxes to be laid on foreign participants.

There is a great deal of hoity-toity. Then it all dissolves and here we go again.

HOW TO OPEN ON TIME

NOTHING can wreck a world's fair but bad management and the marvel is that an able manager (or managers, for sometimes they come in pairs) is usually found. What is designed for the pleasure and delight of the visitor is murder for the management and it requires a peculiar combination of talents to surmount the difficulties.

No sooner had the Crystal Palace closed than the French hustled to put on a world's fair of their own—the Exposition Universelle of 1855. In the process they discovered that the troubles that threatened to defeat the Crystal Palace—quarrels over the site, architectural disputes, money, the dilatory tactics of exhibitors and foreign governments, and, above all, the acute question of *time*—were not difficulties confined to the Crystal Palace. They are problems inherent in the conduct of any world's fair.

In general it may be said that you cannot succeed with a world's fair unless, in one shape

or another, you have these three capacities available: a salesman, a planner who can alter details in stride, and a boss who can bull it through. At St. Louis in 1904 these talents were united in a single person, David R. Francis. In Paris in 1855 they were shared by Frederic Le Play, the economist, and General Jules Morin, who did the strong-arm work. At the Centennial of 1876 the responsibility was split between Mr. Goshorn, who bossed the fair, and John Welsh, the Chairman of the Finance Board.

One of the mysteries of world's fairs is the way in which the idea can seduce the management. Financial scandals are almost unknown. (One of the few occurred at Vienna in 1873. General Van Buren, the United States Commissioner, was charged with selling memberships on the commission for \$5,000 apiece and with conniving with a New York liquor house to import whiskey, duty-free, as an "exhibit" and then selling it over the American bars at the fair. The whole business was regarded as a national disgrace and United States Minister Jay, who had to clean up the mess, felt like a blighted being.) The rule with world's fairs seems to be: Lots of free-loaders but very few thieves.

Grover Whalen was paid \$100,000 a year for his labors as President of the New York World's Fair of 1939, and Robert Moses is going to be paid at a similar rate. But many a world's fair boss has refused compensation altogether. Apparently it is because there are opportunities for self-satisfaction that can be found nowhere else. Mrs. Howard Cullman says that her husband refused his \$25,000 salary as United States Commissioner General at the Brussels World's Fair of 1958.

Harlow Higinbotham, the partner of Marshall Field, quit his job to be the President of the Chicago World's Fair of '93. It almost killed him. He took no pay. But nothing in his whole life gave him such satisfaction. Everything that came after was anti-climax.

David Francis took no pay for his work bossing the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. "I gave to the work five years or more of my time and thought," he said. "It is a sweet recollection, the Days of 1904. Their memory lightens our cares, broadens our vision, rejuvenates our hearts. May it never grow dim."

In the long stretch, while the fair is being put together, the boss must be able to run a dozen operations at once. He must listen for hours to crackpot schemes. He must deal with jealous politicians, crazy inventors, and crank clergymen. He must be a city planner on a good-sized scale,

putting his mind to water supply, sewers, paving, garbage disposal, and a police force long before these necessities are in demand. He must flog the contractors, watch the exhibit managers. He begins with a handful of engineers and surveyors. He must end, during the last six months before the exhibition opens, by expanding his labor force by geometrical progression and jam the exposition through the final stages of preparation. "Open on time" is the idea that burns him night and day, and if he can be anywhere near ready on opening day, he is a genius. Alfred Goshorn of the 1876 Centennial was just such a genius.

SOME ALWAYS SHOW UP

A GREAT deal of rubbish has been said about international education," said John Hart, the New York *World* correspondent at the Vienna International Exposition of 1873; "sentimentalists . . . have been profuse in their laudations of the 'friendly intercourse,' but the careful student is constrained to admit that the alpha and omega of [world's fairs] is business, pure and simple."

Well, yes and no. Nothing is pure and simple about a world's fair.

No sooner had Hart set down his statement than he was forced to amend it. "Are these gatherings of men and goods," he asked, "in reality governed by laws of their own?"

The answer, again, is: Yes.

The number of businessmen and manufacturers who have cold-shouldered world's fairs, as trash and a waste of time and money, is legion. The number of industries that have exhibited at world's fairs and then lost interest is legion also. But there is a third group that always shows up.

The National Cash Register Company began to exhibit at the Melbourne World's Fair in 1888 and has never stopped. (The giant cash registers that display the daily attendance figures have been familiar sights at recent international expositions.) Westinghouse began to exhibit at Chicago in 1893 and is still at it. (It sent Benny Goodman's band to Brussels in 1958.) The Bausch and Lomb Optical Company has been a world's fair stalwart since 1876. Gail Borden received the blessing of Napoleon III at Paris a hundred years ago; Elsie Borden was on view at Flushing in 1939. Wherever there is a world's fair the Otis Elevator Company is likely to be found. Otis helped to build the Sky Ride at the Century of Progress in 1933. At Paris, in 1900, it exhibited the first escalator. (Brought home,



The massive construction job of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago (1893) resulted in "The White City." Henry Adams said, "As a scenic display Paris has never approached it." (Photograph: C. D. Arnold)

the escalator was put to work in Gimbel's department store in Philadelphia and there it stayed until 1939.)

The roster of the world's fair faithful is a long one. It would seem as though trade, export, and public relations would be a simple explanation of their participation. But in numerous instances there is strong suspicion that an additional element is present: Somebody in the corporation is a world's fair zealot, somebody who doesn't want to simply take the cash and let the bombast go. We may illustrate this with the strange case of Hiram G. Hotchkiss of Lyons, New York.

In 1850 Mr. Hotchkiss was known to the trade simply as an extractor of the "essential oil" of the peppermint plant. There was no aura of glory about him. But, as the news of the Crystal Palace spread far and wide, mysterious voices spoke to Mr. Hotchkiss. Suppose he should send some of his peppermint oil to London? And just suppose the international jury thought well of it? Who could tell? The jury did think well of it and awarded Mr. Hotchkiss a medal.

That did it!

For forty years thereafter the top hat and frock coat of Mr. Hotchkiss were standard sights at world's fairs. It almost seemed as though he shared with Prince Albert the distinction of being a founding father of world's fairs. One can almost hear the director general (any of them) asking anxiously: "Has Hiram got here yet?"

During his stay at the Paris Exposition of 1878 Mr. Hotchkiss kept a diary. Here is his account of the award ceremonies:

President MacMahon is a Splendid looking old man about 6 feet high, stout build with a face as red as a beet but one of the finest looking men I ever see. The Prince of Wales looked very fine he is stout built. Sandy whiskers and mustash about 38 years old and I should think he was dressed in a magnificent uniform he looked the Picture of health and seemed Very happy. He sat on the left of McMahon and all the other Princes sat on the right. The band played wonderfully. Singing wonderful, male and female. See Gov. McCormick decorated with the Legion of Honor. The weather was fine & in the evening the Streets were beautifully illuminated & all the principal streets decorated with flags. GREAT ARE THE FRENCH.

Is it any wonder that Mr. Hotchkiss renamed his business? Long since he has departed for that paradise where the elect, like himself, walk



The world wasn't big enough for St. Louis. They called their fair of 1904 a "Universal Exposition." It was one of the most successful parties ever to grace America. Everyone had fun. (Photograph: Missouri Historical Society)

the golden streets of a world's fair that knows no end. But to this day the H. G. Hotchkiss International Prize Medal Essential Oil Company is in business in Lyons, New York, happily engaged in distilling peppermint oil.

The amusement area of the world's fair got rather a slow start and then, suddenly, it burst into full bloom at the Paris Exposition in 1867. (According to the wisecracks the underground aquarium with all its stalactites was the inspiration for Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.) In these precincts too, the world's fairs appear to operate under laws of their own.

World's fair managers have studied the amusement problem over and over again and then given it up as a mystery beyond their understanding. (This does not include world's fair restaurants, lunch stands, and bars. The body of experience in this area is immense.) A very few are tremendous successes. The rest are washouts. (Harlow Higinbotham, the President of Chicago '93, seemed to think that one reason for this was that most world's fair amusement concessionaires are "amateurs.") The number of "professionals," like Thompson, the "Scenic Railway King," is

small. But even the successes do not conform to rule.)

For example: Nudes are supposed to be sure fire. Sometimes yes, sometimes no. The most sensational attraction at the 1851 Crystal Palace was Hiram Powers' nude statue of "The Greek Slave." The Streets of Cairo was a French invention and first appeared in Paris in 1889. It gave Little Egypt, the muscle dancer, to the world. Success! The attraction was copied at Chicago in 1893 and mowed them down. But thereafter Little Egypt slowly lost her charm and nothing like her seemed to work until Sally Rand showed up at Chicago in 1933. Then another reverse. Most of the nude shows at Flushing Meadow in 1939 were flops. The big attractions and their 1939 grosses were: Billy Rose's Aquacade, \$2,725,382; Mike Todd's "Hot Mikado," \$349,000; Frank Buck's Jungle Land, \$253,104; and the Parachute Jump, \$218,354.

For some reason The Johnstown Flood was among the big draws at Buffalo in 1901. Jerusalem and the Crucifixion didn't do badly. But you never can tell. Lambert, the "pharmaceutical" manufacturer of St. Louis and a number of his friends put a million dollars into another Jerusalem at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904 and drew only \$170,000 for the entire season. On the other hand, The Boer War—fought all over again every afternoon at St. Louis, with General Cronje, the Boer hero, as a star attraction—was socko from the start.

Many years have gone by since people began to wonder just how long this world's fair mania could last. One international exposition followed another. They became "bigger and better, greater and grander." From a single building the ground plans gradually expanded to include separate national pavilions, elaborate amusement areas, and exhibit "palaces" of every kind.

Perhaps one reason for the durability of the idea is that everything goes in. The uplifters march with the cannon founders, the sculptors, the shell-game operators, the architects, the engineers, the schoolteachers, the strip teasers, the guys and the dolls. All, somehow, belong.

At an international exposition, whatever the managerial agonies behind the scenes, anyone coming through the gate seems to belong there. (What bitter hours world's fair managers have spent in wrestling with "the free pass evil!") The lion and the lamb lie down together. God and Mammon are reconciled for a summer. And, as at Brussels in 1958, the Civitas Dei of the Catholic Church faces the Sputnik and the pavilion of the godless Russians without a tremor.

In one way or another, a world's fair is an architect's holiday. There are three periods of this in world's fair history. During the first, from 1851 to 1889, the appeal was made to ingenuity and novelty in design. During the second, from 1893 to 1922, world's fair architecture was dominated by the deliberate and conscious and successful effort at Chicago '93 to turn the clock back. During the third, from 1925 until now, the "moderns," the "internationalists" have had their way.

During the hundred years of world's fair history, at least three world's fair structures of incomparable beauty and charm have been built—and vanished. The first was Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace of 1851. The second was the miraculous Hall of Machines at Paris in 1889. (A series of gracefully designed steel girders, fastened to the floor at almost a pin point, soared aloft to be so ingeniously locked together that the building could *breathe*—expand and contract with changes in temperature.) The third was Edward Stone's United States pavilion in Brussels in 1958.

Other people have other opinions. At the Paris Exposition of 1889 the *Figaro* kept a sort of visitor's book on the second platform of the Eiffel Tower in which sight-seers could write their names and impressions. The paper printed these day by day. Here is what they got from a midinette:

"C'est beau, c'est grand, c'est sublime. Mais elle n'atteint pas la grandeur ni la profondeur de mon amour pour Georges."

NEVER-NEVER FINANCING

ONE thing is clear: The principal reason for the persistence of world's fairs is their popular appeal. "Nobody loves world's fairs but the people." But what makes a world's fair a "success"—money or love?

World's fair finance is, by all odds, the most esoteric branch of economics. When does a world's fair show a profit? Nobody knows. "They say" that it brought trade into New York despite the losses of the exposition of 1939-40. It cannot be shown. Harlow Higinbotham thought that he could hand back to the bondholders for Chicago '93 a tenth of what they had paid in. Gurdon Wattles, the President of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, thought that he could pay back maybe 90 per cent. David Francis claimed that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904 showed a profit. The Chicago 1933 Century of Progress was sure of it. Why, look at the bank

balance, look at the post-exposition benefactions.

But who knows? No one will ever know how much Harlow Higinbotham spent out of his own pocket or David Francis either. What sort of bookkeeping governed the San Francisco management which persuaded an incinerator manufacturer to install a garbage-disposal plant as an "exhibit" and then jockeyed him into using the exhibit to incinerate the exposition trash free of charge?

The true success of a world's fair lies in some never-never land. But the fact of the success is beyond dispute. It is somehow embalmed in the memory of those who were there.

The Chicago Century of Progress ran for two years. A lady who visited the fair some three hundred times was shown a film of fair exhibits some months after the exposition was over. Her repeated comment was: "Where was that? I never saw it."

Mrs. Carrie Sherwood of Red Cloud, Nebraska, is a world's fair stalwart. "The wonderful thing about them," she said, "is that there are so many things that are *new*."

That there is enchantment in a world's fair—despite the exhaustion, the tired feet, and the shortage of free toilets—is clear. "I cannot *bear* to see it end," said Victoria, as the Crystal Palace neared its close. "Must we give it up so soon, this brief paradise, after a single summer?" asked a poetical St. Louisian in 1904. "It broke my

heart that the American pavilion had to be destroyed," said a visitor to Brussels in 1958. "It was, I suppose, one of the most beautiful pieces of exposition architecture ever devised. At night, all lit up and glowing, it was like an enchanted palace."

This brief paradise!

Perhaps as good a demonstration as any of the power of the magnet survives in an anecdote from the New York World's Fair of 1939. On the evening of April 30 in that year, Mrs. Irene Mullen took a seven-year-old boy to see the opening of the fair. Neither knew anything at all about the complications and the agonies that had gone into its preparation. All they knew was that there was going to be a world's fair and that they were determined to see it start. When the two had made their way but a short distance inside the ground they stopped, spellbound. All around them, bathed in a shimmering magic of light, was a marvel beyond anything either had ever seen. At length the boy said: "Irene, what do you think?"

Mrs. Mullen paused, drew breath, and said: "John, it's just like heaven."

Mr. Moses, if you can do as well in 1964, your world's fair will be a "success."

[Next month, Mr. Leighton will tell what happened at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904—one of the most extraordinary world's fairs of all.]



Dedicated to Peace, the New York World's Fair of 1939, with its Trylon and Perisphere, opened only a few months before Germany invaded Poland. (Photograph: Picture Collection, N. Y. Public Library)

CAN WE AFFORD TO BE HEALTHY?

This question may turn out to be the hottest issue in the political campaign. For the government already helps pay the doctors' bills for one out of every six Americans—and almost certainly will push deeper into the medical business, no matter who wins the election.

AT midnight on June 30 some four million Americans—1.8 million federal employees plus 2.2 million dependents—will suddenly be covered by health insurance. From the first of July, all or part of their medical bills will be paid for them.

In taking this step the government is turning a spotlight on some stark facts which the country so far has managed to ignore:

(1) Most American families simply are not able to pay for modern medical care.

(2) The gap is now being covered, after a fashion, by two expedients—neglect of many health needs, plus steadily increasing government aid.

Philanthropy now pays less than 5 per cent of the nation's medical-care bill, and this insignificant share is dwindling.

The time-honored tradition under which doctors treated poor patients for nothing, or for a reduced fee, is now obsolete. It puts an unfair burden on conscientious physicians, without taking really adequate care of those families which can't pay their own way.

Moreover, this situation will get worse in the years ahead, for two reasons: modern treatment is costing more all the time, and today's patients are expecting more.

When the federal government took the plunge into health insurance for its own workers it was not, of course, embracing "socialized medicine."

It was merely tagging along belatedly on a course which private business has been traveling in force for the past ten years. This step foreshadowed the renewal of debate about the country's medical system—a debate which produced more heat than light before 1952, hushed abruptly when Eisenhower was elected, and has now become a hot election issue.

This time, if we are sensible, we will not permit the debate to dwell on "socialized medicine." In the past that slogan has served little purpose except to raise tempers and cloud over the real issues. After all, nobody wants to disturb the precious professional relationship between doctor and patient—and practically nobody wants any more government intervention than is absolutely necessary. (We already have a great deal of piecemeal, unplanned government intervention right now.)

So it is time for all of us to recognize that the choice is not between the old-fashioned, strictly private practice of medicine (which has been dwindling for a long while) or a completely government-run setup (which no responsible student of the problem advocates). The real choice will be between: (1) a patchwork containing a wide and confusing variety of unplanned and largely unregulated insurance schemes—none of them wholly adequate—and (2) a program which encourages a variety of medical plans that meet standards of quality and economy, which recognizes that some government aid is inevitable, and which is designed to keep the government's role as economical and unobtrusive as possible.

During the last decade, private plans of health insurance and prepaid medical care have made giant strides in enrollment, so that 71 per cent of all American families now take part in some such arrangement. But this figure is deceptive.

The *amount* which all families pay for health is only 25 per cent covered by insurance—a gain of only a few percentage points since 1954.

The reasons for this uncomfortable fact are well illustrated by the government's new insurance arrangements for its employees. In the stormy Congressional debates which preceded passage of this measure, there was little argument about whether federal workers needed some kind of help in paying their medical bills. Almost everyone earning a modest income does. What was hotly debated was the *kind* of insurance which would be best.

This question was never resolved. Consequently, the government decided to offer its employees a selection of eight types of alternatives and to let each family pick the one it likes best. This array of choices is worth a close look, because it reflects the dilemma virtually all of us face in trying to decide what sort of health insurance to buy.

MR. DESKMAN'S CHOICES

HERE is how the problem looks to a typical post-office clerk—John Deskman, middle-aged, married, and the father of three teen-aged children. His family lives in New York, where assorted health-insurance plans have mushroomed in the most luxuriant variety during the past decade. Consequently, he can pick any one of the following alternatives:

(1) No plan at all. If he decides to take a chance on paying his own doctor and hospital bills, he will forfeit about \$81 a year which the government is willing to put up for insurance; but he will also save his own share of the premium, which may run anywhere from \$81 to \$188 a year.

(2) A *minimum* "major medical" plan sold by a commercial insurance company, which will cost him \$81 a year. This, Mr. Deskman figures, might be of some help if a member of the family has to go into the hospital for an operation and a long period of recovery. Once the patient is in a hospital, this policy will pay the first \$250 for room and board and 75 per cent of the cost after that. For all other hospital expenses (and for all expenses outside of the hospital), this is a "\$50 deductible" policy—that is, Mr. Deskman will have to pay the first \$50 of the medical costs before he can get anything from his insurance. The company will pay 75 per cent of his bills thereafter. This policy won't be much help for the usual run of flu and sprained ankles or for his chronic sinus trouble. In fact, this policy

reminds John rather ominously of his \$100 deductible auto-collision insurance. Happily he has never had a serious accident—but he has had a lot of dented fenders for which the insurance company never paid a dime. Remembering this, he turns to the next possibility.

(3) A *regular* "major medical" policy which will cost him \$128. The company will pay much more generous room-and-board expenses in the hospital than the Number 2 *minimum* plan, and 80 per cent of any balance above these allowances. However, again John must assume the first \$50 of expense other than hospital room and board.

(4) A *minimum* Blue Cross-Blue Shield plan will cost him \$89. This will pay all doctor bills while in the hospital and for semi-private hospital care up to thirty days. However, beyond this limit, John must pay \$200 before he is eligible for partial reimbursement for additional costs. This still leaves him holding the bag for a long, serious illness, and for all the run-of-the-mill visits to the doctor's office and house calls.

(5) The *regular* Blue Cross-Blue Shield plan, costing around \$151, has several extra attractions such as full coverage of hospital costs up to 120 days. The maternity benefit is better, the allowance for doctor bills in a hospital is larger, and John would have to pay only \$100 before being eligible for partial reimbursement for added costs. However, this arrangement is still far short of his dream of full coverage with no financial worries.

(6) A program sponsored by the government employee organization to which he belongs, which costs only \$65 a year. This seems much more limited than the other packages, so he puts it aside for further study and takes a look at—

(7) An *individual* practice plan, Group Health Insurance (GHI), costing \$188. He can choose any doctor and get insurance payments toward the doctor's bills, or select a doctor from a large list of private practitioners who have signed up with the plan and who agree to accept the insurance payments as their full fee for *some* services. This plan, like all the others, includes hospital benefits. Many of the services ordinarily performed by specialists outside of the hospital are not covered in full, and this gives John some pause since he has learned from experience that for much of the medical care required by his family he prefers to go to a specialist.

(8) A *group* practice plan, HIP (Health Insurance Plan). For \$188 a year this plan (which includes Blue Cross hospitalization) would cover almost all doctor and specialist bills in or out of

the hospital, plus costs of semi-private hospital care. Under this plan the premium pays in full all of the covered services. John is concerned, however, because he can't continue with his own family doctor, or choose another at random. Instead he must sign up with one of thirty-one medical groups, located in different parts of the city, which include both specialists and general practitioners. He can choose any group that covers his neighborhood and change groups at will. The literature about HIP tells him that in giving up "free choice" of doctor he gains "safeguarded choice"—every HIP physician has been carefully screened by a Medical Control Board. Since John has several friends who are city employees and belong to HIP, he decides to check with them to see how they like group practice.

THE IMPOSSIBLE TRICK

WHILE studying these eight choices, Mr. Deskman has learned one thing for sure: none of the plans will give him "complete" health insurance. He will still have to dig into his own pocket for drug and dental bills. Psychiatric care—which is needed at sometime or other by one out of every ten Americans—isn't covered either to any appreciable extent. And most of the plans are limited so that either the first costs or the last of a serious illness would fall upon him. He is reminded of a shapely girl trying to conceal herself behind a small towel—she can move the towel up to cover the top, or lower it to cover the bottom, but it simply won't stretch far enough to give decent coverage.

He has also learned that modern medical care costs a lot more than he had suspected. For the fact is that no one in America likes to mention this price tag out loud.

Admittedly our idea of the medical care to which we are entitled is rather grandiose, very different from what our grandparents would have thought good enough. They regarded many ailments and disabilities as inevitable, while we have come to think of the pursuit of health as one of our inalienable rights. The more we hear about miracle drugs and miraculous surgery, the more likely we are to expect miracles for ourselves—and to regard chronic illness as somehow unnecessary and intolerable.

Yet the truth is that the very triumphs of medicine are raising medical costs. Now that many diseases, such as tuberculosis and diphtheria, have become rare, most of us live longer—which means that we have to spend more years with the ailments and degenerative diseases

of old age. And the more demands we make on our medical talent and facilities—both in short supply—the more expensive they become.

The upshot is that we are spending as individuals more than \$16 billion a year—or almost 6 per cent of all the money we use for personal consumption—on the pursuit of health. Another \$4 billion is spent by the government. Because medical care has all the earmarks of a "seller's market," the ante is still rising, and a full package of an adequate standard of medical care may reach 9 per cent in today's market.

What does this mean for an ordinary family? There is, of course, no one agreed definition of a decent medical standard. Nevertheless, there is a growing consensus that a family should be able to get these services, when needed:

(1) Hospitalization up to 120 days a year in semi-private accommodations.

(2) Unlimited access to doctors' services for diagnosis and preventive care, as well as treatment of illnesses.

(3) Drugs.

(4) Enough dental care to keep the mouth healthy, though not necessarily beautiful.

(5) Miscellaneous necessities, such as braces, appliances and private nursing in serious illness.

Here is what these things now cost, in a typical big city, according to the best available estimates. (You should give or take 20 per cent, to account for local variations—and keep in mind that these are averages; any given family in any one year might spend far less, or more.)

Hospitalization (insured)	\$150
Doctors' care (insured)	150
Drugs	100
Dentistry	100
Miscellaneous	50
	\$550

Almost everything in this package appears to be covered by the best of the "major medical" plans John considered earlier, and their initial cost is low. But after a little study he sees that his protection will be far from complete. He could spend as much as \$250 for his family's care, and

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never see a nickel's value from his insurance. On the other hand, if his wife got cancer and his medical bills mounted as high as \$5,000 he might still have to pay \$640 out of his own pocket.

The HIP-Blue Cross combination takes care of virtually all hospital and doctor bills in full. But it doesn't cover dentistry, drugs, nursing, or appliances. Under this plan, \$269 will be budgeted for his family's health care (\$188 of his own and \$81 paid by his employer). But in the light of the costs itemized above, his budgeted allowances for medical care still fall short by another \$280 for a "decent medical standard," and he may have to pay more if he has a worse than average year.

Perhaps, John thinks, he could set aside a little more of his \$6,000 income for medical expenses—maybe 6 per cent. This would be \$360, which is still short of the probable cost. John doesn't see how he can afford more and still pay for rent, clothing, and food plus the installments on the TV set, car, washer-dryer, and other items which his family consider essential. Nor is he willing to settle for a different, less expensive brand of medical care.

So he continues to hope that there is some kind of insurance that can perform what is actually an impossible trick. It might in fact have been better if the term "health insurance" had never been invented, for it has led us into a semantic trap. You can, for example, insure a \$30,000 house against fire for about \$30 a year. In a lifetime your premiums will amount to only a fraction of the cost of replacement because, luckily, very few houses burn down. But most bodies will suffer one or more major illnesses and many minor ones in a lifetime. Consequently, it costs from \$270 to \$300 a year to get insurance protection just for hospital and doctor's bills which account for less than 60 per cent of all personal health expenditures. Since illness is almost a sure thing it is not an insurable risk in the same sense as fire, flood, and other accidents and catastrophes.

These unpleasant realities lead some people to think that there is no point in buying health insurance except for major, once-in-a-lifetime illness. This argument, however, overlooks the fact that health insurance can perform several functions which are not strictly in the realm of insurance although they have a lot to do with health. It can purchase medical care for its subscribers at lower cost, and it can apply quality controls. It can also make it financially easier for the average citizen to consult his doctor about apparently minor symptoms whose early

treatment may prevent the catastrophic illness from ever happening. Properly organized, health insurance can also be a tool for keeping the cost of good quality medical care within reasonable bounds. Unwisely used, however, it can have quite the opposite effect.

THE DOCTOR AS ROBIN HOOD

BEFORE World War II medicine was still, in the main, a profession practiced by individuals. Today—while the relationship between doctor and patient remains and must be preserved as a highly personal one—our health services have become a complex business requiring expensive capital equipment and the co-ordination of a vast array of skills. Increasingly, they are financed by "third parties" such as insurance companies, trade unions, and the government. High costs and inefficiency are partly the result of unplanned competition in an industry that is little more than ten years old. Unless we get at some of the causes of waste and mounting costs, simply spending more money on health will be like pouring water into a sieve.

We will never, for example, get our money's worth out of our health dollars so long as hospitals in the same community duplicate such investments as \$15,000 artificial heart and lung machines and \$30,000 cobalt machines beyond the need for their efficient use, not to mention the highly trained technical staffs required to operate them. It is also wasteful to have needlessly duplicated equipment in offices of private doctors when such equipment could be shared more economically in medical centers. Health insurance without proper regulation can stimulate this kind of wasteful duplication. It has also in some instances led to the over-use of hospital beds, particularly for diagnostic tests which could be done more economically in the clinic or doctor's office. Sometimes the insured patient's stay is needlessly prolonged because the hospital has to have full beds to meet its deficits. Such practices help inflate the nation's total medical bill.

Blue Cross, by making "wholesale" arrangements with hospitals, can pass a real saving along to its subscribers. But Blue Cross plans have been criticized for not being vigorous enough in controlling costs and quality of care of their member hospitals.

Blue Shield has also sought to purchase doctors' services at "wholesale" rates by making arrangements with participating doctors to accept the published schedule of fees as full payment.

But since these arrangements run contrary to the traditions of fee-for-service medicine, they are not easily controlled. Both patients and doctors have become accustomed to the appealing but archaic Robin Hood system of economics which justifies the doctor in overcharging the rich because he gives freely to the poor. But like the Robin Hood myth, this system is incompatible with modern times. Cash payments by insurance companies which seem to increase the patient's ability to pay have introduced a new and highly inflationary factor into the Sherwood Forest of medical economics. Blue Shield has sought to curb this trend but with little success.

Control of costs is easier in prepayment-group-practice plans in which no money changes hands between doctor and patient. The groups, especially when associated with a hospital medical center, can also provide medical services more economically than the individual doctor who has a heavy investment in office equipment which is used only a few hours a day. These plans are our best hope of controlling medical costs and quality—but both doctors and patients need a lot of education to make them work well.

From all indications, although the average citizen is sold on the idea of health insurance, he has by no means decided what is the best kind. He wants the same variety of choices that confronted John Deskmann. As a result, a great many organizations are going to continue in the health business. Unless we find a way to make them operate more efficiently, costs will continue to soar although we will still be far short of giving the average individual the complete high-quality care he wants. The end of the road we are now traveling could well be a total take-over by the government which virtually no one considers desirable. Paradoxically, the only way to avoid this is for the government to assume a much greater responsibility for our existing health services and to do a much better job of planning and coordinating the huge expenditures it is already making for medical care.

GOVERNMENT ACTION TO SAVE PRIVATE MEDICINE

WE'VE got a President who has never paid a medical bill in his life," the secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO said in a speech not long ago. This is not news.

The same could be said of most career military men—and for the duration of their service—of 2,500,000 individuals in the armed forces. The government cares for their dependents too under

a scheme known as "Medicare." Around twenty million veterans get some of their medical care in VA hospitals where their doctors are on salary from the federal government. State and local governments also spend large sums on the care of the medically indigent and the mentally ill. In fact, about one in every six Americans now looks to the government for all or part of his medical needs and twenty-five cents out of every dollar spent for health services is government money.

But despite this huge government outlay and the existence of private insurance plans, many health needs are still neglected. The problems of our old folk, for example, are now top political news. For the fourth session in a row, Congress is debating the bill introduced by Representative Aime J. Forand of Rhode Island to provide compulsory health insurance for the aged, which would pay surgical bills and up to 120 days a year of hospital and nursing home expenses. It would be financed by increasing the Social Security tax from 3 to 3.25 per cent. The bill has been stubbornly opposed by the AMA which has fought all government participation in health matters. But politicians of both parties are well aware that something must be done about the old and sick. Vice President Nixon, reportedly disconcerted by the President's opposition to the bill, won Administration backing for an alternative scheme under which there would be federal and state contributions toward the cost of private health insurance when purchased voluntarily by elderly persons. The Administration alternatives to the Forand Bill have sharpened the debate between "voluntary" and "compulsory" solutions to this problem.

Another Republican—Governor Rockefeller of New York (who was, incidentally, the only Republican governor elected in 1958)—foresaw the political mileage in health legislation last fall and set up a committee to explore a compulsory health-insurance plan to cover virtually all the employed citizens of the state. More recently, he again made headlines by splitting with the Eisenhower Administration and coming out in favor of Social Security (the Forand approach) to finance old-age coverage. This could prove to be one of the Governor's most astute political decisions.

The Forand Bill, or some variation of it, might become law this election year. But even if it does it may well be too little and too late. While short-run politics may dictate moving slowly, the economic and social pressures for a far more revolutionary solution are rapid!

mounting. The immediate challenge is to find a way to minimize the defects in our present medical distribution system and still preserve the best elements of private medicine.

To do this we need, in the first instance, federal laws governing health insurance. At present the supervision of health-insurance plans is a state responsibility. On the whole, state insurance departments have done a good job of protecting the public against fiscal imprudence and mismanagement. But because health insurance differs in so many ways from other types of insurance, a much broader kind of direction is needed. And it must be established on a nation-wide basis to avoid placing insurance companies or industries in any one state at a competitive disadvantage.

This does not mean that the federal government should become the watchdog over the details of health-insurance operations; this is a task that should continue to be done at the state level. What is required is a national code defining the public interest in the field of health and providing incentives for the private operators of our medical plant to adhere to desirable principles and practices.

In large measure this can be done by the carrot rather than the stick technique.

For example, most health-insurance companies find it competitively necessary to charge lower premiums for a young healthy group than for an older group who will need more medical care. This is a practice known as experience rating. While at first this may sound both logical and in the public interest, the result is to price health insurance beyond the reach of those who most need protection. Health-insurance plans—to be socially sound—must use a community-rating method, providing the same benefits to all at the same price.

To make this economically feasible the government might, for example, say to an insurance company: "If you will sell your policies at the same price to everyone—whether they are good or bad risks—then we will help you by paying for some of the extra services required by people over sixty-five." This would be a government subsidy for companies which would otherwise incur a deficit in serving the public interest. The result would be to move many indigent patients out of tax-supported hospitals (where they are in effect served by "socialized medicine") into privately run institutions where private doctors would care for them.

It might also be possible to divert some of the money the government now spends on the mental

institutions it runs into assistance to private health-insurance plans for psychiatric care and thereby reduce "socialized medicine" and replace it with private care. The government could also increase the efficiency of our medical plant by making grants to communities willing to survey their health needs and resources and to develop realistic long-range plans. Where such plans call for facilities beyond the community's financial means, grants could be made available in the same pattern as the Hill-Burton Act which subsidizes hospital construction.

It would be well to place responsibility for all these regulatory and planning functions in one branch of the federal government, perhaps the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. What we will have as a result will be government-assisted private medicine. It is our best hope for getting more effective health care within a reasonable slice of the national budget.

THE REAL PRICE

WHATEVER system we choose, we cannot avoid the fact that we are finding ways to prevent and cure disease faster than we can find dollars to pay for them. Since what we want seems to be beyond our present means, we have become a nation of medical window-shoppers—the goods are on display, our motivation to buy has been stimulated, but our pocketbooks won't meet the price tag. Even if we trim away at other items in our budget—a painful bit of surgery that no anesthesia can deaden—we still won't be able to keep up with the rising cost of health as long as the present inefficiencies in our medical plant persist.

To eliminate them is going to require much more public participation in the habits, organization, and financial arrangements of the medical profession than our doctors have so far been willing to consider. Any public concern with a preserve that has heretofore been posted "strictly private" by the medical profession will meet with opposition just as vigorous as that once put up by railroads, electric power companies, and security markets when their respective territories were invaded by regulation.

The alternative to regulation, however, is an eventual complete take-over by the government. On the other hand—if we are willing to apply some sound planning to our public and private expenditures and to face up to the real price of the product we want—we can both retain the essential elements of private medicine and, as a nation, afford to be healthy.



By JAMES POLING

Drawings by Oscar Berger

That Dam Situation in Hampden

THEY don't quite know how to cope with all the dam trouble they've got down in Hampden, Maine. And according to Town Agent Leslie Stanley, it doesn't look as if things will improve any in the immediate future. "We've got a real gnawing problem on our hands," he says.

The gnawing began in late May 1959. About three miles outside of town, a colony of beavers built a dam near the mouth of a culvert that carries a stream under Canaan Road. Some fifty feet of roadway and several hundred feet of land on each side of the culvert were flooded. Stanley sent a road crew out to level the dam. The beavers rebuilt it. The crew tore it apart again. In fact, they tore it apart for ten mornings in a row. And for ten straight nights the beavers rebuilt it.

On the eleventh day, the foreman of the crew said to-hell-with-it and tossed the problem back to the Town Agent. He, in turn, tossed it on the local game warden, Basil Closson. The warden, steeped in beaver lore, crept out one night and draped a gasoline-soaked burlap bag over the beaver baffle. (Any beaver expert will tell you the creatures just can't abide gasoline fumes.)

In the morning the bag was found artistically woven into the dam.

Warden Closson set out three steel traps that night. In the morning one was empty. The other two had been confiscated by the beavers and used to buttress the dam. The warden,

cussing the state law against hunting beaver with firearms, retrieved his traps and set them out again . . . and again . . . and again . . . And every night the beavers stole them.

Town Agent Stanley enlisted additional troops. He telephoned his police chief. Those beavers were flagrantly violating the state law against blocking up a natural water course. "Why aren't you out there upholding the law?" he asked. "Evict 'em. Dispossess them. Do something."

Three mornings later, Police Chief Richard Johnson proudly announced the end of the dam. At 2:00 A.M., he said, he and a licensed dynamiter had blown it to smithereens. Stanley said he'd believe it when he saw it.

They drove out to the culvert and found a new dam already half-built. They also found the highway so choked with the mud and debris thrown up by the dynamite that it took four firemen, the fire department's 500-gallon pumper, and three constables an hour and a half to hose away the mess.

Stanley said maybe they should call in the Corps of Engineers. But Chief Johnson's faith in explosives was unshaken. He launched an all-out campaign. Night after night, as June drifted into July, the sound of blasting rent the summer air—and tore holes in the dam that never saw the full light of day. The beavers always managed to have them plugged by the time the fire department appeared on the scene for its morning clean-up.



In time, the beavers tired of this nonsense and put an end to it. After the tenth dynamiting they moved their dam *inside* the culvert—where it couldn't be blown up without demolishing the road too. Everyone called it a stalemate—a weasling description of a beaver victory if there ever was one. And at this point, although Canaan Road continued to be flooded, the citizens of Hampden had their attention diverted by another dam crisis.

The dike at the town swimming pool on Sowadabscook Stream washed out. It was repaired. It washed out again. More sandbags were thrown into the breach. They were washed away too. The cycle continued until the third week in July. Then the rains that had brought the Sowadabscook to near flood level finally relented and gave the sandbaggers an opportunity to seal the dike.

Stanley and his general staff were once again free to resume operations against the beaver dam. A council of war was held, and it was agreed that fresh strategy was called for. Then the game warden came up with an inspired idea.

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If we remove every branch of the dam by hand, he reasoned, we'll force the beavers to go in search of new building material to replace what we've taken. Then we can place box traps along their runways in the swampy area behind the dam and capture them—maybe.

The plan was unanimously approved. Moreover, it worked. On July 30, 1959, Town Agent Stanley was able to announce that the beaver colony had been trapped and removed to a remote wilderness area. And there was great rejoicing in Hampden—until the middle of October, that is, when a colony of young beavers was spotted swimming in the same waters from which its elders had recently been snatched.

The youngsters grew rapidly. But no more rapidly than the new dam they built—less than a hundred feet from the culvert—for their winter shelter. In truth, when Stanley checked the dam in February it was bigger and better than ever, measuring twelve feet across and rising more than four feet above the ice.

There's going to be more dam trouble in Hampden this summer, that's for sure. And the Town Agent is beginning to wonder if perhaps he shouldn't follow the advice contained in one of the many letters he's received. Not the suggestion that he put salt on the beavers' tails, nor the one that recommends hanging a dead porcupine on the dam to frighten its engineers away, but the one that says, "Why don't you just abandon the road and let the beavers have it?"

Three Unforeseen Jobs for the Coming Administration

PART II OF A SERIES ON POLITICS FOR A NEW GENERATION

*Few are yet aware of it, but our fifteen great
"super-cities" already are challenging
Washington's control over the public purse—
and soon will be clamoring for much more.*

OUR next President will not stand above party conflicts, in the halo of the Soldier-Patriot which Eisenhower has worn. He will be a professional politician. This is fortunate, because he will face—probably quite early in his term—three new and explosive issues in domestic politics.

They will be quite different from the issues which absorbed most of the attention of the Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower Administrations. They may bring about a fundamental realignment of forces within both of the parties. They will not be "solved" by the new Administration, whether it is Republican or Democratic. Indeed, some of them are likely to continue as bitter subjects of controversy for another generation. But if the new President has enough political skill, he can work with these issues—guiding and containing them as they develop—to the great benefit of the country.

From the earliest days of the Republic, the grand theme of our domestic politics always has been the power, structure, and functions of government. How much power should government have? How can it best be parceled out among the federal government, the states, and

the local units? What roles should each of these instruments of government try to do?

The next President will have to make these decisions on all of these old and fundamental questions.

The old question of power is likely to open up again in a conflict over money, which unit of government should get how much, and from what source? In the past our great debates over the division of power usually have focused on "states' rights"—that is, arguments between the national government and the states. Now the struggle is about to shift to new ground. The big question will be the status, functions, and powers of that new leviathan, the Metropolis. How can we operate the fifteen super-cities which are emerging as the dominant features of the American landscape? The conflict here will be set off by a quite unexpected development: a rapidly growing need for public funds.

The new Administration will also confront, in a new form, the continuing problem of American pluralism: Should government be the representative of major interest groups, the arbiter between them, or the guardian of the common weal against them all? This seems certain to rise again, in the form of decisions which must be made about labor-management relations and the coming political business.

Finally, the next Administration, in trying to wind up thirty years of New Deal farm policy, may be able to finish the long process of change from an agrarian to an industrial America that began a century ago with the Civil War.

Most people, probably including most teachers of government and of economics, would answer "True" if they ran into the following statements in a True or False quiz:

(A) The United States has been moving steadily from "federalism" to "nationalism." But now, the federal government is pre-eminent; other units, especially the states, have steadily been losing in importance.

(B) Since New Deal days there has been little, if any, expansion of our programs for welfare and community services.

(C) New programs of this kind—for health care, for education, and so on—must increasingly be handled by Washington.

The correct answer to all three is "False."

The federal government has indeed confined itself since the war to maintaining the New Deal domestic programs. Its great expansion has been in defense and foreign affairs. But the "other" governments—states, cities, counties, highway boards, transit authorities, school boards, water, sewage, irrigation districts, and so on—have been building the "welfare state" at high speed.

WHO ARE THE PUBLIC "SPENDERS"?

NATIONAL income has doubled in the postwar years, and so, because of the defense build-up since Korea, have federal expenditures. But local government spending has gone up five-fold. In the late 'forties, these "other" governments took four cents out of every dollar Americans earned; today, they take nearly ten. Every local government budget has skyrocketed. For example, New Jersey state budgets (which do not include the separately financed super-highways) rose seven-fold since 1946, from \$70 million to \$415 million. New York City, without any population growth, tripled its expenses from \$700 million to two billion. Much the same thing is true in every other metropolitan area: the cost of running a city goes up twice as fast as its population.

The federal government still spends twice as much as all the "other" governments together. But their total spending—\$47 billion this year—is larger than either the defense budget or the federal budget for all domestic purposes, including farm subsidies. Several more billions for pension and health plans, new since World War II, should be added as community expenditures. Though private rather than governmental, these sums have the same economic and

social impact as other community-service charges: they too are "withheld" from the individual's income and reduce his purchasing power for consumer goods.

It is no longer true, as it was in the New Deal years, that the federal government is the only government that really matters. But most people still talk as if it were. This explains why the Republicans can claim that Eisenhower "stabilized" government expenditure; actually he stabilized federal spending by "unstabilizing" the budgets of the other governments.

The Democrats, in turn, also forget these other governments when they demand more public spending. Leon Keyserling, for instance, formerly Mr. Truman's economic adviser, recently proposed that we raise "government expenditures" to \$110 billion a year to speed up the growth of the nation's economy. But government expenditures in this country are already around \$150 billion a year. The additional money already is being spent by the other governments on precisely the community services and public works Keyserling asked for.

Even Kenneth Galbraith in his recent best seller, *The Affluent Society*, overlooked the rise in state- and local-government spending. A full third of the increase in national income since the end of World War II has gone for community and public purposes: ten cents out of every additional dollar for defense, 22 or 25 cents for local-government services, for Social Security, for pension plans and health insurance. Whether we are spending our higher incomes on the right things or frittering them away on frivolities is a very real question (and the one Galbraith is actually after). But the money we are pouring into community services already is a lot more than many of us realize.

More important than money are people. Local governments, rather than the federal government, now attract the policy-makers, administrators, and professionals. They have more openings, in the rapid expansion of the state universities and highway commissions, interstate water boards and tax departments. They pay better, especially for top people, and are more satisfying. The Director of Port Development for a Great Lakes city, bidding for its share of the traffic on the St. Lawrence Seaway, has much more freedom and initiative than, say, the regional director of a federal agency who has to refer all important decisions to Washington. "Now I spend my time getting things done," said a hospital commissioner for a Midwestern state; "when I worked for the Veterans Administration I spent half my

time arguing against things others wanted me to do."

These professionals in local government service are becoming a new elite—and a tremendously influential one. A veteran New York reporter put it like this: "The most powerful man in New York City in the 'thirties, after the Cardinal, the Tammany boss, and the Mayor, was the Regional Director of WPA. Now it is probably Austin Tobin of the Port of New York Authority."

This tremendous expansion of the "other" governments has gone more than halfway toward restoring the pre-New Deal balance between the national and the "other" governments in the domestic field. It has made the "other" governments at least potentially the really dynamic, expansionist, innovating organs in American social policy.

INSATIABLE SUBURBIA

AND yet we have not even begun to cope with our urban problems. The demand for community services will keep on rising, may even rise a good deal faster in the next decade.

School needs are typical of the demands ahead. The largest state university system in the country, California's, expects its budget to triple in the next ten years, from \$300 million now to one billion before 1970. The largest public-school system in the country, New York State's, forecasts a doubling of its costs by 1965, from \$1.3 billion today to \$2.7 billion.

Everything else—water supply, air-pollution control, roads, hospitals, housing—is under the same pressure. Hardly anyone has yet begun to figure out what an attack on "urban sprawl" would take in men and money.

The demand for community services—more so than for individual consumer goods—is the "growth" market in our economy. We have become an urban and, especially, a suburban people. Two-thirds of the American people already live in the metropolitan areas—it will be four-fifths in another fifteen years. The poor and the rich want *things*—pork chops or rolling acres. The middle class has all the pork chops it can eat and little desire to mow more than a handkerchief-size lawn. It wants community services. And we have fast become a middle-class country, at least in our habits.

But state and local governments are already at the end of their financial rope. One big industrial state, Michigan, toppled into insolvency last year when, for weeks on end, it could pay

neither suppliers nor employees. Many of the big cities (including New York) stay afloat only by postponing overdue maintenance or long-scheduled construction. The community services are already undermanned—not enough nurses, not enough police, not enough psychiatrists, not enough everything.

The state and local governments are milking all they can get from their traditional sources of revenue. Even if the economy grows fast, those sources will not get much fatter. A new suburban house may cost in community services twice as much as it produces in real-estate property tax. The difference is made up by property taxes on industry, which grow much more slowly. One important source—taxes on railroad rights-of-way—is drying up fast and may vanish, whether the railroads keep on carrying commuters or not.

So if the state or local governments are to meet the demands of today, let alone those of tomorrow, they will have to go beyond their traditional tax basis. They will have to siphon off tax revenues now flowing into federal coffers. Governor Rockefeller made this quite clear in his two recent suggestions: to give New York State school boards power to levy income taxes and sales taxes, and to take for the state the money now being collected as a federal telephone tax. There is no other big source of income left for state and local governments; if they are to get more, Washington must get less.

But the Treasury cannot hold still for much of this. It must fence in its sources of income against local-government rustlers. For years tax economists have been debating in learned journals whether the taxpayer should be allowed to deduct local taxes in his federal income-tax return. Now for the first time a Congressional tax committee is talking about dropping this deduction. The same committee, in hearings last fall, also wondered whether the time-honored federal tax exemption of interest payments on state and municipal bonds should not be dropped. Any such move would bring on the war for control of the tax sources which had to be fought out in every other country with a

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federal system of government—whether Canada, Australia, or pre-Hitler Germany.

At the same time, the big cities will be forced, by their money needs, to revolt against the thralldom to rural minorities in which state constitutions and gerrymandering now hold them. Mayor Wagner was only half joking when he called, last year, for the secession of New York City from New York State. Chicago and St. Louis, Detroit and Atlanta, to name just a few, also are seething with rebellion.

The financial conflicts will thus almost certainly open up the whole fundamental question of the metropolis, now—like Gulliver in Lilliput—tied hand and foot by rural and small-town restrictions. New York City may not only want to "secede"; it may well want to "liberate" the suburban counties around it, in New York State, Connecticut, and New Jersey, from the control of the "rotten boroughs" upstate.

If state and local governments should fail to get new major sources of income, the federal government will be left, by default, with the rising demand for community services. This would, inevitably, set off the great debate about the role of government in our system—in the control of education, for instance. It would also trigger an economic battle. The federal government, to pay for additional community services, would have to invade revenue sources now held by state and local governments.

This is not just a problem of power. There simply is not enough money to go around, even if the national income rises considerably faster than it did in the 'fifties. This will make the conflicts between the governments as bitter as the Old West feud between ranchers and nesters for the one water hole in the sagebrush.

LEAKY MONEY FAUCETS

THE barriers to greatly increased government expenditures are both political and economic. Some thirty to thirty-five cents of every dollar earned already goes for government and community purposes, rather than for individual consumption. No "soak the rich" policy could push up this figure very much. Closing "tax loopholes"—whether depletion allowances for oil companies or expense-account living for individuals—would not help. The added revenue would be eaten up by new—and much more defensible—"concessions" such as the removal of the Treasury's archaic rules on the depreciation of machinery, tax inducements for investments in underdeveloped countries, or a tax-free retire-

ment allowance for self-employed persons to give them equality with employees under pension plans.

Any increase must, substantially, come from people earning less than the average family income of \$5,000—probably through sales taxes. Popular support for such a policy in peacetime is unlikely, to put it mildly. Mr. Eisenhower's appeal against "inflation" got such response last year that he could balk the heavy "spending" majority in Congress. The voters turned down spending proposals in state after state last fall. Most significant is the rapid increase in tax cheating in all income groups; this always bespeaks wide resistance to the tax level.

But even if voters were willing, the economy might balk at a higher level of government spending. To raise expenditures faster than national income growth might set off at least "walking," if not "galloping," inflation. When governments spend more than a quarter to a third of the nation's earnings, "creeping" inflation—according to most economists—turns into monetary turbulence, whether budgets are balanced or not. And we are already very close to that flash point.

This is likely to limit increases in spending by our various governments to some eight or nine billions a year for the next five years—one third of the expected annual growth in the nation's income. The most, assuming a much speeded up national growth rate, would be about ten billions. Five of these new billions are already committed to Social Security. Four to five billions more a year are needed anyhow, as our rapid population growth makes higher demands on already existing services. If spending for defense, farm subsidies, and veterans' benefits continues on its present scale, little will be left over for anything new and big.

Here are some of the likely consequences:

(1) Financial and monetary policies, today focused on the federal budget alone, will increasingly have to take *all* government budgets into account. At the very least, the accounts of the nation's assorted governments should all be brought together and analyzed in the President's annual budget message, the report of the Council of Economic Advisers, and the report of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report—the three foundation papers for our economic and monetary decisions. We may have to go further and—as the British do—give one government agency the job of co-ordinating all public spending, taxing, and borrowing. Even if it only advised and warned, such an agency

would have more power than any "money trust" or "financial octopus" in our history.

(2) What the nation must have to survive may have to be spelled out clearly and given priority. Otherwise survival needs will be slighted in the name of "financial sanity." Everybody agrees to this "in principle." But there is no agreement on what the survival needs are. The Congressman from Kansas will surely put farm subsidies into this category, and his colleague from Texas the depletion allowance for oil wells. Defense is undoubtedly a "survival need." But is college education? And what and how much defense? Setting priorities means postponing or abandoning many programs. Nothing is more distasteful, especially to the politician. Everyone has his pet project that ought to be an exception.

(3) Acceptance of any new government program—in education, for instance, or space exploration—may come to hinge on our getting the money from old activities that have outlived their usefulness. Only a sharp drop in defense needs could give us enough budgetary elbow room to add new things without cutting old ones. This may well be the most drastic of the changes ahead.

Farm subsidies are the first and obvious place to cut, as we shall note in a moment. We now waste four or five billions a year on such payments. But a much greater treasure lies buried in the mass of bureaucratic routine which contributes neither to welfare nor to revenue.

County farm agents are teaching rose-growing to the garden-club ladies of Westchester and other such areas of subsistence farming. Many veterans' hospitals are half empty, but fully staffed with scarce technicians. Federal press agents far outnumber Washington correspondents. New York—like most other big cities—has dozens of well-paid sinecures for ward heelers and their relatives. And while each county sports a sheriff, few in the age of state police have much more to do than to collect their pay checks. Each of these leaks is petty, to be sure. But no water-main break, however spectacular, ever wasted one hundredth of the water that drips out of leaky faucets every day.

A fabulous number of such bureaucratic leaky faucets are draining our purses. How else could we have beaten those old pros of bureaucracy, France and Germany, at their own game? One out of every seven working Americans is now on a government payroll. We would still be the bureaucracy champion if the figure were cut to one in eight—but that would mean a million fewer government jobs and some eight

billion of money freed for constructive use.

Liberals in particular, who want government to take on new worth-while tasks, should lead in culling out old worthless busy-ness. To get the strong government they want, they must first slim down the flabby government we now have. And the "businessmen in politics" could make no greater contribution than to find out these sinecures, this waste and busy-ness, and to help channel the money spent into community benefits such as teachers' salaries.

But more important than any of these questions will be the great constitutional conflict. The first shots will be fired these next few years. Ostensibly it will be a fight for income sources, a conflict over which government shall tax what. The real issue, however, will be the division of tasks and responsibilities—that is, the status and power of federal, state, and local governments.

At stake will be, above all, the survival and future of the metropolis. "The real frontier of America today is inside the big city," Philadelphia's Mayor Richardson Dilworth said recently. This overcrowded urban frontier may well shape national affairs in this century, just as the empty Western frontier did in the last.

WHAT THE DOCTORS ORDER

IN WAR and in times of great crisis the national interest dominates: it is then the duty of the federal government to impose the common need on any particular interest—whether economic, social, or sectional. But in peacetime the interest groups dominate—Labor, the Farmer, and Business, but also organized religion, the Bar, and organized medicine. Then the federal government's traditional job has been to represent or to balance such interests, or, at most, to compromise among them. Few textbooks on American government say this bluntly; but every politician since Jackson has known it.

Of course we do not live in "peacetime," but in something new and odd—a kind of "peace in the midst of war." What we face is not a "temporary emergency" but a prolonged era of international strife. This raises a fundamental question about the role of government in our society, and this is the second great area of coming debate. During the next Administration the question will be asked: *Can we afford free collective bargaining and price setting? Or must government impose the national interest on both management and labor, and on both prices and labor agreements?*

Another "sinking spell" in our balance of p

ments with the outside world, such as the one we are just recovering from, and there will be a real "crisis of the dollar." To be sure, this would "restore" our competitive position in the world markets—in the same way a coronary forces an overworked man to take it easy. Maintenance of our competitive position is a "must" of domestic and foreign policy. And if business and labor will not by themselves give us the productivity we need to stay competitive, government will have to—through some form of control on prices and wages.

How much prices, wages, and work rules have to do with our present lag in productivity in manufacturing and transportation is a moot and murky question—somewhat like the question of the relationship between cholesterol and heart attack. But just as a man past forty had better take excess inches off his waistline, a country that wants to stay competitive had better observe the elementary rules of preventive economics.

(1) Benefits of increased productivity ought to be passed on, at least in part, as lower prices. They should not be kept entirely by the producers as higher wages or higher profit margins.

(2) Labor costs must not rise faster than productivity.

(3) Union restrictions and empire-building by management staffs—both of which can prevent improvements in technology and organization, or offset their gains—are contrary to the public interest.

(4) The answer to the question, "Who shall prevail, labor or management?" is, "Neither." The interests of the nation as an international competitor must prevail over both "producer" interests.

(5) Higher productivity, or profits, in a given industry are not enough to justify higher labor costs or prices. The shock-wave impact on the economy must also be considered—especially in such basic industries as steel, transportation, or construction. The cost of the steel that goes into a refrigerator goes up by one dollar; and five months later, without any one's "profiteering," the finished product in a Fresno retail store or at the export pier in New York may cost twenty dollars more.

We have, these past ten years, violated every one of these rules, particularly the last. On the whole, we have not yet priced ourselves out of the world market. But we have done so in ocean shipping—with spiraling wages for dock labor and its restrictive work rules—in trucking, in home building, and in steel.

There are three ways to make a country ob-

serve these rules of health: (1) competition from abroad through imports; (2) self-restraint by management and labor; (3) government control, or at least veto power, over wage settlements, work rule contracts, and prices.

Opening the home market to all comers is by far the easiest of these remedies. It requires no rules, regulations, hearings, or bureaus. But politically it will be all but impossible. Our next President will have a hard enough time resisting those pressure groups which will want to raise trade barriers against the outrageous foreigners who dare to beat us at our own game.

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN L.

THE second alternative is the one which John L. Lewis forced on the coal industry. He proved that it is possible to make an obsolete industry competitive again, even when it has a militant union and very high wage rates. But no one in any other industry—not even Jimmy Hoffa of the Teamsters—has Lewis's power to force both his members and management to such drastic self-discipline. And whenever we have had to depend on joint union-management "statesmanship," the results have been meager.

This would then leave only some form of government restraint. Management and labor still assume that people are either "pro-labor" or "pro-management." But American public opinion is no longer "for" either side. It is sick and tired of what it considers selfish, irresponsible stupidity on both sides. It has begun to suspect that management and labor are really in cahoots to rook the consumer. And, rightly or wrongly, public opinion is no longer willing to say "boys will be boys." It is calling for the police.

During the next few years labor relations are likely to be bitter and highly charged. The unions are panicky after a decade of resounding failure—failure to gain a decisive political voice; to develop new leaders; to unionize the growing army of white collar workers. Industry also is getting jittery. It finds it increasingly difficult to "pass on" concessions to labor in the form of higher prices. But how many more steel strikes are the American people going to stand before they decide that collective bargaining has failed?

Government interference in labor contracts and prices requires more than public pressure for it. It requires some sort of objective yardstick, some benchmark against which wage and price proposals can be measured.

I suggest that "maintaining our competitive position" could serve as such a benchmark. Our

international needs might therefore convert the public willingness to try government control into practical politics. They would give us what we never before had in peacetime: some general definition of the national interest—crude but objective and non-partisan.

It may never come to this. Certainly it would be better if we could keep the government out. Still, the fact that control of prices and wages can even be discussed as a practical possibility will open up hot controversies—ranging from the function and power of organized labor to pricing policies of business.

Clearly something new will be demanded of the next President. His strength will be measured by his success in making unions and management police themselves. Increasingly we will count it as weakness for a President not to enforce the national interest against both of them, if they fail to restrain themselves.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FARMING

THE third inescapable issue for the new Administration is the farm mess.

Every candidate in this campaign will promise to raise farm income and, at the same time, sharply reduce the cost of the farm program. This is not quite so absurd as it may sound. Mr. Truman in his last budget spent \$46 million on price supports for farm products. We are spending this year a hundred times more: well over five billion. Yet farm prices are lower and farm surpluses many times larger than in 1953. Indeed, total farm income is the lowest since 1942.

The candidates and the farmers both know that cleaning up this fiasco will mean the beginning of the end of all farm-program subsidies. The Farmer is no longer a special estate of the realm. He is today a middle-class industrialist in an industrial society—and on the whole a successful one.

You would never guess this from looking at our official statistics. The 1959 farm census reported four million farms. Actually there are, at most, two million. It reported an average annual income of \$2,500 for the farm family—only one half as much as the factory worker's family income. In actual fact, however, it comes to about \$5,500.

What goes on here is a con game in statistical definitions. To a layman, a farmer is someone who lives on the land and makes his living raising crops or animals for the market. But the census counts as a farmer anyone who sells in one year at least \$50 worth of farm products.

By the same logic we would count Winston Churchill as a painter, and Huckleberry Finn on his raft as a transportation company—and both with incomes low enough to deserve public charity.

One million "side-line farmers" do not even live on the land, let alone off it: the Akron rubber worker with a half acre in tomatoes; the small-town minister's wife with a hundred chicks in the yard; the Chicago advertising man who raises Black Angus for show (and tax loss).

Another million so-called farm families are marginal farmers—euphemism for "poor white trash." They live in Tobacco Road and Possum Holler, the shanties in Vermont's abandoned lumber camps and Mississippi's pine woods. Whether you call them crackers, rednecks, hill-billies, or the "sturdy yeomen" of the Southern Agrarians, these are poor people. They live on the land. But they are not and never have been "farmers," in the sense of contributing any substantial production to the national markets.

These two groups of non-farmers make up almost three-fifths of all "farm families." They supply less than one-tenth of our farm products. Their main product is statistical ammunition for the farm lobby in its fight for "farm benefits." The real farmers, the two million or so "commercial farmers" who raise practically all our farm products, are the success story and the marvel of this age—even though there are quite a few Southern sharecroppers in the group. Mr. Khrushchev was right in going to see Iowa farms rather than Detroit.

Thirty years ago, the American farmer was at least a generation behind his cousin in the city: in education or number of phones, in reading habits or electric power. Today he cannot be told, at a glance, from the prosperous small-town middle class. In his use of science and technology he is easily a generation ahead. His productivity has, for twenty years, been increasing at the unheard-of rate of 7 per cent per year—more than twice as fast as our manufacturing industries.

Farm subsidies are largely responsible for this great achievement. They financed it. The "farm revolution" required research, and a highly educated farmer. But it also required a great deal of capital.

The capital invested in the typical American farm has risen from \$2,500 in the golden 'twenties to some \$40,000 (not counting land). The money did not come from the outside. The farmer is largely debt-free today, whereas he almost drowned in debt thirty years ago. There

must have been sizable retained earnings; that is, the farmer's real income must have been much greater than what he showed in his tax return. But the benefit payments financed the bulk of his new technology: the new machines, the new buildings, the automation of cattle feeding, and the conversion of natural soil into a controlled "bio-chemical environment."

"We always tell our farmers to go into installment debt so that their benefit checks will cover their monthly carrying charges," a shrewd Nebraska country banker summed it up. "If they buy more, they might run into a financial squeeze; if they buy less, they'd fall behind in productivity." No wonder that surpluses get larger, as farm subsidies go up.

If we had planned it this way, we would hail it as a great success. It *is* a great success. That our farm policy insists on treating it as a failure explains its crazily unreal character, half nightmare, half farce.

No one can yet set the timetable. But our direction is quite clear. We are about to give up the fiction that non-farmers who happen to live in the country are really farmers. The side-line farmers are no problem anyhow. And the "marginal" farmers are not a farm problem. They are one group among the unemployables—much like the lonely aged, the widowed or divorced mothers of young children, or minority groups without skills to hold a city job. They may need relief, rehabilitation, or retraining—and they certainly deserve compassionate concern—but "farm benefits" can't help them.

Price supports will have to go. They create the surpluses they are supposed to prevent. Take price supports away, and much of the land now in the subsidized surplus crops—corn, wheat, cotton, peanuts, and rice—will be put into crops in greater demand. Direct payments to supplement the farmer's income are a much more effective and cheaper way to subsidize the farmer—when subsidy is really needed. One dollar in income payment goes farther, as a rule, than five dollars in price supports. And income supplements, unlike price supports, do not artificially drive up prices and thereby destroy our farm export market.

The most important change ahead, however, is that the Farmer will cease to be considered a special "problem" and the victim of industrialization. He is a full citizen in industrial society—actually its proudest exhibit. If only American farm productivity could be exported, there would be enough food for the world's exploding population well into the next century.

Farming will cease to be "a way of life" and will be recognized for what it is: our largest and most efficient industry—as large as aircraft and electronics together. It is, however, no more a special, distinct, privileged interest than any other major industry. From now on the Farmer as such will begin to disappear from American economics and politics. We had no "farm issue" before the Civil War when we were a homogeneous, agrarian society. Now for better or worse, we are again a homogeneous society—an industrial one.

THE NEXT FOUR YEARS

THE Eisenhower Administration, seen in retrospect, was the Indian Summer of the New Deal. It found the New Deal and its policies controversial—hotly defended, hotly attacked, and a fighting word for all. It leaves with the New Deal policies enshrined in comfortable respectability and anchored in the consensus of a broad moderate majority. This was a job well worth doing. But it precluded innovation, new ideas, or fights over principles. There was only one issue in the last few years that made people hot under the collar and ready to trade blows: racial integration.

As soon as the next President takes over, new battles will shape up in domestic politics. Every one of the three issues sketched out here raises great questions of principle and constitutional order. Every one touches the pocketbook and power of deeply entrenched interest groups.

They may be fought out as great constitutional questions; the fight for the enfranchisement of the big city may turn into the American version of England's twenty-five-year struggle for the Reform Bill. Or the new issues may be fought out in hundreds of local skirmishes—the present campaign, for instance, of the big city banks for permission to open branches throughout the metropolitan area. But whether they come out into the open or not, these new issues do not fit the old pattern of "rich versus poor," "small business versus monopoly," "labor versus management," "big government versus rugged individualism," or any of the other clichés the campaign orators still belabor.

The next Administration is likely to cross a major watershed in American politics. It will have to come to grips with big, new, difficult issues. But underlying them will be something bigger still: the goals, the values, the principles, and the power structure of this new, metropolitan, educated, industrial society of ours.



Life in the Movies

A Story by H. E. F. DONOHUE

Drawings by Peggy Lloyd

WHAT do you want?" he replied, knowing, from under the pillow to his sister who was whispering in hisses at him through the dark. She was fifteen and still afraid of the dark. I am not afraid of the dark, he reminded himself under the pillow trying not to hear her.

She found and flicked on the bright ceiling light.

"You'd better get down there," she said into his uncovered ear. "The old man's off again."

He sat up straight and held his breath. There. From two floors down up through two doors around corners along long walls up into the attic room in wisps and curls came his father's voice, booming.

"Please go down," his sister Grace said. "He might hurt her."

Please, she had said. She *was* scared. Next she would call him Michael. He answered her sarcastically: "He's not going to hurt anybody."

"Go down anyway, okay?" she said. "He listens to you, Michael."

He listens to me. Nobody listens to me. Nobody listens to anybody. Why should I listen to her? Michael looked at her. She stood in the middle of the room in the middle of the night fully dressed, ready, as she always was, to go, to move out.

"What time is it?" he said.

"Almost two," she said. "Go down, huh?"

Their father's voice seeped into the room again carrying with it now a funny edge, a tight high straining.

"All right," he said, rolling out of bed. "But he was okay before."

Before, he remembered as he put on sweat socks and started down the stairs shivering in his underwear, everything had been all right after the trouble about the food, which his father did not like too hot, which he always made clear. But his mother always piled everything up on the plate right down in front of you steaming. Good Irish food, she called it, sniffing. She had done that before at supper-time and his father had folded his newspaper muttering and had put it down, as always, without thinking where he was and he had pleasantly plowed right into the boiled cabbage. All that Michael had managed to do was to say Oh-ohhh to himself and reach for the beer. His father had flipped the whole works—food plate fork and all—back over his head into the kitchen sink. Neat. Then Michael had handed him the beer.

The awfully quiet time had been broken up when Grace had tried to laugh—she had come out with a little choke. So when the shouting did come, it had only been a loud lecture with a banging on the table about being sworn to a wife for thirty-three years who was still trying to burn out his honest tongue. Then a strange silence had gone on. It had gone on even when they were at the card table playing chess, which they did almost every night, had done for years.

would do, where Michael whipped his father easily and heard him talk talk talk about every single thing under the silly sun. But this night he had hardly talked at all. And he *had* fallen for the rook's sacrifice to the horse, something he usually did not do. This night he had said after only a few hours of play: "Enough, enough, Michael-A—I am dying up on the vine." So Michael had gone to his attic room to do the math and stare at Cicero and wonder about the finals of the high-school debate—Resolved: That the world be abolished. That had been about nine. Now he was back down again.

HE SAW that his mother was not at her usual listening place at the dining-room table brushing away invisible crumbs. She was sunk in the parlor sofa and she wore a confused not a frightened face. When she saw Michael she twitched her nose at him. She gave him the look she'd give to a dumb bus-driver or to somebody, anybody, tracking in free mud. Must I do everything, the look said. Where have I failed, it said. Fah, it said. Then she swung her big eyes back at her husband, his father, who was stamping around the room in his bare feet and no shirt over his BVDs, head down as if memorizing the fading changing design of the tattooed rug. He was in a rage. He was walking back and forth so fast and talking to himself so loudly and so hard that he did not notice Michael until Michael, his fifth child, his fourth son, called out: "Hey, what's up?"

"You stay the hell outta this!" his father yelled, hitting the short straightaway. Then on the next turn: "I'll tell you all right! I'll tell you what's up!" He finished another lap: "The sky is up! So is every tree!" He wheeled. "And *this*," he roared, suddenly stopping completely, "is the holy lying land of the free!" He mopped his brow with the back of his hand and spoke to his wife quietly, "Get me another beer, Nell."

"Oh Stephen my—" she began.

"Holy Christ!" he hollered, deeply speared. "Do not Stephen-Mah-Deah me. Get me a goddam glass of goddam beer!"

She lumbered up and off the sofa and away to the kitchen padding through the dining-room and their lives chittering. When Michael turned away from watching her go, from the everyday event, from the already fixed and strange and fond scene—Oh my darling Mother, Mother!—he found his father's red face puffing a few inches from his, the mouth in a pout, nose heaving, eyes probing suspiciously. Calmly Michael faced back at him. The chill of the November night had

settled throughout the house, but his father was sweating heavily.

The exam, instantly, was done. Instantly his father whipped away to pace like the old bear in the park cage, angrily, to speak hopelessly between the times he swore. Sometimes he would yell, sometimes scream. Now and then a whisper would come, now and then a wild growing jumping roar. He was speaking of the unfairness of it all and what that means to an alive, an honest man, eager and able to live in this wild world, a world full of fools at best and crawling with conniving rotten bastards at the worst of it.

"Why the pattern would be plain to a wall-eyed paper hanger!" he cried. "Clear as the clear light of the very first day! The bastards. The silly goddam bastards."

The trouble, therefore, Michael could decide, had come from outside. It was not food, cold or hot. It was not watered booze. Not warm beer. It was not a credit collector calling him at work. It was not the newspaper being torn before he got it. Nor was it something taken from his bureau—the hard brushes, the sharp shears, his special nail file, his spotless comb. It was not the windows being unclean, one of which he had brightened once by punting a sidechair through. It was not dust bunching up in corners. It was not simmering stew. None of the household things. None of the family. None of his sons.

As he went on speaking it became clear that the trouble had come from outside. He spoke as if the Democratic party had doubted him, as if he had been hurt by Heaven, so that from now on he would have to live a different kind of life. He sounded like somebody else, like a lawyer in the movies fighting for a lonely lost cause—explaining, not complaining; proud if loud; pounding a firm fist into a kind palm; more hurt, more hopeless, more outraged, than any man since the very first man's very first fall.

The beer came. Michael's mother took over the sofa again. His father sipped some. Then he put the glass on the old upright and spoke to Michael straight. "See that," he demanded, pointing between and in front of them across the room.

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"Huh?" Michael said.

"That!" he snapped, stabbing with one long strong finger. "See that friggin thing!"

"What?" Michael said, confused. It was in the house then, after all.

"That thing!" his father yelled, jabbing his finger again, parting the air. "*There!*"

Michael was amazed. His father was pointing at the silent telephone.

"See that thing!" his father said.

"Sure I do," Michael replied impatiently.

"Who pays for it?"

"You do."

"Do I?"

"Sure you do."

"And do I," his father sweetly said, "do I ever use it, too?"

"No," Michael said. "Not much."

"Not much," he repeated, wide-eyed. Then he cried: "Not *much!* What the hell are you *talking* about! When have you ever seen me use that thing?"

"When Uncle Tim died you talked to Boston."

"What! *What!* Am I surrounded by ninnies then! And you are the smart guy. Of all among em, you. The smart guy. It is College for you this very next year, huh? Now what College is going to fall for *that!* What College is going to take in such a smart guy? How in the name of holy hell are you going to make out in this man's world being so smart? Why you'll *starve* to death, for crissake! Uncle Tim. Geesus! Everybody and his brother knows it was your mother called them up there saying Isn't-that-too-bad and Sucha-fine-man and Aa-yah Aa-yah. Smart guy. Get the hell upstairs. I'm going out on a foot."

"Tell me the trouble first," Michael said.

"I do not think you care."

"I care," Michael said.

His father looked him over for a while. "All right," his father said, gathering himself. "Get this. If you can. You are the reasonable one. You are the one always yappin about being reasonable. All right. Be reasonable. I ask you, as one reasonable American to another: Have you ever seen me go over to and pick up and use that tell-lee-phone?"

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"All right," his father said. "Now: Do you use that telephone?"

"Sometimes," Michael said.

"*Some* times! Why everybody uses that thing *all* the time! Like a toy! And when you get tired



you pull strangers in to keep it in shape! Everybody!"

While his father continued to report correctly and with accurate, sporting gestures and tones how everybody else used the phone, Michael glanced beyond at his mother, who, he knew, was on it at least once every afternoon. She shrugged and coldly closed her eyes halfway down and circled one limp hand around one of her ears. But she leaned forward to listen.

"No Sir-ree Sir," his father was saying, "I never have, and furthermore—as you wise College guys would say—I have never wanted to use it. Not until tonight. But I did tonight, goddamit. Oh I did tonight."

She spoke: "He tried—" She stopped. She lowered her head before his glare.

"Nothin," he sadly told Michael. "She doesn't know nothin. And give me no lectures please. She not only doesn't know anything, she doesn't know nothin. Neither do you. You are too smart. Like your brothers. Those two. Those heroes. Off to war fighting *England's* trouble. And your smart sisters, these two, the silent ones."

He paced about the room once more, along three sides of it, staying away always from the small bench by the foot of the stairs, the built-in bench that held the telephone, circling it and talking at it, always facing it as if, if he looked away, it might move. "It is all a large shame," he said. The sound of this seemed to make him ponder the words. He also seemed to be counting his toes. He scratched his elbow. "A great big shame," he told his toes.

Michael leaned forward and asked confidently:

"What happened?"

"Don't push me!" he roared. "I'm fed up being pushed. I'll tell you all right. I'll tell you. You'll explain it away, like your mother does, with fancy words, always taking the other guy's side. I don't care. But I wanted to talk to John Morrissey tonight. I wanted to talk to smart guy John. About something important, something real. About a special job I've been working on. A new and special section for the Hellcat. They gave it to me three weeks ago. And they have been pushing me. But it takes time and care. That's why they gave it to *me*! But they are pushing, pushing. They want to see. They want to take a test punch. They—oh what the hell am I talking for! Nobody in my own house knows my trade."

"I know some," Michael quickly said, "because you told it to me."

His father gazed at him, not believing.

MICHAEL talked on: "You told me about the test punch." He rushed through his memory to recall some of the many things his father had told him so many times at many chess sessions about his trade, the machinist's trade. Tempered metals. Cutting tools, the best designed. Male and female. Huge machines under heavy pressure pressing other metals out into the contours of the die. "What was it this time?" he asked his father. "Two? Ten? Twenty tons?"

His father smiled kindly, the patient parent, the wise authority. "Twenty tons?" he said. "Children's play. A mere tinker toy. You are not so smart after all, are you, College Boy?"

Michael kept still. You got by that one, Michael Aloysius. There'll be others.

"But I have been informed," his father formally said, "I have been led to believe by certain of your admirers that you knew just about everything."

Michael waited. Anything could come.

"Well," his father finally said, "you can just forget about the *details*, College Boy. This is a *special* job, I said. Not one just anybody can blab about all day on the telephone. Some about my work you know. Not enough to crowd a thimble. But some. Enough to know I do not want *anybody* monkeying around with my work until it's finished, done, and without me there watching what they do. Right?"

"Right," Michael said.

"You're goddam right!" he said, working himself up again. "And *I* am the one to know *when*! Right?"

"Right."

"Well everything is wrong. It is not ready yet. Not yet. Not time. Time. Time. Ahhhh! But Morrissey. Morrissey! That famous foreman of mine who is all of thirty-five. Imagine! Why most of us working there have forgotten more than he ever learned. But he does not care. Not him. All he cares about is pleasing the Navy inspectors and they do not care about anything! And they want to test punch. They want to test my work on this special thing. It has never been tried before. Not this way. This special way. My way. And—" he cut himself off. "Never mind," he said.

"Yes," Michael said.

"What the hell does *that* mean?" his father said. "That's what I heard from Morrissey this afternoon. I said Son the work is not ready yet for a punch. And he said, Yes. You see, don't you? No, you don't. How could you? You see, if they take a test punch and something gives, if the female cracks, say, then they will never again try this kind of a job this way. My way. The way I say will work and the way that young engineer who's even younger than Morrissey, that young engineer straight out of Rensselaer, *he* says it *won't*. That young engineer—I am twice as old, I am *more* than twice as old as that young engineer. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS! All right. All right. Very well. Well I just wanted to make sure. I left a note. I wrote in the note: Do Not Take Test Punch. Was that *reasonable*, College Boy? Was that *civilized*? Dignified? Honest? Haa! Fair? Fair?"

Michael nodded.

"You're goddam tootin it was," his father said. "But I am a careful man and I wanted to be even more sure. I wanted to be sure *he* got my note and not some dumb sweeper. I wanted to *talk* to him and be sure. I thought I'd just set him straight. I thought I'd just sashay over to the telephone and call him up. So I went over to it and I lifted it up and I tried to use the goddam thing."

"*But*," Michael's mother began, "he didn't—"

"Shut up Mom," Michael snapped.

"Cut that," his father said earnestly, spinning on him. "Cut that out. And do not ever let me hear you speak to your mother that way again or I'll club you down. And you," he said to her, "you stay out of this. You had your chance."

"I'm sorry," Michael said.

"Sorry he says," his father said. "He says he's sorry. Who the hell isn't? That's what that operator said when I tried to use that phone—Sorrreeee. I said Miss I wish to talk immediately

with the smiling Mason John J. Morrissey about something very important. And she said in that phony voice of hers What-is-his-numb-bah-pull-leeze? How do you like that!"

"Well," Michael started to reply, "she had to—"

"I was under the impression," his father said ominously, "that you wanted to hear this."

Michael clamped his teeth together and nodded again.

"Maybe you are part of the whole thing," his father said. "They've got it all fixed up. The whole thing. When that girl said What-is-his-number-please? I said I am an experimental tool-and-die man, not a member of your monopolistic company. How the hell do I know his number-please? That's *your* job. And she said I-shall-give-you-information. Little girl, little girl, I have all the facts I need. I was telling her, all I want is Butter-Mouth Morrissey, when this other dame—that's what she was: a dame—cuts in and says May-I-help-you? She talked like she was looking along her nose, like Mrs. Astor's horse. Well, I said, that's certainly up to you, I said, for all I want to do is to have a word or two with Gentleman Jonathan Morrissey called Jack by a few and I am getting pretty goddam sick and tired telling everybody in your shop *that* bit of news. And do you know what she said? She said And-where-does-this-party-reside? This party, Morrissey, get it?" He shook his head.

Michael nursed him along: "Then what did you say?"

"I said *Who* the hell cares. I do not want to visit him. I want to repair something before it is broke. For all I know, I said—trying to be helpful—he lives across the dinky river in Morrisville, or up the pike near Hopewell, or maybe he camps out in the fancy new Pennington section. I do not know, I said, but please PUT THE MAN ON! And she said I-am-looking. Can such things occur in the capital of a state in the *forty*-first year of the twentieth century? Please. Do not answer. No mumbo-jumbo. Do not give me that guff about how anything can happen anywhere. You and your kind only know words. You do not even yet know what it is to wait. I had a long wait. While she *said* she was looking I had a long lonely wait, a patient reasonable man, Professor, and after a long long while she came back on an' said I-am-sorr-ree she said, but-that-party-is-not-listed. Do you know what I told that young lady? For her sake I say she is young. I said My name is Stephen A. Gahagan here on his paid-up telephone who wants to talk to Mr. Morrissey, thirty-five, so stop all this funny

business and connect him right on with me. Then *another* dame got on and said she was the supervisor and what did I want and I told her and for *another* long time there was nothing on the wire but my own breathing and then she came back on and said there was nothing nobody could do for me. Nobody. Nobody. Nobody. Then she hung up on me." He snapped his fingers: "Just like *that*."

He stood still, hands on his hips, feet apart, head down—the tough pose of the short little man beaten. Around him and his silence, silence grew. The silence began to fill the room. It went through the house as incense on a hot night goes through a church.

AT FIRST the silence had surprised Michael. He had not seen it coming. He had taken too long to realize that the telling was over, the story told, the evidence in. No questions, your Honor. Hoo-haa. But where was the moral, Mr. Actor-man, the message, the appeal, the final plea? *Ora pro nobis!* Say something.

"What do you want to do?" Michael asked him, sorry as he said it that he had spoken.

For the question seemed to make his father freeze. It made him seem rigid, numb. He shook himself free and shouted with little sound coming out of his wide open mouth, as if clawing his breath, his way, out of an awful dream. "*Do!*" he shrieked, strangling. "What the hell *can* I do! That thing *there*," he choked, lashing one hand at the telephone, "is a fraud! It works for everybody but me!" Gradually his voice came back on full. "Why Johnny must have a phone! I have one and I want to talk to him! Isn't that what they're *for*? Do! What do I want to do! I'll tell you all right. I'll tell you what I want to do. I want to rip that friggin thing out by its roots!"

The words made Michael's mother catch back her breath. The sound caused them to turn. His father turned back. She curled her upper lip at him. Michael turned back, too. His father sat on the piano stool with one foot on his knee rubbing the ankle and cranking around the toes. For a while no one said anything.

Then she spoke up in a cheery tone: "All right! Now it's all, all right!" she said. "Fine," she said, clapping her hands.

No one else did anything. She stared at Michael.

"Fine," she said happily. "Everything's fine. Everybody understands."

Nothing.

She glared at Michael. At last he glanced at her. She laughed. "And as the donkey said when



he fell in his stall," she cheerfully said, "I guess I'll hit the hay." She wagged her head hard at Michael.

Michael nodded back and got ready to recite the old story his father had taught him long ago. It always eased things. "*Let me sit down for a minute,*" he began, "*For I have a stone in me shoe.*"

His father did not even look his way.

Michael hesitated. He began again: "*Let me—*" He stopped. No one spoke.

Finally his father broke it open: "Yes," he finally said. "I know. You want to josh me along, I suppose. Is that the right word. To what? To distract me? Is that the right word, the accurate word? The accurate word is so important, you always say."

Michael raised his right hand like an Indian.

His father went on: "You want me distracted by that sad old song," he said tonelessly. "Well, please do not try. Not this time. What good does talk do?"

Michael opened his mouth.

"Oh I know," his father said. "I am not that dumb. I know I am listened to only because I make so much noise. There is nothing else you can do. What can you do? You? Next year you leave us, you go away to College. College. Maybe then. But until then. I speak, I talk, I jabber. Ho. I know. So much. So much. Why? Why?"

Michael had brought down his hand; now he closed his mouth.

"Because," his father said, "there is nothing else I can do. I. I. Do. 'What do you want to do?' you said. And that was a good question.

Not 'Do this' or 'Do not do.' So I have talked to you. I have talked to you since you were very small. I bet you don't remember. You came into the room with a big hat on and tried to cheer me up. You recited the whole poem nobody ever knew you'd learned. '*Let me sit down for a minute,*' you said, and then the whole poem. What a surprise. What were you? Six, then?"

Michael slowly nodded, Yes.

"I never taught anything like that to your two brothers. They knew about words, I guess. They did something instead. Even if it was to leave home. I hope they are not hurt in this war. I never tried to talk to your sisters. But I almost thought for sure I would talk to that other one, to splendid old Kevin. He never missed a trick and he cared about everything and he was very quiet and polite and a little nuts. But you did not know him, did you?"

A chorus of recognitions sang through Michael's head and each one said: Oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, I knew him honored and loved him my beautiful beautiful brother. He shook his head, No.

"How old was he," his father asked the ceiling, "when he died? Six, then?"

Michael nodded, Yes. Before the age of reason. An angel now in Limbo. *Ora pro—* Michael's mother made a terrible sound. He would not look at her.

"And how old were you?" his father asked him. "Four?"

Michael nodded once more.

"Well," his father said. He would not look at her, either. He lighted a cigarette. "Well," he said. He put the cigarette down. "Two holes in the ground," he said. He stood up. "So all I could ever do after a while was to talk, talk. And tonight I could not even do *that* on the marvelous modern telephone. And there is nothing you can do either. But I am glad that you mean well. And you are a good boy."

HE REACHED for his beer. The glass was empty. But he did not see. He had closed his eyes. He raised it slowly and slowly brought it up to his mouth and slowly tilted it back on his lips and then he opened his eyes when nothing happened and saw that it was dry. He dropped his arm slowly and took his time walking out of the parlor through the dining-room into the kitchen around the corner out of sight. Michael and his mother listened to the familiar sounds as he got out a cold bottle of beer and opened it and poured.

"Mary and Joseph!" she hissed at Michael.

"You certainly took your sweet time."

Michael looked at her.

"All right," she said, looking away. "I can handle him now."

HIS father came back from the kitchen into the dining-room and over to the china closet with the curved glass door and the paper doilies under the plates and saucers and the cut-glass bowls. On top of the closet sat a silver-plated sailing ship under full silver-plated sail and in its round side was an electric clock, which he observed. He put his beer down and took out his flat watch, which he wound, muttering, shaking his head. He picked up his beer again and walked out of the dining-room into the parlor over to the piano stool under which were his shoes and garters and socks. He put his beer down again on the simplified classics and picked up his socks and tucked one into each shoe and held both shoes by the heels in one hand and picked up his beer with the other and he turned and gave one last look at the undisturbed telephone. Michael spoke to him.

Michael said: "Go ahead."

"What?" his father said.

"Rip it out," Michael said.

"What?" his father said.

But she at once understood: "Oh, no," she said.

"Sure," Michael said.

Then his father understood. He put down the beer, dropped his shoes, and in two wide strides got to the phone. He clamped his hands on it, lifted, and pulled. Nothing happened.

"Here," Michael said, moving to him.

"Oh no-no," she said.

"Pull!" Michael said. And an instant before his father pulled, Michael tore the wire from its black wall-box and turned to unwind the wire from his hands to see his father totter backwards into the center of the room clutching the telephone to his big belly. He got his balance back, pivoted, and strode to the front door. When his hand touched the knob, he stopped.

Michael's mother moaned: "Merciful heaven! Two of them!"

His father had not heard. He was occupied. He was held by the hand holding the phone which he now held high, glancing down along the loose wire to its ragged end which barely brushed back and forth along the floor. He stared again at the instrument in his hand. He seemed surprised to see it there. He turned and walked to the middle of the room carrying it carefully so it would not break and carefully

placed it in the center of the floor. Then he went back to the piano for his shoes and socks and beer and turned around and headed straight at Michael, his eyes narrow and the bones in his face working. When he got quite near he peered closely into Michael's face, piercing, intent, as if it were an enemy map. He squinted at him. He scowled.

Michael thoughtfully looked into his father's face, wondering: Why can I only see one eye at a time? How many of mine does he see?

His father stopped staring at him and walked around him to the stairs, saying as he tramped up into the darkness: "I sleep to work to pay for everything around here."

Michael waited for him to slam the big bedroom door and rattle the whole house. But he could hardly hear it close. Nothing budged. He waited for a short time, then he knelt and flicked his fingers across the torn wire drooping from the wall. Nothing. It was made up of three small wires and they were all bright, different colors: red and dark green and light blue. He wondered if anyone else knew. He wondered if a light or something was buzzing in an office somewhere, telling.

His mother knelt beside him. "Will they take it away from us?" she whispered.

"I can tape it up again," he said. "Go to bed."

"What on *earth*," she hissed, "ever made you do a thing like that?"

He waddled around on his knees until he faced the telephone a few feet away in the center of the floor. She turned around on her knees, too. They heard Grace creeping down the stairs behind them.

"What's going on, kiddies?" Grace whispered. "Stations of the Cross?"

She wrapped her nightgown around behind her knees and knelt with them in their tight semicircle. Then she saw the telephone. "Oh," she whispered, "*that's* just great."

"He's crazy, too," his mother whispered, nodding at him.

"No, I'm not," Michael said.

"Well," Grace said, "the old man sure as hell is."

"Grace!" her mother said, "don't you ever let me hear—"

"Well," Grace said, gently hugging her mother, "the old man sure is."

"No," Michael said, "he's not, either."

"You both are," his sister said, looking beyond her mother at him. "Everybody is."

"Maybe," Michael replied, gratefully, indebted to her. "Maybe. But he isn't."

Ridding the Roads of the Murderous 4 %

Americans have ten favorite ways of killing themselves (and each other) on the highways. One of us idiots suggests how we can cut the nonsense . . . and the mayhem.

IN THE coming quarter of a century we are going to kill a million people on American roads, and every year we are going to maim a million others.

That is the minimum. It is what will happen if there are no more cars and drivers on the roads than now. But these are increasing, and the death rate steadily goes up a little faster than the number of the cars and drivers. It is the price we pay for driving.

We do not have to pay it. We can cut the price to a half, or a quarter, perhaps a tenth, if only we do not willfully drive into accidents—if we do not drive as if we thought we were the only idiots on the road. I mean those last words literally, and I am going to come back to them.

Here are our ten favorite ways of killing ourselves—our commonest misdeeds on the highway. In a moment I am going to propose a plan—it seems to me the only plan—to stop them.

(1) *One of the commonest errors is pulling out from the curb, or entering a highway from a side road, without due regard to oncoming cars.*

In rare cases the driver does not even look to see what may be coming. Far oftener he sees it well enough, but just pushes ahead and trusts the other man to step on his brake, more or less

suddenly—and thus run into danger from the man behind *him*. In any hundred miles of average traffic you may have to press your brake ten times for this reason. You are needlessly called on to prevent ten accidents per hundred miles.

An even worse variant occurs when a driver in fast traffic starts to pass a car in front, without making sure that no car is coming on behind, intent on passing him first.

(2) *Quite as common is the bad error of hugging the car in front.*

Every day in summer I drive down a steep, winding mountain road. For about two miles there is no passing. The legal speed is forty, and I seldom get much above it or below it. But almost every day, although the traffic is not heavy, someone pulls up so close behind me that if I had to stop instantly, as for a child or deer, he would have to go into the ditch to miss me. Why? So that, when he finally reaches a place where he can pass me, he will have a few feet less to spurt. How much of his precious life-time will that save him? Maybe two seconds, or less than one forty-thousandth of a day. Just for that he has been risking our necks for a mile or so.

(3) *Speeding is undoubtedly the deadliest error, but it needs defining.*

The other day a police car shot past me at about 150 miles an hour, and I did not even crunch my toes. But a month ago, a cheerful youth came toward me at about forty miles an hour round a curve so sharp that it threw him clear over into my lane. Luckily there was about a hundred yards between us. If it had been twenty, I should doubtless not be writing now.

The proper speed depends much on time, place, and circumstance. But other things being equal—and this means a good many other things—sixty miles an hour may easily be safer at one time and place than twenty at another.

Unless you slow up after dark, for instance, you are exactly four times as liable to accident as in the daytime, and the accident is likely to be worse. Any rate of travel that is dangerous on rough roads, around curves, past blind entrances, in fog or rain or snow, on slippery surfaces, or in any other adverse circumstances is speeding. The good rule is to drive at the legal speed when all things are propitious, but to slow down as much as necessary when anything is not so—and in extremes to stop and live to drive another day.

I may add that most drivers do go a bit too fast, though no great percentage of them try to outstrip the wind. I have just tested this. I kept

count for ten miles on a fairly active suburban highway. The legal speed was forty, and I drove at a steady forty-three. In ten miles thirty-nine cars passed me, while I passed only four.

(4) *By official count, the second deadliest driver is the man who is infatuated with the left traffic lane.*

Why he hugs it so lovingly is a mystery. He ought to be uncomfortable with all sorts of things passing on his right, or with someone behind him blasting away with a horn to urge him over to that side. Yet we often see drivers who are so partial to the left lane that no horn can persuade them to leave it. I once saw and heard Mayor La Guardia's chauffeur tooting for nearly half a mile to get the man in front to let him pass. Failing, he finally passed on the right—with some danger and against the law.

(5) *About as bad is the driver who cannot keep to any lane.*

It is one thing to move over to the left a moment, with due caution and proper signals, in order to pass a car. It is quite another to keep weaving into the left lane and back for mile after mile; passing everything on the road must mean that you are in a terrible hurry. Worse yet are those drivers who are given to shifting from one lane to another even when they are passing nothing and when the road is all clear—or when they think it is, for this kind of driver is not likely to pay much attention to his mirror.

I cannot resist an extreme instance. On her way to Philadelphia a dear lady of my acquaintance was stopped and charged with drunken driving. She was a teetotaler. But the policeman could think of no other way to explain her wobbling.

(6) *Many drivers will say, that failure to signal, or to signal right, is the commonest of all errors.*

This is less frequent now that we have directional lights. Yet we all know how often a car that is going to turn or stop either gives no signal, or gives it too late, or gives the wrong one, or keeps the signal going after the turn is made, sometimes for miles. Most state laws tell you to give a signal at least one hundred feet before you are to turn or stop. It is just as well to lengthen that a bit. (And, madam, I may say that half an average city block will be about right. I mention it because no woman in my circle, God bless her, has any notion what one hundred feet is. Another mystery.)

One day last week I wanted to cross Broadway on foot at an uptown corner. I had the light with me, but of course I looked back over my shoulder to see if any cars were signaling a turn

You Mean They Don't Dig It?

DALLAS, Nov. 7, 1959 (AP)—Six boys, seventeen and eighteen years old, were under arrest today, accused of desecrating a grave for kicks.

Detective Lt. Earl Potts said two boys admitted opening a grave after a night of drinking beer. Bones of a seven-year-old girl, buried in 1920 in a cemetery since abandoned, and part of a casket were strewn about. "You adults just don't understand our juvenile problems," said one of the boys.

across my path. Four cars swept right round in front of me—which was illegal, since I had the right of way, but not one of the drivers gave a signal. And there were about a dozen other persons crossing with me. An extreme instance of a very prevalent error.

(7) *Double-parking is a danger as well as a nuisance.*

Every so often, from the street below my window, there arises an unceasing clamor from a horn. It may soon be taken up by another horn, and then still others, until the orchestration becomes frightful. This may go on for a quarter of an hour. Someone has left a car parked in such a way that some other car cannot get out from the curb, or no car can get through the street.

Some months ago I was driving through that same street when a big truck double-parked had left me hardly room enough to pass. Five feet ahead of me a woman opened a car door on the wrong side—against the law, of course—and stepped out. Thank heaven I was only creeping.

The law that governs double-parking is simple. Never do it except for the brief period needed to unload goods or passengers, and always leave room for another car to get through. Though mainly a town and city problem, this can be acute even in the smallest village. And many drivers do not know that they should never stop on any road even for a moment—especially on a curve—even if they stay in the car, unless the traffic requires it or a policeman or stop sign commands it. That is the law in most places, and the rule of reason everywhere. If compelled to stop, one must drive off the road, or drive on to a point where this is possible.

Yet twice in three hundred yards, last summer,

a man stopped very short in front of me, without a signal, just to talk to someone by the roadside. He was only spreading a piece of gossip. I may add that he swore like a hyena when my wife gave him one of her looks.

How often have you seen a driver stop and wonder which way to go?

(8) *In most places, the law giving you the right of way at an intersection is all but a dead letter.*

I have often seen something like this in manuals for drivers: "If you are on the right when turning at an intersection, you have the right of way, but only at your peril will you insist on it." Every driver must know that only too well. Almost any driver, right or left, just goes ahead if he thinks he can make it. It can be too bad if both drivers think so. But in most places it is a rare policeman who would now stop a driver on the left because he went first.

THE ONLY DAMN FOOL

ALL the errors I have listed so far are specific. The two below are more general. They refer to states of mind and body that make any of the preceding errors, and all others, far more likely to occur.

(9) *I often ask a cab driver, "What is the commonest error you see in driving?" Frequently he will answer: "Losing your temper!"*

And he may add something like this: "You take the nicest guy in the world and put him behind a steering wheel, and right away he's got it in for everybody."

If it isn't quite so bad as that, it is still bad enough. Two pedestrians brush against each other on the street, and each one is usually full of apology. But if the same two come close to scraping fenders, they are all too likely to start snarling. Why the moter car should generate so many wranglers may be a question, but there is no doubt about the fact. The gentlest poet I know grew into a sort of ruffian at the wheel of his first car, and adopted a whole new vocabulary. The plain truth is that many a driver acts like a foe to every other driver on the road and to every pedestrian as well.

Any driver who has lost his head obviously is a menace. A year ago a certain broker on my block came out one morning in a rage. He had doubtless had a family fight. He backed his car wildly across the street and up on the sidewalk, crumpling a fender and upsetting a hydrant. Then he plunged ahead without stopping to survey the damage. I stood wondering whether

he would get to Wall Street, or jail, or the next world.

We know on good authority that asperity, or lack of courtesy, is the main cause of about half of all the motor accidents, whatever the specific error it may have brought about.

(10) *Finally, alcohol.*

Of course any specific error is more likely to be made by drivers who have been tippling, and in proportion to their intake. We have the exact figures. Drivers with 0.10 per cent of alcohol in their blood cause five times as many deaths and injuries as drivers who are sober, and those with 0.15 per cent cause fifty-five times as many. These are the hard facts, and no more need be said about them.

It may be that my list is not a perfect one, though I have taken care with it and have had expert advice at every point. Anyone may add to it. There are scores of other rules of the road that every driver ought to know. Almost any driver will tell you he knows them all—but almost no driver does.

If you think I am exaggerating, try a little test on your best friend, especially if your best friend is yourself. Ask for a sketch of the proper way to make a left turn: (1) from a two-way road into a two-way road, (2) from a two-way road into a one-way road, (3) from a one-way road into a two-way road, and (4) from a one-way road into a one-way road.

The main cure is to read over a good traffic manual about twenty times.

Whoever makes one of the common errors listed above is assuming that he is the only damn fool on the road. If he plunges past a blind intersection, it can only be because he thinks no driver on the other road is idiot enough to do the same thing. If he always tries to beat the other fellow to it—whatever "it" may be—it must be because he thinks nobody will be fool enough to try to beat him. Every time he risks an accident with another car he is asking someone else to save him from it. He assumes that all other drivers are better than he is. If he has never thought of that, it is time for him to start.

Scholar, critic, former summer theatre director, and former head of the Department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia, Ernest Hunter Wright has written about Rousseau, Shakespeare, and the discipline of Greek and Latin, about dreams, ghosts, telepathy, and the unexplained behavior of stones skipping on water. His next book will be "What Man Has Thought of Man," but this article is his first about driving.

If he won't, then he might as well paste a placard on his bumper: "Here I come, the great American jackass."

Mere reminders such as this will never stop foolish driving. Some people may mend their ways—for a while—but the worst offenders will go on as heedlessly as ever, in spite of all warnings.

But I think I know a way to stop them.

In any hundred miles of roadway you are likely to see several feats of driving dangerous enough to make you gasp. Mostly these are not the deeds of clumsy drivers, but of daredevils who are taking reckless chances.

We have the exact figures on this point. A careful count over a six-year period showed that 4 per cent of the drivers caused 36 per cent of the accidents. The remaining 64 per cent was caused by another 15 per cent of all drivers. The other 81 per cent of the people on the road went without accident.

To put it another way, more than a third of all accidents are caused by one driver out of every twenty-five. Most of that deadly 4 per cent can fairly be described as show-offs or daredevils.

Now a daredevil will keep on taking a chance just as long as he is fairly sure he will not be caught at it. We can never put enough policemen on the roads to make it probable that they will see any given piece of dangerous driving. So I can think of only one thing we can do. The rest of us can turn in and help the police.

THE TALENTED WARDENS

EACH state might commission a number of its drivers as safety wardens. They should be numerous enough to make it fairly probable that any reckless feat will be seen by one of them. Of course they will be carefully chosen and carefully instructed. They will be good drivers themselves. They will be men of probity and common sense—that rare if unpretentious talent. They will serve without pay, like the fire wardens of yesteryear.

Each of them will carry a packet of report cards and stamped envelopes, addressed to a central office at the state capital. Whenever he sees a piece of reckless driving, he will write down the number of the offender's license plate on one of the cards, with a brief description of the offense, add the number of his own commission, and drop his report in the mailbox.

At the capital it might be as well to do nothing with the first report except to file it. But when two or maybe three different wardens have re-

ported the same offender on different occasions, a regular policeman will be told to keep an eye on him. If he is found driving as reported, he will soon be in court, and he and the community will know that it was probably no accident that a traffic officer was at the scene of his misdeed.

Soon every wild driver will know that someone responsible is likely to see him when he breaks the law, and that before long it will be a man in uniform. Once that is clear, there ought to be a sharp decline in recklessness.

Is there any argument against the idea? It would not cost much—only a fraction of the loss in wreckage on the roads at present. A few clerks under a good director would be enough at the capital, and probably no more policemen would be needed than we have now.

But it smacks too much of espionage? However carefully we choose our wardens, some of them may want to gratify personal grudges? Well, all traffic policing is espionage. And how could a warden indulge a grudge? If the driver he reports is actually no offender, he will never be arrested—and if he is, he ought to be arrested anyway, grudge or no grudge.

For half of my life I have spent my summers in a mountain colony of some two hundred souls. The roads are fairly narrow, and often steep and winding. There may be two or three poor drivers among us, but no reckless or inconsiderate ones. But about every third year some stranger arrives and proceeds to make the roads hideous for the summer. Often it is a college boy driving the inn truck. The first time we see him plunging round a curve we know we have a menace. All summer death may lurk just around the corner.

We talk to the boy, and he smiles (perhaps) and goes on plunging. We appeal to his employer, with little better luck. Where will he get another boy if he sacks this one? He is woefully shorthanded as it is. . . .

The scheme I am proposing could bring that boy into line and restore the safety of us all. It is true that even now any one of us could go to the police down in the valley, though I think no one has ever done so. It would be quite different if one or two of us had taken on the duty of informing the traffic authority in the capital, and if the local police then received instructions from the state.

This is the bare outline of my proposal. No doubt it could be improved, in detail, after a little experience with it. Then we might find the scheme so simple and so salutary as to make us wonder why we did not adopt it long ago. If it does not work, what on earth will?

DOM MORAES

A Curious Conversation with the Dalai Lama

Shy and remote to most visitors, he suddenly became boyish and outspoken—and playful—when a young poet recently visited him in Delhi.

WHEN the Dalai Lama came to Delhi a few months after his flight from Tibet, he stayed in Hyderabad House, surrounded by security officers, and the local drawing-rooms quivered with the latest news on him. A man who had seen him soon after he crossed the border into India asserted that there was a halo round his head. Vincent Sheean snorted and said belligerently, "He's a child." Marilyn Silverstone of *Life* thought he looked a nice boy. I went to see him the day after his arrival.

It was raining again. In the gardens of Hyderabad House the lilac bushes dripped softly; water trickled through the channels of the rockeries and overflowed the normally arid bowls of the fountains. The great house which contained the Dalai Lama stood patiently in the middle distance, being rained on.

I saw all this from outside, through the great gates guarded by Sikh soldiers. Several tents had been pitched on the grass verge of the road to accommodate them and the security officers. A tangle of barbed wire lay, for no apparent purpose, in the grass; the Sikhs came carefully round it as the car drew up at the gate, and asked for my pass.

"I haven't got one."

"Ha!" one of them said triumphantly. "Then you cannot enter."

"I have an appointment."

"You must see the security officer," the Sikh said.

So I climbed gingerly out into the rain and

was led to a tent where a sad man sat with a telephone at his elbow. He picked this telephone up, after I had put my case to him, and gloomily asked it for the Private Secretary. In a little while the telephone spoke volubly to him. At the end he nodded and put the receiver distastefully back on the hook.

"You are expected. The Private Secretary will meet you in the entrance. You may not take your car."

I went back with the soldier who had brought me. He unlocked the gate and let me into the grounds. Then he trotted behind me, extending a small black umbrella that mushroomed from his fist over my head. A second soldier followed carrying the first one's rifle. In this manner, somewhat like a military funeral, we passed down the puddled driveway into the great portico.

A lama in brown robes stood in the portico. He was tall and elderly, and kept his hands in his sleeves. A rosary hung out of one sleeve. He said without pleasure, in English, "I am the Private Secretary. Come inside." We went into the entrance hall. Hyderabad House is now a state guest house, but it was formerly the Delhi palace of the Nizam, and the entrance hall is clearly the entrance hall of a palace: a huge domed roof, marble flooring, and grubby statues everywhere. Several groups of lamas, some in brown robes, some in black, stood talking softly under the dome, that filtered a submarine light into the hall beneath. Their rosaries clicked softly. The Private Secretary deposited me on a sofa and went swimming away from me with prodigious strides, his robes floating about him. A young lama approached and sat, a little shyly, at my side.

He asked, in excellent English, if I had come to see His Holiness. Yes, I said. Was I a journalist? I denied this. He suddenly laughed, and

shook a finger at me: "Ah, I see it, you are a poet. I see it by your hair."

To change the subject I asked him where he had learned his English. He had been to school in India, he said. "Then this isn't your first visit?"

"No, indeed, but I hope it will be the last."

"Why?" He shrugged and wouldn't answer.

I asked him if he had come out with the Dalai Lama. He said yes. "That was a terrible trip, a terrible trip. I do not like to remember."

At this point the Private Secretary came hurrying back with a harassed-looking Indian official and a slender young Sikkimese in a bush-shirt. The lama beside me vanished, and the official sat down in his place and said emphatically: "You understand that the condition on which this audience has been granted is that you should ask no political questions?" I nodded. "Please keep to that condition. Now, there are certain other things. Do not touch His Holiness. That is sacrilege. When the audience is terminated, do not turn your back on His Holiness. Leave the room backwards. Also, kindly do not ask His Holiness rude questions."

"How do you mean, rude questions?"

"Do not ask His Holiness if he believes that he is a god."

"It had never occurred to me to do so," I said.

"Very well." He beckoned to the Sikkimese. "This gentleman is your interpreter. Please remember that he will not translate political questions. His Holiness will now receive you."

The interpreter led me out of the entrance hall through a carpeted corridor that emerged on a square courtyard. This courtyard had taken on the air of a lamasery already: groups of lamas stood about talking, as in the entrance hall, and two or three sat on rugs turning prayer wheels. The drone of their prayers came to me through the rain-cooled air. The interpreter paused at a doorway on one side of the courtyard, whispering to me, "Prepare yourself." Then he turned into the room, and I followed.

It was a big drawing-room, full of sofas and occasional tables, and looking over the garden.

A young Indian poet, whose first book of verse was published while he was an Oxford undergraduate, Dom Moraes made a trip home after receiving his B.A. degree. His experiences, including this interview, are recorded in a book called "Gone Away" which Little, Brown will bring out this fall. He is the son of Frank Moraes, the journalist.

In the middle of acres of carpet the Dalai Lama stood smiling. From his photographs I had always got the impression of somebody with an elongated body and enormous head; I was surprised to find him actually a sturdy, broad-shouldered, tall young man. He had clear skin and rosy cheeks, and wore black-rimmed pince-nez, slightly inappropriate-looking on the young face. His brown robe was open at the neck to reveal a tan shirt. He came forward and gave me an extremely firm handshake. The interpreter fluttered and kept trying to entice us to various sofas. Finally the Dalai Lama chose one by the window, pointed firmly to it, and turned to me, smiling. He gestured and said in English, "Please sit."

THE QUESTIONING

IT WAS an enormous sofa. I sank into it with trepidation. The Dalai Lama sat beside me and the interpreter drew up a chair facing us. The Dalai Lama crossed his legs composedly, revealing under the robe brown brogues and a pair of red socks with yellow stripes. He spoke first. His voice was deep and clear, and he spoke rather fast, giving an impression of tremendous eagerness. He spoke in Tibetan, but looked at me all the while with brown intelligent eyes.

"His Holiness would much like to read some of your poetries," said the interpreter. "Is it possible for you to send him some poetries?"

"Yes, certainly. Has His Holiness read a great deal of literature then, apart from Tibetan literature?"

This was translated, and the Dalai Lama shook his head emphatically, the corners of his mouth turned down in a charming rueful smile. I felt this was an answer, and was surprised when the interpreter began, rather hurriedly, to translate. "His Holiness is familiar with all the literatures of the world."

I asked, ignoring this fatuity, "Is there any secular literature in Tibet? The recent revolt, for instance, did that produce any literature?"

The interpreter translated this. He addressed the Dalai Lama as "Kundun," his usual Tibetan title, which means "Presence." As he ended each sentence he sketched a little obeisance with hand and head. Kundun thought carefully, and then answered.

"His Holiness says that he does not know of any literature, but there may be some. The difficulty about finding out would be that such literature manuscripts will be in Tibet and not India."

"If they could be found I would like to try and translate them, if His Holiness feels that their publication in the West would help the Tibetan cause."

The Dalai Lama nodded when this was translated, and smiled with his vivid smile. He leaned forward, tapped me on the knee, and said something. "His Holiness thanks you for your interest in the Tibetan people. He hopes to be able to send some of the young men of his people to your university, to Oxford, and to other Western universities. He will see if he is able to afford, and if possible he will send."

"Does his Holiness not feel that young men brought up in an exclusively Eastern society in Tibet may have difficulty in the West?"

The Dalai Lama surprisingly began to answer this before it was translated. He shook his head emphatically at the start, then went on, talking quickly with many gestures of one long, capable hand, and occasionally reaching over to tap me on the knee. He smiled all the while, but usually a little wryly, the corners of his mouth turned down; it was only when he was genuinely amused or interested that the corners of the mouth lifted, the cheeks got pinker, and the eyes gleamed. Now he was explaining something unpleasant, and the smile was down-turned.

"His Holiness say that the Chinese have already altered the structure of Tibetan society and introduced Western things. They have done this by force and brutality but they have altered Tibet in a way that has made it impossible for Tibetans to return entirely to their old system. Tibet will have to turn more and more to the West."

I recalled the Dalai Lama's flight from Lhasa. "When his Holiness left the Potala, we were told there was a great dust storm that prevented the Chinese from seeing him. Some people have suggested that this dust storm was sent by Providence. Does His Holiness agree?"

His Holiness shrugged his shoulders, and said something.

"Kundun says that there are many dust storms in Tibet at that season."

I laughed at this. The Dalai Lama laughed too and again tapped me gently on the knee. "How did His Holiness feel during the flight?"

This was answered briefly: "Nervous."

"Can His Holiness remember his childhood before he was chosen as Lama?"

The Dalai Lama nodded.

"Does he have any clear memories of it? Did he feel any different from other children?"

The Dalai Lama looked thoughtful at this.

The long hands moved as though sketching a childhood in the air. But he shook his head.

"His Holiness has no particular memory of that part of his life. He cannot tell if he felt any different from other children, because he had no standards of comparison. But his mother always said that he was the noisiest child she had ever seen."

The Dalai Lama watched me closely throughout the translation. When the interpreter reached the last sentence, an expectant gleam came into his eyes; and when I laughed he joined delightedly in the laughter. He leaned forward and said something to the interpreter.

"Kundun asks if you have any more questions."

"Not if he doesn't want any more."

The Dalai Lama looked pleased when this was translated. He smiled, rubbed his hands together boyishly, and spoke again to the interpreter.

"His Holiness says it is good that you have no more questions because now you can both talk properly. He says he is sorry he does not speak English, he is learning, but as yet he cannot speak it well. He asks you what you studied at Oxford."

I said Literature. The Dalai Lama nodded. The next question was about the methods of instruction. I explained the tutorial system. Again he nodded.

"Kundun thinks this is a good method. He asks you to describe the life in Oxford."

THE NERVOUS INTERPRETER

SO I found myself explaining scouts, landladies, the importance of the pub, the bicycle, and the river. The Dalai Lama listened to all this closely, occasionally stopping me to put in various questions: What was a punt? What academic dress did people wear? Why were colleges locked at midnight? Finally he made a quick switch of topic.

"Kundun wishes to know how many countries you have been in?"

And, after I had given him a list, "How many languages can you speak?" As this was translated the Dalai Lama leaned across to me and interjected inquiringly: "Spanish?"

I shook my head. "French, Italian, a little German, a little Greek."

The Dalai Lama, seeming disappointed, asked again, "Spanish—no?"

"Tell his Holiness I can't speak Spanish. Why is he so interested in Spanish?"

"He has seen a book of pictures about Spain."

It seems to him a very beautiful country. He wishes that he could visit Oxford and travel to European countries, especially to Spain."

"Does he plan to travel a lot?"

The Dalai Lama for the first time looked sad. His hands lay inert in his lap as he spoke. "Kundun says that he cannot be interested in travel except insofar as it will help his country. He may visit some of the Buddhist countries, and if the Tibetan case is brought before the UN he may go to America, but he will always make India his base, and always return to it, because it is near his country."

The Dalai Lama now spoke again, slowly and sadly. His face was grim, shadowed, quiet. He spoke for a long time. When he had finished the interpreter looked nervous.

"I cannot translate that."

The Dalai Lama leaned across again, putting his hand on my knee, and spoke urgently and even a little imperiously to the interpreter, who shook his head respectfully. He was sorry, he could not translate. I was divided between irritation and nervousness—nervousness because I was sure that in allowing the Dalai Lama to tap me on the knee, I was committing some awful unconscious sacrilege. I kept edging unobtrusively away, but he had obligingly humped himself along in my wake, so that by now we had traversed the entire length of the sofa and I was more or less pinioned against the farther arm. I hoped no lamas would look in. There was not much of my thought left free for me to feel irritated with, but I managed.

"Can't you just give me the gist of what His Holiness is saying?"

And then suddenly, coldly, precisely, the Dalai Lama lifted his voice. He spoke only a few words, but the interpreter looked up into his face and hurriedly began to translate.

"Kundun says that there are many people not far from here who speak of peace, truth, and good will. They are constantly lecturing others about this. They make promises in the name of peace and good will; yet when the time comes to keep those promises, they are always broken. This is as great a danger as aggressive militarism, in a different way."

He hesitated.

"Kundun says there are two great forces in the world today. One is the force of the people with power, with armies to enforce their power, and with a land to recruit their armies from. The other is the force of the poor and dispossessed. The two are in perpetual conflict, and it is certain who will lose."

The Dalai Lama added something to this. The interpreter again hesitated, but catching the Dalai Lama's eye stumbled on into a very curious remark.

"His Holiness says that this is the reason why there are so many suicides in the world today."

There was a silence. The Dalai Lama's grave, stooped face did not change. I said rather lamely, "That is quite true."

WHEN HE LAUGHED

THE Dalai Lama spoke again. The interpreter, said, "Unless this is changed, the world will perish, Kundun says. Therefore every poet, every religious man, every political leader, should fight against this division till he dies. The teachings of the Lord Buddha also tell us this."

"How does he think poets should do this?"

The Dalai Lama launched into a long, obviously detailed answer. He emphasized each point with a rap on my knee. His forehead wrinkled a little with concentration.

When he had finished, I asked, "What did Kundun say?"

The interpreter, looking baffled, replied, "He says poets must insert references to Tibet in their poems."

The Dalai Lama shook his head helplessly at me, and suddenly laughed. We both laughed together once more, which was nice. I realized that I had been there for more than an hour, and that I should go. We all stood up and the Dalai Lama dropped his arm round my shoulders in a friendly gesture. He came quite close. I saw that the Dalai Lama has freckles on his nose.

He shook my hand with the same firm clasp as before, and stepped aside. I remembered what I had been told about not turning my back. I accordingly began to sidle out backward, crab-fashion. The Dalai Lama watched me for a moment. Then he suddenly took a few steps forward, dropped his hands to my shoulders, and turned me around so that I faced the door. He gave me a friendly push to speed me on my way. I heard his laugh behind me, for the last time.

Outside the door the grim black-robed elder lamas were standing, rosaries in their gnarled fingers. I looked back. Kundun was standing alone in the middle of the room as he had done when I came in. I waved at him across all those acres of carpet. He waved back, and briefly the beautiful smile came again to his face.

Then I went away.

JOSEPH KRAFT

RAND: ARSENAL FOR IDEAS

This unlikely California corporation might easily be mistaken for a university . . . its only asset is brain power . . . its main customers are military . . . and though it works mostly in secrecy, it turns out an occasional best-seller.

ANY roster of the strange creatures bred by the cold war should include the RAND Corporation, a secular monastery firmly dedicated to the marriage of opposites and fittingly situated in Santa Monica, Southern California, a couple of blocks from both the glories of the Pacific Ocean and the squalor of a trailer camp.

Among many other things, RAND is a research center frequented by generals as much as thinkers; a consumer of such diverse literature as the *Times* of London and the *Racing Form*; and a major source of publications with a list ranging from a former best-seller, *The Operational Code of the Politburo*, to such stimulating titles as *The Effect of Creep on Column Deflection*.

Heavily dependent upon the government for business and for information, RAND draws talent from the universities, but is a corporation independent of both. Though little known, it has had enormous impact on the nation's strategic concepts and weapons systems, and in one way or another it has affected the life of every American family. (One of the few things RAND has nothing to do with, is the one with which it is continually confused: the typewriter company that employs General MacArthur.) Even in its proper name, a contraction of the term Research and Development, there is a wrinkle.

It should be, one RAND staff member has pointed out, Research and No Development.

What brings together so many bizarre incongruities is not whim but vital purpose. RAND is in the business of finding ways to apply scientific skills to the problems of national security. A main part of its job is to bridge the ancient gulf between scholars and soldiers. It may use new techniques with unfamiliar names—like "Operations Research," "Systems Analysis," "Linear" and "Dynamic Programming," "Monte Carlo"—but its reason for being is a matter of common sense. Not to use the most advanced methods on our most perilous problems would be a foolish gamble. Like it or not, the rapidly increasing complexity of war and technology condemns this country to rely on institutions like RAND. In the past decade similar groups have mushroomed in universities from Stanford to MIT, and throughout the defense establishment. A Senate committee has reported a recommendation that there be established a "White House RAND."

Some people do not like it one bit. The Russians have called RAND "An American Academy of Death and Destruction." Traditional academics shudder at its military focus. Because the tie is especially close to the Air Force, Army and Navy officers tend to sniff suspiciously. Political scientists can see in RAND one more example of the growing gap between people and their governments. Plainer men can understand how concentration on system sometimes neglects the obvious. Witness, for example, the spoof on the famous IBM sign:

THINK, Hell; COMPUTE!

But if RAND offers isolated instances of all these dangers, as an institution it is remarkable

for sensitivity to its perils. Parochial bonds have long since been burst. A widening frame of reference characterizes RAND's purely defense work. To it there has been added an increasingly rich diet of non-defense work. Awareness of the limitations of pure analysis has steadily deepened. So has the sense of the enormous complexity and uncertainty inherent in the problems confronting strategic planners. One RAND theorist has even speculated that Hamlet might be "the model of a modern major general."

THE TRICKY MIX

DECIDING the gin-vermouth ratio in a proper martini is for most people a tricky business. But try to concoct an un-named drink which may or may not be served to an unknown customer at an unspecified time, and which involves the blending of millions of different ingredients, most of them interacting on the others, some of them untasted and others still in the process of distillation. That is the kind of problem which confronts modern defense planners. It has been estimated, for example, that implicit in the decision to build a modern bomber are choices to the number of 4^{30} , that is over a million different possibilities. Identifying the available choices and indicating the more promising blends are central functions of organizations like RAND. In the arithmetical sense, if nothing else, they count.

A first attack on such complex problems was made in World War II when teams of specialists were trained to figure out the best ways of using new weapons in military operations. "Operations Research," as such work was called, was applied to a wide range of military matters and yielded some surprising results. For example, on the basis of past experience with other planes, the Air Force sent the first B-29s engaged in mining Japanese waters on daytime flights at altitudes above 20,000 feet. An Operations Research study recommended single plane sorties by night at an altitude of 5,000 feet. The new pattern cut bomber losses by 90 per cent without impairing destructive power.

RAND has continued this kind of work, deepening and broadening it at every turn. Because there are no current military operations but only vast ranges of interconnected possibilities, the label "Systems Analysis" has come to replace "Operations Research" as a generic term for the field. Economists and social scientists now have as much say as engineers and physicists, and a decision on bombing the Ruhr would not be

taken, as it was in World War II, only on the basis of technical feasibility, but would also include an accounting of political and social consequences. Giant high-speed computers, one of them designed and built at RAND, have been made available. With them go an assortment of standard techniques:

"Linear" and "Dynamic Programming" make it possible to put computers to work on complex problems of blending and phasing, as, for example, determining the best product mix in an oil refinery.

By "Monte Carlo," computers can give at least proximate answers to problems involving nearly infinite units following random courses, as, for example, what damage would be done to a runway by the fragments of a bursting bomb.

Perhaps the best-known technique is "Game Theory," a system for applying probability calculations to situations of conflict in which there are two or more contestants, each with imperfect knowledge of what the other will do. By Game Theory, for example, it is possible to tell a submarine commander trying to penetrate a strait patrolled by a plane what evasive tactics are most likely to be successful. Similarly, it is possible to give preferred firing schedules to the commander of a missile base who has missiles which are sheltered underground, but which must be exposed to enemy attack in preparation for launching.

Numerous direct benefits have flowed from the application of such techniques. RAND theorists have worked out improved patterns for bomber-flight formations, and they have recommended ways of reducing waste in air transport routes. In a typical case some years ago, RAND considered what kind of armament should be provided for fighter planes. Air Force doctrine at the time was to equip each fighter with firepower that gave it an estimated 50-50 chance of knocking down an intercepted bomber on the first pass. RAND analysis showed (1) that adding more rockets to each plane could increase esti-

Joseph Kraft's interest in RAND dates back to 1950 when he spent a year at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. "I was a historian then," he says, "but I dwelt among scientists, and they impressed upon me the enormous influence on national policy of scientific groups outside the government." Mr. Kraft is a former staff member of the "New York Times," has written for many magazines, and last year won the Overseas Press Club Award for his reporting on Algiers.

mated knockdown chances by an estimated 50 per cent; (2) that the increased cost, measured against the total cost of the fighter, was negligible; (3) that the chances of a fighter getting more than one pass at an incoming bomber were rapidly declining; (4) that in the face of a possible nuclear attack, it made sense to increase knockdown chances by heavier armament, even though the added weight reduced the chances of more than one firing pass for each fighter.

There have also piled up at RAND the kind of unpredictable but not accidental dividends which accrue when good minds go to work on defense problems. Not long ago a group of RAND psychologists testing human ability to execute complex tasks under stress decided to simulate an Air Force defense direction center. For the purposes of the experiment they trained volunteers from a local junior college in defense center routines. Learning under the experimental conditions turned out to be more rapid than that of actual crews being trained by the Air Force. The Air Force quickly perceived the value of the training system developed in the RAND experiment and adopted it for its own use.

A more momentous example comes in the missile field. RAND scientists began working on long-range missiles and rockets as early as 1946, when RAND first suggested the launching of an earth satellite. By 1952, several studies of the feasibility of different missile systems had been completed. A RAND physicist had devised means by which a nose cone could re-enter the atmosphere without disintegrating through friction. New metals for high-speed rockets had been proposed, developed, and tested. There remained the major problem of guidance. Then, in March 1953, this country exploded its first H-Bomb.

Bruno Augenstein, a RAND physicist in touch with all phases of the missile work, conjectured that the added destructive power and reduced weight of foreseeable H-bombs would bring the guidance problem down to manageable proportions. Swift calculations (some of them, naturally, on the back of an envelope) supported the insight. The findings were carried to the Pentagon by RAND's President, Frank Collbohm. Pentagon brass, already looking for some missile system, were briefed by Augenstein and by a RAND engineer, Bill Graham, in a series of hastily-called meetings. In a matter of weeks, this country was making the decisions that opened the way for development of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, or IBM as it was

called before the company of the same name requested, and got, a change to ICBM.

Identifying difficulties is generally as important as solving them, and usually much harder. In that area too RAND has done impressive work. Early in the Cold War many RAND staff members became aware of the absence of any reliable test for gauging Soviet intentions. As an alternative it was decided to take on the huge task of systematically examining Soviet economic resources. Under the guidance of RAND economists, a group of expert consultants including Professors Abram Bergson of Columbia and Alexander Gerschenkron of Harvard have been putting out studies embracing virtually every phase of the Soviet economy. Books on Russia's gross national income and product, and monographs on industrial output, labor productivity, rail transport, building industry, and investment policy have already appeared. One study due shortly may even be of interest to tourists. It is a compendium of dollar-ruble equivalents.

THE BIG HUNCH

PERHAPS the most far-reaching work yet done at RAND moved from the solution of one problem to the identification of another, and ended with findings that, over the period from 1955 to 1960, helped to change this country's basic strategic outlook. Like most RAND projects it was a joint effort, depending upon contributions from physicists, engineers, accountants, economists, foreign-policy experts, and dozens of Air Force officers. Insofar as any individual was chiefly responsible, the man is Albert Wohlstetter, a forty-six-year-old New Yorker of the most diverse tastes and talents. A banker in bearing, dress, and appetite for fine foods and wines, Wohlstetter has the fair coloring and innocent eyes of a cherub but occasionally sports a beard which makes him look like a Shavian hero. He was trained in symbolic logic at Columbia, served as a government economist and factory manager during the war, then entered private business in the field of finely designed prefabricated housing. Early in 1951 he went out to RAND.

Shortly after arriving Wohlstetter was asked if he had any interest in the problem of selecting sites for overseas air bases. His first reaction was negative. "It looked to me," he recalls, "like a very dull problem in logistics; hairy but uninteresting; just a matter of transportation." A week of reflection brought him around. "I had a hunch," he says, "that it might lead to some

major problems." Hardly anyone either in RAND or the Air Force shared the hunch. By the time Wohlstetter began working, some of the bases were already in place, and it was believed that decision regarding the others would be made long before he was finished. He was thus allowed to work without great pressure. Though two economists, Harry Rowen and Fred Hoffman, and an aeronautical engineer, Robert Lutz, worked closely with him, he did not accumulate the large team often assigned to priority projects at RAND.

The object of his study was to set forth the principles which should determine the selection of air bases in the decade of the 1950s. To that end, Wohlstetter compared the relative advantage of three different kinds of base systems in the event of war with the Soviet Union. In one, the planes and all their equipment were housed overseas. In a second, they were based in this country and refueled in mid-air. In the third, the planes were based here, and overseas bases were used as relay, or touchdown, spots for refueling and repairs.

In weighing the three systems all kinds of standard measurements were applied. The RAND team calculated freight and manpower costs; assessed the varying stages of development of the planes each system would require; estimated the political reliability of the countries furnishing bases; figured out the accessibility of

each type of base system to alternate routes for penetrating the Soviet Union, and the likely damage bombers would suffer from fighters and ground defenses along the way. To these conventional tests, he added one unorthodox question: What would happen to each of the three systems in the event the Soviets struck first, hitting U.S. bombers on the ground in a surprise attack?

By the spring of 1952, Wohlstetter had completed a 400-page preliminary report on the basing of the Strategic Air Command for the rest of the decade. Most of the next year was spent contemplating possible errors, and checking assumptions and results with Air Force officers and State Department officials. Time after time they posed differing conditions: What would happen, for example, if fewer aircraft were serviceable after touching down than had been expected? or, if communications were ruptured? In each case, the calculations were worked out.

"I was so used to talking to men in blue uniforms," Wohlstetter remembers, "that once at the Shoreham in Washington I caught myself on the verge of briefing a doorman."

In April 1953, Wohlstetter reported the final conclusions to the top Air Force brass. They were striking. Contrary to the prevailing view that full reliance on overseas bases was best, the RAND figures showed that it was more effective, cheaper, and safer to base planes in this

FOURTH OF JULY by Ted Hughes

THE hot shallows and seas we bring our blood from
Slowly dwindled; cooled
To sewage estuary, to trout-stocked tarn.
Even the Amazon's taxed and patrolled

To set laws by the few jaws—
Piranha and jaguar.
Columbus' huckstering breath
Blew inland through North America

Killing the last of the mammoths.
The right maps have no monsters.
Now the mind's wandering elementals
Ousted from their traveler-told

Unapproachable islands,
From their heavens and their burning underworld,
Wait dully at the traffic crossing,
Or lean over headlines, taking nothing in.

country, using the overseas bases as relay points for repairs and refueling. The report emphasized the supreme importance of protecting the bases against attack, and dealt at length with the problem of safeguarding bombers on bases in the United States. By March 1954, when the final version was filed, the Air Force was already rearranging the base system in line with these RAND suggestions. Not much later, as a safeguard against being caught on the ground, it initiated the fifteen-minute warning system whereby planes can be aloft fifteen minutes after the sounding of an alert.

By that time Wohlstetter was deep in another important study. His first work had shown that it made an enormous difference if the Soviets got in the first blow. In the early 1950s hardly anyone took that danger very seriously. Specifications for buildings on domestic airfields, for instance, required contractors to group them as closely as was compatible with the usual fire safety precautions. Intelligence estimates indicated no present Soviet capacity for a successful surprise attack on the United States. Still, it was known that this country would have missiles in the 1960s. There was reason to think Russia might too. The second study was of the base system in the 1960s. By late 1955 the findings were ready.

This time they were alarming. The study showed that a modest number of Soviet missiles could knock out all existing American bases. It indicated that a broad range of new actions—including dispersal, concealment, and physical protection—was required to guard American striking power. It raised the associated question of how to maintain centralized control over widely dispersed striking centers, both in wartime when communications might be ruptured, and in peacetime in the event of a false alarm.

As one practical device to meet the false-alarm problem, it suggested the "fail-safe" procedure, now in effect, whereby bombers are sent winging even after ambiguous warning, but turn back unless explicitly ordered to proceed to target by the President. As another, to assure warning in war, it suggested a procedure, now being put into operation, whereby word of a nuclear explosion on American soil is flashed to Washington in the moment between the explosion itself and the advent of its damaging effects.

The net effect of the report was to push into the foreground the weakness of U. S. striking power in the event the Russians struck first. What the study had done was to pinpoint and document "the vulnerability of the deterrent."

Looking back, the feat may seem unimpressive. The vulnerability of the deterrent is now known to all. Hardly a day goes by without Congress's hearing of the various means to reduce it: the Polaris missile, concealed beneath the oceans in submarines; the Minuteman, made mobile by being placed on railroad flatcars; "hardening," or putting missile launching sites underground; the airborne alert, maintaining some bombers aloft all the time. In his remarkable book, *Strategy in the Missile Age*, the military historian and RAND staff member Bernard Brodie, characterizes protection of the deterrent as "the first and most basic principle of action for the United States in the thermonuclear age."

But back in 1955 the central question being asked was how to bring weapons of mass destruction to bear on small wars. "Massive Retaliation" was the official answer, and the sum of wisdom in the Cold War seemed to be "You Can't Be Deader Than Dead." That view assumed the Big Two possessed the means to destroy each other, and implied it would be suicide for either party to start things. Winston Churchill, the great man of the age, had enshrined the idea in a memorable phrase, "the balance of terror." Robert Oppenheimer had expressed it in a striking metaphor, likening the Big Two to "scorpions in a bottle." Statesmen as diverse as Dean Acheson, George Kennan, and Foster Dulles had fitted it into their doctrines. The best of journalists, Richard Rovere and Joseph Alsop among others, had spread the idea broadcast.

Wohlstetter's studies questioned the implied assumptions of all that arrayed authority. There was a stir as late as January 1959, when his findings were first made public in a *Foreign Affairs* article entitled "The Delicate Balance of Terror." By then, events—notably the sputnik launchings—had smashed the assumption of balanced terror. Since then, emphasis on protecting the deterrent has come to govern this country's approach to the Cold War. It is not too much to say that Wohlstetter's work provided the frame for a revolution in our strategic concepts.

THE ACADEMIC EARMARKS

TO employ scientists in defense work is nothing new. Leonardo and Einstein are both examples, and Thucydides reported it of the Athenians. But when Leonardo had notions for improving the fortifications of Milan he simply wrote a letter to Duke Ludovico Sforza. Einstein's approach to Roosevelt on the atom

bomb was almost as informal. And both men, after the emergency, returned to their normal pursuits.

RAND's association with the military is anything but casual. Begotten by military needs back in 1946, it remains ever mindful of them. If RAND ideas have affected the Pentagon's climate of thought, it is equally true that the soldiers have cast a shadow over the thinkers. As an institution RAND bears the dual impress of the gladiator and the philosopher.

Its inception goes back to the end of World War II when the Air Force was concerned to secure the continuing services of some of the scientific advisers who had come to work during the emergency. The Civil Service atmosphere made it hard to hold them inside the government. To skirt that problem the Air Force established at the end of 1945 an outside research organization which could work under contract, using the proceeds to pay at least the going wage for trained scientific talent. Dubbed Project RAND, the new organization was housed in the Douglas Aircraft Company, directed by a council of five aircraft executives, and run by Frank Collbohm, a former Douglas engineer. The focus was to be entirely military. "Our objective," President Collbohm has written of Project RAND, "was to make it possible for a group of civilian scientists to work full-time on the analysis of military problems of interest to the Air Force."

Project RAND still exists, in the form of contract work for the Air Force—\$13 million of it last year out of a total of \$15 million done by the RAND Corporation. Frank Collbohm remains at the head of RAND. But the academic outlook of the staff has wrought enormous changes. The parent body is no longer Douglas, but the RAND Corporation, an independent non-profit entity bearing all the earmarks of an academic institution. It has a board of trustees—including three professors and two university presidents—which any college might envy. Its professional staff of five hundred includes 150 Ph.D.'s spread out among five divisions: physics, engineering, economics, social science, mathematics. About three hundred outside experts put in time at RAND as consultants. Though the Air Force still provides the bulk of the funds, other government agencies as well as foundations support RAND research, and the Ford Foundation has given RAND a million-dollar loan, later converted to a grant.

Under the rubric "RAND-Sponsored Research," the Corporation itself initiates work on

a broad range of subjects. Studies of such non-military matters as math education, Soviet administration, the respiratory system, neurosis in modern society, and the class basis of Arab politics have flowed from RAND. RAND economists have broken ground in what appears to be a new field of their discipline: the theory of public expenditure. Though very little of this work would have been possible without RAND's broad access to classified data, much of it has been made public through publication in books, and by distribution of pamphlets and memoranda in deposit libraries scattered across this country and abroad.

The balance of military-academic influences is strikingly apparent in the RAND plant at Santa Monica. The house of RAND is a dimly colored, flat-topped two-story structure which, except for having no grounds, looks more like a Band-Aid factory than a research center. Some of the furnishings could grace any executive suite, and in some of the suites, sliding panels are available to efface the blackboards. Uniformed guards preside over every entrance. The RAND parking lot, besides having bikes and station wagons, is, like many in California, long on low-slung foreign jobs.

Still, the academic origins of the RAND community express themselves in staff art exhibits and concerts. The local house organ, *RANDom News*, quotes Dostoevsky as well as Parkinson. And into the most serious staff papers, there creep donnish jokes and puzzles. How explain, one paper asks, the case of the two Indians on a hilltop, one of whom says to the other: "You're my son, but I'm not your father"? And the answer is: "She's his mother."

THE INSIDE DOPESTERS

IN SOME cases deep involvement in defense problems has built tension between RAND people and their professional colleagues who work much less closely with the military. Quite a few RAND staff members feel that large sections of the academic world are steeped in sentimental pacifism.

"They think," one RAND staff member has said, "that you can beat the Russians with rhetoric. We think it takes missiles."

In efforts to avoid sentimentality themselves, some RAND people occasionally treat the harsh facts with a clinical coolness that seems to approach the callous. "The outstanding truth about the relation between civilization and war," one RAND pamphlet says, "is that there have

been civilized wars and uncivilized wars." "If the winner in World War III could conceivably sustain thirty million casualties," another announces, "it is clear that there might be some difficulty in defining the notion of winning. . . ." "War," says another, "is a very horrible thing—but so is peace in a way. War is just more horrible. It's like that." And at the end of that pamphlet, the author describes as "what we are aiming at," this hypothetical future scene:

Three fellows are sitting around a table playing pinochle in what is obviously an underground shelter. There is suddenly a terrific shaking. One of the fellows gets up to look at a meter.

The other asks, "How much was it?"

The first says, "About 100 megatons."

The second says, "I can always tell by the shaking."

Finally the third one says with a great deal of irritation, "Write it down on the morning report, and sit down and deal."

In some divisions at RAND, toughness colors not only talk but belief. Like Russian experts everywhere, the Soviet specialists at RAND's Social Science Division often disagree among themselves. But in general they harbor much more pessimistic views of Soviet intentions than their colleagues in the academic world. "Any group not controlled by the Party both at home and abroad," says one RAND publication, "is an enemy. . . . A 'settlement' with the Western powers—that is an agreement sharply reducing the threat of mutual annihilation—is inconceivable to the Politburo." Even so, at least one senior official at RAND feels that "if anything there's too much softness toward Russia around here."

In explaining their harsher views of the Soviet Union RAND people show something less than charity for the academic experts. One RAND staff member falls back on "inside dopester realism." "We know more," he says simply. Another says: "A university professor wants to write something original. . . . A RAND Soviet specialist . . . may be original but that is a side product: his main effort is directed toward isolating what is important and central."

In rejoinder, academics have accused RAND of "method thinking"—a concentration on abstraction and system to the point of losing touch with the way people—even Russians—behave. For instance, one of RAND's best-known publications, *The Operational Code of the Politburo*, seeks, on the basis of a reading of the works

of Lenin and Stalin, to lay down "rules" for Soviet behavior.

A favorite RAND story points up some of the dangers inherent in concentrating on system. A RAND wife once brought a new baby out for admiration by dinner guests. Unmoved by coos, her husband continued to blast away on the theme that "millions would be killed unless. . . ." "Please, dear," she pleaded, "not in front of the baby." "Babies," he cried, clapping his hand to his brow, "now there's a problem I never thought of."

BROTHERS AND BOOSTERS

BESIDES being slaves of system, some RAND people have bound themselves to prominent figures holding highly controversial views on national policy. A part of RAND's physics division, for instance, is closely linked with Dr. Edward Teller. In the great Oppenheimer-Teller battle which split the scientific community five years ago, about half the RAND physicists came down in the Teller camp. More recently one RAND physicist, Albert Latter, has furnished Dr. Teller ammunition for his cautious, not to say negative, approach to disarmament. It was Dr. Latter, working under goading from Dr. Teller, who demonstrated that the Soviet Union might make huge underground nuclear blasts appear to give off the same seismic effects as small earthquakes. The upshot was at least a temporary blasting of hope for safe detection of tests. One prominent American physicist has said of Dr. Latter's work that it "sabotaged disarmament."

All these examples, however, represent individual bents rather than RAND's commitments as an institution. If Albert Latter is skeptical about banning bomb tests, his brother Richard, who heads RAND's physics division, favors the test ban. Other RAND people have contributed heavily to the framing of official American disarmament positions. And as an institution, RAND is at great pains to avoid entangling alliances—notably with the Air Force.

Even on Project RAND, Air Force Regulation 20-9 provides that the "RAND management is given maximum freedom in planning the research program." That the prescription has been faithfully followed is attested by the amount of RAND work at odds with the interest of the Air Force in its competition with the other services. RAND has always had some reservations about the Air Force's program for a new 2,000-mph bomber, the B-70. The emphasis of

the Wohlstetter reports on concealing the deterrent was a boost for the Navy's *Polaris*. Hardly any RAND material fails to emphasize the need, stressed so heavily by the Army, for preparation against brush-fire wars. So firm is RAND's position on that score, indeed, that not long ago an Air Force general jocularly began some remarks to RAND people with the comment, "Now you limited warfare bastards . . ."

Moreover, it is important to note that RAND is not alone in the field of Systems Analysis. The Weapons Systems Evaluation Group and the Institute for Defense Analysis do for the Defense Department some of what RAND does for the Air Force. The Army has its Operations Research Office, the Navy its Operations Evaluation Group. No self-respecting university is without a center of strategic or international or area studies. In national security affairs, probably none of these groups enjoys RAND's established position. Many do highly uneven work. But the proliferation of these bodies provides the safeguard of countervailing power. Let one group slip, and the others pounce as tigers.

THE USELESS UMBRELLA

LARGELY in response to the work of other groups, there has developed at RAND a powerful movement for critical appraisal of all Systems Analysis work. Virtually the whole RAND organization is imbued with the need to raise standards by questioning assumptions. The economics division, headed by a former Rhodes Scholar and Oxford don, Charles Hitch, and including Albert Wohlstetter, has been particularly outspoken. So has Herman Kahn, a thirty-eight-year-old physicist of Falstaffian girth and vitality who has described himself as "a monomaniac with several interests." Kahn is known throughout the military establishment for his insistence on the value of civil-defense measures. He has been equally active in examining the philosophic underpinnings and internal logic of Systems Analysis.

Among other things he has put out a salty critique, enumerating with pertinent cartoons and pungent examples, "Ten Common Pitfalls." In one section, for example, Kahn addresses himself to the danger of trying to prepare for opposite extremes. The cartoon shows a man dressed in bathing trunks and carrying an umbrella. The text calls it "wrong" to prepare in that way for variations of weather. "You will be both wet and cold on rainy days," it says, "and have to drag an umbrella around on sunny

days. You will never be suitably dressed for any occasion."

In the same spirit, Wohlstetter has shown that a broad range of American defense measures are based on what he calls "Western preferred strategy." For example, the early-warning system in the Arctic assumes that the Soviets would send their planes over the North Pole in a mass strike. That assumption is "Western-preferred" because it makes defense easier. But for that reason if nothing else, Wohlstetter points out, the Soviets would be more likely to attack along some other route.

"The point," Wohlstetter says, "is that you have to keep trying to beat your own system—and trying hard. You have to play both cop and robber, simultaneously."

Both Kahn and Hitch have been bearish about mathematical models and machines. "If all of the large computing machines were destroyed," Kahn has written, "a few, but only a very few, good systems analysts would find themselves handicapped." "For our purposes," Hitch says, "Game Theory has been quite disappointing." Wohlstetter emphasizes the importance of achieving improvements rather than optimal answers: "Even if a Systems Analysis cannot determine an ideal 'best,' it is helpful if it finds and proves some system which is distinctly better than others that are likely to be accepted."

All three men have stressed the nearly boundless uncertainties in Systems Analysis of national defense problems, and have accepted in consequence the need for offering suggestions that apply in a wide variety of circumstances. Wohlstetter has defined the "primary function" of RAND as "helping solve the decision-maker's problem of being ready for many contingencies."

"The most important thing to understand," Hitch has written, "is the dominant role played by uncertainty. . . . When we are confronted by gross uncertainties . . . it makes sense to hedge, to preserve flexibility."

Critics of RAND may argue that its aim is destructive and its outlook war-minded. RAND supporters can retort that in seeking to arm the free countries the motive is intrinsically humane. The emphasis on "uncertainty . . . hedging . . . flexibility" goes beyond such polemics. It expresses a mood in the grain of American democracy and is of a piece with the principles of an open society. Someone once jokingly referred to the drive for questioning assumptions and beating systems as "the RAND Church."

"I'd like to think," a RAND man commented later, "that we are a school for heresy."



EVA ZISSEL

THE ELUSIVE DR. SZILARD

ALICE KIMBALL SMITH

He is a bubbling spring of ideas—including a new theory of aging and the first patent on atomic chain reactions. But because he delights in a home-made cloak of mystery, he remains (except among scientists) almost unknown.

AT A party in a university community a few weeks ago the guests amused themselves by drawing up a list of men who have played unique roles in recent history. They finally agreed upon five who had done things which could not have been accomplished, in their times, by anybody else. The first four are familiar to everybody—Lincoln, Gandhi, Hitler, and Churchill. But the fifth might puzzle even many well-informed people. It was Leo Szilard.

If they recognize the name at all, most people probably remember Szilard only as the man who persuaded Albert Einstein to sign a fateful letter to President Roosevelt—the letter which set in motion the building of the atomic bomb. This would please Szilard, who has gone to considerable pains to avoid notoriety; who has, indeed, sometimes seemed to take a sort of impish delight in creating around himself an air of mystery.

Yet among scientists (especially physicists and biologists) a Szilard legend has been flourishing for a long while. It grows out of his fantastic

fertility of mind and his uncanny ability to conceive ideas before their time. It pictures him as an intellectual adventurer, likely to embark at any moment on some excursion far beyond the boundaries of science . . . dedicated to saving the world by a mild and legitimate conspiracy . . . unpredictable just because his behavior is so devastatingly rational.

One reason why this legend has not spread far beyond scientific circles is that he is a man of many interests, in an age when fame goes to the specialist. Although he is in no sense a dilettante, routine bores him. He loves to seize a problem in its early, exciting stage, and to work on it furiously until he begins to glimpse the answer. Then he is likely to move on to something else, leaving the tedious labor—and the laurels—to others.

Szilard claims he is lazy, and at first glance you might think there is some truth in this. At sixty-two he is comfortably overweight, and when he is in a mellow mood his round face looks benignly placid. More often, however, he radiates energy—talking with brusque impatience in a clipped speech which hints at his Hungarian origin by intonation rather than by accent. His reactions are always sharp and quick. Though you may not know what Szilard will think tomorrow, there is never any doubt what he thinks today.

He takes his extraordinary intellectual powers for granted. At present he is in a New York hospital for treatment of cancer. Lewis Strauss, the former head of the Atomic Energy Commis-

sion, recently visited him there to present him with the Einstein medal for "outstanding achievement in natural sciences" and for his scholarship "in the broadest areas of human knowledge." Mrs. Szilard reminded her husband of the distinguished list of men who had received the medal previously.

"Yes," he said, "and it is getting better and better all the time."

This is a complex man, whose personality inevitably provokes argument. To some of his associates he has seemed gruff, demanding, even arrogant. It is true that he has no interest in conventional social chit-chat, and no patience with stupidity; but I can testify that he also can be charming and witty. Aggressive as he is in pushing his pet theories and causes, he has never sought the limelight for himself. He may haggle fiercely over details, but he also has a magnificent detachment and an almost saintly freedom from any sense of grievance toward his detractors.

THE BATHTUB AT THE STRAND

SZILARD is one of a brilliant group of Hungarian *émigrés*, which also included John von Neumann, Michael Polanyi, Eugene Wigner, and Edward Teller. He believes this remarkable concentration of scientific talent grew out of a special environment in Budapest at the turn of the century—a society where economic security was taken for granted, a high value was placed on intellectual achievement, and physics was taught so badly that serious students were thrown upon their own resources.

The son of a civil engineer, he first studied electrical engineering in Budapest and—after a year of officer's training in World War I—in Berlin. There he transferred to physics, earning a doctorate in 1922. During the next decade he published papers on thermodynamics and X-rays. His outstanding achievement was a paper which is now regarded as basic to information theory and cybernetics—and therefore, in addition to much else, to the whole industry of electronic computers. He also filed a patent on the idea of the cyclotron (a machine later developed by E. O. Lawrence) and with Albert Einstein—his friend and associate at the University of Berlin—patented a device for pumping liquid metals.

In the early 'thirties Szilard's natural restlessness was intensified by his early recognition that Germany would soon become uncomfortable for men of independent spirit, and dangerous for non-Aryans like himself. He visited the United States, and returned so little reassured by the

course of events that from then on he kept two suitcases packed in his room at Harnack Haus, the faculty club of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institutes in Berlin-Dahlem.

After the Reichstag fire in February 1933, he went to Vienna hoping to find posts outside Germany for anti-Nazi intellectuals. An encounter there with Sir William Beveridge, however, led to the less ambitious scheme of the Academic Assistance Council, set up in London in June of that year. With his help it carried out a memorable rescue operation.

Szilard himself went to work in the then-new field of nuclear physics, using a laboratory in St. Bartholomew's Hospital and later the Clarendon Laboratory in Oxford. At about that time Lord Rutherford announced that the idea of liberating large amounts of energy from the atom was sheer moonshine. Most scientists accepted this as gospel, since Rutherford was both a pioneer in exploring the atom and the most prestigious British physicist of the period.

But Szilard is congenitally suspicious of dogmatism—and besides his imagination had been stimulated by H. G. Wells' *The World Set Free*, which predicted the eventual release of atomic energy. So he began to think about the problem.

As he was waiting one day to cross a street in London, the idea came to him of a chain reaction based on some element which would absorb one neutron and emit two. What would be a suitable element? To ponder this question he needed leisure, for he believes that dreaming is impossible when a man is under a compulsion to accomplish something. He took a room at the Strand Palace Hotel in London, and during the early months of 1934 he did his thinking there in the most comfortable spot he could find—the bathtub. (Any scientist would see, he explained later, that a tubful of hot water provided the simplest way to keep warm during a London winter. Moreover, he was free from interrup-

Alice Kimball Smith had the co-operation of many friends of Leo Szilard in gathering ideas for this portrait. Mrs. Smith spent the war years in Los Alamos, where her husband, Cyril Stanley Smith of the University of Chicago, was in charge of metallurgy at the atomic laboratory, and where she taught in the high school. Herself a Ph.D. in history, she later became assistant editor of the "Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists" and taught at Roosevelt University. She is now working on a history of the postwar atomic scientists' movement.

tions, except for a worried chambermaid who would knock at the door now and then and ask, "Are you all right, sir?")

Considering the elements one by one, he first thought that beryllium might offer the possibility of a chain reaction. Later he vaguely considered thorium and uranium, although it never occurred to him that uranium might prove fissionable.

His hopes for testing his ideas by experiment were, for the moment, frustrated. Most physicists thought his notion of a beryllium chain reaction was fantastic; he had no funds for research; and apparatus built by a friend in America would not work when he set it up in England. Nevertheless he did take out a secret patent—which he assigned to the British Admiralty—in which the general laws governing chain reactions were described for the first time. His ambition then—and in later efforts to get patents on key atomic processes—was not to make a fortune, but to get control of what he even then foresaw as potentially a terrible danger. He hoped to entrust its development to a foundation, directed by enlightened men (not all scientists) who would use the results for the good of mankind.

CORNERING THE ATOM

IN 1938 his chronic wanderlust, plus growing pessimism about the world situation, led him to the United States, in spite of the offer of a coveted lectureship at Oxford. In February 1939 he "materialized"—the phrase often used to describe his unannounced movements—as a guest at the Columbia University physics laboratory. Here Enrico Fermi, who had arrived a month earlier from Italy, was doing fission experiments with a student, Herbert Anderson.

Niels Bohr had just brought news from Europe that German scientists had induced fission in the nucleus of uranium. Szilard knew what this meant: The Germans would now try to build an atomic bomb, and with such a weapon Hitler could conquer the world—unless the Allies could get one first. On March 3, he and Walter Zinn performed an experiment which showed that neutrons are emitted in the process of fission. The same discovery was made at just about the same time by Fermi and Anderson in the basement of the Physics Building at Columbia, and by Joliot and his co-workers in Paris.

"That night," he said later, "I knew that the world was headed for trouble."

How Szilard used that knowledge is (at least to scientists) a familiar story. With the sup-

port of Wigner and Teller, he persuaded Einstein to sign a letter to the President explaining how the splitting of uranium atoms might be used to make "extremely powerful bombs of a new type." Although Einstein's famous formula $E = mc^2$ describes the relationship of mass and energy on which the bomb depends, he had no connection with its development. He was the country's most renowned scientist, however, and his letter—delivered to Roosevelt by Alexander Sachs—did move the government to action.

This devious approach illustrates Szilard's love of intrigue and indirection, plus his habit of moving outside established channels to get things done. In this case he was certainly justified. Twice the government had failed to respond to pointed hints about a possible atomic bomb—and Szilard had learned with alarm that Germany had prohibited the export of uranium from Czechoslovakia. The only other source was the Belgian Congo. Einstein was a friend of the Belgian Queen Mother, and through him Szilard hoped to warn the Belgian government against delivering uranium to the Germans from the Belgian Congo.

In the laboratory at Columbia, where he had joined forces with Fermi and Anderson, Szilard was full of ideas for better procedures. Their neutron source, radon/beryllium, was too high in energy; the piece of uranium to be bombarded was too small. A larger piece would produce more neutrons and hence more conclusive results. Beryllium and uranium were expensive and almost unobtainable, but shortly they appeared—the gift, said Szilard, of some friends of science. It later turned out that he had borrowed \$2,000 from a friend, and that the "friends of science" were just a dream, expressing his hope that atomic energy might be developed under beneficent rather than military auspices.

Meanwhile, the laborious experiment itself was under way. Uranium had to be carefully packed in cans and round-the-clock readings made. Fermi, who switched easily from pad and pencil to the manipulation of apparatus, insisted that all share the work. Szilard did not take kindly to this proposal. Along with his willingness to take unreasonable trouble for others, his associates have noted a marked aversion to continuing responsibility, mere routine, or doing anything with his hands.

In addition, he felt that the outcome of the fission experiments was so important that he could not trust himself to do a painstaking job. So he hired a young refugee scientist to substitute for him on the night shift, leaving Szilard

free to consider the meaning of the results. The incident produced a certain coolness between Szilard and Fermi, himself no tyro at thinking. Nevertheless, from these Columbia experiments emerged eventually the design for the first self-sustained chain reaction at Chicago's Stagg Field on December 2, 1942.

There was much concurrent thinking at this time in nuclear physics, but Szilard's special contributions included his stubborn exploration of the use of graphite to slow down the neutrons so that they would more readily hit uranium nuclei. And it was Szilard who wangled a government grant of \$6,000 to buy graphite for which there were no laboratory funds.

Oddly, but quite characteristically, Szilard then left the experiments in the capable hands of Fermi and Anderson. Szilard had had the fun of sharing in the ideas. Fermi, for all his brilliance as a theorist, liked mucking about with mechanical things; Szilard, for all his inventive skill, did not. The prospect that the man who performed the experiment might be honored as a second Prometheus, if it occurred to Szilard, did not weigh with him in the slightest.

The organization of the Manhattan Project had begun in December 1941. Early in 1942, Szilard, Fermi, and others from Columbia moved to the University of Chicago's Metallurgical Laboratory—so-called to conceal its real purpose, the production of plutonium in a uranium pile.

If the project could have been built on ideas alone, says Eugene Wigner, Szilard alone could have done it. Others point out that without Fermi the pile would not have worked; but that without Szilard, plutonium production would have been delayed six months to a year. He made many contributions to reactor design, and his frequent disappearances from Chicago masked a kind of detective game in pursuit of pure graphite and uranium. In the spring of 1943 the Los Alamos Laboratory was set up to design and build a bomb, but Szilard stayed in Chicago and had no part in planning the actual mechanism.

THE URGENT QUESTION

HE HAD long been haunted by the dread of hearing that an English city had been devastated by an explosion of incredible force. In the winter of 1944-45 this fear was replaced by another. What if the bomb were dropped, not as a defense against a similar weapon but upon Japan when her defeat seemed assured? It had been necessary to make a bomb. But was it now really necessary to use it?

In fact, Szilard thought, its use might enormously complicate our relations with other nations, especially Russia, and set off an arms race of terrible dimensions. These were the chief ideas he set forth in a memorandum addressed to President Roosevelt in March 1945. But before Szilard could see him, the President was dead. In May he presented the memorandum to James F. Byrnes—soon to be Secretary of State—but was met with utter incomprehension.

Szilard's concern was fully shared by some of his colleagues. On June 11, a month before the bomb was tested at Alamogordo, an informal committee, headed by the revered German physicist, James Franck, sent a carefully argued memorandum to Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, urging that the bomb's destructiveness be demonstrated on some uninhabited area.

The majority of the Franck Committee thought that in the atmosphere of wartime their plea would be more effective if it were based on political rather than moral argument. Although Szilard signed the report, he also drew up a petition to President Truman urging on moral grounds that the bomb not be used. Some sixty signatures were collected. When the Army tried to stop circulation of the petition in Chicago because it revealed that a bomb was being made, Szilard effectively protested, but at the other sites it was not allowed to circulate. Probably it never reached the President, either.

When the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, and on Nagasaki three days later, those who had worked on it experienced a two-fold reaction—elation at their success in helping end the war, and horror at their part in mass destruction. Those who had tried to find an alternative felt only deep dejection and began to talk about a scientists' organization which might help insure that atomic power would be used for peace, not war. Such groups sprang up spontaneously at other Project laboratories, then merged in a national federation to promote international control of atomic energy.

The Army asked the scientists not to discuss the implications of the bomb, Szilard recalls—not saying why, but giving the impression that negotiations were going on among the U. S., Britain, and Russia that might be disturbed by public discussion. The scientists of course complied.

In September Szilard made a trip to Washington to find out what kind of thinking was going on, and there picked up a copy of the May-Johnson Bill. Back in Chicago, he was advised by a Law School friend that it was a bad

bill. Hearings before the House Military Affairs Committee took place while he was in Chicago and lasted only one day.

Szilard raised the alarm. With influential scientists like Harold Urey and E. U. Condon, he roused interest in an alternate plan for civilian control and returned to Washington for six months, on leave from the Project without pay, to promote it. He kept in touch with his young friends in Chicago, Los Alamos, and Oak Ridge whose program of public education played a vital part in the eventual victory for civilian control. However, it was Szilard's astute intervention that stopped the May-Johnson Bill from being passed by default. He once remarked to a friend that "baiting brass hats" was a favorite hobby. Certainly he had ample opportunity to practice it during his feud with General Leslie R. Groves, which reached epic proportions in the autumn of 1945. Wartime rules about what scientists in one category could discuss with those in another infuriated more tractable men than Szilard—but his protests were doubly offensive to security officers because in 1939 he himself had caused a brief furor by suggesting that publication of fission experiments be suspended. Now he complained about secrecy!

But Szilard's primary objective—getting a bomb before Hitler did—had not changed, and he later told a Senate committee that eighteen months had been lost because one part of the Project did not know what another was doing.

General Groves, on the other hand, charged that Szilard repeatedly ignored the rules. And he was further outraged that Szilard, without whom there would have been no bomb, now objected to using it. Szilard's direct appeals to the President violated every canon of military behavior, and his attack on the May-Johnson Bill added a crowning insult to a long list of injuries.

Nor had Szilard been an unalloyed joy to his civilian superiors, even though they too disliked secrecy and fully understood the value of his catalytic mind. They had to spend days meeting his demands for improved procedures and in explaining him to the General or his deputies.

SWITCHING TO A NEW CAREER

IN 1946 Szilard decided to do research in biology—a turning from death to life that seemed to reflect his deep revulsion after Hiroshima, though he himself says only that the new field offered the greatest intellectual challenge. In recognition of his concern for the political implications of the bomb, the University of

Chicago gave him a joint appointment in the social and biological sciences.

Szilard's demands upon the university were modest. He wanted no big machines or corps of assistants; only a secretary, no teaching responsibilities, and a chance to travel. (Subsequently, his feats of ubiquity were to include a professorship in Chicago, a home in Denver, and a visiting chair at Brandeis while he was actually living in New York.) To insure his own freedom from restrictions, Szilard—with his special brand of guile and comedy—decided to apply for funds only for research already completed. Then he could use the money on new projects of his own choosing. (This system worked until an application was refused on the grounds that the experiment was impossible.)

He began his research with the assistance of a young chemist, Aaron Novick, and their work on the genetic characteristics of viruses quickly opened up important studies of mutations. They invented the chemostat, a device for growing bacteria and observing mutations under controlled conditions.

But his most important contributions are, as one man phrased it, "lost in a thousand conversations." The reputation of most biologists, as indeed of most scientists, rests upon one idea thoroughly developed; Szilard spews them out at the rate of a dozen a day and rarely exploits any of them.

Biology has attracted many alert young minds, and Szilard may find their *esprit de corps* like that of an earlier generation of physicists. However, his reception in the field has not been uniformly warm. His fundamental knowledge is not wide, as it was in physics, and he is unwilling to acquire it systematically.

At a recent summer conference in Boulder, his friends devised "the Szilard index" based upon the number of sentences a speaker could finish before Szilard got bored and—often rather rudely—walked out. His references to third-rate scientists and to the stultifying effect of excessive experimentation electrified a session. The more experiments we do, he said, the more stupid we can be. If we just keep on doing experiments it will take fifty years to solve the problems we are discussing, but if we stop and think how, for example, proteins might be synthesized we will see that there are not fifty, but perhaps five, possible ways. Assign probabilities to the five and it will take only a few experiments to distinguish them.

Often Szilard took refuge from meetings he found dull, on the roof garden where other

"Mein Herr, jawohl, durch..."

$$\psi(x) = \frac{1}{\sigma(2\pi)^{1/2}} \exp\left(-\frac{1}{2} \frac{x^2}{\sigma^2}\right) \dots"$$

"El próximo año

$$P = \frac{A}{A-B} E_{N,A} \quad \frac{B}{A-B} E_{N,B} \dots"$$



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renegades soon joined him. There he sat under a large sun umbrella, notebook and slide rule in hand, apparently engrossed in his own work. But when the conversation around him touched an exciting technical problem, he suddenly offered pertinent suggestions or criticisms, then returned to his calculations.

"Why spend money on meetings?" inquired an admirer when this conference was over. "Just send people to talk to Szilard."

Biologists do not agree as to the value of his current work. One of his most provocative papers, for example, deals with the aging process. Some call his theory nonsense; others think it has revolutionary significance.

To Szilard, however, change is a basic tenet of life. "Devote six years to your work," he once wrote, "but in the seventh go into solitude or among strangers so that your friends, by remembering what you were, do not prevent you from being what you have become."

By design, he himself strikes no deep roots. "Leo's home," says a friend, "is wherever his intellectual interests happen to be at the moment." In recent years it has been at the faculty's Quadrangle Club on the University of Chicago campus; his room there is as devoid of personality as if he had dropped in overnight. He does not smoke, has little interest in alcohol, has never owned a car or a house. But his frequent travels, his lavish use of long-distance calls, and generous gestures made with a European sense of style have produced an erroneous impression of large private means.

His marriage in 1951 to an old friend of Berlin days, Dr. Gertrud Weiss, has not much changed his ways, although the periods when he takes his work to Denver, where she practices medicine, mean much to them both. There he keeps his recordings, chiefly Beethoven and Mozart, and—confuting the common belief that he never reads—a collection of his favorite books. They reflect a catholic taste: H. G. Wells and Shaw, *Tom Jones*, Boswell's *Johnson*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Sons and Lovers*, and the works of what he calls "English lady novelists."

RECIPES FOR TEA, RAZORS, TAXES, AND PEACE

HIS sudden arrivals and departures, his aversion for advance commitments, and his personal reticence are all a part of the oblique tactics in which he delights.

"Leo's technique in promoting one of his projects," says a lawyer friend, "is like a move in

a billiard game where you hit one ball that hits another ball that drops seven in a pocket."

I well remember the chaos he created a few years ago in the office of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. Szilard proposed to write a letter to Stalin. If it could be arranged for him to write to Stalin directly, the *Bulletin* would not print the letter; on the other hand, if official permission were refused, the letter must be printed immediately. Days were consumed in long-distance phone calls, in trips by Szilard to New York and Washington. Alternate articles were set in type and scrapped and the letter itself underwent ceaseless revision. Despite these exertions, the letter did not go to Stalin. It appeared eventually in a much delayed *Bulletin*.

All of which was something of an ordeal to its staff. But those who work with Szilard learn to be flexible, to be ready to drop yesterday's idea or procedure for one that seems (at least to him) more sensible today. This may entail retyping a letter fifty times because of a minor change—which a few associates have found insufferable. But many more have been firmly attached by his thoughtfulness, humor, and liberality with time and ideas. Szilard himself is mildly surprised by the prevailing human addiction to regular hours, schedules, and domestic obligations.

As in his work, he is unpredictable on social occasions. Inert and half asleep one minute, his conversation sparkles the next. With children and young people his magic never fails, whether he is doing bottle tricks for three-year-olds or counseling teen-agers about courses or careers. The proudest items in my six-year-old daughter's autograph collection were the signatures of Roy Rogers and Leo Szilard. His unpublished children's stories show a fine ear for the idiom of childhood and insight into its fears.

Szilard is something of an intellectual showman. For example, there is a story—perhaps apocryphal—that at lunch one day a young surgeon told him about a new operation, sketching the route of entry into the ear. "But why not go in this way?" asked Szilard. "By God," said the surgeon, "next time I will."

Sometimes he is occupied with quite trivial matters—how to speed up check-out counters in chain stores, a device for instant tea, the virtues of injector razors, or distributing copies of Dr. Spock.

On the other hand serious discussions on disarmament, freedom of research, new frontiers in science, acquire an extra dimension when Szilard takes part. If someone is accused of lunching with a Communist, said Szilard at a time when

flimsy charges were being leveled at scientists, we should all take him out to lunch; if he is charged with reading the *Daily Worker*, we should all read the *Daily Worker*.

Occasionally he will develop all on his own some sophisticated idea which had long since been laboriously built up by specialists in other fields—for example, floating exchange rates or the theory of imperfect competition. Some of his other inspirations are less impressive. He once wrote a memorandum proposing a dual currency, with green dollars for wages and red ones for credit in the bank.

Taxes fascinate him. He once consulted a tax specialist in the Chicago Law School on behalf of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* because its tax exemption was in doubt on grounds that it discussed political questions. Szilard proposed that its articles should not lobby for anything; they should simply attack the opposing policy. Thereafter he spent hours hunting new ways of obtaining personal or institutional exemption; he thought, for instance, that a university should raise money by selling its tax-exempt status. He never read the tax law, but he detected skillfully hidden loopholes, then triumphantly offered clever and subtle schemes for plugging them up—taking five minutes to dispose of a problem that had occupied the tax bar for five years.

To both economists and lawyers many of Szilard's schemes seem like devices—gadgets almost—to achieve a simple short cut. Sometimes he displays a remarkably rapid and accurate understanding of an intricate situation. They note, however, a final level of complexity and sophistication that Szilard often fails to reach—the level on which human beings operate. For example, his ideas on how to avoid taxes or finance a university, though legally impeccable, had a Rube Goldberg quality that would send shudders down the collective spine of a group of lawyers or a board of trustees.

This perhaps is why his foundations to administer science for the benefit of mankind remain a dream. Many responsible people do not like to be perpetually nudged into action; they need to be soothed and reassured, and Szilard is not the man for this. In the case of the May-Johnson Bill he made a superb gadfly, alerting scientists and the public to the danger of military control. But when it came to getting a substitute bill through Congress, those who could persuade and mollify were more effective.

Despite his gadfly quality Szilard can be patient and detached. For months he was preoccupied with a problem in biology; he worked

constantly, and a tolerant neighbor at the Club often heard the bath water running at two and three in the morning. When the period of seclusion ended the friend asked how the research had come out. "Oh," said Szilard with complete composure, "it was not a good idea." During recent months of illness, this same detachment, salted with touches of ironic humor, has lightened the burden for those close to him and has at the same time moved them very deeply.

A GIFT FOR PROPHECY

A PART from biology Szilard has devoted sustained attention since the war to population control. With a handful of young disciples he once braved a largely feminine luncheon of the Planned Parenthood Federation where a speaker described how beads used to keep track of infertile periods (in the rhythm method of birth control) tend to slip out of place. Szilard designed a clasp to prevent this and also proposed making it luminous. When asked how the Catholic Church regarded this gadget he replied smugly, "But these are fertility beads!"

Szilard has also taken a great interest in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. In 1946, by persuading Einstein and other prominent scientists to make a nation-wide emergency appeal for funds, he rescued both it and the Federation of American Scientists from oblivion.

By far the most engrossing of Szilard's concerns has been international relations and the impact of the bomb upon them. He has written extensively on this subject for the *Bulletin*, often propounding ideas which are scoffed at as ridiculous, but have an odd way of looking like hard-headed realism within a few years. Early in 1947, for instance, he urged that the United States make outright gifts to develop consumer industries in Europe, the American reward to be increased trade. Three months later the Marshall Plan was announced. Similarly, his proposals that Stalin broadcast once a month to the American people and that the *New York Times* and *Pravda* carry exchange pages were less bizarre than the sight of a Russian premier eating corn in Iowa and American tourists swarming over Russia. He also foresaw Russia's reaction to our bomb and was one of the few leading scientists who accurately predicted the early date when the Soviets would have one.

Szilard complains that all methods of atomic inspection proposed so far have tried to solve a novel problem by pedestrian means. He tried out a more imaginative notion on a Russian

scientist at the Pugwash Conference last summer: If you believe Americans are unduly suspicious, he said, why don't you turn this erroneous belief to your advantage? Let America make all the inspections she wants—but charge a fee for each one of several million dollars. If an illicit test has taken place, Russia would have to refund all the fees paid to date and pay a large fine; if no test has taken place, the fee would be forfeited. Russia would not need to limit the inspections; our Bureau of the Budget would do it for her.

Political scientists may feel that Szilard betrays the scientist's weakness for mechanical solutions and that conditions which would make some of his schemes workable would also render them unnecessary. But even conservative internationalists concede the soundness of certain themes that crop up again and again in his writings: international agreements so framed that no participant will want to break them; large-scale

exchanges of students; mass migrations of peoples so that national boundaries may some day mean as little as American state lines; and an informed and educated public.

Constantly he returns to the goal of mobilizing men of superior intelligence—in both East and West—to solve the problem of war and peace. After an abortive effort or two of his own to promote private discussions with the Russians, he was at last able to participate in such exchanges at the several Pugwash Conferences of scientists—the first held through the initiative of Bertrand Russell in 1955 at the Canadian village of that name, the most recent in Baden, Austria, in July 1959.

INTELLECTUAL WANDERLUST

I WAS once rebuked for speaking of Szilard's "non-scientific" interests. "Leo has no non-scientific interests," said my critic. "It is the essence of his endeavor to bring everything into the realm of science." This all scientists do up to a point—but the point varies, and few of them equal Szilard in the number of his concerns, or the consistency with which he applies his supreme faith that man's rationality is man's best hope.

Most scientists cling to the scholar's goal of learning more and more about less and less, and if they speak at all to non-technical questions they like to think that they do so from the firm base of a specialist's knowledge. Szilard, on the other hand, frankly offers advice about politics and social problems as a non-specialist who may for that very reason provide a new perspective. He likes to initiate a "chain reaction" by tossing out an idea or starting a project, then letting others carry on. But perhaps he himself does not entirely know whether this habit springs from his faith that human intelligence, properly directed, can alter society or from his magnificent intellectual wanderlust.

Has Szilard indeed played a unique role in the history of his times? Like most scientists he lacks the mystical quality, the desire to be a leader of men. His scientific contributions would have been made sooner or later by someone else. Even the building of an atomic bomb would have been proposed before long. But this is not the point. If Szilard does indeed belong among the illustrious it is not just because he was associated with one of the great events of history, the harnessing of atomic energy. To precipitate an event is not uncommon. But to show one's contemporaries its significance is to become a strong candidate for the company of the great.

PHILIP BOOTH

MAINE

WHEN old cars get retired, they go to Maine. Thick as cows in backlots off the blacktop, East of Bucksport, down the washboard from Penobscot to Castine, they graze behind frame barns: a Ford turned tractor, Hudsons chopped to half-ton trucks, and Chevy panels, jacked up, tireless, geared to saw a cord of wood.

Old engines never die. Not in Maine, where men grind valves the way their wives grind axes.

Ring-jobs burned-out down the Turnpike still make revolutions, turned marine. If Hardscrabble Hill makes her knock, Maine rigs the water-jacket salt: a man can fish forever on converted sixes, and for his mooring, sink a V-8 block.

When fishing's poor, a man traps what he can. When salt-rust speeds a Bangor hearse towards death, the body still survives: painted lobster, baited—off Route 1—with home-preserves and Indian knives, she'll net a parlor-full of Fords, and haul in transient Cadillacs like crabs; Maine trades in staying power, not shiftless drives.

PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



ARNOLD NEWMAN

How Nixon Will Choose His Running Mate

The man he picks for the GOP Vice-Presidential nomination will have to meet three specifications . . . and, if elected, will find himself far busier than most men who have had the job.

WASHINGTON—Though everybody is talking ninety-six to the minute about who the Democrats will nominate for Vice President, a brooding silence has surrounded the Republican choice for that office.

Still, the Republicans too are going to have a fellow running. The selection will shortly be made—in a GOP caucus to be held in the tidy, snap-brim hat of Richard M. Nixon.

The essential assumptions here are that Nixon will be nominated for President more or less by acclamation and that Governor Rockefeller of New York will neither directly challenge Nixon nor accept the Vice Presidency. In that there will be a striking job opportunity out at the Chicago Republican convention for a good, young, liberal-and-conservative, faithful Republican who would like to devote some of his future years to standing at the elbow of the new President Nixon (if there is a President Nixon).

It is just as well, however, to put the surgical knife of candor right now through all the swelling dreams the aspirants may have for another

Vice Presidency of the heady sort which Nixon himself has enjoyed these past eight years. The mother of Richard Milhous Nixon raised no non-participator son.

If Richard Nixon becomes President, he will give his Vice President enough to do so that he can rise well above the Throttlebottom role traditional to that office. But the Vice President in a Nixon Administration will be allowed no such power and responsibility as the amiably relaxed Eisenhower has allowed to Nixon.

The Administration's legislative programs would be Nixon's own. In the last analysis they would be pressed in Congress by Nixon, not by his Vice President. And direction of the affairs of the Republican party—whether in the supposedly little things or the obviously big ones—would never be delegated outside the White House. Nixon well knows what most Presidents have always known viscerally but what General Eisenhower often preferred to forget: An American President must, by custom and the nature of his problems, be as truly the head of his party as he is the head of the state.

Within these limits, however (and they are vastly important limits) the new role of the Vice President—created by Nixon out of his own driving ambition and out of Eisenhower's willingness to stand above so many battles—would be allowed to go on evolving.

Nixon, for example, would never leave his No. 2 man so unemployed that he might fall prey to the ghoul-ish daydreams which must have come many a time, guiltily and unbidden, to many of our past Veeps: "Now, of course I don't for a moment *wish* for such a dreadful thing—but if the boss should, ah, pass from the scene . . ." Nor would Nixon limit his No. 2 exclusively to the dusty, and scarcely bracing, job assigned him by tradition—that of presiding over the Senate, which usually is inclined to regard Vice Presidents as hardly as important as its committee clerks, and about as dull as the good parson whose job it is to open each day's session with a prayer.

The present Vice President sees the job of his future No. 2 as a genuine lieutenantancy. It would be a real, though subordinate, post and not merely a kind of waiting-hall in which somebody sits around decorously in case the President should die. So Nixon's criteria for his running mate would include these:

(1) Total sympathy with all of Nixon's basic policies—an inherent like-mindedness which would automatically place him in train with No. 1 on any issue, either governmental or intra-party.

(2) Possession of a true, if not necessarily a nation-wide, political appeal in his own right. Nixon has no intention of dragging any unnecessary political dead weight behind him, either in the Presidential campaign or later.

(3) The youthful vigor necessary for working hard and traveling much. Nixon has been the beneficiary—and occasionally, as in South America, the target victim—of much globe-trotting. He believes in globe-trotting and good-will missions and all that. But a Richard Nixon in the White House would be less light-hearted than Mr. Eisenhower about taking the Presidency itself on casual tours here and there. So No. 2 would do most of the good-willing. No. 1 would stay in Washington (where in this writer's view he belongs) except for the possibility of carefully prepared Presidential trips for cautiously planned and defined objectives.

Apart from all these qualifications, Nixon is strongly inclined, other things being more or less equal, to seek his Vice President among the

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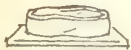
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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

ranks of those who already have some demonstrated strength in Congress.

He knows perfectly well that, if and when he enters the White House, he cannot possibly expect that extraordinary phenomenon granted by fate to Dwight Eisenhower: a honeymoon period with Congress, with the country, and with both parties, enduring not eight weeks but eight years. Therefore one of Nixon's highest priorities is the development, as well as he can, of a strong and *immediate* base of Republican Congressional support. This objective is only heightened by his awareness of the practical impossibility of a Republican recapture of the Senate this year and the great improbability of the Republicans' recapturing even the House of Representatives.

If Nixon makes it, there will be a "team," as there has been in the Eisenhower era. But there will be great differences between the old team and the new. Nobody—including the new Vice President—will ever have even a vagrant shade of doubt about who is the Captain. On the other hand, the Lieutenant will wear on his shoulder more than the bar of a theoretical officer. Although he will be much less than Richard Nixon has been to Dwight D. Eisenhower, he will be much more than Vice Presidents have been in all past Administrations—and incomparably more than they were in the time of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

A LITTLE SUSPENSE

PARTLY because of Nixon's novel set of criteria for the Vice President—and partly because the Democratic convention meets before rather than after the Republican convention, thanks to the inscrutable wisdom of Democratic chairman Paul Butler—Nixon's list of men available for the job has so far been closely held. My guess would be that even when this piece appears the lightning still will not publicly have struck *the* man.

Currently, and for months past, Nixon has had to play it all close to his vest. Lacking opposition for his own nomination (except for the enigmatic half-challenge alternately posed and dropped by Rockefeller) it has always been apparent to him

that the Republican convention at best would look not only quite dreary but (dreadful word) "bossed," too. If only one fellow is a candidate for the nomination, not even the popular dramatic skill of the Advertising Club Republicans (to whom Nixon, by the way, does not really belong) can make it look like a throat-catching hoss race. So Nixon early decided to try to introduce a little suspense by solemnly proclaiming that the contest for the *Vice* Presidency, anyhow, was going to be an "open" one.

Thus for a long time the Nixon people have dropped hints and "names" here and there. So and so was surely "not out of consideration." Such and such a stalwart might just make it—you never could tell. Actually, of course, Richard Nixon meant that the decision was "open"—to Nixon.

To have said right out loud that Richard M. Nixon would decide the identity of the Vice Presidential nominee would have been well within the rules of the game, and not in any grave way violative of law, tradition, or the Constitution.

Presidential nominees have historically decided who should run on the ticket with them. (Indeed, Adlai Stevenson's departure from this custom in 1956, when he suddenly announced to the Democratic convention that *it* could pick his running mate, was to many of the pros a piece of shockingly bad form.) All the same, Nixon recognizes—though he does not exactly relish—the fact that many people still call him "Tricky Dicky," for some reason, or for no reason at all except a kind of glandular hostility. So in this matter, as in all else, he has acted with a preternatural gravity and correctness.

"THE CATHOLIC ISSUE"

H.E. has known for months within fairly confined limits who would wind up on the ticket with him—that is, the real field has been narrowed to a handful of names. But he really hasn't known precisely who the fellow was to be. Among the reasons are these: Nixon dared not make any final decision until after he had a chance to see what the Democratic convention would do with *its* ticket.

The whole race for the Presidential nomination on the Democratic side was dominated for months by a single factor: the Catholicism of the front-runner, Senator Kennedy.

Many leaped to the easy notion that if Kennedy should wind up on the Democratic ticket, at either end, Nixon would inevitably put a Catholic in second place on *his* ticket. The man most mentioned for this was James P. Mitchell of New Jersey, the Secretary of Labor. But the estimate was oversimplified. Nixon began early to reason (though he never said this publicly and I emphasize that he is not being directly or indirectly quoted here) that the Democrats were very likely to foul themselves up on "the Catholic issue," no matter what ticket choices they made. If they stopped Kennedy for the top spot and took him for the second it might look as if they were saying a Catholic wouldn't do for No. 1 but would be all right for No. 2.

Those close to Nixon reckoned that for the Republicans to rush around to put a Catholic on *their* slate might seem to be a crude fishing for "the Catholic vote," if such exists in any important way. It already looked as if the Democrats could be depended upon to do a job on themselves by stirring up religious differences. Why should Nixon not simply benefit from this and stay out of the thing himself? So the prediction here is that neither Mitchell nor any other Catholic will be his choice.

Still very much "in" as possibilities are such men as Fred Seaton of Nebraska, the Secretary of the Interior; Representative Gerald R. Ford, Jr. of Michigan; Attorney General William Rogers of New York, one of Nixon's very few close friends; Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Arthur S. Flemming; and UN Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

The Republican leader of the House of Representatives, Charles Halleck of Indiana, should not be excluded out of hand, though I should be surprised if the Nixon nod should fall to him. And there are, of course, at least a dozen others who are "possibilities." The Nixon people need no instruction in the arts of pleasing and flattering other people. And you don't make a man furious if

you casually suggest that maybe he is Vice Presidential material.

Halleck, a tough parliamentarian, is all too available for the job—on anybody's ticket. But there is a highly important consideration to work against him. Nixon knows from long experience what a hostile or merely a foot-dragging Congress can do to a chap trying to make a Presidential record. "Charlie" thus is very likely to be asked to stay where he is. Although a less than sensitively perceptive political philosopher, Halleck is a brass-tough legislative boss-herder, who has undeniably succeeded in running the confused Republican minority in the House.

Representative Ford, on the contrary, has, academically at least, a better chance to go on the ticket with Nixon. He is legislatively useful to the Republicans in the House without being indispensable there. As the senior Republican on the Appropriations subcommittee dealing with the Defense Department, he has a good deal of savvy that might come in handy to Nixon if the Democrats hit the defense issue hard in the campaign. And Ford also has a quality which Nixon does not overlook or undervalue; he has a good mind in a young and strong body.

This sort of speculation, of course, could be hashed over endlessly. The simple truth is that nobody, including Nixon as of now, knows just who really will be the GOP Vice Presidential choice. But I know who he *won't* be: He won't be any man who ever joined, even covertly, in what used to be a whispering anti-Nixon wing within the Administration and within the Republican party.

Nixon is the most coldly and dryly objective politician I ever knew. By comparison, even the redoubtable Lyndon Johnson—who leaves emotional politics strictly to the campaigning types of the far left and far right of his party—looks like a bundle of nerves and emotion. But Nixon, the self-contained, is also a man who can remember. He does not relish those past days when other Republicans gathered up their cloaks in piety at his approach, but were nevertheless pleased to take their share of political profits from the things he did in those campaigns which they declared to have been so very, very bad.

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PAUL PICKREL

From Anthony Comstock to Young Academics

IN *Comstockery in America* (Beacon Press, \$3.95) Robert W. Haney surveys the subject of censorship and unofficial forms of control exerted on American publications, movies, television, and the like. He does not deal with the censorship of political expression but with what he calls "culture censorship," which turns out to be concerned mostly with problems of obscenity and pornography. The book summarizes the history of such censorship in the courts and describes the operation of various censoring agencies like the Motion Picture Production Code, the Legion of Decency, and others less well known.

Comstockery in America is an explicit rejoinder to Father Harold C. Gardiner's *Catholic Viewpoint on Censorship*, and Haney's position is that all censorship is wrong. With rather odd syntax but obvious conviction he declares: "All the muck and dirt which pornographic literature and photography can pour into our bookstores or onto our newsstands is trivial beside the real damage to the human soul—the systematic production of frightened and inept men and women which goes by the name of censorship."

I would like to share Haney's position for a good many reasons, including convenience—it disposes of the question of censorship once and for all. But when I finished *Comstockery in America*, though I was grateful for the mass of material economically brought together and on the whole clearly presented, and though I was predisposed to agree with the conclusion, I found that several problems remained to bother me.

For one thing, as Haney points out, we apparently know very little about the effect of words and pictures on the human mind. One psychiatrist with long experience in working with troubled young people, Dr. Frederic Wertham, is convinced that horror comic books have a bad effect on their readers, but others, who seem to be equally well qualified, think that they do not and may even be helpful. Haney himself thinks that "objectionable" material has little effect on "normal" people.

Obviously the notion that whatever people take in through their eyes will appear in their actions is much too naïve; if it were so then the popularity of murder mysteries among college professors would make our colleges homicidal arenas. It is quite possible that reading about horror somehow enables us to deal with our own violence better than we otherwise could—folk tales and traditional children's literature are full of outrageous creatures and events, which suggests that the horrible satisfies some common psychological need; and one of the most astute observers that ever lived suggested centuries ago that the enactment of terrible events upon the stage had a cathartic effect on the beholder.

But to dispose of "objectionable" material on the grounds that it has little effect on those who see it tends to make the whole argument about censorship trivial, because the fight against censorship matters only if the words and images people are exposed to matter. If bad books and pictures don't harm anybody very much then probably good books and pictures don't do them very much good either, so what difference does it make if the good ones are suppressed? Actually I think it makes a lot of difference, but I would like to see the argument presented more clearly than Haney presents it.

MEANWHILE IN TULSA

POSSIBLY Haney sometimes fails to do justice to the complexity of his subject because he puts it on the wrong level. Like most people who tackle the problem of "cultural" censorship in America he does not distinguish between questions of morality and questions of taste, and that makes everything harder. When people differ on a moral issue they can at least locate their difference and perhaps even respect it, but when taste is at stake they often will simply have no idea of what the other person is talking about, especially since they will be buttressing their differences in taste by moral arguments. So a book like *Catcher in the Rye* is banned in the public schools of Tulsa (and in other cities more fortunate in staying out of the newspapers), al-

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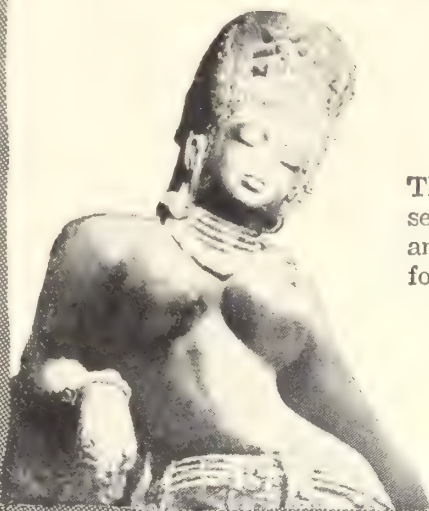
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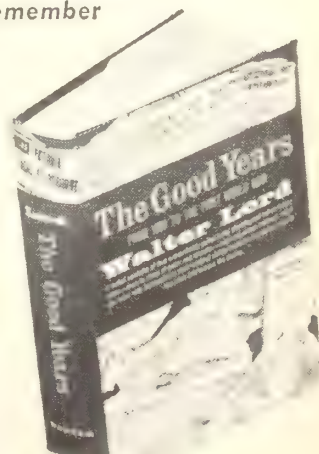
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though critics have praised it as highly as any American novel of recent years. The moral attitude that the book takes toward the material pointed out as offensive is impeccable; the question is whether it is good taste to use certain words or situations. Confusion is worse confounded by the incapacity of many otherwise intelligent people to distinguish between the subject matter of a work of art and the moral attitude taken toward it by the author. A book like the recently published *Streetwalker* is sniggered over as if it were dirty when in fact a book more damning of the life it describes can hardly be imagined.

In dealing with Catholic censorship Haney seems to me to fail to make a distinction between the legitimate and the illegitimate. When Catholic groups endeavor to get books and magazines barred from the stands they are interfering with the rights of non-Catholics, and such censorship strikes me as wrong. But when Catholics stay away from certain movies because the Legion of Decency has failed to approve them I see no grounds for objection. We are all casting our economic votes every day for or against all sorts of things, and surely the most secularist of critics cannot deny to Catholics the right to cast their economic votes too. Haney points out that movies are emasculated in advance to win the approval of the Legion, with consequences that he regards (rightly, I think) as unfortunate, but this is only to prove what everybody knows already: that movies are more business than art. In fact, Haney pays too little attention throughout the book to commercialism as a form of censorship, though it is probably the most powerful we have.

Comstockery in America is not a startlingly new approach to the subject, but it is a well-informed statement of many aspects of the problem and an able defense of the anti-censorship position. If a reader finds himself questioning some of the arguments, that is all to the good, because in a pluralistic society like ours, with enormous differences in taste, the problem of censorship is going to be around for a long, long time, and it is going to take endless thought and patience to deal with it.

EXAMPLE

The Chapman Report, a new novel by Irving Wallace (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50), is a book that would once have been banned in Boston and may run into censorship trouble even today. It is a story of what happens in a fashionable Los Angeles suburb when an eminent sexologist, Dr. Chapman (obviously reminiscent of the late Dr. Kinsey), arrives with his assistants to conduct an intensive survey of the sex life of the female residents.

The book is a flimsy sort of effort, and several of its implications are open to serious objection.

The book questions the validity of such an enterprise as Dr. Chapman's on the grounds that it isolates a limited aspect of sexual behavior from the complex of emotion in which it occurs, an argument which, though hardly new, is certainly respectable. But in writing *The Chapman Report* Wallace seems to me to be getting the full sensational value out of isolated sexual behavior. It is as if a physician should write a book deploring the importance given to sneezing in discussions of the common cold and fill his pages with accounts of sneezes.

The Chapman Report also seems to imply that the summoning up to consciousness of one's sexual life can have dangerous results; at least most of the characters behave worse after they have been interviewed by Dr. Chapman and his assistants than they did before. If this implication is correct, then the book itself offends, because surely no one could read it without thinking about his own sexual activity.

Wallace also casts grave doubt on the whole enterprise of the scientific study of sex. Neither Dr. Chapman nor any of his assistants is capable of the minimum of professional behavior. Dr. Chapman lies and cheats, one of his assistants rapes a woman he has interviewed, another has sexual relations with a woman *he* has interviewed (incidentally effecting the most rapid cure for frigidity known to literature), and so on. Certainly there are dangers in the scientific study of sex, but is it that dangerous?

As a work of art, *The Chapman Report* hardly exists, though it is dressed up with fancy references to art history and lush descriptions of interiors that the author finds elegant ("the long, low sofa covered with Venetian silk, . . . the exquisite collection of porcelain Chinoiserie, . . . the three shelves of boxed Limited Editions Club books").

Obviously I do not have a high opinion of *The Chapman Report*, but reading it after *Comstockery in America* I ask myself if it should be censored, and my answer is no. My answer is no, in part because of the great dangers inherent in the very process of censorship. I am more than willing to pay the price of having books like *The Chapman Report* around in order to have *Ulysses* and *Lady Chatterley*, and I suspect that a good many post-office officials, judges, and other custodians of public morality couldn't tell the difference.

But I also think that certain kinds of readers may get something out of *The Chapman Report*. Censoring agencies tend to assume that the population is made up entirely of individuals soaked in the gasoline of sex and waiting for the first match to come along to ignite them. But many people are confused, lost, burdened with needless guilt and shame in their sex lives, and it may help them a little to read a book that shows others in similar plight.

I think that there are sound moral objections

to *The Chapman Report*, which I have tried to indicate, but at the same time I have to recognize that its taste offends me more than its morality. It depresses me to think of all those Limited Editions Club books still in their boxes.

HEROIC PROPORTIONS

Set This House on Fire by William Styron (Random House, \$5.95) is another novel that contains some words and incidents of the sort that young people try to protect their elders from finding out about, but Styron's novel is altogether another kettle of fish from *The Chapman Report*, and distinctly less fishy.

There are two main characters in *Set This House on Fire*: a rich young no-account American who takes his mistress and his vaguely artistic ambitions to a tiny village on the Italian coast, and a nearly penniless American painter who with his family has got stranded in the same village. The rich young man takes up with the painter under the impression that he is famous, and an intense, mutually exploitative relationship develops between them, a relationship that ends in death for one and freedom and sanity for the other.

Styron's great resource is excess. Too many things happen to too many people and it takes too many words to tell about it. Yet somehow he makes it all work for him, because the excesses are not self-indulgent or ornamental; they are not set pieces as they might be in Thomas Wolfe, but the very stuff of his book. Someone has said of Styron that he is the best young American novelist who has never learned to write. I don't know about that; there are several other strong candidates for the honor. But certainly Styron seems to grab up handfuls of his native Southern rhetoric and stuff them into his book without achieving a rhetorical effect.

The theme of the book was neatly summarized by William Blake long ago in his apothegm: "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." Styron's hero (the word does not call as loudly for quotation marks as it does in the discussion of most current novels) is a man who goes to the limit of human endurance in drinking, in sex, in humiliation, in

madness, even in murder. But he is not an exemplar of the cult of experience; he is never merely testing his capacity for experience; he is doing what he is driven to do until he is able to face his own freedom. An impressive book.

HARRY BROWN'S new novel, *The Stars in Their Courses* (Knopf, \$4.50), starts off like an adult western, or at least a western in late adolescence. The situation is this: through some geological shift one branch of the Forkhandle River, which supplies the water for a California ranching valley, is closed off, and the ranchers who depend upon it decide that a large landowner in the valley, Perce Randal, has had his sons dam it up in order to starve them out. Bad tempers prevent the true explanation of the river's dryness from coming out, and soon a full-scale feud is developed between the Randal family and the ranchers who think they have been wronged. The feud is intensified by some strong feelings still left over from the Civil War (the time is 1879).

So the novel goes along well enough, but after a while some odd things begin to happen. The prose lapses into passages of tetrameter that sound like Longfellow at his worst ("the years of his life would be forty-two"—though of course the years of his life *were* forty-two; the wrong verb is demanded by the jounce of the meter), and occasionally there is a very peculiar sentence—"Thus made they funeral for Hallock, breaker of horses." To "make funeral" is not an English idiom, and a reader wonders for a moment where it comes from. Then he realizes: it is translator's language, and Hallock is of course Homer's Hector, tamer of horses.

The whole book, it becomes clear, is a kind of retelling of the *Iliad* in a Western setting. Old Perce Randal is really Priam, King of Troy, his son Pax who gets in trouble with a neighbor's wife named Ellen is really Paris and she is Helen ("these aureate two . . . read legends in each other's eyes"), the sister Cora who is always telling what is going to happen though nobody pays any attention to her is really Cassandra. And so on. And so on. And so on.

It is not easy to tell what all this

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is meant to accomplish. In accommodating the epic parallel Brown has to make the action more and more arbitrary, with the result that the book is not a very good western, but it isn't anything else identifiable either. For some readers it may have an appeal a little like a crossword puzzle, but a crossword puzzle is not very good reading. The book is largely an exercise in misplaced ingenuity that recalls the efforts of theatrical producers to add a "new dimension" to old works by relocating them, like setting "Madam Butterfly" on Mars and making Pinkerton an astronaut.

RETINAL SHIMMER

WALTER LORD, author of *The Good Years: from 1900 to the First World War* (Harper, \$4.95), has a way of writing history that so far as I know is his own invention, though it has been frequently imitated since his success in using it in such books as *A Night to Remember*. The technique is roughly equivalent to pointillism in painting; as the pointillist painter eliminates all lines around the objects he seeks to represent and conveys an impression of them entirely in dots of color, so Lord gets away as much as possible (it probably can't be done entirely) from all highly generalized statements about the past—trends, causes, etc.—and endeavors to represent his subject through many small vivid dots of fact.

The technique makes narrative history of the usual sort impossible; instead, what Lord does is to present selected scenes from the era 1900-17, scenes ingeniously chosen to portray aspects of those years as different as the trial of Big Bill Haywood and the life of high society, American participation in the Boxer Rebellion and the suffragette movement.

As might be expected, those chapters are best in which the need for reference to broad social and economic problems is slightest. The very best is the moving account of the assassination of President McKinley. That event was largely self-contained; it had its causes and consequences, like any other event, but it did not mean that the country was in the throes of a revolution or that there was widespread discontent

with McKinley. A brooding, lonely, disturbed young man simply shot a kindly, generous-spirited political leader, who met his death more bravely than most men. The subject is perfect for the pointillist technique.

Lord is correspondingly least successful when the little dots of fact need more dry exposition than his method permits. Other economic illiterates will probably share my difficulty with the account of the panic of 1907. The reader sees financial leaders rushing around, frantically raising money, with old Morgan cracking the whip over them, but it is a little like watching a play on television with the sound turned off. Why was all the action necessary? What did it accomplish?

That is a little harsh; Lord actually supplies more explanation than I suggest, but, in that chapter, not enough. On the whole, however, *The Good Years* is an extremely vivid and entertaining series of pictures from a lively and contradictory period. (The book contains many illustrations and is a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.)

KINDLY DOCTOR

IN *America in the Modern World* (Rutgers University Press, \$3), the distinguished British scholar D. W. Brogan continues the mild psychiatric treatment of the United States that has occupied much of his recent writing. Though he never uses the term, Brogan sees this country as suffering from a messianic complex. The complex got us into little trouble in our earlier history, partly because for many people in the world we *were* the great innovator among nations, the ideal and standard-bearer. But now, in many eyes, Russia has usurped (or won) that role, and when there are two nations with messianic complexes around, things are getting a bit crowded.

Brogan uses his great learning and graceful style to persuade Americans that their country has an adult and human rather than a messianic task to perform, and that the task is therefore the more honorable and the more demanding. He says little in *America in the Modern World* that he has not said before; the book is made up of lectures by a seasoned

lecturer who knows what audiences expect, and there is a little more brittleness of manner than a solitary reader necessarily demands. But the argument is worth paying attention to.



IRA WALLACH'S new novel, *The Absence of a Cello* (Little, Brown, \$3.75), is a satire on an aspect of American life that has not exactly escaped previous notice (the organization man, conformity, etc.), but Wallach gives it a new twist.

The main character in the book is an accomplished physicist who has gone badly in debt attempting to run a private research laboratory. To bail himself out he tries to get a job with a large industrial firm, and the firm sends a young psychologist to interview him in his native habitat to see if he is "their kind of man." The physicist and his wife try to behave in exactly the way they suppose the firm wants its employees to behave, but in the end they break down and reveal themselves as they really are. Then the psychologist gives them a lecture on the hypocrisy and snobbery in their dedication to nonconformity, but likes them so much that the physicist will probably get the job. (The title of the book, incidentally, alludes to the cello that the physicist enjoys playing but hides before the psychologist comes to interview him.)

Wallach is an amusing writer without much gift for character. The people in his book are put through their paces in a mechanical way, entirely at the author's convenience. They have enough wisecracks or sharp observations pinned on them to make them tolerable, and some passages are quite funny, especially a girl's self-satisfied woolgathering in church. With a little more depth and plausibility of character, *The*

THE NEW BOOKS

Absence of a Cello could be made into a good comedy for the stage, and it is certainly not repulsive in its present form.

A Question of Innocence (Macmillan, \$3.95) is a first novel by Donald Winks which deserves respectful consideration. The narrator is a young man from Indiana who after three years in France returns to New York to make his fame and fortune. He hopes to get work as an editor or writer, but instead he leads a meager existence in the YMCA, eating in cheap cafeterias, going from one employment agency to another.

Then through an accident (slightly improbable) he meets a spectacularly rich family who in the whimsical way of the rich befriend him when they remember to and entangle him in their web of intrigue. The father and mother are estranged; the only son is so lacerated by the family situation that he seems to be bent on nothing but self-destruction; the one member of the family who appears normal is the daughter, but she is confined to a wheel chair, apparently as the result of a fall from a horse six years before.

Actually her condition is only the physical manifestation of a paralysis that has gripped the whole family since the accident. All of them feel guilty about what happened, but all have chosen to maintain a frozen mask of innocence rather than face the truth and accept their share of its burden. As the mask of innocence slips from their faces, layer after layer of deception is uncovered, until at last the narrator realizes that he cannot accept their world and the standards that maintain it.

Winks writes quietly but well. He is at his best in the early chapters, where he describes the life of a poor and lonely young man in New York. The rich family sometimes seem a little grander in their passions and penthouses than the rich are likely to be, but *A Question of Innocence* tells a good story.

MEN WORKING

Weekend in Dinlock (Houghton Mifflin, \$3) is the first book of an American writer who has been living in England, Clancy Sigal. It is an account of his friendship with a

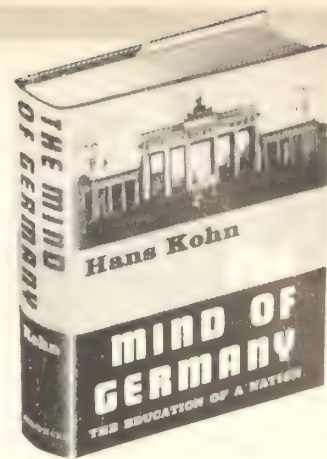
young Yorkshire miner called Davie and of the life of the coal miners in the Yorkshire mining village of Dinlock. The material is slightly fictionalized to give it some form and presumably to disguise identities, but on the whole it is a piece of reporting and an extraordinarily good one.

Davie, the miner, is torn between the traditional life of the mine, with its backbreaking work and comradeship, its stern conventions and frustrating limits, and the life of an artist—he has made something of a stir as an industrial primitive painter. In the end the pull to the mine is the stronger, but in the interval before he decides which life to follow he has met the author of *Weekend in Dinlock* in London and invited him to Dinlock for a series of visits.

Consequently the book is essentially an account of how the miners live and work, ending in a wonderful description of a day spent down in the mine. Since the men work together in dangerous circumstances where a mistake by one can imperil all, their relations are highly stylized. They carry this formality in their relations to their lives outside the mine, and according to Sigal it largely accounts for the bad reception that Hungarians and other foreigners have received when they went to work in English mines. The nationalization of mines has meant almost nothing to the men; even the higher officers of the union carry little importance with them, though the struggle for power in the local union is spirited.

Not everyone can cope with as much Yorkshire dialect as Sigal gives the reader, but *Weekend in Dinlock* is a remarkably fresh and honest piece of observation.

The New Professors (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$3.50), edited by Robert O. Bowen, explores a somewhat different occupation. The book is a collection of autobiographical essays by nine young or youngish men in academic life. Seven are actively engaged in the profession of college teaching, one has been fired because he refused to tell the Un-American Activities Committee whether or not he was a Communist, and the other has left college teaching for a preparatory school.



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Most of the contributors are old enough to have felt the sting of the depression, when teaching jobs looked a good deal more appealing than they do now, and several moved into teaching from fairly humble backgrounds because of the dislocations of the second world war and the opportunities of the GI bill. But further generalizations do not come easily. After the spate of sociological studies of academic life and of satirical novels set on college campuses, a reader might expect these younger college teachers to see themselves a good deal more sociologically or satirically than they do. There is some complaining about money, but on the whole they seem to be a group of men who are doing what they want to do for good and sufficient reasons of their own.

There is certainly nothing sensational about *The New Professors*, but it is a very engaging book.

contemporary story-tellers, author of *The Lost Sea*, *The Distant Shore*, and the play *The Four Poster*.

Atheneum, \$4

Summer in the Greenhouse, by Elizabeth Mavor.

With admirable economy Miss Mavor tells the story of two young people's awakening to adult emotions under the tutelage of a beautiful and dynamic old lady; of the reflowering of an old love between septuagenarians; and it takes place in what all who lived through it have called the most beautiful of all English summers, just before World War II. There is a hot-house-forcing atmosphere about the whole book, a marvelous concentration of warmth and sunlight and breathlessness, of waiting. And in this sweet and overpowering climate one is continually conscious of the poisonous working of too much charm. An intense and memorable experience in less than 200 pages.

Morrow, \$3.50

The Sign of Taurus, by William Fifield.

This is a novel that flickers and burns with the same mysterious light that emanates from the fortune-teller's crystal ball which is so much a part of it. It is the story of a widowed Polish Countess Potolska, a fifty-year-old Jewess who escaped Hitler via Hungary, Italy, a concentration camp, and finally Santo Domingo, and from there to the novel's beginning in Mexico City. In Poland she had worked with an investigator of psychic phenomena to try to expose fortune-tellers, mediums, etc. Now, her money dwindling, she herself becomes a fortune-teller and in the atmosphere of some of the most primitive parts of Mexico, becomes so accurate in her perceptions and prophecies that her psychic experiences begin to threaten her "real" ones. The steps by which this all comes about are fascinating. The excitement and the descriptions of the physical surroundings of each episode are electric—conducting tourists in Mexico City; fortune-telling in a cave outside Teotihuacan; Countess Potolska's ambiguous involvement with a handsome young ex-Fascist whom she somehow identifies with her son, killed by the

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Inspector, by Jan de Hartog.

A most tender and moving story of an inspector in the Dutch Secret Service who, when World War II with all its necessary moral compromises is over, suddenly feels impelled to undertake a mission of mercy though it means leaving wife, child, job, and pension. It is a simple plot, and its excitement must not be given away, but it involves trying to get a young Jewess, a victim of the German experimental camps, into Palestine. As in nearly everything Mr. de Hartog writes, the story includes journeys by boat on a barge on the Dutch and Belgian and French canals; on a ship in the Mediterranean. The journeys are interludes of peace between moments of the greatest tension. They are also voyages of self-discovery freighted with the most important moral problems of our times. A beautiful and thought-provoking novel, written by one of the best

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nazis; the long discussions of the pros and cons of psychic phenomena. And in the final days of the fair at Acapulco, in the sultry heat, her divinations, high-diving off the dangerous rocks, bull-fighting, and a love affair all mingle to bring the book to a plausible if not altogether satisfying climax. It is perhaps to Mr. Fifield's credit that with all his dramatic settings and dynamic material he never lets it get out of hand. The intensity of the crystal gazer is in every episode, and if the abrupt fading of the vision seems also to carry over occasionally one can't complain too much. The part of the moment of truth has been worth it.

Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$4.95

NON-FICTION

Two books on widely separated parts of the country will help out the American tourist this summer.

American Panorama: West of the Mississippi, compiled by the editors of *Holiday*.

This is a state-by-state description of the twenty-four states west of the Mississippi (including Alaska and Hawaii) by such writers as A. B. Guthrie on Idaho and Montana, Hamilton Basso on Wyoming, Lucius Beebe on Nevada, Mari Sandoz on Nebraska, Paul Engle on Iowa. Pleasurable as well as informative reading. Sixteen pages of color photographs.

Doubleday, \$5

In the *Regions of America* series, edited by Carl Carmer there has just been published:

Yankee Kingdom, Vermont and New Hampshire, by Ralph Nading Hill.

This is a 309-page history of those two New England states separated only by the Connecticut River but—s anyone who lives on either side will tell you—quite different in the temper of their geography no matter how much the characteristics of the people may be the same. Here in anecdotal form are the stories of both states by the author of *The Vinoski and Sidewheeler Saga*. The first book in this series, *Virginia; A New Look at the Old Dominion*, by Marshall Fishwick was published last year.

Harper, \$5.95

The Electric Interurban Railways in America, by George W. Hilton and John F. Due.

All seekers after nostalgia will be interested in parts of this encyclopedic volume on the days when the clang, clang of the trolley was the most exciting travel sound the suburbs knew. Here is the whole history: rates, routes, regulation, technology, finance, and decline. Then the story by states. I feel that almost no one will pick the book up without turning to the story of the interurban in the state where he grew up. Sixteen pages of photographs and another on the jacket of one of the cars rocking round a bend.

Stanford, \$9.50

It Was Fun While It Lasted, by Frederick A. Birmingham.

Another nostalgic volume, this time of New York from 1915 to 1920, with an even more rocking open trolley pictured on its cover. Mr. Birmingham writes of his boyhood in Harlem when that neighborhood was a "cheerful, self-sufficient suburb of New York" full of pleasant restaurants, swimming beaches, ice-cream parlors, fire houses and horses, movie houses and the Harlem Opera, local magazines, fashionable stables, and the ineffable delight for small boys of putting slippery grass on the Kingsbridge trolley tracks at the very steepest pitch of the line and watching the car slide backwards down the hill. A most pleasant family chronicle, now "historical" too.

Lippincott, \$3.95

Daughters and Rebels: The Autobiography of Jessica Mitford.

These are light-hearted recollections of an unusual—to say the least—girlhood. Miss Mitford is daughter of the Right Honorable David Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, and sister of Nancy Mitford, the writer; of Unity, who was Hitler's friend; of Diana who married the English Fascist, Sir Oswald Mosley; and of Deborah, now Duchess of Devonshire. There were seven children in all and their somewhat eccentric parents considered that they were quite enough company for each other and almost never allowed them to play with other children. As a consequence of such disciplined isolation, they invented extraordinary and

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often outrageous pastimes which make wonderful reading—though the rebellion thus engendered was to mark the future lives of nearly all of them. Jessica herself married the frowned-upon radical nephew of Sir Winston Churchill, Esmond Romilly, who had run off to fight in Spain where she followed him. Later, after their marriage and a series of madcap adventures in America, he was killed in World War II at the age of twenty-three. There is never a dull moment here, but some of the attitudes and escapades that grew out of that "sheltered" Cotswold childhood would give the doings of today's juvenile delinquents a good run for their money.

Houghton Mifflin, \$4

Clean and Decent, by Lawrence Wright.

The subtitle of this lavishly illustrated and highly entertaining scamper down the plumbing of the ages is "The unruffled history of the bathroom and the W.C." The history of cleanliness has had little to do with the history of godliness (though the ritual bath has had more to do with cleansing the spirit than the skin), and even less to do with what our well-lathered society thinks of as progress. As Mr. Wright points out, our great-grandparents in the 1850s were a great deal less hygienic and sweet-smelling than the monks of 1350. As even a casual observer knows, a glimpse into a bathroom can be a fascinating revelation of character, and Mr. Wright, an architect by training and an historian by temperament, has made his excursions to the tubs and privies a most revealing, amusing, and cautionary social history.

Viking, \$4.95

FORECAST

Musical and Theatrical

In biography, autobiography, and criticism there will be many books to lead into the fall concert and theatre season. July brings *The Jazz Titans: Including the Parlance of Hip*, by Robert Reisner, from Doubleday—a book which includes small biographies of twenty-seven musicians whom he considers "titans" of modern jazz, as well as a full chapter

on their language. Midsummer also brings from Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, *Theatre at the Crossroads: Plays and Playwrights on the Mid-Century American Stage*, by John Gassner. Late in August comes Steve Allen's autobiography *Make It and Strike It* which promises to include a lot of anecdote among the vital statistics; and in the fall we have a variety of musical lives, from Kate Smith's autobiography, *Upon My Lips a Song* (Funk and Wagnalls), and Mahalia Jackson's, as told to Evan McLeod Wylie, *Movin' on Up*, from Little, Brown; to *Leonard Bernstein: Man and Musician*, a full-length, illustrated biography by John Briggs of the *New York Times* music department which World will publish during the fall season. . . .

There are two books about Ingmar Bergman—the great Swedish writer-director for moving pictures—now in the making. One, for Simon & Schuster, is *Screenplays by Ingmar Bergman* with an introduction for America by Mr. Bergman himself; and the other is a critical biography which will be "roughly one-third biographical and two-thirds commentary" by Steven Hopkins who lives in Stockholm, knows Mr. Bergman well, and is editor of the English language edition of *Industria*. This one is from Little, Brown. . . .

And as a change of pace, sometime along in 1961 there'll be a fine piece of nostalgia for people "between thirty and fifty" called *Dear, They're Playing Our Song*, by Nat Shapiro for Simon & Schuster. It will "tell of the people who were writing, singing, and playing 'our songs' between 1919 and 1941"—the "name bands," Jolson and Cantor, Goodman and Crosby, Merman and Helen Morgan, to name only a few. Let those who have tears prepare!

Books of the Month

The Midsummer Selection of the Book of the Month is a biography of Thomas Wolfe, by his agent and friend Elizabeth Nowell (Scribner). The August selection is a Southern novel called *Walk Egypt*, by Vinnie Williams (Viking); and for October the Club has announced its choice of *The Rise and Fall of The Third Reich*, by William L. Shirer (Simon & Schuster).

MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

THE ERSTWHILE PRODIGIES GROW UP

A second-by-second analysis of new Beethoven performances by three young thoroughbreds at the piano.

One of the most fascinating, and valuable, aspects of the phonograph is its use as a device for comparison. Here is the score of a given work, and here are the performers. What makes for musical success or failure? Why does one artist succeed so brilliantly, where another with much the same physical gifts drops with such a thud? How do the changing tastes in musical fashions dictate the verities of musical interpretation? Or are there any verities?

Recordings can help supply an answer. We can, if we wish, hear seventy tenors sing "*Di quella pira*," or fifty pianists play the "*Nocturne in F sharp*," as tenors and pianists have been doing since the early 1900s and right up till today. We thus have at our command a powerful tool for aesthetic speculation as well as for an examination of the actual techniques of performance.

An opportunity to put three different performances of the same work under the microscope has just arrived. Three pianists have recorded Beethoven's *Concerto No. 3 in C minor* for as many companies. Each

of these three pianists is a major talent; and they are in about the same age group. They are Glenn Gould, 27 years old; Gary Graffman, 31; Julius Katchen, 33. Gould plays the concerto with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein (Columbia ML 5418, mono; MS 6096, stereo). Graffman is heard with the Chicago Symphony under Walter Hendl (Victor LM 2396, mono; LSC 2396, stereo). Katchen's orchestra is the London Symphony conducted by Pierino Gamba (London CS 6096, stereo only).

Each of these pianists is (as nearly all important musicians invariably are) an erstwhile prodigy. Gould, born in Canada, is supposed to have been able to read notes before he could read the printed word. He started playing the piano at the age of three; gave his first recital at fourteen; made a spectacular success at his New York debut about five years ago; has attracted a lot of attention for his eccentric behavior, mannerisms, and, by the by, his brilliant piano playing.

Katchen and Graffman are from the New York area. Katchen started at five and made his New York debut at ten. For a while it appeared as though maturity was not going to bear out the promise of his youth. But Katchen went overseas and settled in England, where he seemed to

take a new lease on life. He is very popular on the Continent, and the long series of London recordings he has made illustrate an extremely powerful technician, a good musical mind, and a flair for virtuoso pieces.

Graffman, who has moved to the top of American pianists of his generation, made his debut at eleven and since then has been a prize-winner in almost every important competition America has to offer. His career up to now can be considered a success. He has achieved the respect of the critics, is liked by the public, has big tours here and abroad, and is a serious artist who shows growth from year to year.

Timing and Trills

So much for background information. How does this trio approach the *C minor Concerto*?

Let's first take some measurements. Gould's performance is the slowest, but only by a few seconds: 36'48", as against Katchen's 36'22". Graffman's timing is 33'59". The breakdown of the three movements runs as follows: 17'20", 10'56", and 8'32" for Gould; 16'41", 11'04", and 8'37" for Katchen; 15'53", 9'34", and 8'32" for Graffman.

All three use the Beethoven cadenzas. Graffman and Katchen play those cadenzas as written. Gould eliminates the first two measures of the first-movement cadenza and then proceeds to touch it up, reinforcing the bass or adding a flourish of scale or counterpoint here and there.

Graffman and Katchen approach the concerto in a traditional manner. Gould has his own ideas. His treatment of the trills is unlike that of any pianist who has played the concerto this generation (and, one guesses, in any generation). As often as not Gould, instead of playing the indicated trill, will alternate quarter notes, and what comes out is no trill at all. He may have a precedent for this behavior, but if he does it is hidden in some book by an eighteenth-century theorist. Certainly few scholars would go along with what Gould does in this concerto.

The Question of Personality

All three are finished executants. Gould possibly has the most control, the most surface glitter. His piano playing has an unusual degree of



refinement. But neither Graffman nor Katchen is a technical slouch, and generally they match Gould note for note. As a matter of fact, they are cleaner than Gould in the slow movement, where the Canadian pianist fools around restlessly with the arpeggios and drops a lot of notes.

But despite his superbly precise work, Graffman often fails to vitalize the music. The overriding impression one ends up with is that of a methodical mind approaching the concerto honestly and with the best of intentions. Which is fine as far as it goes; but that is about as far as it does go. No great feeling of personality, of imagination, or even of involvement with the music emerges. Graffman is not heard to good advantage on this disc. He has done better work in the past and will do better work in the future.

With Gould, on the other hand, it's nearly all personality, and never for a moment are we allowed to forget about it. In case we do lose ourselves in the music, Gould often hums along as he plays, just to remind us that he is there. (Those groans heard in the background of the first movement are not a defect in the pressing but a defect in Gould's vocal cords. A great singer he is not.) His trills, as noted above, are so unconventional that any listener who knows the music will be brought up short. Again the emphasis is immediately thrown on Gould rather than on the music. And whereas his tempos are, for the most part, orthodox, his dynamic scheme isn't. Gould will introduce a pianissimo for no apparent reason except to show that he can play pianissimo.

Katchen falls between Gould's flashiness and Graffman's sobriety. He plays brightly and steadily, adhering strictly to the notes (though once in a while he may arpeggiate a chord that is not arpeggiated in the score), keeping a steady though flexible rhythm. His phrasing is logical, and his pianistics are athletic and healthy without being showy. Of the three performances, it impresses as the sanest and best-balanced.

The Winner on Points

Of the three recordings, too, it has an additional point in its favor, in that it offers a bonus work on the disc. The two competing versions contain nothing but the concerto,

whereas the London disc also contains Beethoven's early *Rondo in B flat* for piano and orchestra (an interesting work of a virtuoso nature that may have stemmed from one of Beethoven's improvisations; the liner notes do not have a single word to say about this piece of music). But there unfortunately is a reverse to this particular coin: The presence of the extra work leads to inner-groove distortion, and the sound of the piano on this disc is tubby and hollow in the bass.

The Columbia disc has the best recorded sound, if one is willing to put up with the extraneous noises (Gould's vocalism). The solo piano has a nice, crystal-like quality, and while the strings of the orchestra are somewhat thin and wiry (was a full-sized orchestra used?), a treble reduction helps bring the orchestral sound under control. In the Victor disc the sound is somewhat dull. In the first-movement exposition there is a sudden, inexplicable surge in volume, probably the result of a bad tape splice. And the relation between piano and orchestra is too favorable to the piano for the best interests of realism.

What about the orchestral accompaniments? The finest, it appears to me, comes from Gamba, whose co-operation with Katchen is an example of split-second reflex. But, indeed, there is little to complain about in the Bernstein and Hendl performances. Both conductors supply steady, competent work, and both seem perfectly content to let the pianist assume the spotlight. In the London disc, though, there is a feeling of greater co-operation. Bernstein and Hendl are accompanying; whereas Gamba is participating.

Thus we have the Columbia disc: a performance of the Beethoven *Third Concerto* that has tremendous personality and also tremendous eccentricity. Some will admire it greatly, and some will detest it. This listener inclines toward the latter view. We have the Victor disc, a serious effort but not a very imaginative or exhilarating one. We have the London: well-balanced, sensible, musicianly, and orthodox. It is this corner's choice. All that remains is to compare it with the recorded performances of Arrau, Backhaus, Firkusny, Gilels, Kempff, Rubinstein, and Serkin. Is life long enough?

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

TIMEBOUND

For nearly a decade now, which is an eternity as such things go, Wilbur de Paris and a small band have been at Jimmy Ryan's, on 52nd Street in New York, performing one of the few kinds of jazz that can properly be described as "timeless." They belong to a tradition self-assured enough to accumulate skill without sacrificing style: they play as they have always played, only more so.

They play, in the debased coinage of jazz terminology, "Dixieland"—a word of extensible meaning which has come to include everything before 1936, and a good deal after. They are not to be confused with the Dixieland "revival," the attempt by young white musicians to recreate an "original" jazz by imitating it. Wilbur de Paris would rather regard his organization as a logical continuation of what the masters began, along the lines they would have followed.

"Playing old numbers doesn't make it jazz . . ." he has said. "We are playing exactly as the earlier musicians would be playing if they were alive today. It does not stand to reason with the technical advances since then that they would have the nanny-goat vibratos today they had then, either."

The de Paris brothers and their colleagues are themselves veterans of the great bands (Louis Armstrong's, King Oliver's, Jelly Roll Morton's, Duke Ellington's) and do not need to learn about the past from records, since it is—as a matter of course—among their natural possessions. They are the tradition and both pay and profit thereby.

For the past, beginning as a servant, can end as a master. There comes a point at which it has to be surpassed in order to be escaped. Even though this is (as Marshall Stearns says on one of the liners) "the easiest jazz to enjoy of any era—bar none," it is the style which the modernist musicians have felt called upon to transcend, and one that is therefore beginning to become "historical" in spite of itself.

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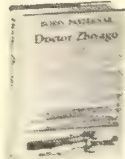
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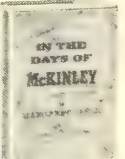
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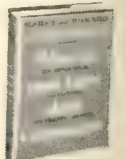
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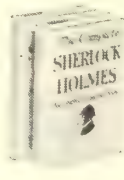
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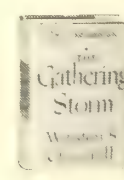
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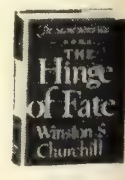
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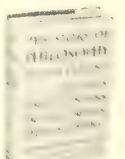
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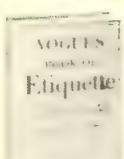
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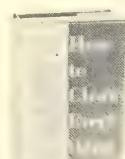
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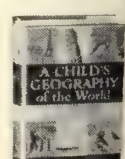
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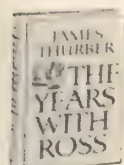


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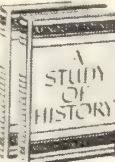
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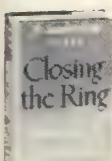
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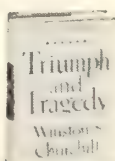
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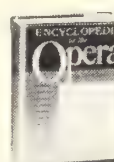
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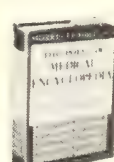
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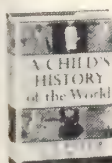
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LETTERS

Negro Revolt

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Negro Revolt Against 'The Negro Leaders'" by Louis E. Lomax [June] calls for a corresponding movement among concerned and sincere white people. The great new idea in the lunch-counter episodes is that Negroes are acting spontaneously as individuals. In the past the NAACP may have served as a shield for the Negro masses, an excuse to avoid individual responsibility. (Pay your dues, let the leaders take charge. Let educated Negroes lobby for civil rights.)

The genius of the lunch-counter revolt is that *anyone* knows how to sit at a lunch counter. . . . It is time for white people to learn to act "on their own" as well. . . .

It is time white people understand the importance of individual acts. We can be welcoming and courteous to Negroes, especially where it will be noticed. We too can sit at lunch counters, *beside* Negroes, not one seat away. . . . If enough of us can make it clear that we will continue to patronize places of business that admit Negroes, the businessman will go along. Thanks to Mr. Lomax for putting the finger right where it belongs, on individual action. . . .

MRS. WALTER A. SNOW
Murrysville, Pa.

Mr. Lomax admits early in his essay that his target is the leadership "epitomized by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People." Very soon thereafter he asserts that Negro writers "when they speak analytically of the Negro leader do so with contempt."

A careful reading of the article suggests that Mr. Lomax has written not only with contempt, but with abundant misrepresentation, glaring inaccuracy, no documentation, and a kind of fantasy rare, indeed, in a piece which purports to concern itself with the serious topic of the citizenship rights and the future of eighteen million Americans.

Of the many errors of fact, probably the baldest was the flat untruth that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt "left the NAACP board for reasons that have never been fully disclosed." As might have been ascertained from a glance at our litterhead, Mrs. Roosevelt is a

valued NAACP director with a long term of uninterrupted service.

More serious distortion is found in the highly imaginative section headed "Dr. King and Mr. Wilkins" in which the author states, "Sharing the outlook of the white liberals who finance them . . . Negro leadership organizations have focused their attention, by and large, on matters that are of interest to the talented Negro rather than [to] the Negro masses . . . there will never again be another class of white-oriented leaders such as the one that has prevailed since 1900." In this neat package Negroes are divided into betrayed masses and betraying classes and the latter further damned as the financed puppets of white liberals. The most elementary research would have revealed that the Negro membership of the NAACP supplies, in one form or another, more than 80 per cent of the organization's funds. Foundations and funds, due to the tax laws, are not represented. Philanthropists, white liberal or otherwise, are few for the same reason. The plain truth . . . is that the NAACP is financed by its overwhelming Negro membership.

There is no excuse for this gratuitous misrepresentation since the NAACP has published financial statements audited by a firm of certified public accountants every year since 1911.

As for matters of interest to other than "the talented Negro," . . . resolutions adopted by elected delegates to annual NAACP conventions . . . range from neighborhood police brutality, slum housing, schools, hospitals and health, and union-employer job discrimination to the use of Negro personnel in the American foreign service.

Mr. Lomax did not hold a single interview with Secretary Roy Wilkins as a basis for his section on King and Wilkins, [in which] he asserts that the two "embarked on a series of infrequent private talks that may go down in history as the Negro leadership class's great and final hour."

Anything [so] momentous surely would call for reference to, say, a fragment of a memorandum, a bit from an enigmatic news story, the recollection of an associate, or, failing all these, at least an interview with the principals, both of whom are alive and available. Had he consulted them, he would not have been forced to speculate that ". . . talks of 1957-58 undoubtedly covered the issue of just who would do what and where . . ."

Similarly, no conference was held with

President Eisenhower "to explain why Negroes were displeased with the first civil-rights bill to be passed in eighty-three years." On June 23, 1958, almost a year after enactment of the bill, a conference was held with the President, a memorandum of which was prepared by the four conferees (Lester B. Granger was omitted by Mr. Lomax). It was widely distributed to individuals, organizations, and the press. It is still available, yet Mr. Lomax did not consult or quote it, but chose to invent a purpose of his own for the White House conference. This is peculiar craftsmanship. . . .

Mr. Lomax labors tortuously to create the image of a rank-and-file revolt against "both segregation and the stifling control of Negro leaders." There is no understanding the process by which he translates the employment of the sit-in technique by educated, white-collar, middle-class Negro students into a revolt against leadership which he characterizes as middle-class.

Both *Harper's*, in its summary paragraph over the Lomax piece, and the author himself contend that the student sit-ins are a repudiation of the NAACP. Yet, the *Wall Street Journal* of September 12, 1958 chronicled the successful lunch-counter sitdown of the NAACP Youth Council in Oklahoma City, and predicted, "The initial success of the sit-down tactic here may lead to its use in other cities."

It was used by NAACP youth units in Wichita, Kansas, and at Washington University in St. Louis with success. To signalize the importance of this technique and to stimulate its wider use, the NAACP conferred outstanding achievement citations upon the young leaders of the successful demonstrations at its 1959 Golden Anniversary convention. The presentations were made by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., a speaker at the Youth Night session of the convention.

The NAACP will continue to promote from its youth and college ranks to its adult units the active campus disciples of its anti-segregation doctrine announced first at its founding conference May 31-June 1, 1909.

Having survived the almost daily assaults of Southern white editorial writers, who are direct, and of many Northern white editorial writers, who are indirect, the NAACP will also survive the Lomax attack and proceed upon its serviceable way until its job is done.

HENRY LEE MOON
Dir. of Public Relations, NAACP
New York, N. Y.

MR. LOMAX COMMENTS:

As to the facts which Mr. Moon charges me with violating:

(1) Concerning Mrs. Roosevelt and the NAACP: the record shows that, in

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LETTERS

1956, Mrs. Roosevelt did resign from the Board. Later she reconsidered her letter of resignation and remained on the Board.

(2) My statement that Negro leadership organizations are predominately financed by white liberals still stands. I did not say, as Mr. Moon infers, that the NAACP was predominately financed by whites. On general balance, however, Negro leadership organizations—and the NAACP, despite Mr. Moon's assumption, is not the total Negro leadership class—are predominately financed by white liberals.

(3) True, I did not interview Roy Wilkins for this article. I sought to interview him but Mr. Moon advised me that Mr. Wilkins was unavailable, so I interviewed Mr. Moon instead. During these interviews—and there were four (two in person and two by phone)—Mr. Moon freely discussed the series of infrequent and informal private talks between Mr. Wilkins and Dr. King during the period in question.

(4) Concerning the meeting between President Eisenhower and Negro leaders on June 23, 1958: Discussion of Negro displeasure with the civil-rights bill of 1957 was not the only reason for the meeting. However, the matter was high on the agenda, as all the participants stated in press interviews afterward.

(5) Mr. Moon short-sells the NAACP in saying that the 1960 sit-ins were inspired by the 1958 sit-ins in Oklahoma City. The truth is that in the early 1940s the Washington, D. C. branch of the NAACP, led by Mrs. Thomasina Norford Johnson, staged a successful sit-in against the Fish and Chips Restaurant near Howard University. But this history is not my point. My point is that during the spring of 1960 Negro youth embarked on a spontaneous series of demonstrations against a long-standing form of segregation. They did it without planning or organization; more persons went to jail as a result of the movement than on any other such occasion in American history. This, I maintain, constitutes a revolt against organized leadership, and a warning to it that the era of the Negro individual has begun.

LOUIS F. LOMAX
New York, N. Y.

Port Authority Problems

TO THE EDITORS:

When is the "success" of a public agency detrimental to the progress of the municipalities and people it is intended to serve? Edward T. Chase . . . in "How to Rescue New York from Its Port Authority" [June] shows that this occurs when an agency selects the easier among its allotted duties and promotes

an imbalance between automobile and rail transportation. . . . Municipal deterioration results.

Simultaneously, the Port Authority has avoided, as Mr. Chase shows, any aid toward the integration of rail commutation, although this would be more efficient for mass transport. Such aid would not require paying rail deficits, but it might include some reasonable Authority contributions out of its vast reserves—along with government—toward capital costs of a connected New Jersey railroad-Hudson Tubes-New York subway system, which would carry commuters from home to employment areas without change. This would soundly reduce rail deficits and alleviate traffic congestion.

The Port Authority's failure to recognize that . . . mass transportation by rail can carry about twenty times as many commuters as automobiles and five times as many as buses in a single lane in one hour . . . has been disastrous. . . .

Are we [in New York] to follow Los Angeles? Harrison E. Salisbury reported in the *New York Times* of March 3, 1959: "About 28 per cent of downtown Los Angeles is occupied by streets, freeways, and service ways. About 38 per cent more is occupied by off-street parking garages, loading facilities, and other institutions dedicated to rubber-clad wheels. . . . [The general manager of Los Angeles traffic] has noted that the business of downtown Los Angeles is 'more or less stagnant.' How could it be otherwise when concrete ribbons and asphalt plazas replace stores, offices, hotels, and apartments?"

The states of New York and New Jersey would do well to heed Mr. Chase's warnings and to attempt further reasoning with the seemingly all-powerful Port Authority.

HERMAN T. STICHMAN, Trustee
Hudson & Manhattan RR Co.
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Chase mentions the fight put up by the Port Authority against the St. Lawrence Seaway. I recall how in a telecast Mr. Tobin, executive director of the PA, regretfully mentioned the loss New York would suffer. . . . That the country as a whole—as well as Canada—would profit immeasurably . . . seemed of not enough importance for him to mention. Perhaps the PA philosophy that "what is good for New York is good for the nation" makes New Jersey's Senator Clifford P. Case's demand for a Congressional investigation eminently in order.

The proposed PA jet airport in Morris County, N. J., is a case in point. One wonders whether the commercial interests of New York have such a high priority that the welfare of thousands of

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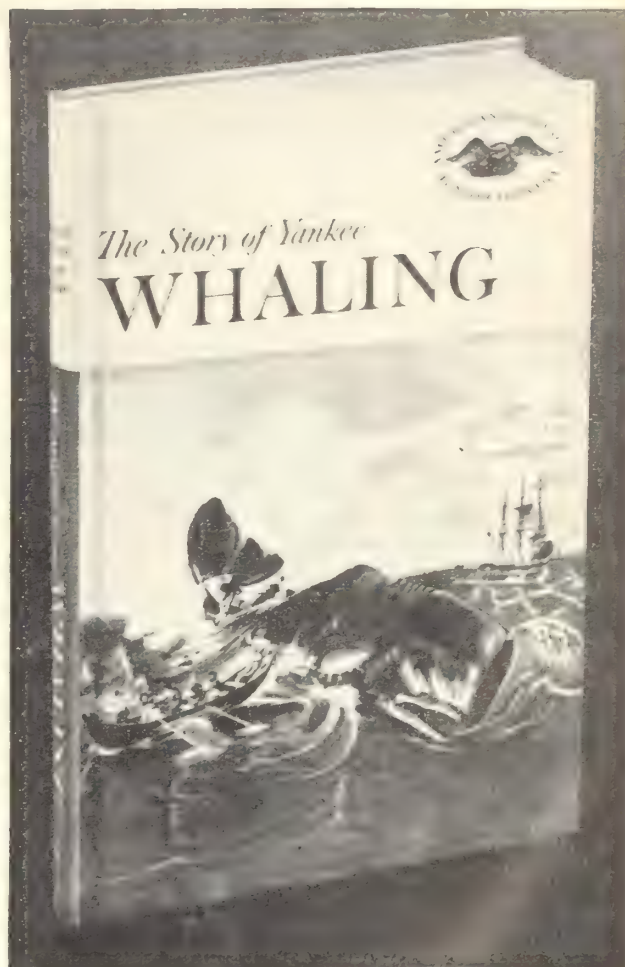
It was a monster nearly 80 feet long, and on November 20, 1820 it deliberately rammed the Nantucket whaler *Essex*. The sinking of the *Essex*, the suffering and macabre adventures of the crew who drifted 53 days and 2700 miles in open boats, is only a small part of the heroic saga re-created in *The Story of Yankee Whaling*. We invite you and your youngster to examine the book free — as an introduction to the **AMERICAN HERITAGE JUNIOR LIBRARY**.

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LETTERS

families with their churches and institutions, not to mention the wiping out of a village or two can be ignored. . . . The area involved in the jetport . . . is regarded by naturalists as unique and should be preserved at all costs. . . . Psychiatrists are agreed on the high therapeutic value of having access to sanctuaries of nature. . . . [We need] a re-evaluation of what we call "progress" if we are not to become goosestepping robots for the Moloch of materialism marching to a tune piped by our engineers and industrialists.

GEORGE G. BECKER, Pres.
N. J. Conservation Council
Chatham, N. J.

Proper Procals

TO THE EDITORS:

Since publication of "The Procal: His Habits and Habitat" [May] . . . based on my book, *The Natives Are Restless* . . . I open my mail at arm's length for fear of bombs. So I was delighted to find a friendly one—signed Curt Wagner—which casts new light on the Southern Californian's abhorrence of nude statuary. The letter said in part:

"A replica of an Italian fountain in Palos Verdes became one of the most controversial issues in the history of the area. The base of the fountain represents a group of mermaids from the breasts of whom—or which, as the case may be—water poured. At its installation, an appalled group of ladies formed a committee to call on the Mayor. But in his presence they were too embarrassed to come out and say why they were there. Finally one of them said, 'Your honor—it's about the fountain—it's about the water coming from—' The Mayor said, 'Madam, we cannot afford milk.'"

CYNTHIA LINDSA

CYNTHIA LINDSAY
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Magazine Business

TO THE EDITORS:

Many of us here have read the fine "Easy Chair" by John Fischer dealing with the magazine business ["Death of a Giant," June]. . . . May I take issue with a few points. . . . Mr. Fischer says that a magazine can buy whatever circulation it wants. That's true of subscriptions, perhaps. But it's not true of the newsstand, where issue after issue is bought only by editorial appeal.

Magazines, big or little, require less advertising subsidy when they can keep their newsstand sales up. For example *McCall's* has gained over a million circulation in the last 18 months . . . and two-thirds of the 1959 growth came from the newsstands.

Mr. Fischer indicates that mass-circulation magazines have been sliding, and that they will never recover their old dominance. Here at *McCall's* we are much more sanguine about ourselves and about magazines in general—large as well as small. *McCall's* has gained 40 per cent in ad linage in the first six months of 1960 *vs.* the last six months of 1959—incidentally capturing leadership in the field where Mr. Fischer pictures the fight as much more desperate than it is.

However, on one thing we do agree. All magazines are essentially the products of the editorial minds behind them.

STANLEY FRANKEL, Vice Pres.
McCall Corporation
New York, N. Y.

We appreciate the "Easy Chair's" kind reference to *Holiday* as one of today's special-audience publications which are gaining in popularity. One of their chief appeals to thoughtful people, of course, is the fact that they are magazines of text. . . . It is this same characteristic which gives the *Saturday Evening Post* such an advantage over its competition. . . . Its readers, like those of *Harper's* and *Holiday* are a better audience than the "picture thumbers." More and more advertisers are coming to this conclusion also: The *Post* will gain in advertising lineage in 1960.

ROBERT K. FARRAND, Vice Pres.
Curtis Publishing Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Global Hospitality

TO THE EDITORS:

Last evening I had the very great pleasure of entertaining in my home Mr. George Magezi, Secretary-General of the Uganda People's Party, traveling in this country under the Point Four program. . . .

I should like to recommend this type of entertaining to readers of *Harper's*. Mr. Magezi had a simple family meal with us, we took a sight-seeing tour of the city and came home to hours of conversation lasting long into the morning. I know I am much wiser and have a broader view of Africa. . . . And from Mr. Magezi came tribute enough: "This is the kind of thing I enjoy most. Meeting with the real people of your nation, not only the official welcoming committees."

I showed our visitor my May *Harper's* and he was extremely interested in "The New Africa" by Adlai Stevenson. [He plans to take copies] home when he returns to share with some of his friends in Uganda. . . .

MRS. EARL F. MYERS
Los Angeles, Calif.

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION...

a blue chip investment in America's future

Demographers predict a fantastic increase in the number of mouths American farmers must feed in the years ahead. Even so, we'll still have plenty of food. Science, technology, and plenty of power . . . economical electrical power . . . will enable each farm worker to produce food and fiber for 50 people by 1975. That's twice the number he is feeding and clothing today.

Use of electricity in rural areas is doubling every five to seven years. And America's Rural Electric Systems are building heavier lines to supply this increased demand. But rural electrics—financed by REA loans and built by local people who needed electricity—are paying dividends in other ways.

Besides helping provide plenty of nutritious food for city tables, rural electrics are hiking the standards of rural living. They're creating jobs and sales across America. This is borne out by a recent national survey which shows that in 1960 alone, rural electric consumers will spend over \$1 billion on electrical appliances.

To date, the 1,000 rural electrics—mostly cooperatives—have built 1½ million miles of line to serve over 16 million rural people. And already they've paid over \$1 billion in principal and interest on their \$3½ billion REA loans . . . added proof that rural electrification is a "blue chip investment" in our Nation's future.



AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS



the EASY CHAIR

The Double Image of American Business Abroad

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is general manager for McCann-Erickson Corporation in Buenos Aires, and area supervisor for Argentina, Chile, and Uruguay. He was born in Manila and became attracted to South America during World War II when he served as a U. S. Naval officer in Brazil and Cuba. He was graduated before the war from Stanford University and learned the advertising business in San Francisco agencies and as advertising manager for Gump's.

THE questionnaire landed on my desk on a Monday morning. In the course of my thirteen years on the management end of an American business in Latin America, I had received a half-dozen similar requests, from both official and private sources. I had responded in each case as conscientiously and promptly as possible, but on this sixth occasion I realized that the whole battery of questions was aimed at finding out one thing: How does American business abroad help the image of America and how does it tend to hurt it?

One question, I recalled, asked whether American investments in that country were welcome. Since it was a country desperate for capital investment in transport, communication, and power, as well as mechanization of its agriculture and modernization of its industrial plant, of course American investment was welcome. Perhaps, had the questionnaire left more than half a page for an answer, I might have added that any other capital investment from any other source would also be welcome, and possibly more so.

The fundamental reason why U. S. investment is unpopular in Latin America is that it is now, and in the foreseeable future, the largest foreign investment there. Hence in many instances American business is or appears to be a financial force capable of affecting the very sovereignty of the host country. For in most Latin American countries, the people are ruled by small minori-

ties consisting of rich landowners, or industrial families, or groups, who buy military control. Therefore, the Latin on the street connects economic with political power and since United States investment is obviously vast, he sees it as a threat to his country's political independence.

The same reaction would be stimulated by funds imported from other countries in similar bulk. During the years just before World War II, a great deal was written and said in the U. S. about the threat of heavy German investments in Latin America. The usual bent for self-criticism caused many American commentators to analyze the superiority of the German method of getting along with our Southern neighbors. It was said that they learned the local idiom better than we did. They attuned themselves to local customs, became part of the local scene. They married local girls—as though this were a hardship or a duty! They did not isolate themselves in their own clubs, schools, and communities.

None of this was true. When Brazil, enraged at the sinking of her coastal steamers by German submarines, declared war, the Vargas government decreed that all foreign residents must immediately forgo their father tongues in public and close down all foreign-language schools. The German colonies in Southern Brazil were gagged. In Florianopolis, the offshore island capital of the state of Santa Catarina and center of the Nazi group, for example, the Carlos Hoepcke family had established a cartel control over much of the economy of that part of the country, without bothering to marry into Brazilian families. A suave Carioca from Rio, who had reversed this supposed procedure by winning the eldest heiress of the Hoepckes, was locally known as "The Count of Monte Cristo" for having found the treasure on the island. He, too, discovered that even to the second generation, few Germans had bothered to learn Portuguese.

No one pointed out that the great advantage of the Germans had been in *not* being the

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ORIGINS by Eric Partridge

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biggest investor in Latin American countries. At that time it was the British who were the biggest and their investments in railways, light and power, land, and other basic economic factors drew upon the Empire the disfavor of the South Americans, leaving the Germans free to come in with machinery, pharmaceutical and textile companies, and airlines.

Until the war, Americans came under critical fire only from other Americans or from those countries nearest home where our influence had already become predominant: Mexico, the other Central American states, Cuba, and one or two other spots in the Caribbean where adventurers or investors had carried our flag.



THE BIG BANKROLL

NOW our flag represents the largest foreign investment in every country in the Southern Hemisphere as well as the Latin American part of our own. American airlines fly all main routes. American ships ply off all coasts. One firm, the American Foreign Power Company, can pull the switch on most of the light and power supply of an entire half-dozen countries. American banks shore up the governments and financial institutions of a dozen nations. Because we are the biggest, we are the most feared, and fear causes reserve if not hostility. As the Latins say, "*Poderoso caballero es Don Dinero*"—"A powerful man is Mr. Money." What bank account is bigger than Uncle Sam's? Or more apparent? How better to attract votes than to promise protection against this privilege-seeker? Ask Fidel Castro.

What can American business do about this? asks the questionnaire. It can just quietly go away, of course—which would be a negation of our responsibilities, arousing bitter storms among our neighbors at our abandonment. Or it can put up with the handicap of bigness in the best way possible. And how is this done?

Many suggestions have been made, most of

them superficial. Don't be boastful. Avoid arrogant displays of wealth. Don't stand apart; learn the language of the country and join its people in community and cultural life. Being abroad is not a permit to bad manners. Such admonitions are relics of our pioneering days abroad. Pioneers are notoriously rough. They were in our own country and the first ones who went abroad carried the same spirit.

But this type disappeared with Richard Harding Davis's colorful reporting. The American businessman abroad is now like the American businessman at home in his belief that good manners is the best policy. This is sometimes called enlightened capitalism.

At this point a paradox comes into play, one involving the American idea of fair dealing, complicated by a sense of obligation toward the underdog and a feeling that one has a right to use any weapons against equals or superiors. This double standard, as it well might, confuses our friends abroad.

Ever since Henry Ford propounded the idea that the more prosperous worker is a better customer, American business has, with some union urging, forwarded the well-being of labor. It has gone further. It has come to believe that the support of employees for company production or sales programs is essential in a competitive market. It has advanced beyond that point. Business now extends the concept to the employee's family and friends. Increased wages and better working conditions have been followed by the establishment of continuing communications between labor and management, then by management messages to workers' families through house organs, contests with prizes for families, and Family Days at the office or the plant.

An American manager abroad easily wins the affection of his subordinates. They quickly discover that his concern for their welfare is sincere and to use their cliché, "human." In the plant or the office hallways, no local employee hesitates to speak to his American boss and most of them feel able, under stress, to request a few minutes of his time in his own office. These same workers, under the employ of European or South American companies, would never risk the boss's curt reaction to such familiarity or to such assumptions of fundamental equality.

As a result, nationals often prefer to work for American companies, even without wage or salary advantages. American business abroad has made the "American idea" synonymous in the lower ranks with fair treatment and has built respect for our belief in growth and in promotion from below. As a paradoxical corollary to our problem of bigness, it is quite probable that the bigger we become abroad, the more foreign employees become our adherents, bringing along with them, as always, their vast army of relatives and friends.

(Continued on page 21)

WHAT REALLY CREATES PROSPERITY?

Let's be realistic.

More wages don't create prosperity. *Actually*, unearned wages create inflation.

What *is* true prosperity? The increase of material wealth.

What basically creates wealth? Not education, culture, social agencies, government. They help spread it, help you enjoy it, use it, control it.

Basically, *industry* creates wealth: by creating more goods for everyone. By keeping costs within reach through mass production and product improvement. By making more jobs for more and more people. Remember—85% of us derive our incomes directly or indirectly from industry and business.

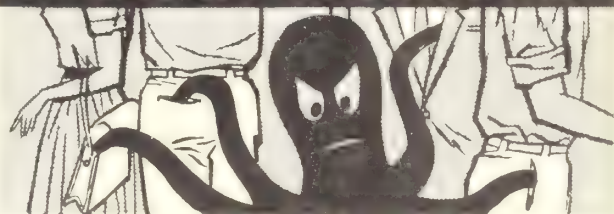
Let's be realistic: if you work *with* industry—against inflation, foreign competition, idle waste of manpower—you are helping create prosperity!

REPUBLIC STEEL

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INFLATION ROBS US ALL



One of Republic Steel's important pioneering improvements, which greatly reduces costs for home builders (thereby helping to counteract inflation and promote prosperity), is a new line of low-cost windows.

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1. Have you been off the beaten track in France? Go to Franche-Comté, the province where fields are kelly green and pigs dine on cyclamen. Visit the anise-scented town of *Pontarlier*. Here is the home of *Pernod* . . . an exhilarating experience for a connoisseur!

2. For fantastic medieval castles, old timbered houses on canals and an unforgettable cathedral, drive to the town of *Strasbourg* in Alsace. Now you are in the land of the lushest, most aromatic goose liver a gourmet could find . . . the fabulous *pâté de foie gras*.

3. For an epicurean treat, drive to the old town of *Louhans* in the province of La Bresse. Here, in a charming, arcaded market, you'll find the only chicken that is bred according to law . . . France's unique *Poularde de Bresse* which is almost all succulent white meat.

4. To know France, you must visit the province of *Burgundy*, where grapes are a religion and where wine tastes the best on earth. Go down the famous Wine Road, sampling as you go. And stop off at Dijon; stock up on the world's one really great mustard.



a day's jaunt from Paris. Do you know them?

5. If you have a sense of the dramatic, don't miss *Gascony*, a spine-tingling province with colorful painted canyons and untouched villages. One village is *Roquefort*... famous for its cheese. You can sample it, too, right in the caves where it's aging.

See your travel agent or for folders and information write: Dept. HP-8, P.O. Box #221, New York 10, New York. French Government Tourist Office, New York

6. To visit the incomparable cathedral of Reims you must go to the province of *Champagne*. You'll actually notice the gayer spirit, here. And you can visit the caves of the world's most treasured champagnes... and sample... and sample... and sample.

7. If you find yourself driving past thatched cottages... if roses grow over every doorway... you're in *Normandy*, one of the most beloved provinces of France. Stop anywhere and pick those unbelievably sweet wild strawberries, *Fraises des Bois*.

8. Did you know there is a town named *Cognac*? And that it's so heady with brandy fumes it's almost dangerous to light a match! You'll find it in *Poitou-Charente*, an untrampled province quilted with chateaus, canals, feudal dungeons and picturesque ports.

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lessly see the fiery color extinguish itself, softly slipping your
world-at-sea into gentle darkness.

What was your day like, on your ship?

You felt that tired old self become still more of a stranger.

Never once did you think of the ragged cares of your everyday
world that only hours ago blocked
your horizon so hugely.

You laughed. You stretched.

You reached out and tried all you
could, but never touched the
bounds of your new horizon-to-
horizon world!

You reveled in the space that was
yours to live in. The size of your
ship. The very size of the air around you, ringing with laughter
and fun as you've never known it.

And your evening, now, will be filled once again with the rich
pleasures of a kingdom that belongs to you, generously shared
with those who share your ship.

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THE EASY CHAIR

But our consistency in operating abroad the way we do at home has one disadvantage that tends to cancel out the support we win with the masses. In our treatment of the executive class, we reveal all too obviously our assumption that these are people who are able to take care of themselves. At home, the ranks of the vice presidents are riddled with a job insecurity that can only be compared to that of coal miners before John L. Lewis took over. It is our home-grown belief that the advantage rests with the man who can seize it.

When American business goes abroad, it exports this philosophy. In the first place, it offers different terms to local executives and to Americans sent out to do similar jobs. The American generally refuses to go abroad unless he is paid as he would be in the States, or a little more, adding prerequisites like a three-month home leave every two years and, in many cases, company payment for his children's university schooling in the States or for their round-trip travel fares for vacations. The local executive, often assuming parallel job responsibilities, is offered compensation slightly above the local level but far from commensurate with the American scale.

If an American sales manager abroad has earned the equivalent of \$15,000 a year, plus travel-paid long vacations at home, the local executive who replaces him finds it hard to understand why he should be offered a straight \$10,000 instead. One American oil company abroad paid dearly for such discrimination not long ago. The local employee concluded that if the company placed his value at two-thirds the value of the American whose job he had been asked to fill, he should be entitled to make up the difference as he saw fit. It was easy to use his position within the company to help set up a corollary source of income outside. He is now "at liberty" but earning a satisfactory income as consultant to the competition.

American business rams home the lesson of its toughness by what foreigners observe as savage treatment of its own people at the executive level. In foreign companies men who have been given the trust of executive positions are dismissed

only for robbery, murder, or brazen incompetence. In such cases, the issue is resolved with the greatest of delicacy, the man in question being carefully placed in most honorable retirement or moved up to greater opportunities in another sphere.

For example, a European liquor company in Latin America recently eased out its advertising manager by giving him the title of "Advertising Consultant to the President"—with out authority but with full freedom to accept outside free-lance jobs. In contrast, an American drug company abruptly dismissed the president and vice president of its foreign branch merely by notice through the firm's lawyers and without pension or separation arrangement. The action was not only a shock to the company's local employees and business acquaintances but a blow to American prestige throughout the community. The spectacle of these men bitterly casting about for other jobs, often in the foreign locale because they have come to enjoy living in it, creates an impression of commercial barbarity attuned to the code of the Western and gangster movies we export.

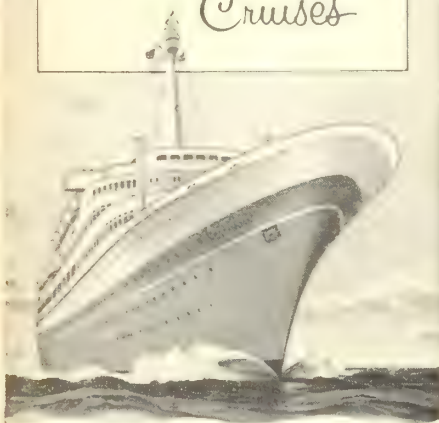
COMPANY SCHOLARSHIPS

SOME American companies have avoided this unfortunate double image of America by extending a sense of joint obligation to workers and managers alike. The veterans in the foreign field—Standard Oil and the international banks, for example—are outstanding in this kind of successful management. Many of the newer firms abroad, however, accentuate the split by overpaying in the lower ranks and making what appear in foreign eyes to be most sudden and brutal changes in the executive suite.

Meanwhile, almost all American companies are following one policy which contributes to more sympathetic understanding of our business manners. This is the company by company plan for offering scholarships and training courses in the United States. These prizes are usually won by young executives and technicians, nearly all of whom return to their homelands with a better command of English, great enthusiasm for everything American, and a

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THE EASY CHAIR

great loyalty toward their American employers or, in a few disappointing cases, a determination to compete with them at home.

In any case, these trainees introduce greater respect for American methods among a talkative and enthusiastic sector of the populace abroad. A brilliant example is Brazil's novelist, Emil Farhat, now President of the McCann-Erickson branches in that country. His home office arranged his attendance at the Advanced Management Program sponsored by the Harvard School of Business Administration, and Emil, despite his homesickness while in the United States, now puts authority behind his explanations of the American idea to his Brazilian friends, and more wisely warns his American clients in his own country of the local attitudes they must learn to understand.

KAISER'S STOCK GOES UP

EVEN more promising for the future is a simple new American technique introduced in Latin America by the Kaiser organization. Kaiser invites local investors to join in the American enterprise by offering a local stock issue to the people of the host country. This plan uses the stockholder-relations techniques developed in the United States, mostly new abroad, which include progress reports, quarterly statements, and the full-bloom type of annual report now expected by stockholders big and little.

Local stock ownership immediately stimulates a sense of joint interest in the local market. It warns off politicians tending to snipe at the foreign aggressor and reminds labor demagogues that they are dealing with national as well as foreign interests. At the same time, it places the American company in the position of inviting the host country to participate in the free-enterprise system rather than mouthing platitudes about it while closely guarding corporate ownership of a foreign entity requesting guest status abroad.

The Kaiser experiment in Argentina, where a plant was built for the manufacture of jeeps and then of Kaiser cars, followed this enlightened pattern with spectacular success.

Thirty per cent of Kaiser control was put on the local market in the form of stock. Argentine business, government, and labor—instead of standing off and sharpshooting at the new intruder—became participants and realized that they were dealing with the interests of their own countrymen. When Kaiser reported progress to the public in newspaper advertisements and to stockholders and influential observers by means of special mailings, it won the active support of major spheres of influence in Argentina. Doors opened on various matters of privilege—regarding the import of raw materials, labor negotiations, deals with suppliers, terms with dealers, and financing—to the full satisfaction of American as well as Argentine stockholders. Beyond its own self-interest, the Kaiser experiment has done a great deal to build respect for American methods and for Americans.

Oddly enough, other American firms of even greater value to Latin American development have failed in winning respectful treatment, as compared with Kaiser, and have suffered demagogic attack and endured public misunderstanding. International Telephone & Telegraph years ago was forced to sell its telephone affiliate in Argentina to Perón and its branch in Cuba is now frozen. American Foreign Power is assaulted by many local politicians abroad who want to make a point against Uncle Sam. The American meat packers in Argentina would probably have been nationalized long ago if past governments had been able to pay for them and knew how to operate them.

Yet none of these important companies has invited the Latin American public to share in its ownership. Might this not be a technique with all the advantages abroad that it has proved at home? If we believe in the corporate system, if we can prove its value as an accessory to free enterprise, with its development of advanced methods, why export the methods only; why not the principle which has allowed their development? Otherwise we are presenting a double image of American business. To clarify our position—and offset the suspicion we inevitably arouse by our power—we should offer only the best of our goods and ideas when we set up shop in a foreign land.

AFTER HOURS



MONOCLE

WHENEVER a count-down was in progress at Cape Canaveral last year, the editorial rooms of *Monocle*, a little magazine in New Haven, Connecticut, were always respectfully closed. A sign on the door said: "OUT TO LAUNCH." It was, the magazine's editors felt, the least they could do for the International Metaphysical Year (IMY).

The editors of *Monocle* run their shop with one eye on the "pad" and the other on things metaphysical because they publish the only "Leisurely Quarterly of Political Satire" in the U. S. Since the magazine's debut in 1957, in the vicinity of the Yale Law School, it has managed to be more Leisurely than Quarterly, coming out at a rate more characteristic of the halfies—twice a year.

Lately, the magazine has been studying the system of nominating Presidential candidates. Wouldn't it be an improvement, *Monocle* asks in its current Presidential Politics number, if the dark horses and front runners did all their running in the same arena? Then the whole show could be called the Polympics. Candidates would compete in events like the Controversial Issues Hurdles and the 880-Yard Dawdle.

Monocle not only frets about society's shortcomings, it frequently makes concrete proposals for filling

the gaps. The Daughters of the Industrial Revolution (DIR) and the League for Women Mothers, both *Monocle*-inspired, met a need. So did the hotly-debated *Monocle* plan to use public-opinion polls to beat recalcitrant voters.

Monocle, as magazines go, is as odd-sized as some of its proposals. It looks like a railroad timetable, and is said to be perfect for reading in subways (although few subway riders buy it). Its fifty or so pages are illustrated almost exclusively with woodcuts and old engravings, giving the magazine a mid-nineteenth-century Dickensian air. Some of its illustrations wouldn't have been out of place in an 1850 *London Illustrated Weekly* or an 1857 *Punch*, since *Monocle's* art editors have lifted them from those issues.

The Leisurely Quarterly began life as a "national, unofficial, non-profit publication founded by law and graduate students in and around Yale University." The Founders—Victor S. Navasky, a Yale Law School student, and Jacob Needleman, a graduate school of philosophy student majoring in Zen Buddhism as far as anyone knew—rounded up a stable of financiers, each of whom contributed as much as \$10 toward getting the first issue off the ground. Issue No. 1 sold out its 500 copies and turned a small profit—even though the magazine is supposedly a "non-profit" venture. *Monocle's* cir-

ulation rose 600 per cent in succeeding years, opening the eyes of many who said a satire magazine wouldn't last.

After graduation last year, Navasky, now twenty-seven, and his co-editor Larry Pearl, a twenty-six-year-old colleague from the Law School (Needleman went off on a Fulbright to do work in Existentialist Psychoanalysis), took the magazine with them. "The first magazine ever to graduate," *Monocle* claims. Navasky and Pearl incorporated the magazine in New York, and then for various reasons the staff scattered.

Navasky answered a call to join the staff of Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams temporarily, and Pearl also took a temporary assignment—with the U. S. Army at Fort Knox, Kentucky. *Monocle's* advertising manager is temporarily in Georgia; its printer is permanently in Connecticut; art directors are in New York City; and contributors are scattered across the country.

By post-election-time 1960, *Monocle* expects to have pulled itself together geographically and settled down to the business of being a full-time, non-profit, money-making gadfly. The people who buy *Monocles* as quickly as they are published today can hardly wait.

Monocle readers are hardy folk; for *Monocle* is edited with the intention of offending, in the Leisurely Quarterly's own words, "everybody—Democrats, Republicans, Trotskyite Deviationists, and Buckleyites alike."

Readers who thought the clean H-bomb concept a fairly good idea, for example, had to put up with "Hallelujah I'm a Bomb," a typical *Monocle* essay which explains why the U. S. favors a clean bomb while the U.S.S.R. is indifferent.

"Our goal in politics is clean government; our most popular dramatic form the soap opera. While conception is not yet immaculate in America, that is undoubtedly the national ideal. Ours is a civilization whose very essence is captured in the phrase, 'What is good for Procter & Gamble is good for the nation'."

As for the Russians, the *Monocle* contributor noted, "Only one generation from a peasant environment (as their favorite epithet "bourgeois pig" suggests), they cannot be expected to vie in cleanliness with those long exposed to the civilizing in-

fluence of soap. . . . They aren't called Dirty Reds for nothing."

Another *Monocle* contributor, Oliver Jensen, produced a revision of the Gettysburg Address as President Eisenhower might have delivered it, titled "Fore Score and . . ."

"I haven't checked these figures," the document began, "but eighty-seven years ago, I think it was, a number of individuals, organized a governmental setup here. in this country, I believe it covered certain Eastern areas, with this idea they were following up based on a sort of national independence arrangement and the program that every individual is just as good as every other individual."

A partial accounting of *Monocle's* first seven issues indicates they have milked an impressive number of sacred cows: Billy Graham, Stalinism, Voice of America, Civil Defense (in a piece titled "Sitting on Defense, Watching All the Bombs Go By"), Hans Christian Andersen, President Eisenhower's health, the Statue of Liberty, Dynamic Conservatism, the Beat Generation, the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, the New Germany, Lincoln, statehood, Arthur Larson, organization men, George (Alias "X") Kennan, Orval Faubus, the flag, and Miss Rheingold.

NOT even the Supreme Court has escaped *Monocle's* piercing eye. On the heels of a ruling that parody violated the nation's copyright law, *Monocle*, taking it personally ("The Court is out to get us"), struck back by publishing six parodies in its very next issue. The illegally ravished included William Buckley's *National Review* (called in *Monocle's* spoof, the *Irrational Review*), James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphant Annie," T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," the Internal Revenue Service's "Official Income Tax Form," and Jack Kerouac's unrestrained writing style.

Monocle has yet to face its first court test for libel and slander, copyright infringement, tax evasion, or subversion—the only sour note in the magazine's history. Its editors feel they could save money on legal fees.

With an editorial view that faces all points of the compass at the same

time, only a broad understanding between editors and contributors could have saved *Monocle* from being shaken to death after any one issue. "We could all agree on only two things," Navasky recalls of those early days. "That 'in the land of the blind, the one-eyed is king,' and, secondly, 'that the views of our contributors no matter how conflicting and contradictory, are the views of *Monocle*'."

Safe?

Among *Monocle's* contributors are a member of the State Department; the managing editor of *American Heritage*; the art editor of *Mad*; a tombstone designer from Missouri, who writes political poetry; a history professor at Yale; an English instructor at Northwestern; the comedian who originated Doodles and Madlibs; and a covey of novelists, television writers, engineers, and at least one housewife.

A recent depth-researching study conducted for *Monocle's* circulation department turned up "The Sub-Influential" as the typical *Monocle* reader. The Sub-Influential is a legislative assistant to a Senator, a political scientist, a law-school librarian, most of whom became addicted to *Monocle* during university days. Nevertheless, *Monocle* has its share of Non-Sub-Influentials. They range from Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. of Harvard to Manny Hines of San Quentin, a lifer. (Mr. Schlesinger, incidentally, complains that the magazine is not irreverent enough.) Each took advantage of *Monocle's* unique subscription offer: "We give away free subscriptions for \$1, the year."

One of the questions asked most frequently of *Monocle's* editors—something of experts in the field of satirical expression now, with cabaret groups even commissioning them to do sketches—is whether the climate for political satire has changed appreciably since 1957.

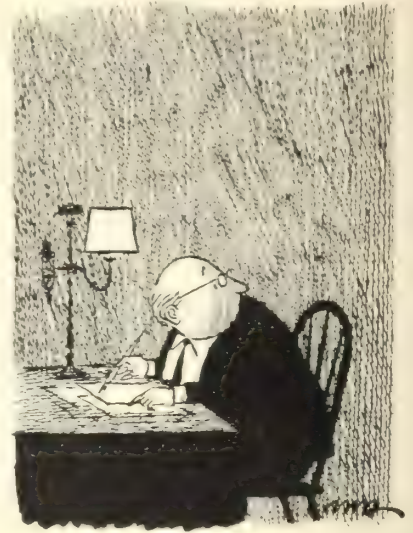
"Yes," Navasky says. "There is more strontium in the air."

While *Monocle* has been pointed at as an example of rising discontent in the so-called "silent generation," Navasky has a different explanation for his magazine's modest success:

"It is precisely the 'shoe,' 'cool,' uncommitted' character, in combination with a 'serious' interest in world

affairs, which guarantees that satire will catch on. It's a chance to grapple without engagement. Unfortunately, I think the end result is that our readers undergo an Aristotelian purging rather than a Platonic infection."

—Marvin Kitman



CAVEAT SCRIPTOR

NOW that the linguists have settled the argument between the grammarians and the people by pronouncing usage the only criterion of good English, the purist, like the horse, should have become a casualty of the scientific age. But in fact he has merely been driven underground. Although most language snobs know better than to gun openly for their prey, they have him tagged. He is, of course, the writer who can be readily spotted as a member of one of the categories—highbrow, middlebrow, or lowbrow.

To place a writer in this scale, one must first consider his taboos. None is more rigid in this regard than the lowbrow who turns out radio and TV commercials, does newspaper reporting, and appears in the mass-circulation magazines. Despite appearances to the contrary, he is intimidated by the rules of grammar. The trouble is that the only rules he remembers are those he learned in grade school where he last engaged in serious study of his own language. Thus he can split infinitives and dangle participles in happy innocence but balks at ending a sentence with a preposition. A TV man for instance comfortably says "when you need someone to whom to talk."

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He cheerfully tells us that "ten of the passengers were hospitalized but none of them was seriously injured," uttering the last sentence with special relish because it sounds wrong while conspicuously illustrating a rule (no plurals after *none*).

He speaks of "Jim and myself" because he has an uneasy feeling that something is wrong with both "Jim and I" and "Jim and me." He never uses *graduate* in the active voice nor *sure* or *near* as adverbs but he delights in cropped back-formations, such as *sculp* (*Time*), *sculpt* (*Life*), and *enthuse* (*Saturday Evening Post*).

These are anathema to the middlebrows who write articles for *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, and *The Saturday Review*, create Broadway plays and the more pensive syndicated newspaper columns. (Noel Coward, for instance, in a recent testimonial established his status in circling in red the lowbrow copywriter's *enthused* and noting in the margin "not a word.") Generally speaking, the middlebrow remained language-conscious through high school but has had little curiosity on the subject since then. He believes, for instance, that *author*, *loan*, and *host* can never be used as verbs but says cheerfully that a book is *remaindered*, money *pocketed*, or a banquet *emceed*. He never substitutes *less* for *fewer*, *over* for *more than*, *transpire* for *occur*, *advise* for *inform*, or *providing* for *provided*. He has equally baseless taboos against *different than*, *most unique*, and *only before* a verb.

The highbrow who appears in *The New Yorker* and the little magazines and writes book reviews and editorials for media below his linguistic station knows all these taboos are based on superstition and feels free to violate them. (Exceptions are *transpire* and *enthuse* for which he shares the middlebrow's horror.) Believing that usage merely reflects taste, the highbrow would gladly impose his own impeccable standards on the multitudes. But he seldom does more in this direction than set a firm and austere example. Knowing that most changes in language were caused by ignorance he is painfully aware that if he tries any linguistic experiments, other highbrows may think him ignorant rather than bold. In more gracious

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A PROPOSITION FOR WOMEN

Some unorthodox observations on the uses and misuses of female time and talent.

By Marion K. Sanders

HEROIC ISRAEL

The Legend and the Facts

Why the romantic Israelis cherished by many Israelis—and their American friends—are hurting that country—and embarrassing its more level-headed citizens.

By Sidney Hymen

AFTERNOON WITH THE SPACE PEOPLE

A report on a California conference of hygienic lunatics and their guests from Mars, Venus, and other improbable places.

By Hal Draper

STEINBERG'S AMERICA

A portfolio of new drawings by a master of visual satire.

By Saul Steinberg

less, writers could, in a pinch, desecrate for an apt word or phrase while tucking their skirts above it, by means of quotation marks. Today this form of typographic condensation is considered as gauche as an exclamation point and the writer must depend on his past reputation to carry him through breaches of linguistic taste.

Thus, for example, an established highbrow like Mary McCarthy can get away with *dis-employed* or *whereas*. But a middlebrow like James Gould Cozzens challenges the hidden power of the word-worshippers when he uses *whereas* as a noun.

The highbrow never reminisces, *because, because, or because*. Since he ignores TV, he has not had to make a decision about *televise*, *televast*, and *televague* (the last is in Webster's New International, meaning, among other things, "giving off light, like a firefly"). By a gentlemen's agreement, the highbrow avoids other middlebrow perils like *immungafal*, *know-how*, or *small*. Preferring words that are short, plain, and old, he is at war with the middlebrow's anti-Saxonist tendencies, as can be seen in the following table of equivalents:

HIGHBROW	MIDDLEBROW
after	subsequent to
before	prior to
buy	purchase
end	terminate
cry	endure
person	individual
wind	desire
now	presently
soon	momentarily
way	concourse
live	exist
one	primary

The most obvious caste mark of the writer is his attitude toward the infinitive. Super-highbrows—who are all British—are often so self-conscious that they will spit infinitives with almost as much *flair* as the lowbrow. The American highbrow also knows that this is a ridiculous taboo but he cannot bring himself to violate it except by being dishonest to violate it except by being dishonest that he has gone out of his way not to. A self-conscious highbrow may replace a whole paragraph to hide the fact that he has put himself into a corner.

The middlebrow, on the other

hand, keeps his infinitives intact at all costs. Without embarrassment he writes of "attempts already investigated improperly to influence government agencies." Indeed he seems to find a certain charm in all manner of awkward verb forms. For instance, the TV critic of the *New York Times* recently discussed "plays that searchlight have examined work" and "damage that already had been done."

Non-professional writers must usually be demoted one notch when they take pen or dictaphone in hand. For example, otherwise highbrow physicists, lawyers, and musicians love long and novel words and will use *unimpeachable knowledge* and *overall* as happily as the middlebrow writer. They have a common passion for the suffix—*wise* added to almost anything—and for strange gambits with the infinitive as, for instance, "He was reticent to take a stand but I convinced him to do so and he concluded to file for committeeman." Their favorite all-purpose word is *context*, which, all by itself, has replaced *situation*, *mental climate*, *and concept*, *environment*, and *left as a usually brain-numbing space-filler*. Theologians, sociologists and educationists adore it.

The highbrows who write about language have done more than their share to muddy the waters. Take, for example, the problem of *like* as a conjunction. Both H. L. Mencken and Bergen Evans have pointed out that it has been so used since and by Shakespeare but they never commit this sin themselves. On the other hand, Rudolf Flesch endorses, the anti-conjunction rule; but then, a few pages later, writes that graphomania is "people whose nervous systems crave the activity of putting words on paper like those of alcoholics crave liquor."

Its respectable lineage notwithstanding, the grammarians have shown such unabating hostility for the conjunctive *like* that it is now on the way out, though they have glaringly failed to rescue *as* from obsolescence to replace it. As Wilson Follett, one of the few unabashed purists left today, noted in *The Atlantic*, you can now substitute *the way for like* in "You don't know Nellie like I do" without raising any eyebrows. Our English handbooks

AFTER HOURS

taught us that this usage was moot, but as Mr. Follett demonstrates here and elsewhere in his article, one man's moot is another man's purism. In other words, usage does purify a solecism as soon as the purists have forgotten the rules against it.

Because *as* as a conjunction meaning "in the manner that"—or, in a word, "like"—is archaic, Rudolf Flesch's admonition to "write the way you talk" wouldn't mean the same thing if it were "corrected." "Write as you talk" now means "Take notes while you are talking."

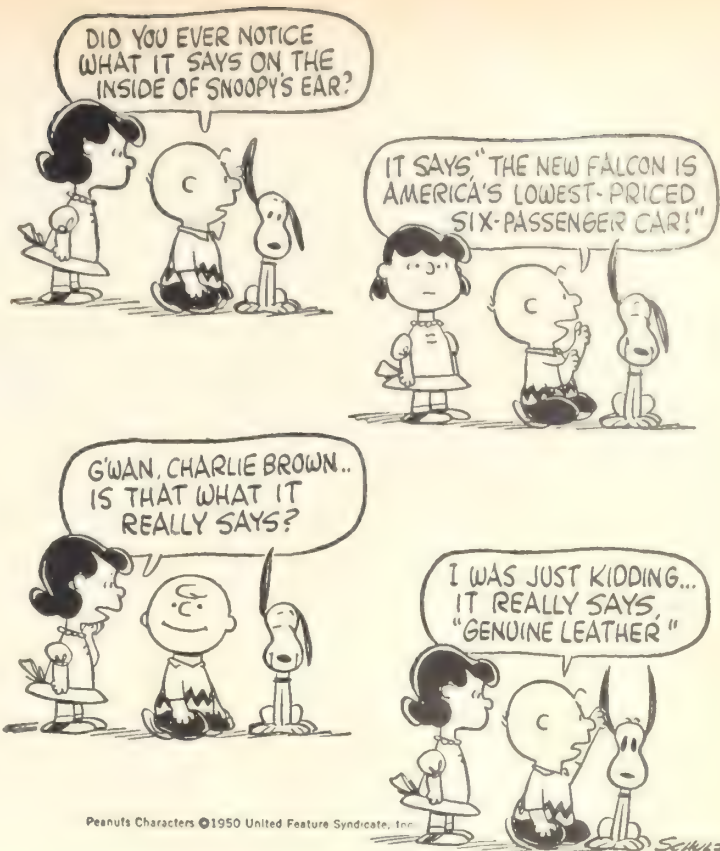
Writers who compose with high-brow casualness have absorbed this knowledge and are applying it. Diana Trilling, in an article in *Look*, asks when we have ever mobilized all our promotion skills for something or other "the way we do today." Kenneth Tynan, drama reviewer for *The New Yorker* and a *Britisher*, no less, accuses an actor of worrying a role "the way a dog worries a bone." S. N. Behrman, in the same issue of the magazine, says that Max Beerbohm felt about Ibsen "the way he felt about Shaw."

Though the *like* problem has thus been solved by substituting two words where one used to do, the middlebrows and lowbrows are giving trial spins to synonyms for *fellow* and *rival*, which have mysteriously lost their primary meanings just when they could be most serviceable in an age of togetherness and other-directedness.

Compatriot, *contemporary*, *cohort*, and *colleague* are replacing the former while the innocuous *counterpart* seems to be as far as anybody wants to go in expressing the untogetherness of the latter. A *New York Times Magazine* article spoke of "a white citizen of Atlanta and his rural *compatriots*," excluding Negroes, and I recently saw some monkeys described as *colleagues* of another monkey. Mr. Khrushchev has been called Mr. Eisenhower's *counterpart*, and *Time* introduced another contender for *rival* when it described Joseph Alsop as "a cut above his peers."

The front-runner in both categories would seem to be *cohort*. It has at least made the *New World Dictionary* (1957 edition) with its new meaning. But what hasn't?

—Ethel Strainchamps



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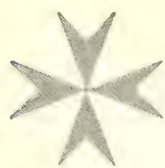
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CHRIST UNDER COMMUNISM

An Eyewitness Report on the Churches in Eastern Europe

MILTON MAYER

WE WERE walking in the woods outside a Polish town, just the two of us. I was asking the usual questions. But my companion, a Protestant pastor, was giving unusual answers:

"No, no, it is not the dictatorship; that we always had. It's the mistrust. We do not tell the truth; the whole truth, that is. Why not? Well . . . One of our Church leaders was meeting with some of us old colleagues and we were chiding him for criticizing the West but not the East, and he said, 'Would you like me to give up my post?' We all said Oh, no, we needed him precisely where he was because the authorities trust him. 'And they are right to trust me,' he said, 'and you, my friends, must let me decide how to speak—if you want me where I am. It is always a hard decision, and you must pray for me.'"

The most persistent impression that an American brings back from a visit to the churches of Eastern Europe is that of Christians who live in a world much more like Christ's than his own; a world where a Christian has to make hard de-

cisions and knows it. "It is an interesting time to be alive," my Polish friend went on, "a very dangerous time, but very interesting." I remember his words and ask myself: How would an American Christian live dangerously in our time? He would have to go out of his way and "look for trouble." The Christian under Communism doesn't have to go out of his way.

Not that he's any holier than thou. He doesn't make his hard decisions any more eagerly—or any better—than he would here. But when he makes them badly, he has a harder time not knowing it. There are time-servers, of course; men who entered the Church without vocation and study the bishop instead of the Bible. And trimmers, there as everywhere. There was an old theologian who insisted on telling me how free the press is, and a young Church official who party-lined me on the Summit Conference; but on both occasions their colleagues sat through their monologues in granite silence.

My opportunity to do something more than stare at the Communist world arose a year or so ago from a series of intimate little meetings of Eastern and Western ecclesiastics in Europe. My credentials were scandalous—a non-Christian fellow-traveler of the Quakers—but nobody bothered to throw me out of the meetings.

Whatever Brother Mayer wasn't, he was a real, live American who understood a little German; a curio in such circles. When I was invited to bring my wife and children to one Communist country after another, to live with the brethren and preach among them, I protested the inadequacy of my status, but in vain. So we went.

What we saw were Christians living lives unimaginable to the American churchgoer who lives (or thinks he lives) as he pleases and bestirs himself about the flooring for the Sunday school gym. Their world—which never was like ours—began breaking up in 1914. Now they live in a new one. This new world requires the Christian Church to collaborate in building an order professing both atheist materialism and the reform of the social conditions that the Church supported for centuries.

The Marxists have brought home to the Christians of Eastern Europe the reality of their condition. They are beginning to find out what they can—and must—do in the world and what they can't do. In Czechoslovakia I talked to a man who had just been discharged as the principal of a school for handicapped children; in the fall he would have to go back to the classroom as an ordinary teacher again.

Had this happened, I asked, solely because of his religion?

"Oh, yes," he said. "Our school authorities thought an outspoken Christian should not have the general direction of a school in a Marxist state. I said I agreed. And I do agree. I feel that the authorities are acknowledging my own view that Marxist Communism and the Social Gospel are the two real competitors in the world. Would a Communist be allowed to be a school principal in a Christian country like America?"

In an East German town there was an old pastor whose daughter, just because she was his, was not admitted to the field of university study

for which she had prepared herself. He said: "We are fewer now, but at last we know who we are and what we are here for. We begin to see what is meant by *the living Christ*. Now we are invincible."

THE ROD OF ANGER

FOOD grows dearer. Do our brothers grow dearer too? No—they freeze and starve beneath our heaven-bent feet." Thus Thomas Cranmer, "my good and gracious Canterbury," four hundred years ago. Four hundred years later a priest in Spain watched a shrine burning and said, "*The Church forgot the poor—and now the poor have forgotten the Church.*" In the intervening centuries the Reformation of the Church was accomplished and, in the process, some millions of our brothers, already freezing and starving, were burned and butchered in Christ's name.

Now comes Marxist Communism, burning and butchering just like Protestantism and Catholicism in the past. *But not in Christ's name.* This much is new. And our freezing and starving brothers? The American State Department (a conservative authority on this point) says in its bulletins that the living standard in the Communist countries "is rising slowly," "has risen slightly," "has improved a little."

Could this—this professing Anti-Christ—be the Profane Reformation, bent so terribly upon accomplishing the alteration of society as the Sacred Reformation accomplished the alteration of the Church? The Old Testament prophets abound in the possibility: *Behold the Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in his hand is mine indignation.* Could it be? There are Christians in Europe who are asking themselves if perhaps it is, and if it wasn't necessary that it come; and if it isn't here to stay and to spread wherever our brothers freeze and starve; and if the world will ever be (as perhaps it shouldn't be) the same again.

East of Pest, in Hungary, there still stands a large area of wretched barracks where the capital's unemployed lived, bred, and died. Directly across the street a large area of handsome apartment blocks is occupied by the people who once lived across the street, and they are all employed. "Between 1918 and 1938," the Communist Mayor of Banská Bystrica, in Slovakia, told us, "one hundred forty thousand out of three million Slovaks emigrated to look for work. Today we need twenty thousand more workers in this one county alone than we can find." What did the Church say to the unem-

With his family, Milton Mayer recently spent more than a year in Europe—including some time in all of the Communist countries outside the Balkans. This was his fourth extended trip to Europe since 1935. He is the author of "They Thought They Were Free: the Germans 1933-45" and is completing his autobiography, "How I Got That Way." He has lectured and preached for twenty years for the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) and was formerly on the faculty of the University of Chicago. This fall he will attend the Christian Peace Conference in Prague, temporarily vacating his chair in the second violin section of the Monterey County (California) Symphony Orchestra.

ployed in Banská or Pest between 1918 and 1938?

"Our brothers freeze and starve." "I am not a Communist, I am a Christian," says Josef Hromadka. "But I know that it is we, we Christians alone, who are responsible for Communism. We had a burden to discharge in the world, and Jesus Christ left us no room to wonder what it was. We failed. We said, and did not. And now another power has arisen to take up this burden. Remember that the Communists once were Christians. If they do not believe in a just God, whose fault is it?"

Hromadka is talking not in Princeton, where he once served so comfortably, but in Prague, where he serves, perhaps less comfortably, as dean of the Comenius Theological Faculty. All over Eastern Europe one hears the same agonized words from churchmen: "The atheists had to come to teach us the Social Gospel."

Now humility becomes a Christian—does him proud, you might say. But humiliation is something else. The humiliated Church in Eastern Europe is alien alike to the Christianity of Success and the Communism of Success. Christianity under Communism is the Christianity of Failure. It is un-American. "We reject the Crucifixion," Hitler's high priest once said. So, of course, do the Communists. The Christians of Eastern Europe are learning to accept it.

It is hard for Western Christians, proud of their innocence, to understand the abjection of their brethren in the East. "So-and-so," says a prominent American theologian of a new bishop in the East, "is a man with whom I would not shake hands"—the luxury of the guiltless. "What I want to know," says an American Christian who is fighting Communism over here, "is what they are doing over there to fight Communism. Nothing?" *Nothing.*

THE LOST PIONEERS

I SHOULD like to have had that guiltless American with me at a county conference of small-town pastors in a village in Hungary. After we had broken goulash together and discussed this and that, one of the pastors, who had been silent, spoke: "Isn't it true that in America you have many great social problems of crime, and of cultural vulgarity, and of juvenile delinquency?"

The room was very quiet. "Yes," I said.

"What I want to ask, then, is this: Do Americans who think and pray about these problems see any actual solution to them that might be

made within your social system—any way to attack them fundamentally without changing the structure of your society? You understand what I mean?"

I nodded, and sat still and thought a bit. I thought of many things—of our private property rights that maintain slums, of the legal dodges of discrimination, of the moral tone of our unassailably free press and TV, of the cost of our unsocialized medicine and drugs. Then I said:

"I think not."

"Well," he said, "that is my impression, too, but one does not know so very much about far-away places. You are the first American I have ever talked to." He went on: "And now I must say something very hard for me to say. Our social structure here has been changed fundamentally, as you know. And all these problems have been attacked with the full force of our society. As *insoluble* problems they no longer exist. I don't mean," and he smiled, "that the Communist party has found out how to eliminate original sin. These things exist, of course, but they have been checked with great success. But—" He paused, and went on: "—we pay a price for this." "I know," I said.

"Let me speak of our children. We see them being taken away from their Christian faith. The pressure on them is great, in the schools, in the press, over the radio, over television now; in the Pioneers and the after-school recreation programs and summer camps. We see we are losing them, many of them, and, in the end, without Christ—" He paused again, and went on: "At the same time we see them growing up clean and enthusiastic. Their lives are crowded with constructive activities. They are wholesome children—excuse me, I don't say more wholesome than yours in America—but *more wholesome than we were in Hungary a generation ago*. You must understand that as parents and pastors we are very happy about this. But—in the center of their being—"

I nodded, and he said, in the quiet room:

"You see the dilemma, Brother Mayer?"

TREASON VS. DOMINATION

DOES this kind of talk mean that the churches have "made peace" with the Communist regimes? Of course it does. And if this sounds sordid, or even sacrilegious, to us in our free-and-easy situation, in which war with the regime is unthinkable, we may remind ourselves that nearly all great churches have nearly always made peace with all regimes.

The question of political liberty is relatively modern in Christian casuistry anyway. Is the cure of souls to exclude the unfree? Historically the Church has been preoccupied with liberty only when it meant the religious liberty of the preoccupied denomination; it is hard to lay a finger on the anathematization of tyranny as such. The Catholic excommunication of Communists rests on atheism, not on tyranny. But last August the presiding Lutheran bishop of West Germany delivered an exegesis on Romans 13: Christians are not subject to *godless* powers that be. In effect he called upon East European believers to choose between treason and damnation. It is a call which is not likely to be answered "over there" or anywhere.

It is a call addressed by those who need not choose to those who must. One day I sat with an American official in a Communist city and listened to him talk to a local pastor. The American wanted to know what the pastor was doing to fight Communism. The pastor replied that he was not fighting anything—he was preaching the Gospel of Christ. Why did he stay in such a God-forsaken country? "Well, you see, it is my country, and who knows which country God has forsaken?" But wouldn't he rather be free? "But I am as free as I deserve to be. And besides, I am ordained as a pastor and a pastor is a shepherd. Would a shepherd be a good shepherd if he ran away from his flock?"

If the American official had been a religious man—he said he wasn't—he might have put the question differently. He might have asked why the churches in Europe fought Fascism so much more whole-heartedly than they fight Communism. The answer one hears—in both Europes—is not an easy one.

The Church as such did not fight Fascism, and of those minorities in it that did. Catholicism (in Protestant Germany) fought it sooner and better. In 1933 some of the highest heroes of the subsequent Protestant resistance in Germany sent Hitler their formal assurance of "loyal and prayerful support." They say now that they did not see then, at the beginning, that Fascism was an aberration in human history. But these same men, men like Niemöller, who discovered that a Christian could not live with Fascism, seem now to be convinced that a Christian can live with Communism. They seem to be convinced that Communism is not aberrant in human history, and that its aberrative elements are not at its center. They may be wrong.

It may be theologically shaky to suppose that Communism is compatible with the Christian

social order, but the Western Church has not yet pronounced Acts 4:34-35 theologically shaky: "... and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." And if voluntary Communism is not at all the same thing as the present coercion, why, the coercers have no objection to voluntary Communism. But Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* cried out for social justice seventy years ago, and wherever social justice came, and in whatever degree it came, it came without much benefit of clergy. The German Confessional Church, in its first synod after Hitler's fall, took upon itself the blame for his rise:

"We erred in overlooking the fact that the economic doctrines of Marxism should have reminded us of our duties toward our flock in regard to their social needs in this world. We have failed to make the cause of the poor and the outcasts the concern of Christians according to the coming Kingdom of God." That was said in 1946.

"*They freeze and starve beneath our heaven-bent feet.*" That was 1556.

THE RARE BOLD BISHOP

DOES the State control the Church?" is a strictly American question. In the rest of the world it has usually controlled the Church and has often been the Church. But what is control? We Americans are incredulous to hear that in all the Communist countries—excepting the U.S.S.R.—religious instruction is given in the public schools at public expense by a pastor of the child's own faith. But it always was. Until the end of the first world war it was compulsory. Now the State does what little it can—*here is the totalitarian dictatorship doing what little it can*—to discourage it. Written application by both parents is required, so that the father has, in effect, to declare himself a Christian.

In two areas, finance and elementary education, the Communist State exercises direct control. No parochial or other private school is permitted as a substitute for public education. (Sunday school is unaffected, and the denominations still have their seminaries, radically reduced in number.) Non-church property of the Church is of course socialized; the Prince Primate Mindszenty of Hungary represents the largest pre-Communist landowner in that land-starved country, the Roman Catholic Church. So the Church—national Protestantism more than international Catholicism—is poor now. And since Marxism has a worse opinion of faith

than of reason, a pastor is worse paid than a teacher.

But churches are repaired and restored, and even improved and enlarged, with financial assistance from the atheist regime. And the pastor is paid and pensioned by the atheist regime. This is nothing new, but the Church as a kind of public property and the pastor as a kind of civil servant are more clearly identified now. Our own churchgoers may assume that as such they have no direct connection with the State; but our courts have held uniformly that tax exemption is a *quid pro quo* for special service to the general welfare. So, too, in pre-Communist, non-Communist, and Communist Europe.

In practice, there is, of course, an immense difference between the two worlds. When the State of California required an anti-Communist oath of its 12,000 churches on pain of taxation, 11,988 of them took the oath in spite of the fact that all of the leading national governing bodies of Protestantism denounced it. If a Communist government required an anti-capitalist oath of its churches on pain of worse than taxation, it is possible that twelve more out of every 12,000 would take it there than took it here. And the central denominational authorities would not denounce it. (Nor would there be an independent Supreme Court to strike it down.)

By contrast the Eastern (and most of the Western) European denominations are rigidly centralized in authority, despite the long struggle of the liberals to "build on the parish." The bishops rule the Church and they are appointed (as they always were) with government approval—and sometimes retired under government pressure. An actual Marxist is no more likely to be in Church office there than here. But there, as here, the bishops are loyal citizens; an American hierarch who gave aid and comfort to the national enemy would not long remain a hierarch; or a Polish, Czech, or Hungarian.

A bold bishop is rare in Communist countries, rarer than here (in the North); and a bold pastor rarer still. But so it always was. And boldness takes different forms in different worlds. To invite a non-Communist American to preach from the bishop's pulpit is probably bold in Budapest, and I've seen it happen.

The Church Temporal, there as here, is not very bold, but it is the one institution to which the totalitarian dictatorship is unable to dictate totally. Unable—and peculiarly unwilling. Unwilling, because the Nazis tried, first covertly, then openly, to control the Church in Germany; and the dirtiest word by far in the

Communist lexicon is "Nazi." This generally unobserved fact tends to mollify the Communist government's relations with the Church and, indeed, with all of its citizens and institutions.

By 1921 there was not a single church left in the Soviet Union. Religion had been exterminated, with the League of the Militant Godless as the Party's spearhead. Today the League is dead and the exterminated Church is alive. Its destruction failed as nothing else the Communists have ever undertaken. The hard fact of coexistence has been forced on the Party—whose hope, I suppose, like that of all coexisters, is to coexist the enemy to death.

The lesson of the Mother Country is not lost on the daughters: there are too many people in these anciently religious lands whom the Church can reach in a way that the State can not. So there is no hot war against the Church anywhere now. Shrines and cemeteries are undesecrated (although hoodlumism, including anti-Semitic hoodlumism, can still be found, there as here, by looking for it). Whoever wants badly enough to be a Christian is a Christian, and survives.

"Who are they?" I said to the pastor of a crowded congregation on a Sunday morning. "Some," he said, "come because they have always come. Some because their wives or sweethearts come, but fewer of these now. Some only because—this is always strange, isn't it?—they want their children to come. All these you know in your own country—nominal Christians. But their proportion falls.

"Certainly more than half who come in the larger towns now know exactly what they want, and they know the price. There are very few actual opportunists left, except," with a smile, "among us porkchoppers, as you call us. Nobody can come to church any more because it is a good place to make social or business contacts. Not even a funeral director, much less a dentist or an insurance salesman, and," with another smile, "not a candidate for public office, oh, no."

THE DROP AND THE STONE

THE East European churches lost so many members during and after the war that they were bound to grow again in numbers. But the growth persists. And Protestant church attendance is over 20 per cent of the membership in the Communist countries and 5 per cent in Christian Democratic West Germany. More important, the age level in the Eastern churches is falling—"fast," the elders of the Prague-Nusle Presbyterian Church told me. Maybe young

people—they study the Sociology of Religion in the upper schools—are induced by dialectical curiosity to have a whiff of the old opium. Or maybe man does not live by spiring production figures alone.

The heaviest loss in the Catholic-majority countries is sustained by the Catholic Church. Early Communism, like Early Christianity, is addressed to what Adam Smith, in the concisest of all social characterizations, called "the laboring poor," and the laboring poor in these poor countries are preponderantly Catholic (Orthodox in Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria). No Communist regime makes a formal distinction among the confessions, but in practice Protestantism has a much easier time than the majority church. The minority churches are natural repositories of political liberalism anyway—not that Admirabilissimo Horthy of Hungary wasn't a Calvinist—and the Protestant addiction to worldly progress is a natural ally of social change. (The Czech Communists, too, claim Huss.) And there is one political evil with which Catholicism will make no concordat: political atheism.

Protestant East Germany is singular. Its advanced economy and its Church were once one with the West. It is a conquered and occupied country. And it is German; where common cause has submerged confessional differences elsewhere, even between Lutheran and Reformed, "Teutonic" inflexibility still bedevils the East German Church and its relations with the regime—and with the Russians behind the regime. There are Russians who believe that the only good German is a German Communist with a Russian soldier on each arm.

What Communism says and does about the Church, and how Communists *feel* about the Church are not necessarily the same thing. We were received, in the company of some pastors, by a Slovak Communist official. "In the 1944 uprising against the Nazis," he said, "many of our Christian brethren here," and he motioned around the room, "were with us. We wish they were with us now."

"He said 'brethren,'" I said to one of the brethren afterward. "Yes," said the brother, "he is not against us and he is not with us. He is genuinely sorry about this. Many of the Communist leaders are more tolerant than Lenin would have thought possible." And the *New York Times* quotes a Communist party central committee member in Poland as saying, "What kind of party is it when half our members sneak off to church every Sunday?" In the "tougher" countries it isn't a half, or a fourth, but there

might be a few who do and a few more who might if only . . .

Total defeat in the Soviet Union, tolerance in the ideological ranks, the dread of looking like Nazis—no wonder Communist control of the Church is restrained. Steady pressure—the drop that wears away the stone—is the contemporary substitute. But what say the political geologists when there are millions who believe that the stone in this case is the Rock which will not wear away?

The Party newspapers have titles like, "Do You Want Your Child To Lose His Soul?" He will lose it, it turns out, in the church; another drop on the stone. In backward areas the pressures are more persistent because of what Trotsky called "the anti-collective skull" of the peasantry; so year after year permission to build a rural church may be delayed; another drop on the stone. Last summer the drop suddenly fell at shorter intervals in one distinctly unbackward country: more difficulty in obtaining temporary exit permits here; reduced publication facilities there (because, of course, of material shortages); an outburst in the Party press somewhere else. Old issues were reopened and Church leaders tied up in interminable negotiations. Was it a pattern? No one was sure. If it was, did it mean that the Party was turning to the "Church problem" in earnest? No one was sure. The only thing known for sure is that international tension is immediately reflected in domestic pressure.

The situation of the Christian under Communism (the Marxists would say the "objective situation") is of course always subjective. And it is never the same from day to day, or from country to country, or even from town to town. We Americans may mesmerize ourselves with the image of the monstrous monolith which moves only to crush. But there seems to be just as much improvisation in the "slave" world as there is in the "free." I have met some doctrinaire Communists—but never in the bureaucracy of a Communist country. The pressures ebb and flow. Where it all will end—to use Wolcott Gibbs' expression in the right place—knows God!

THE SURVIVAL OF TOY BALLOONS

THE conditions of Christian survival under Communism are not ideal. What is marvelous is that they exist at all. They exist because the Church has proved to be indestructible—at least by Communism. But the indestructible institution is only tolerated. It has

got to prove, not merely that it is harmless but that it is *worthy* to exist. Its God-given right does not signify among the godless. It has got to purge itself of its history in so far as its history ranges it alongside exploitation or private profit. (The Marxists don't distinguish them.) But abjuration is not enough. It has got to prove its utility to the new order, and to do so weekdays, not just say so Sundays.

This means that so long as the Cold War lasts the Church under Communism must demonstrate its independence of those institutions, sacred and secular, which represent or even accept the Western political position. This is why those seamlessly international organizations whose power centers are in the West have special difficulty—Roman Catholicism, Judaism, and, for that matter, Rotary and the Red Cross. This is why the adherence of the East European churches to the World Council of Churches—which was cheering John Foster Dulles a decade ago—is beset with intricacies.

By identifying religion with capitalism, Marxism has driven its two enemies closer together in the West than they were a half-century ago when Industrial democracy and the awakening Social Gospel were beginning to drive a wedge between the two. The Church is guilty by association. And the Marxists point to Adenauer Germany—not to Franco Spain, which is an old story—as the full-blown reality of the association. Bedfellows make strange politics; the Christian Democratic government of the German Federal Republic is surrounded by Nazis because it works within the system of the Krupps and has to take what it finds there.

The Church in Eastern Europe must not be supposed to have chosen its situation. As Communism spread after the war, the historical doctrine of "withdrawal" asserted itself, with great force in Eastern Christendom: the relegation of spiritual life to another world and the surrender of this world's concerns to the State. But this Erastianism—which had served the old order so wonderfully well—was precisely what the new would not tolerate. Like all other institutions, whatever their pretensions, the Church, whatever its, would have to serve the reconstruction of society. "If ye refuse and rebel," the Lord God Jehovah once told the Church, "ye shall be devoured with the sword." Now the Ministry of Culture was saying it.

In this country the National Council of Churches in Christ is currently under attack because it maintains that the churches should "study and comment upon issues, whether po-

litical, economic, or social, which affect human relations." The attack is supported by economic—and in some areas military and racial—rightists who hold, in the words of J. Howard P., former president of the Sun Oil Company, that "the churches should stick to ecclesiastical subjects." The head of one of the attacking groups, the Circuit Riders, says that "the National Council and its program addresses itself in the main to the grievances and the animal appetites of man. The program goes under the fancy title of 'Social Gospel.' We are for a minister speaking out on any issues except the promotion of Socialism, Communism, or pro-Communist activities."

The issue then, here as in Eastern Europe, is not in the least between "fundamentalist" and "modernist" interpretation of Scripture, as is sometimes said. It is between Christians who want the Social Gospel preached and those who want it unpreached. Marxism, addressing itself to "the grievances and the animal appetites of man," willy-nilly bolstered that very small element in the East European churches which maintained that man lives by bread; not by bread alone, but by bread. After ten years of Communist rule, this element is clearly dominant in East European Christendom. The "quietists"—they still exist, and no doubt in a numerical majority—are disappearing from Church office.

If the Church in Eastern Europe can demonstrate that it accepts the Christian—the Communists would call it the Communist—mission in the social order, there is no insuperable reason to suppose that it will not be allowed to have its Christ, too. Marxism does not oppose toy balloons *per se*, and second-generation Communism does not have to attack on every front at once. But let the Church make a move on behalf of the old order—or even hanker to out loud—and the attack will be on again. There may be Westerners who want to see just this happen. It won't.

HIROSHIMA IN PRAGUE

WHAT can a Western Christian do to strengthen the hand of the Church within—not against—the Communist society? Not much. "Only to imagine us and our world—as it was and as it is—is all we ask of our Western brethren," an Orthodox Rumanian said to me. "And if imagination fails them, then they must love us in our common faith and not consign us to outer darkness."

"To the people here we Christians are capital-

ist stooges"—I am translating very freely now from a Czech Brethren pastor—"and to the people in the West we are Communist stooges. And we *are* stooges. We try to understand what Christ absolutely requires of us in our situation. But beyond that—well, if you say we are being 'used,' we can say Yes to that. We know we were sent here to be used. We know that we are not pure."

I was instantly reminded of an American I had heard about who was selling quantities of forbidden PX food to Germans, at cost, after the war. He wasn't sure he should, and he took his moral problem to Eva Hermann, the German Quaker heroine. Her only response was, "Oh, to be able to afford an American conscience."

What can a Western Christian do? Nothing, if à la Cold War, he requires a political declaration as a condition of religious association. His brethren in the East will not join his anti-Communist crusade or concede that the Christian witness is adequately represented by American foreign policy. Western insistence upon a political bill of health can only mean a complete division of Christendom in the end. Those Western churchmen who view the prospect equably should remember that More and Erasmus wanted reform and found Reformation thrust upon them.

The Western Christian may simply cross to the other side of the street. And that, in the main, is what he has done. In 1958 the first Christian Peace Conference was held in Prague. There were four Westerners present, all German Lutherans. A year later there was a strong delegation from West Germany and a good scattering from the rest of Western Europe—and two Americans, a young Mennonite and a representative of the American Friends Service Committee.

"These people are still in the World Council," says one prominent American, explaining his absence from Prague. "If they really mean their irenics, let them work inside the Council. The fact is that the Communists won't let them. If the Eastern churches want to have a conference, they have to have it in the East, where the Communists can control it."

The agenda of last year's Prague Conference called for a day of world penitence and prayer on the anniversary of Hiroshima. Some of the Western delegates expressed concern lest such a call, coming out of Prague, be badly received in the West and especially in the United States. Their concern was ventilated in a general session and Professor Hans Joachim Iwand of Bonn

was named chairman of the drafting commission. As the call was adopted—with two dissenting votes, of West Germans who felt that the guilt of Hiroshima was theirs alone—it read as follows:

. . . The atom bomb of Hiroshima . . . lit up in a flash the road of Christendom. . . . All of us share the guilt. . . . We have not loved Him Whom God loved so much. Being of little faith we have thought that weapons and human power were our help. . . . The bomb . . . has become a summons. . . .

When, therefore, we come together with our congregation and churches on the day of Hiroshima this year to hold a service of penitence and prayer, we ask all of you, both in East and in West, and all over the world, not to withhold your communion from us. Let us stand together before God as His children and make a new beginning through His forgiveness. . . .

Thus the peace conference in Prague, "where the Communists can control it."*

The Hiroshima day of repentance and prayer was very widely observed in Europe last summer, East and West. It was very widely unobserved in America, and the Prague Conference itself was very widely ignored in the American press, secular *and* religious. An American Christian might have noted, had he had the chance, that the conference message to the heads of state was addressed, in Khrushchev's case, "in profound Christian responsibility," and in Eisenhower's, "in the unity of our Christian faith."

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CADILLACS

BLOW the winds hot, blow the winds cold, the rock-bottom irreconcilability of the Communist and Christian faiths remains. Accommodation on the economic order is not impossible: Bible Communism is older than anti-Bible Communism and no less fanatical, as witness the fate of Ananias and his wife, the first Christians who tried to practice a little capitalism on the side. Nor can the two parties quarrel *very* bitterly on the question of violence. What stands between them is not practice, but belief as to the genesis, nature, and destiny of man.

Here we have Christianity's helplessness and

* The English-language translation of the proceedings in full of the two Prague conferences, under the titles, *Task and Witness* and *Elige Vitam*, may be obtained from the Ecumenical Council of Churches in Czechoslovakia, Jungmannova 9, Prague 2.

Communism's do-it-yourself, Christianity's dependence and Communism's tumescent pride in the unaided power of the featherless biped. Communism, says William Hordern, is hateful to us because it has dragged the skeleton from the closet of Western culture: the Christian peoples worship the works of their hands as whole-heartedly as the Marxists. An eminent American scientist complains that "Two years after the first Sputnik, Western peoples and institutions remain subservient to ancient elements of deflated divine revelation." The Communists have been deflating divine revelation for *forty-two* years, but there are Eastern peoples who still believe in God.

Faith paralyzed by faithlessness seems to be galvanized by opposing faith. In Communist Europe the Party militant and triumphant and the Church stripped and humiliated stand face to face. They are alone in the arena. "Everything else"—it wasn't a Christian who said this, but a Communist—"is finished." I did not meet a Communist or a Christian who wasn't alive to the fact; earnestly, rather than joyously, alive in that northern world whose hallmark is earnestness anyway.

It is a long-term struggle; both sides see it that way now, even in the U. S. S. R. But one side always saw it that way, and there lies its advantage. The Communists are no less adept at

the arts of attrition than the capitalists. But the battlefield here is crepuscular, and you can't get a man with a gun. We shall see if the Profane Reformation can be informed by a Church which has either its faith or nothing. We shall see what Christianity can do without Cadillacs.

A Lutheran archbishop in the East (there are some) said: "Like Marxism, Christianity believes in the New Man, though we differ as to the manner of his coming to be. Like the Marxist, too, the Christian lives for the future and is willing to sacrifice, so to say, consumer goods for producer goods. To say, as some of our Western friends say, 'If I had nothing, I'd live for the future, too,' is one way to say it. But another way to say it is that people who live for the future have something to live for."

Before I left Eastern Europe, I asked an elder, and a very old elder, what the Church in the West can contribute to our time.

"I do not know the West," he said, "but I know that there, as here, all Christians sing the hymn, 'In Christ There Is No East or West.' So I shall simply say what I think the Church, West and East, can contribute. If the trouble of the world is too deep and too desperate for self-interested negotiation, then there is something left which neither capitalism nor Communism offers, but only the Church: brotherhood. But the Church must learn before it can teach."

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER

FOR A SENIOR COLLEGE TEXTBOOK

DON'T read odes, boy, timetables
Are more exact. Unroll the sea-charts
Before it is too late. Be on your guard. Don't sing.
The day will come when they paste upon the door
New blacklists and brand their mark on those who answer no.
Learn to pass unrecognized, to change quarters,
Identity and face: you'll need to more than I did.
Become adept at minor treason.
The sordid daily escape. The encyclicals
Will do to make a fire, manifestoes
To wrap up butter and salt
For the defenseless. Anger and endurance
Are necessary to blow into the lungs of power
The deadly powder, ground fine
By such as you who have learnt much
And are fastidious in their ways.

Translated by Eva Hesse

GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

THE YEAR ST. LOUIS ENCHANTED THE WORLD

Almost sixty years ago "the worst-governed city in the land" lobbied the world into building a dream on the banks of the Mississippi. Henry Adams called it a "marvelous phantasm." Probably no city has ever thrown such a spectacular party and had less of a hangover.

AS HIS Pullman rolled westward in January 1890, Missouri's Governor David R. Francis smoldered with wrath. At the head of a delegation he had gone to Washington to urge upon the Senate Committee on World's Fairs the claims of St. Louis to be the site of the World's Columbian Exposition. And he had been beaten.

A sinister cabal, in which Senator Thomas Platt of New York collaborated with a bunch of blowhards from Illinois, had awarded the prize to Chicago. Now it was announced that the greatest world's fair ever would be displayed on the shore of Lake Michigan in the summer of 1893. The whole thing, to Francis, was intolerable. St. Louis had had its face rubbed in the mud. By God, something would be done about this.

He had to wait fourteen years but in the end he had his way: the Louisiana Purchase Universal Exposition held in St. Louis in 1904. Francis wanted to drown the memory of Chicago '93. He desperately wanted St. Louis to be the biggest and best, the greatest and grandest. In some respects the reality surpassed his dream.

Francis was a hustler. Coming from a small Kentucky town, he had started life in St. Louis as a shipping clerk. He got into the grain commission business, made money, and then married

some more. He was in turn Mayor, Governor, and Secretary of the Interior. (Later he was Ambassador to Russia during the 1917 Revolution.) He relished after-dinner speeches and orating. When the group picture was taken, he liked to be in the middle. He wore a stand-up collar, liked high-class bourbon, and chewed hard on a cigar. Some people didn't care for all this and said that Francis was nothing but a Big I Am. They didn't know that fate had reserved Francis for the privilege of being the successful boss of a world's fair.

Such a boss must be a man of boundless confidence and brass, who can command and cajole. He must also appreciate the dreams of childhood. For an international exposition is the only place on earth where, for a brief season, these dreams are realized. There may be turmoil, throat-cutting, and politicking behind the scenes, but outwardly it is a different matter. The golden palaces, the magnificent distances, the cloud-capped towers, the martial music, the pomp . . . all the things that are impossible in the everyday life of mankind are realized for a brief summer. Right in the middle of David Francis was this dream. He made other people see it and willingly toil through days and nights to make it come to pass.

Scarcely had preparations for the fair got under way when a journalistic bomb startled the country. "St. Louis, the fourth city in the country, is making two announcements to the world," declared *McClure's Magazine* for October 1902. "One, that it is the worst-governed city in the land; the other, that it wishes all men to come there for the world's fair and see it."

Through pure chance Lincoln Steffens, the

muckraking editor of *McClure's*, had come to St. Louis, looking for a story. He found it in the city's corruption. St. Louis had once had a haughty civic pride, as the Athens of the West and the trans-Mississippi metropolis. Those days were no more. The Civil War had crippled the city's trade and allowed Chicago to become what St. Louis had hoped to be, the rail center of the world.

For a generation desperate efforts were made "to catch up with Chicago," but in the 'nineties St. Louis gave it up, let politics go to hell, and settled down to make money. In the decade between 1890 and 1900 St. Louis produced sixty millionaires and saw its public services go to ruin. The city water was undrinkable; the city streets were strewn with craters where paving scandals had done their worst; the city hospital was an unfinished scarecrow, a monument to thievery.

The central figure in this landscape was the Democratic party boss, "Colonel" Edward Butler. With his \$1,200 diamond stickpin and his derby hat, worn indoors and out, Butler was in the classic tradition of the Irish immigrant who rose to wealth and then grew careless. Just at the turn of the century he permitted the election of one Joseph Folk as Circuit Attorney.

Folk was by temperament a prosecutor and was disinclined to be scared. When the first chance came, to the astonishment of Butler, Folk struck. Subpoenas to appear before the grand jury were shoveled out. By a combination of threats, bluff, and brass, Folk got confessions right and left. St. Louis capitalists and politicians were terrified. Some fled the country and stayed away for years. Some came back, threw themselves on Folk's mercy and turned state's evidence.

St. Louis simmered in excitement. In the west end the greatest world's fair in history was being put together. Downtown not a day passed without a fresh sensation from the Circuit Attorney's office. Colonel Butler, to be sure, remained serene. Twice convicted of bribery, the higher courts reversed the convictions.

The circulation of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* soared. (On the afternoon of November 5, 1902, a single *Post-Dispatch* newsboy

sold 1,006 copies of the paper.) Through Folk's efforts, St. Louis was being purged of its sins. Through the efforts of David R. Francis, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was getting ready.

DRAGNET FOR DOLLARS

A WORLD'S fair costs a lot of money and how to get the money is a problem, but Francis and his friends had a plan:

First, \$5 million (the big dollars of sixty years ago) would be raised by subscription. This would be the capital of the exposition corporation. It was raised.

Next, the city would vote a bond issue for the fair of \$5 million more. This would require both a state-wide and municipal referendum. Colonel Butler was favorable and the measure went through. Was Butler paid for it? History is silent, but, in general, Francis never seems to have had much difficulty in recognizing a Gordian knot when he saw one.

Finally, the backers would go to Congress and ask for a federal appropriation of \$5 million more. This was done. Now, despite the fact that, as I pointed out last month, the French and Americans surpass all others in the management of world's fairs, the United States government has

"Five miles west of the Mississippi was an immense tract called Forest Park. . . ." (Photographs, the Missouri Historical Society)



always been skeptical and niggardly about them. Even Franklin Roosevelt vetoed a \$5 million appropriation for the New York World's Fair of 1939 and limited the federal contribution to \$3 million. The one exception was St. Louis 1904.

Congressman Burkett of Nebraska railed at the House in a frenzy: "They [the St. Louisans] have taken nation after nation, and state after state, by the very throat as it were, and dragged them into the proposition from the beginning. No such gigantic scheme of promotion has ever been undertaken. They have been lobbying the *world* in the interest of this exposition."

Useless complaint. First, St. Louis got the five-million appropriation. (When Francis came home afterward, a civic parade went down to the Union Station to greet him.) Then Francis kept on coming back and back for more money. It seemed as though the federal government in all its branches was putty in the hands of the St. Louis lobby. In all, the United States government put out \$11,179,000, an astronomical figure that stood unchallenged until Brussels 1958.

Having determined to surpass every precedent, the St. Louis promoters took on the states. For a state to erect a pavilion at a world's fair means that the legislature must appropriate the money. The St. Louisans canvassed the Union for two years. Half of Francis' time was spent on the road, exhorting. There wasn't a convention of any kind that didn't have a Louisiana Purchase promoter trying to get on the program.

The instant that the Presidential proclamation (following the federal appropriation) was issued, declaring that "in the name of the Government and of the People of the United States, I do hereby invite all the Nations of the Earth to take part in the Commemoration of the Purchase of the Louisiana Territory," the foreign gong sounded. St. Louis agents were on their way to lobby the world. Not only foreign governments, but foreign manufacturers had to be persuaded to exhibit. Museum directors had to be soft-soaped. Bands had to be hired. Foreign celebrities had to be invited to St. Louis and got there, by hook or crook. (The Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, provoked a sensation in St. Louis be-

cause he smoked cigarettes instead of cigars.)

Agents were busy in Johannesburg, Auckland, Ottawa, Colombo, Peking, and Buenos Aires. (They didn't have to work very hard in Rio de Janeiro or Tokyo because, as usual, the Japanese and the Brazilians were among the first to sign up.) Adolphus Busch, the boss of Anheuser-Busch, lobbied Germany with great success. Florence Hayward, a spinster in pince-nez who esteemed herself as the Queen of the Muses in St. Louis, went to London and lobbied Queen Alexandra. Francis went to Europe and inside of nineteen days met and high-pressured King Edward VII, the French President, the Kaiser, and Leopold of Belgium. When he sailed for home the *Post-Dispatch* ran a cartoon of the Statue of Liberty frantically waving her torch and shrieking: "He's coming!"

William Marion Reedy, the publisher of the weekly *Mirror*, was hard to satisfy. "In after years," he said in 1902, "we shall see organizations of citizens placing a memorial tablet on the spot where David R. Francis was *not* photographed."

The *Post-Dispatch* rolled in catnip. They took up collections to buy silver loving cups for both Francis and Circuit Attorney Folk. On weekdays the paper recited the horrors that Folk uncovered. On Sundays they enthusiastically totted up the progress on the fair. The first report of Folk's Grand Jury had been "almost too appalling for belief." Furthermore, what's the city going to do about the water supply? Are world's fair visitors to drink Mississippi mud? What about the paving? What about new hotels?

WHAT DAZZLED HENRY ADAMS

ON THE edge of the city, five miles west of the Mississippi, was an immense tract called Forest Park. The undeveloped portion of it was taken over as an exposition ground. To it was added leased land until the promoters had at their disposal some 1,260 acres, more than any international exposition before or since has had.

The determination to rival and surpass Chicago '93 was apparent from the start. At Chicago, for the first time in world's fair history, water had been made a part of the design. There the great basin of the Court of Honor had been much admired. At St. Louis the problem was how to take over the idea of a central lagoon and go it one better. The lay of the land provided the inspiration. At one point the level ground rose abruptly in a wide semicircular hump. This hump was used as the focal point, and from its crest a series of cascades was made to descend, in

George R. Leighton explored many fascinating books, characters, and byways to reconstruct the story of the St. Louis exposition, which will be part of his forthcoming history of world's fairs. Former associate editor of "Harper's" and author of many books and articles on the United States, Mr. Leighton is now consultant to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

sculptured basins, to the lagoon. When, at twilight, the concealed lights of the cascades came on, the effect was enchanting.

On top of the crest was a colossal colonnade which framed allegorical figures in heroic size representing the fourteen states and territories carved out of the Louisiana Purchase. The colonnade was broken at mid-point, on the crest, by an immense circular auditorium. On the dome of this rotunda was placed as an Olympic Games gesture Evelyn Longman's statue of the victorious athlete. (This sculpture has been imitated, in miniature, by the manufacturers of athletic trophies down to this day.)

From the dead center of the auditorium radii were drawn as street lines so that, if you stood at the top of the cascades, you saw beneath you a series of broad avenues, spread out like an enormous fan. The central radius bisected the main lagoon. This lagoon, through connecting canals, blocked in the main portion of the fair.

Facing these avenues and waterways were twelve huge structures, the principal "palaces," bedecked with four-horse chariots and Corinthian columns. To the south of this layout was a sort of plateau about which were scattered forty-five pavilions erected by American states and cities. (The ambitions of the State of Iowa—"richest farm land in the world, highest standard of literacy in the Union"—resulted in a structure so splendid that visitors from the Tall Corn were insufferable in their pride.) To the west were thirty-one pavilions put up by foreign nations, including the elaborate French reproduction of the Grand Trianon and the German copy of the palace at Charlottenburg. To the north was a broad brick boulevard—"The Pike"—faced on either side by the amusement concessions. (A place was set apart for Little Egypt, but it turned out that Jim Key, the educated horse, outdrew her in gate receipts, ten to one.) Elsewhere within the enormous acreage were the stadium—for the Olympic Games of 1904—and scores of other structures. The whole was imposingly landscaped, tied together with an intramural railway, and "adorned" with more than a thousand pieces of sculpture.



*Out of the flat land of Forest Park rose the Tyrolean Alps.
"The beer was first-class and the bands were wonderful."*

Even that know-all, Henry Adams, so absorbed in Chartres, the Virgin, and the Dynamo, was dazzled at St. Louis. He had been supercilious about the Paris Exposition of 1867; he had softened up a little at Chicago in 1893 and at the Paris Exposition of 1900. St. Louis swept him off his feet. "The world had never seen so marvelous a phantasm," he wrote; "by night Arabia's crimson sands had never returned a glow half so astonishing, as one wandered among long lines of white palaces, exquisitely lighted by thousands on thousands of electric candles, soft, rich, shadowy, palpable in their sensuous depths."

When it came to getting their money's worth, Francis and his associates were ruthless. The architect Cass Gilbert (later he designed the Woolworth Tower in New York) became dissatisfied and threatened to sue; he was told to go ahead and sue. He didn't; he settled. When the director of sculpture became hoity-toity he was fired out of hand and Karl Bitter was sent for. Bitter was an old hand at world's fairs and knew exactly what to do. (His equestrian "Standard Bearers" at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901 had been declared "the finest pieces of exposition sculpture ever executed.") Bitter was told to go the limit *but make the money last*.



"Open, ye gates," cried Francis to the multitude on Opening Day.

He did. At Weehawken, New Jersey, near the New York City Forty-second Street Ferry, Bitter hired an Erie Railroad roundhouse. The sculptors were directed to deliver their scale models at the roundhouse, where skilled workmen, under Bitter's supervision, blew them up in staff (reinforced plaster of Paris) to life or colossal size. Trains of flatcars bore the huge plaster shapes across the country to St. Louis, rousing wonder and amazement at every railroad crossing.

There was no architectural crisis at St. Louis. At Chicago in '93 the "new architecture" of Louis Sullivan had been strangled to make a classic holiday. The Chicago style, which set the mode for world's fairs until the Paris Exposition of 1925, was accepted readily. Chicago '93 had colonnades; St. Louis would have more and better colonnades. It was as simple as that.

Yes, bigger and better; greater and grander; but when you looked at those 1,260 acres, make the money last! The nurserymen and the gardeners hewed to the line. For full-grown trees the silver maple alone was used. For flowers, it was decided that geraniums and scarlet sage would last longest. Exotics would be confined to the horticultural building.

Yet, stay! There must be some horticultural feature of a sort never seen before. This was the floral clock. The dial of the clock, 112 feet in

diameter, was a mosaic of bedded plants. The mechanical clockworks were concealed in a subterranean vault and "the tones of its striking bell, which weighed 7,000 pounds, penetrated melodiously for miles."

To counteract dilatory tactics of exhibitors, the St. Louis promoters arranged with the jury of awards to grant an exhibitor an initial credit of 10 per cent if the exhibit was dressed and in place on opening day. They signed up 428 conventions and congresses. They wanted three attractions above all: the 1904 Olympic Games and both the Presidential nominating conventions. They got the Games and the Democrats, but Chicago outbid them for the Republicans. The best St. Louis could do was to arrange for special trains to bring on the Republican delegates when the Chicago conclave was over.

Presently it became clear to the promoters that 1,260 acres couldn't possibly be ready by 1903, the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase. Their lobbying skill did not desert them. Through some sleight of hand Secretary of State Hay was induced to tell Congress that more time would be needed in order to allow foreign nations to expand their plans. Francis "reluctantly" endorsed the proposal, saying that "we are in continuous receipt of expressions from remote countries manifesting desires to participate in the Exposition if more time could be had for preparation!"

Mr. Reedy of the *Mirror* was not deceived. The trouble was Francis and "his ambition to be the whole thing. He is a wonderful worker, but no man living can do as many things as he tries to do all at once."

WHY TEDDY HAD TO SHAVE HIMSELF

TO FRANCIS the year's delay was a double break. Opening day was fixed by agreement with the government for April 30, 1904. Dedication Day could be a year earlier. With American world's fairs Dedication Day is a crucial time. Its purpose is to demonstrate that the plans and publicity are not hot air. At Chicago, on Dedication Day, the managers had to b

content with Vice President Morton as the principal guest. Francis had President Theodore Roosevelt and former President Cleveland. The great plans were elaborately detailed. But there was trouble just the same.

For the dedication procession there were to be 12,000 troops—1,000 from the Army and the rest from National Guard regiments. New York Cavalry Squadron A (whose membership represented no less than \$40 million) brought its blooded mounts in a special train of horse cars. Twenty-six foreign representatives were at the Planters Hotel with Sr. Manuel Aspiroz, Mexican Minister and dean of the diplomatic corps, getting first choice of accommodations. By the train-load the visitors poured in.

Then the city came apart at the seams. Governor Odell of New York had been given \$50,000 by his legislature to make sure that the Empire State did things in style. But there was no one at the Union Station to meet him. President Roosevelt's valet, Delaney, got lost and the Chief Executive had to shave himself. The wife of Governor Peabody was charged \$15 by a cab driver to take her to the exposition grounds. (The Colorado papers didn't let Francis forget it, either.)

But the most dazed man in St. Louis was the new French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand. Former Senator Thurston of Nebraska delivered M. Jusserand's invitation in person. When asked whether the address should be delivered in French or English, Thurston replied: "It doesn't matter. The hall where you will speak is of such dimensions that, whatever the power of your voice, you will not be heard." Why, then, asked the Ambassador, speak at all? "You are a new-comer," said Thurston cheerfully, "but you will not be long in observing that we Americans love to be in a place where speeches are being made."

At the fairground a crowd of some 50,000 had jammed themselves into the gigantic void of the roofed-over but still unfinished Palace of Varied Industries. In stupefaction Mr. Jusserand gazed out over the sea of faces. Later on, when his equilibrium had been restored, he told about it:

Mr. Francis called the assembly to order. He had been given a beautiful gavel for the occasion; he used it with such a masterly hand that he broke at one stroke the gavel and the desk. Cardinal Gibbons arose to pronounce the invocation. No one heard a word of his prayer. Then came the turn of President Roosevelt. His stentorian voice was of no avail. He asked that the ruins of the desk be removed and leaped upon the table that replaced it. Thunderous applause greeted this feat of agility.

From that place of vantage he renewed his efforts, but in vain. After him spoke former President Cleveland, lustily cheered by an assembly in which the Democratic element predominated. He did not jump on the table, but read low and quickly, as if to himself, a long paper prepared for the occasion. As he resumed his seat, the former President turned to me and said: "When your turn comes, don't make a fool of yourself. Don't strain your voice."

SOCIAL SMASH HIT

CAME the Day, the thirtieth of April 1904. The Governor proclaimed a holiday and so did the Mayor. Downtown St. Louis was a silent and deserted place. In Washington the President was to touch the key that would start the machinery of the fair. At 12:15 on the dot Francis looked out over the crowd that jammed the plaza and signaled the telegraph operator to inform the White House that the exposition awaited the Executive's pleasure. A second later the response came. "Open, ye gates," cried Francis. "Swing wide, ye portals. Enter herein, ye sons of men. Learn the lessons here taught and gather inspiration for still greater accomplishment."

Well, that was the way he felt.

As the flags fluttered up to the peaks of the stalls and the foam leaped from the cascades, a Missouri farm grandmother stared in wonder.

Out of literally mile after mile of exhibits, the "expert working citizenship" could pick out almost any sort of activity and be "advised."



"It is the Lord's doing," she said, "and is marvelous in our eyes."

The fair had many curious effects on the social life of St. Louis. Some, but far from all, of the St. Louis upper crust had looked down their noses at the fair as mere vulgar show and noise. They either closed their mansions or rented them to foreign commissioners for the summer and went off to Bar Harbor and other resorts. They, and especially their daughters, rued the day forever after.

In order to get the appropriation through Congress, Francis had been forced by the anti-leg-show sentiment to agree to Sunday closing of the fair. But the foreign pavilions occupied an extraterritorial status and the weekend parties there were something. Many big foreign governments sent over handsome parade troops and gold-laced young elegants in battalions. The young Hohenlohe princes came from Germany. The French foreign office shipped a select crowd of eligibles. There were British guardsmen on every hand. A St. Louis lady recalls with a sigh: "Those Sunday parties! I rode a Streets of Cairo camel through the Fine Arts palace one Sunday night when things really got gay."

Good-looking St. Louis girls were rushed off their feet. At one reception in the German pavilion 1,600 bottles of champagne were drunk. The receptions given by the Chinese Commissioner were fabulous in their splendor. A fortune was spent on the parties given by the French and the Mexicans. While the absent upper crust were consuming their sour grapes afar, plutocrats from other cities made a beeline for St. Louis. Houseboats with striped awnings, teakwood decks, and mahogany rails showed up on the St. Louis waterfront. And on a single day twenty private cars were shunted into the Wabash exposition yards.

These were not the only social developments. For the first time in St. Louis history the female gate crasher appeared. The Board of Lady Managers gave a luncheon for the delegates of the Federation of Women's Clubs. (The ladies had endorsed a startling pure-food exhibit in which the horrors of aniline dye and benzoate of soda were displayed.) Several hundred invitations were issued; 2,700 females stormed in.

There was the incident in the Dahomey Village. A warrior beat up one of the Chief's wives. The unfortunate woman was rushed off to a St. Louis hospital while the management held its breath lest there be a Gulf of Guinea uprising. There wasn't. "If he had touched *me*, it would have been a different matter," was the interpreter's translation of the Chief's comment.

Then there was Alice Roosevelt, the social smash of the fair. The *Post-Dispatch* thought it was just fine that the President's daughter should be there and have a good time, but it was awful the way she was pushed and shoved. The police estimated that 5,000 persons jammed into the Union Station to see Miss Roosevelt get off the train. Wherever she went, there was a crowd at her heels. Press photographers by the dozen dogged her steps. Side-show barkers on "The Pike" crammed their attractions by shouting that their shows were being given in her honor.

"Will we duplicate the shouting mobs of ancient Rome," cried the *Post-Dispatch*, "who ran at the chariot wheels of emperors and nobles?"

Finally there was another crisis. This roused the fascination of the anthropologists and gave the management the creeps. The federal government had spent a great deal of money on the 47-acre Philippine exhibit as a sort of counter-irritant to the Spanish War anti-imperialist crowd who were still vocal. All of the races in the archipelago, from the primitives to the civilized, were represented. (The pure-minded critics raised Cain over the Igorotes who wore only breech clouts, but on this point President Francis and President Roosevelt were adamant. Nobody was going to put pants on the Igorotes.)

The star attraction of the Philippine show was the Constabulary. Several hundred picked young men, dressed in smartly cut uniforms and drilled to a razor edge, were like a magnet for the crowds. Somehow these constables had heard about calling cards and many had cards as big as government postals, with their names and exposition addresses printed thereon. These cards they handed out to the girls among the visitors who caught their eye. Presently white and brown couples were eating in exposition restaurants and riding the roller coaster together. Next, they were meeting downtown during after-hours. Visiting rural Southerners muttered. The exposition management watched closely and walked softly. No shout was raised. And, at the end of November at the close of the fair, the Constabulary peacefully bade the girls good-by.

SAVANTS AND MECHANICS

IT WAS at St. Louis that the apotheosis of "Education" as a world's fair attraction took place. The moral obligation of international exposition management to deliver in this phase of human endeavor has always been taken very seriously. To Prince Albert, at the London Crystal Palace of 1851, "education" seems to have



"Arabia's crimson sands had never returned a glow half so astonishing, as one wandered among long lines of white palaces lighted by thousands of electric candles, soft, rich, shadowy. . . ." (Photograph: William H. Rau)

meant the setting of example, which, incidentally, would stimulate British manufactures and the brotherhood of man at the same time. At the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, the intent was to demonstrate not only that the United States had come of age but that popular education was a fundamental tenet of popular government. At St. Louis it was decided that, since education could accomplish just about anything, the fact might as well be demonstrated. The private schools and universities, the states, the federal government, and foreign nations were invited to do their utmost.

The demonstration assumed a number of interesting forms. The National Education Association held its convention at the fair. Ten thousand schoolteachers poured into St. Louis, avoided a fight over simplified spelling, and poured out again.

Since Chicago '93 had held a world congress of religion, St. Louis would have a world congress of the arts and sciences. Divided into 128 sections, this week-long conclave was under the intellectual jurisdiction of Simon Newcomb, the eminent mathematician and astronomer. Engineers and chemists were prominently in evidence. James

Bryce displayed his best Britannic accent in his remarks on political science.

What substantial effect this congress had on the world of science and art would be hard to say, but it was noticed that large numbers of the savants tended to drift off in the evening to the Tyrolean Alps. This combined beer hall and eating place (backed by the St. Louis brewers and managed by two of the best known restaurateurs in America: August Luchow of New York and Anthony Faust of St. Louis) was one of the great successes of the fair. The food was superb, the beer first-class, and the bands were wonderful.

Then there was the Palace of Education and Social Economy, a temple complete with triumphal arches, equestrian sculpture, and statues of eminent educators, covering a space of nearly seven acres! What was inside? A professor from Washington University, on examining the contents, exclaimed: "My God, has this country gone mad over manual training?" It appeared that a particular model of a cabinet had found favor in the classrooms, and high schools from Massachusetts to California had shipped to St. Louis cabinets of identical design.

Among the educational exhibits that impressed were the model chemical and physical laboratories displayed by the Germans, and the demonstrations—organized by the states of Illinois, Kansas, and Nebraska—for the instruction of deaf and blind children. But the really stunning educational exhibits were elsewhere. Early in the months of preparation for the fair, an alert man had inserted the following passage in the preliminary announcements of the educational plans:

"Education will be the keynote of the Universal Exposition of 1904. It is designed to teach all, *but primarily and distinctly the expert working citizenship of the country and the world*, in all lines of human activity. Each department of the world's labor and development is to be presented at St. Louis, classified and installed in such a manner that all engaged or interested in such branch of activity, *may come and see, examine, study, and go away advised.*"

The management, in a fair way, made good on the promise. Despite all the costly incense bestowed on the temple of education and all the money spent on the Congress of Arts and Sciences (where Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the President of Clark University and the man who introduced Freud to America, made a long speech denouncing co-education as a risk of race suicide since it took the romantic bloom off the relations of girls and boys), the proof of the educational pudding was elsewhere.

Lee De Forest's wireless exhibit was jammed all day long by a mob of eager men and boys who drove the demonstrators to exhaustion with their questions. The giant locomotive testing apparatus was thronged with mechanics. The experimental solar engine exhibit was crowded. So was the automobile exhibit—the first one of any size ever shown anywhere. Out of literally mile after mile of exhibits, the "expert working citizenship" could pick out almost any sort of activity and be "advised."

TOO MUCH FRANCIS?

AS autumn drew on, Francis had to face the fact that the paid attendance figures were not going to surpass, or even meet, the figures achieved at Chicago. It was a bitter pill. (Chicago had a population of more than a million in 1890 whereas the population of St. Louis in 1904 was but a little more than 500,000.) It was fabulous that there could be 358,000 paid admissions on St. Louis Day, but Chicago Day in '93 had recorded more than half a million through the turnstiles at Jackson Park.

But there were alleviations.

Look at the 1,260 acres!

Among all the sums that the St. Louisans had jockeyed out of the federal government, there was an item of \$4.6 million that was "a reimbursable loan," payable in monthly installments from the gate. The final payment was made at the day, hour, and minute when it was due and the Secretary of the Treasury broke down. "Let me congratulate you all," he wrote to Francis, "on having held the largest and most comprehensive exposition ever installed, or that, in my judgment, ever will be installed. It has not only been a record-breaker, but it has established a record that never will be broken."

And then the gods kissed the fair and gave it a touch of immortality in a popular song:

Meet me in St. Louis, Louis
Meet me at the Fair,
Don't tell me the lights are shining
Any place but there.

The cry that the last day of the fair should be Francis Day was as truly spontaneous as anything can be. The *Post-Dispatch* dropped an honest tear and said that it was the right thing to do. Even Reedy of the *Mirror* surrendered: "In the early stages of the fair I thought and said there was too much Francis. I was wrong."

November 1904 was glorious. The autumn sky was bright and blue; the fair had never looked so beautiful. On election day, Theodore Roosevelt was elected President in his own right by the greatest majority any candidate had ever received. At once he announced that as he had helped to dedicate the fair a year before, he would now come with his wife to give it his benediction.

This was not all. On the same day Circuit Attorney Folk was elected Governor of Missouri and said that he would keep right on after the malefactors.

Boss Butler gave out with a remarkable interview. "I have been stealing elections from the Republicans," he said with great good humor, "for thirty years and I have decided to quit. I'm like them hoodlums who got conscience-stricken and confessed. I've put in many a queer lick for the Democratic party, but I ain't going to do it no more. I've got conscience-stricken too."

The excitement gathered in momentum. On November 26 the President's special train rolled grandly into the exposition grounds. The military presented arms, the bands played, and Francis set out to show the fair to the Rough Rider.

It was a job. The President was exultant in his victory and wanted to see "everything." Why not? Wasn't it "bully"? Wasn't it "educational"?

Wasn't Francis bully? Wasn't ex-cviling bully? "My father was very near-sighted," said his daughter Alice. The President paused "to admire some statue, saying to the large group that was in tow, that he considered it a particularly fine Diana. It happened to be Apollo."

The last day came. Promptly at 9:00 A.M. Mayor Wells and a delegation rang the Francis doorbell. In top hats and frock coats the city fathers conducted Francis down the porch steps and into a private trolley car. Solemnly the group made their way to the exposition grounds. The Board of Lady Managers gave a reception. There was a testimonial dinner at the Tyrolean Alps. In the evening the official party boarded a stage coach and made a solemn circuit of the fair.

The feeling of desolation was all-pervasive. The great plaza was packed solid with a silent and subdued throng. The Wabash exposition yards were crowded with darkened shuttle trains. Outside the grounds a mile of empty streetcars were lined up, awaiting the end. At half-past-eleven Francis arose at the base of the Louisiana monument. The crowd was so quiet that the splash of the water could be heard distinctly from the glittering cascades at the far end of the lagoon.

"I am about to perform a heart-rending duty," said Francis. He was almost overcome but the deeply ingrained rhetorical habits of a lifetime did not desert him. Lightly he touched the sacred theme of St. Louis, statistically and otherwise. He refrained from saying anything about Chicago. He spoke of the noble band who had worked so hard for the fair. He spoke of his six sons. He touched his wife's arm and spoke of "the partner of my life." And then, with one last look at the glory he and his friends had made,

he cried: "Farewell! Farewell! A long farewell to all thy splendor!" and pulled the switch.

Slowly the lights dimmed out and, as they did so, there was a tremendous burst of rockets and, in the distance, there could be seen a colossal "portrait" of Francis, outlined in fire, with the words "Farewell" and "Good night" on either side.

It was all over.

But they could not give it up. Could not, could not, could not. Alumni associations were formed. Every year there were commemorative dinners and ceremonies. But what was all that? Sooner or later all those who made the fair must die. Who then would carry on the great tradition, preserve the great memory? At last they hit upon a solution. On the very spot in Forest Park where the main entrance to the exposition had been, they erected a shrine. They said that the shrine would house the Missouri Historical Society. And so it does today. They said it would honor Thomas Jefferson and there is exposition sculptor Bitter's statue of the Louisiana Purchase to prove it.

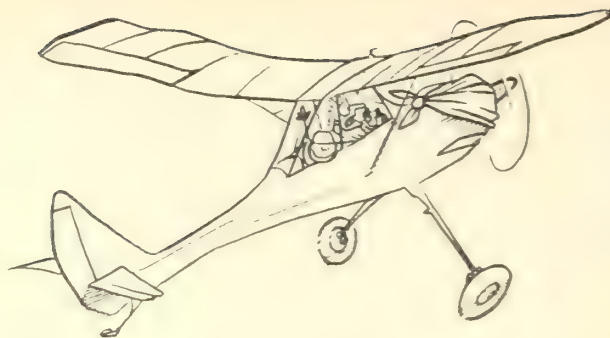
But all that is nonsense. Actually the structure had, and has, a very different purpose. The purpose was to inform mankind that once upon a time the city of St. Louis had entertained and enchanted the world. The shrine was to stand *forever*. Forever is a long time, but that's what they said. Peace hath her victories no less than war. No man's blood had been shed, no man's pocket picked, no man's reputation ruined, in order to achieve a summer's fleeting beauty.

Before so extraordinary, so graceful, so defiant a memorial, even New York's Mr. Moses, dreaming of 1964, must bare his head.



By Wolfgang Langewiesche

Drawings by Robert Osborn



The revolution in small plane flying

Once a sportsman's toy—and a rather dangerous one—the private plane has now become a real utility vehicle . . . fast, and easy to handle.

A LOT has happened to the small airplane since you last looked. It has become amazingly easy to fly. The war-trained pilot would not recognize flying now: it is hardly an art any more. Even those who learned after the war (in a big wave, mostly on the GI bill) still learned on airplanes of the prewar type and carried away a picture of intricacy and peril that no longer covers the facts.

The big change came only about seven years ago. It was more than mere "product-improvement"—sound-proofing, vibration-proofing, this or that new "feature." It was a shift to a new design formula, and it changed the very nature of the beast. And with this change has come an amazing boom in private flying. For the first time, after thirty years of trying, the small airplane really *sells*—and how!—and it sells not to a small circle of professional pilots and air-taxi operators and to sportsmen, but to the general public. The aerial automobile is here.

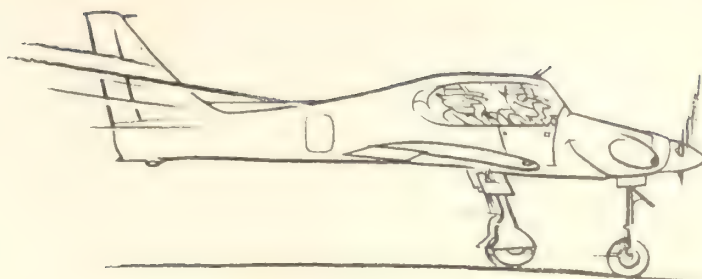
What is this new formula? A combination of three things: new landing gear, new controls, new means of aerial path-finding. The new landing gear you can plainly see. The airplane used to sit on the ground with its nose high, like a dog baying at the moon. Now it sits level, like an automobile. The third wheel (which turns like a castor) used to be under the tail. Now it is under the nose. The simple switch-around makes a profound difference.

On the old gear, the airplane was a nasty ground-vehicle. Landing was a delicate opera-

tion. You had to let the airplane sink to the ground in a nose-high attitude so that it would touch on all three wheels at once. This was the famous "three-point landing." If you touched front-wheels-first, the airplane would nose up and balloon back into the air. This was called a bounce. From it the airplane then came down, a few seconds later, to hit the ground again front-wheels-first and balloon off again—and so on. Each bounce was a little steeper, each ground-contact a little harder, with an increasing chance of cracking up. A pilot therefore had to learn not only how to three-point the airplane—difficult in itself—but also what to do in case he had failed to three-point: how to catch it on the top of a bounce with stick and throttle and let it down gently.

And bouncing was not the only wrong thing the airplane wanted to do. Once on the ground and rolling, it wanted to curve off to one side or the other and act like a dog chasing his tail. This was called a ground-loop. If you let this happen, it tilted up sideways and cracked up. So, at the moment of touch-down, the most critical part of the flight only began—fighting with rudder and brakes to keep the run straight. And that was not all. The airplane could also "drag a wing" or go up on its nose, or flip over on its back—all these tricks arising from the nature of the landing gear. And against each of those tricks, too, the pilot had to have a quick, well-practiced counter-trick for instant use.

And that's still not all. The difficult nature of the landing fed back into the landing *approach*. You can land three-point only at one speed—the slowest at which the airplane is capable of flying. Hence your approach glide also had to be slow. This meant you could not maneuver at will. If you were a little too high, you could not simply



nose down a little: you would have picked up excess speed, which would then have prevented you from landing. You would have "floated" just above the runway, unable to get down, until the excess speed had faded out. A clumsy pilot could use up a quarter-mile of airport just floating, and then set down and roll into the fence! Yet if you *didn't* nose down during the approach, you could, with a small misjudgment of your gliding angle, arrive over the edge of the airport with 200 feet of altitude and "overshoot" the whole field! Or again, in trying to avoid these errors, you could fall into their opposites: instead of overshooting, you could "undershoot"; instead of floating you might "pancake."

All this is now wiped out. With the new gear, you can slobber it on anyhow, it makes no difference: there is no bounce. The moment the wheels touch the ground, the airplane assumes a level, no-lift attitude and clings to the ground. What's more, it wants to run straight, more or less. Even if you don't steer it at all, it will not ground-loop. It acts about like an automobile. And you can put the brakes on as hard as you please: you can't nose over! This ease of ground-handling feeds back into the landing approach. If you find yourself a little high, you *can* afford to glide a little steeper. If this makes you a little fast, you set the airplane down anyway and put on the brakes. To the Old Timer, a first landing on the "tricycle" gear is a sort of joke. Just at the moment you are all set to start working it's all over. The short cut makes you giggle.

The ease of landing feeds now back into all one's flying. On the old gear, flight was one of those things that are "easy to get, hard to get rid of." The last thing was always the hardest and your best chance of tearing up the ship. Now, if there is anything fit to land on, you are confident of your ability to land on it. In the old days, instructors preached: "A flight is not over until the airplane has stopped." Now, the flight is practically over when you first see the airport in the distance. And there are plenty of airports.

This induces tranquillity of spirit where there used to be tension.

The second item in the new formula is something you can't see. You can only feel it as you turn the airplane right or left. It is a mechanical linkage in the airplane's control system. It mechanizes a lot of work the pilot used to have to do by skill and feel. In flying an airplane, your feet rest on two rudder pedals which swing the airplane's nose right and left. Your hand is on a wheel which banks and unbanks the airplane. In the old airplane, the handwork had to be co-ordinated with the footwork—so much turn of the wheel, so much pressure on one or the other pedal, and this in just the right proportions, with right timing. If your co-ordination was poor, the airplane would skid and side-slip and fish-tail. In extreme cases, bad co-ordination could put you into a tailspin.

Just to turn right or left with an airplane was therefore really an art. The practice of turns used up practically all the training time that didn't go into approaches and landings. You did steep turns and shallow turns, gliding turns and climbing turns. You picked a road and did "S" turns across it. You picked two barns as pylons and did figure eights around them, not to mention the Lazy Eight, the Wing-over, and the Chandelle. All this, essentially, to learn proper co-ordination of the controls.

"Can't you *feel* it?" the instructor would say, "you're using too much rudder."

And despite all the practice, many pilots were poor at co-ordination. The main cause of fatal accidents in flying was "loss of control in a turn."

All *that* is now mostly wiped out—both the learning task, and the danger factor. The co-ordination between stick and rudder has turned out to be mathematically calculable: it is not really a matter of feel, but a mechanical relationship. A mechanical linkage between the two controls can imitate it. Most small airplanes now have such a linkage (out of sight, in their innards) and co-ordinate themselves. Others ac-

compleish much the same thing through an extra-long tail with an extra-big vertical fin on it. You can fly them with your feet on the floor, except during take-off and landing and violent maneuvers.

The theoretical simplicity of flying has suddenly begun to be a fact. You fly an airplane like you ride a bicycle: If you want to turn, you bank—and it comes around all by itself; if you level the wings again, it flies straight. With this simplicity, there drops away much of the training problems; also much risk: the mechanical co-ordination doesn't get tense and doesn't make the mistakes that lead to loss of control. Now you cruise with two fingers on the wheel.

GOOD-BY TO THE MAP

THE third item in the new formula is electronic navigation. You no longer rely on map reading, and you can no longer get lost. It used to be normal, almost required, for a pilot to get lost at least once or twice, and it was a terrifying experience. You could not ask anybody. To do that, you had first to find an airport; to do that, you had to know where you were. So you were being carried away by a relentless monster, and steadily getting lower on fuel, and you knew that in the end you would come down willy-nilly.

One way to keep from getting lost was to follow "the iron compass"—the railroad. But suppose you followed the wrong branch? So you learned to trust your real compass. You drew a straight line on the map, with a mark every ten miles; you learned to keep track of time, to make notes. In bad weather you flew with your thumb on the map, moving it forward as you went, so as not to lose your place.

All that is now wiped out. The United States (and much of the rest of the world) is dotted with radio lighthouses, called Omni-Directional Range Stations, which send out a directional radio signal—a signal which is slightly different in each direction. Aboard the airplane, a special receiver interprets these signals. To find out where you are you twirl a dial until a needle centers; you then read off a scale: "I am now

north of the Woodstown Omni." Next you tune in on another Omni station—say, Centerville—and read: "I am now west of Centerville Omni." You look at the map: you run your finger north from Woodstown and west from Centerville: where the two lines cross, that's where you are. It's simple. You are always on a known and numbered track (in fact, always on the crossing of two tracks), and though the tracks are only radio beams and might seem insubstantial, they soon become as real as if they were numbered highways. Many pilots now fly with maps that show no terrain features at all. They navigate by radio only, and keep the great American landscape for a pet.

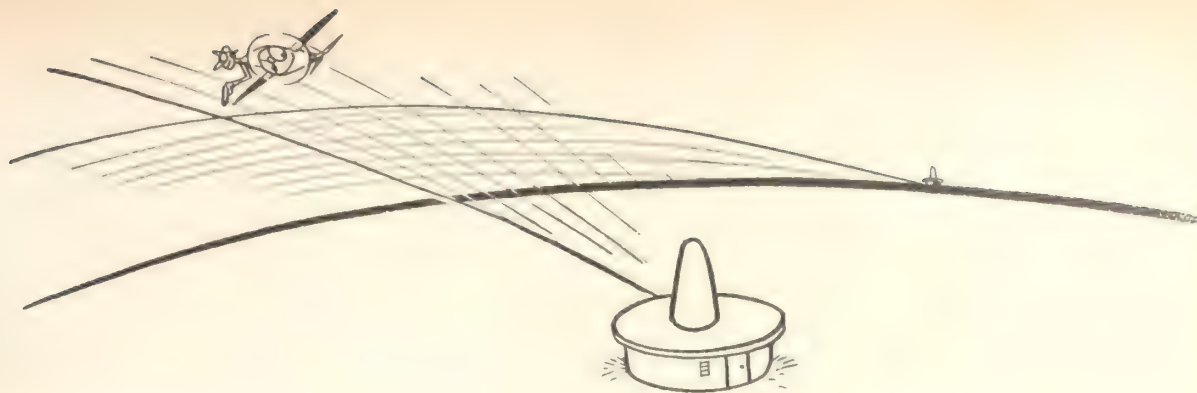
Thus the new-formula airplane dissolves, in three big hunks, most of the difficulty of flying: approach-and-landing; co-ordination and the turn; navigation. Beyond these three, there never was anything really difficult. The law still requires forty hours of training for a private pilot's license, but the difference is that more time can now be spent teaching the practical use of the machine in actual cross-country flight: the use of the radio, the logic and courtesies of air traffic, the judgment of weather. The license means more. In the old days, the holder of a brand-new private license was fit at best to take his girl on a local sight-seeing hop. Now he is ready to start *using* the airplane. A friend of mine runs a small flying school in Massachusetts. He says: "Anybody who gets a private license here can rent any of my airplanes the next day and fly it to California, if he likes."

THE NEW KIND OF BUYER

THE new formula has changed not only the technique of piloting, but also the whole style of the small airplane, its sociology and economics. Under the old formula, the way to make an airplane easy to fly was to make it slow and light, with big wings and a small engine. This is also the best way to make it cheap—and manufacturers struggled to bring the small airplane within reach of people who buy second cars or small motor boats. The highest development of this type was the famous Piper Cub. It cruised at 70, landed at 30. It carried fuel for 180 miles.

It had two seats. It cost less than \$2,000. It was so light and slow it made the air feel thick, like mashed potatoes. But it was a "real airplane," representative of all the airplanes of its era, from the *Spirit of St. Louis* to the DC3. That is, it gave you every opportunity to make every

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mistake you might make on those other airplanes: On a Cub you could bounce, ground-loop, overshoot, undershoot, drag a wing, pancake, stall, spin, and get lost just as on any airplane. But because it was so light and slow, it did these things gently and gave you time to correct your errors. Hundreds of thousands of people learned to fly on it. It was in all respects a machine within the reach of the average man. Only—it didn't go very fast very far. It lacked utility.

Under the new formula, small airplanes can be comparatively heavy, small-winged, high-powered, and still be easy to handle. The new airplanes cruise at 135, 150, 200 mph, land at 60. Almost all have four seats and carry ample luggage. The two-seat airplane has almost faded out. The non-stop range is 600 to 1,200 miles. The public handles these lively machines without trouble because they don't bounce or ground-loop, are self-co-ordinating, and have electronic means of orientation. And the new machine is of course much more useful. At 150 mph, flying direct from where you are to where you want to go, you can beat airliners that fly 300 mph but *don't* go exactly where you want to go, don't go when you are ready, and don't go straight.

The new machine is also much more expensive: \$15,000 to \$20,000 is today. "medium-priced." Miraculously, this has not stopped sales. On the contrary. The industry has discovered that expensive airplanes are easier to sell than cheap ones. Even a cheap airplane is too expensive for the man who has no practical use for it. Even an expensive airplane pays its way for the man who has a lot of business traveling to do. Almost all airplanes now are sold to companies or otherwise hooked onto a business expense account, and the elegant word to use is "executive airplanes" for the smaller ones, "corporation airplanes" for the multi-engined ones.

So the new airplane has brought out a new type of owner and pilot. All through the 'thirties and again in the first postwar decade, most pilots were young, and flew mostly for the needs of their souls; or else by way of training for a profes-

sional flying career. Or both. Now, the typical private airplane owner is over forty, an executive, stabilized by a wife, children, home, country club, and job. He flies because he likes to fly—"You can't sell an airplane to anybody who isn't crazy about flying," says a dealer—but he expects utility. He wants to go in a hurry, with comfort and privacy, and to get home for the weekend.

This means a different style of flying. "Buzzing" has stopped. So has the emphasis on skill. Almost nobody does a Chandelle any more. On the new airplanes, anybody can fly well enough, and the duffer can land almost as short as the maestro. The practice of simulated emergencies has stopped: the simulated forced landings, intentional spins, steep turns, power stalls. Some of this practice, we know now, was more dangerous than the emergencies it was supposed to prepare for. The new pilot is more like the average American driver. His technique is unambitious but he is safe, perhaps for that very reason. He doesn't try anything funny. He has an airplane that can really go places and so he goes, more or less straight, at a high, efficient, altitude, in long hops. That is the safest kind of flying there is.

AIRPLANE COUNTRY

NOW, it is the non-flying public that lags behind the times. Most people now think about the small airplane in terms that would have been approximately correct in 1939—as a sport, ranging somewhere between sports-car racing and mountain climbing. You *can* afford it, and it might be a lot of fun, but . . . That the small airplane has a practical use, that it is in fact a business machine, is not yet understood. Yet for every businessman who now uses an airplane, ten others could use it equally well. They just haven't heard.

One reason is that the airplane makes its poorest showing in a region which still dominates the world of print and radio—along the Northeastern Seaboard, and especially New York. The weather there is often bad; the Alleghenies reach into the

clouds and seal that section off from the rest of the country. The big airline fields don't make the private flier welcome. They are surrounded by special high-density air traffic zones in which special regulations apply. Other available fields often have poor facilities, are hard to reach from town, and unattractive. At the same time, New York and Washington have good airline service to all parts of the country. So the private airplane is less needed and can't compete so well.

Toward the West and South, all those values change. The country is mostly flat, distances are great, and public transport is poor, especially crosswise to each region's main line of travel. The weather gets progressively drier. Partly for this reason, the Rocky Mountains are not the Great Wall you'd think they'd be. Toward the South, too, the weather gets clearer. In most of the U. S., unflyable weather is fairly rare, and of short duration.

The psychological climate also improves away from the Northeast. Cities realize what solid-gold traffic the small airplane brings. Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Memphis offer the private flier a downtown landing strip at the waterfront. Many other cities have special fields devoted mostly or entirely to private traffic, well-equipped and attractive and close to town. Just for example, Shreveport, New Orleans, St. Paul, Seattle, Atlanta, Oklahoma City. In Phoenix or San Francisco, you taxi up to a magnificent terminal building purely for private ships.

But of all this, the general public sees little. The airline passenger's eye cannot distinguish the many landing strips on farms and ranches, at resorts, near oil wells and construction jobs or high up in the National Forests. He sometimes sees the private fleet but only as a flock of gay-colored birds that sit at the other side of the field. He calls them all "Piper Cubs" or "sports jobs." To the layman, a \$25,000 machine is almost indistinguishable from the \$2,500 trainer. A \$75,000 airplane can look ridiculous when it taxis among the \$3-million airliners. Here comes a little boy, people feel, just *playing* airplane.

It's a sort of secret world. Gone are the days of the leather jacket and the silver lapel-wings. In a hotel dining-room, only a pilot's ear can tell, from the conversation at the next table, that those people have flown in from Texas in a Cessna. For that matter, there is very little to say about a machine which, like the airplane in the American West, just simply *works*. The flier today has fewer adventures per hour, and many fewer per mile, than the motorist.

The statistics of private flying are also de-

ceptive. There are about 35,000 private airplanes in heavy business use. Most of them are four-seat or more, and of the new formula. Another 35,000 small airplanes are used for training, for crop-dusting, and for pleasure. Many of them fly very little; most of them are two-seaters and survivors from the old formula. The total number is not much more than we had ten years ago, and they are involved in a disproportionate number of accidents.*

What does not show is the striking rise in value, activity, and seriousness of economic purpose, compared with ten years ago. Roughly speaking, the small airplane now goes twice as fast, carries twice as many people, and flies twice as many hours per year as it used to. It almost never flies for the sake of flying, but almost always on business, or at least for the sake of transporting persons. The total increase in activity is therefore staggering. In hours flown, or airplane miles flown, private aviation is now the heaviest user of the American air space. The oil industry alone now owns more multi-engined airplanes than the airlines do. In passenger-miles flown, of course, the airlines still dwarf everything.

NEW MODELS TO COME

THE amazing thing in all this is the "cultural lag." Mechanically-linked controls are the oldest thing in heavier-than-air aviation. They were used by the Wright brothers in their first airplane. The level landing, anti-bounce undercarriage also was used by many pioneers. Later, these solutions were forgotten in the effort to save weight, to get more performance, and to solve pesky practical problems such as, for instance, how to land and taxi cross-wind. They were re-synthesized in the middle 'thirties by a brilliant man, Fred E. Weick, into some airplanes that were perfect specimens of the new formula. It took the small-plane industry almost twenty years to switch solidly to the new formula.

Why? Inertia maybe; but also—the customer did not really want his airplane easy to fly. People flew airplanes mostly for the purpose of becoming a pilot—or of *being* a pilot. What was the point of flying an airplane that needed no co-ordination, that would not bounce, and on which you could not demonstrate spin-recoveries to a government inspector? Bureaucracy helped

*Partly because of these old planes, private flying is still hazardous. The Cornell-Guggenheim Aviation Safety Center recently reported that 778 lives were lost in 4,800 accidents to 70,000 private and business aircraft in 1959.—*The Editors*

by restricting the licenses of those who learned on the easy-fly airplanes. So they were indeed not really quite pilots.

At the same time, the small airplane itself also lags behind. Even now, it is only half as docile, safe, and useful as it could well be, using only the technical means available. The small airplane still has no brake in flight, that is. And therefore, the approach-and-landing is still, even on the new landing gear, a maneuver requiring more skill than anything the auto-driver has to do. In a car, you can go down a hill of any steepness with any desired slowness. In an airplane, you can't. The angle at which you descend still affects your speed. You therefore still cannot simply and effortlessly steer your airplane down to a spot and set it down on it with precision. It's still a maneuver requiring logic and planning. But jet liners and jet fighters now have flight-brakes; sail planes have long had means of killing altitude without picking up speed, and the small airplane will have them too.

The airplane still lacks the secret quality which makes a car so easy to drive—the tendency to go straight unless *commanded* to turn. You have to *make* a car turn by considerable force on the wheel; to keep it turning, you have to keep holding the wheel deflected; and the moment you release the wheel, the car straightens out. The airplane now has the same stability *on the ground*, but not yet in the air. In flight, the airplane always wants to go into a turn, unprovoked by the pilot, to one side or the other. And it won't come out of itself: if allowed its head, it goes into a descending spiral. So, to fly straight, the pilot must nudge the airplane every few seconds by small but positive actions on the controls. If he looks down at his map a little too long, he will, on looking up, find himself in a banked turn, nose-down.

This is the Why and How behind that famous 29,000-foot spiral dive of an airliner over the Atlantic, last year. It is also the reason why "blind" flight, *i.e.*, flight through clouds, is a problem. And in all flight it puts a great work load on the pilot. But you can build into an airplane the same self-straightening tendency an automobile has. Such airplanes have already been demonstrated. Only the need for this quality is not yet recognized: the lag again.

The small airplane's greatest handicap is the weather. It's not really a skill problem, but one of utility. When the weather gets too bad, the small airplane simply has to sit on the ground and wait. In some respects, the weather problem has become worse. In today's faster

airplanes, you can no longer sneak through by hedge-hopping, *i.e.*, flying low along a railroad track or highway: obstructions would show up too suddenly. And the faster airplane can't turn so sharply. Also, a terrible new danger has risen—the television tower that stands in some unexpected place, spidery and almost invisible.

The only way to beat the weather is the airline way, flying blind *through* the clouds or to the top of them. Pioneers among private fliers are now doing this. But it requires a professional level of skill, much special equipment, and a special license. What's so hard about it is not the primary task—to keep the airplane on its course and to know where you are—but secondary problems. It's the lag once more. Blind flight is legal only under air traffic control. Controllers' instructions are given to the pilot in rapid speech over a rather low-fi radio. They are often hard to hear correctly, and even harder to grasp.

TO BEAT THE WEATHER

SOME day, the ground will issue orders through some "read-out" device on the airplane's panel—red and green lights, arrows, etc., which will tell the pilot to "hold" or go, climb or descend, take this course or that. When this comes, flying *through* the weather will be as easy as following the signs and traffic lights through a strange city. To make it come requires no new invention, but merely the use of existing art: "merely" a nation-wide, multi-billion-dollar system of electronic devices. It is a problem of government rather than of science.

The air traffic problem exists only because of a lag in government action. Fortunately, it's a problem the private ship has in common with the airliner and the military. It is aviation's most pressing problem, and will certainly be solved. Once it is solved, not only will we fly almost regardless of weather, but there will be plenty of air space for everybody. The air only *seems* crowded—because our present control techniques are so wasteful of air space. Figuratively speaking, we are allowing only one automobile per city block, because we have not yet invented the traffic light, the stop sign, the white line. The real traffic-carrying capacity of the air is unlimited, for all practical purposes of this century.

And so, fantastic as it sounds, it's now in the bag that soon—another twenty years?—the airplane will be not only the fastest private means of transport, but also the safest, the most weather-proof, and the most effortless to handle.

A. R. GODSIL

"I'd love to help you out"

COMPOSING a resumé of your life and career is a messy operation—rather like trying to squeeze toothpaste back into the tube. There is bound to be too much left over at the end. But since in the five years I have been in America I have had to find a new job three times, or rather (your employers will want facts, FACTS) every 1.666 years, I feel that I have finally mastered this difficult art form.

The first hunt was easy—beginner's luck, I guess. I walked in and was hired without benefit of resumé, Freemason handshake, or button-down collar. About two years later the company went broke. (Sour note, but better than letting them think you were fired.)

My next move was a common error of amateurs. I called on some employment agencies. In New York, most of these are located in old, dirty buildings on Forty-second Street, a decaying, gray outpost of the Great White Way. Some have linoleum on the floor, others boast wall-to-wall carpeting, but the effect is unvaryingly bleak. Once I overheard a young Negro trying to get a dish-washer's job.

"Yes," said the interviewer, "I'm sure you can, but you don't have *New York* dish-washing experience."

As I rode the subways in those days, I began to notice green-complexioned men circling the help-wanted ads with pencil stubs. My own favorite reading matter was the business section of the *New York Times*, particularly the testimonials: "I wish I had come to you six months ago!" "Thanks! I was offered nine jobs last week."

Eager to follow in the footsteps of these grateful young men, I presented myself to an Employment Counselor. He made it clear at

once that he would not find a job for me. He would, however, undertake to mold and polish me into a sort of Personnel Manager's dream.

The first step was the aptitude test: "Which do you prefer—(a) Kafka, (b) Annie Get Your Gun, (c) Chairman of the PTA, (d) Ralph Waldo Emerson?" My results were confusing but not disastrous. I rated miserably in the undertaker and veterinary classifications. It happens I have been rather out of touch with these fields during ten years in the import-export business, though I did once ship a consignment of seasick cows from São Paulo.

With my talents, or lack of them, sorted out, my counselor now turned to confidence-building. (For God's sake get your hair cut.) Unemployment, he explained, is not a deadly sin like sloth or simony. It is an accident. The thing to do is to *advertise* this accident. Get out and make contacts. Meet people. Tell them you're looking for a job. (What, again?)

Write to any captains of industry you know ("Just got your note—I shall be out of town next week, but will give it my attention when I return—meanwhile, good luck"); your close friends ("I wish I could help you but I only know people in the theatre—and you"); your old business associates ("Someone with your background should have no trouble at all"); and your relatives ("There was a Bill something who . . . but I guess he isn't any more").

Never mind—send all of them crisp resumé. In the right season, you can use them instead of Christmas Cards.

Most experts favor the one-page model. Sometimes this calls for a bit of ingenuity. I, for instance, started out with the following wordy paragraph:

"When my contract expired in Burma in 1948, my severance pay gave me the chance of a lifetime to visit Thailand, Ceylon, Macao, Hong Kong, China, Inner Mongolia, Japan, and Hawaii. Then I was invited to America, made a side trip to Mexico, rushed over to England to see my mother, was given a grant to study at UCLA in Los Angeles, got married in Cape Cod, back to England via Canada to introduce my bride, was posted to Shanghai, toward which we set out via France, Sicily, Monte Carlo, the Himalayas, and India. By that time the Communists had overrun China so we were sent to Japan."

In the lean prose of the experienced resumé writer, this is converted simply into:

1946-48 Asst. Dist. Com. Burma Civil Service
1948-52 Brch. Mgr. Far East Trading Corp., Tokyo

Similarly, with a little practice, you learn to suffuse the resumé with a positive aura. You were, of course, never fired. Indeed you were not hired in the first place—you were *asked to join*. You never objected to signing six copies of letters; you reduced overhead by simplifying office procedures. You also become adept at reinterpreting your own history. For instance, you may once have thought that you made \$30,000 for the company on that polyethylene deal and that the 10 per cent economy in staff was your idea. But the boss, after all, signed the polyethylene contract; *he* fired all those old biddies in shipping. And he, of course, is the man your new employer will check with.

THE best resumé I ever composed was written with the help of my previous boss over a three-martini lunch. Our coup was in remembering that he had been president of a small defunct company. By using this title we were able to promote me to Assistant to the President. That resumé made glorious reading—rather like an Irish obituary.

I still carry a few copies with me as I go on my rounds, a seasoned veteran in dark suit, vest, and regimental tie, equipped with confident mien and a do-it-yourself job-hunting kit. In it, besides my vital resumé, I carry a sheaf of letters from carefully selected authors (my prize is from a former staff member of a Senate Investigating Committee), the latest *New York*

Times and *Wall Street Journal*, a sack of dimes for telephone calls, and an appointment diary.

The last is indispensable, for a job hunter is a busy man now that the installment-plan interview has become fashionable.

For instance, last October I had a very pleasant meeting with a business acquaintance. He was off for England next day but left a memo for his Vice President, who saw me when he got back from Canada two weeks later. He suggested I chat with the Divisional Manager who was due home from Malaya in mid-December. I phoned just before Christmas to learn he was in Turkey but his assistant would see me when he got back from Guatemala early in January. We had a nice visit just before he left for Mexico. The DM got back in February, I saw him on the twelfth, and he felt that he wanted to talk things over with an assistant who would be back from South Africa at the end of the month. Meanwhile, he suggested, no harm would be done if, next time I was in town, I dropped in to see the Export Manager when he got back from Costa Rica.

I saw him last week. Delightful man. One of the most enjoyable interviews I've had yet. He seemed to like my resumé too. Took an extra copy for the Regional Director who won't be back for quite a while. Always travels by ship—which is hard luck for me in the jet age. But you learn to be philosophical in my line of work.

Harper's Magazine, August 1960



"Experience?"—

"Vicarious."

AMERICA

THE EXPENDABLE

*Will Americans ever realize that they have made
a voluntarily bad bargain with the future?*

*Or will we continue to journey blindly our
futures for selfish and selfish ends?*

WHEN I was a boy, at my last term, I used to tramp about in the summer in the mountains of North Carolina. They taught me, I believe, what mountains have always meant to human beings: grandeur, tranquillity, the strength of permanence.

I had also learned upon the cleanness of our bodies. The proposal to create a new harbor in Alaska by blowing out a section of the coast with a hydrogen bomb suggests that talk of saving mountains with bombs, volcanoes—with all we heard from Valdez—when the U. S. S. R. produced an atomic explosion—is more than the small. Indeed the volcano here clearly fitted a lesson: if the people just the way, all by one piece, with an underground nuclear explosion. We cannot take back upon the nation, however, with any certainty that it will realize even so. It will be in the way of a planned revolution, perhaps, or a planned revolution, or it may have to be fought for some other realization of the future—our planning, perhaps, the fact, perhaps. There, waiting for it beyond our horizon, will be the coming, inevitable consummation of the next century, carved but lying upon our landscape, including the hillsides of which the mountains are mountains.

If then the time between yesterday's tomorrow and the present is the period of the ever more modern and abundant life by our ever multiplying numbers, what is the result upon what I see around me, my guns, would be—very little.

Ten years ago my wife and I did what millions of others have done and moved out of town. We were willing to pay the price of all the inconveniences for the chance to plant a tree and watch it grow and bring up our children in a house that would well be home to their children too. We have moved even since then. We have learned that life on the fringes of a metropolitan area is like life in a frontier settlement of early America or a modern Israeli kibbutz—with the difference that the sense of imminent disaster comes not from the lips of a passing runner but in the headlines of the newspaper: *Algeria Ready for Inner-Lane Debate* . . . *Communist Zoning Extended in Three Areas* . . . *Japan Seeks New Industries for Growth* . . . *Rough 125 to be Withdrawn* . . .

Recently the bill of a cornered white oak was inserted in the paper by a neighbor of mine, a writer, Scott Sugars. He told him the money, and free refused to move even after its hole had been cut through and then stubbornly it resisted all efforts to replace it. But the memory of the Father of Our Country had to be ignored by a highway, and the tree, which quite possibly had looked upon Washington himself, had to come down. Ahead of the George Washington Memorial Parkway a swath several hundred feet wide is being put alongside the Potomac through forests, fields, and estates. It has already reduced the endless bluff across the river from Washington to a series of great dead heaps.

This highway is only one of our advances in the field of transportation. The strip of unspoiled woodland bordering Foundry Branch which was given to Washington as a park by the Glover and Archbold families will be gutted from end to end by a two-lane highway unless the local action taken by the donors can pre-

vent it. We also have U. S. 240, a super-highway which has been bearing down upon the nation's capital out of western Maryland for the past five years to an accompaniment of controversy as to what its route of invasion of the District of Columbia should be. Should it plow through the fine residential area of Cleveland Park? Or should it be brought behind bulldozers ten abreast through the forest glades along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal or through those of Rock Creek Park (which, in the memorable words of one of the commissioners concerned, would "develop the park and make it a better place for people to take their children"?)

Then we have the international airport at Chantilly, Virginia, the runways of which will be the equivalent of a twenty-four-foot-wide highway a hundred miles long. For this facility, fourteen square miles have been depopulated, six hundred houses removed, and 250,000 trees pushed into piles, doused with oil, and burned. Those who live under the projected flight patterns are awaiting their introduction to the screams of jet aircraft.

Progressiveness being a national characteristic, I am sure the inhabitants of other metropolitan areas are as familiar as we around Washington, D. C., with the chronic anxiety of not knowing where progress is going to strike next. We all have in common the new Interstate Highway system. This project, if it lives up to expectations, will wipe out 100,000 homes. It will be Sherman's march to the sea on a continental scale. It is of a battlefield that you are irresistibly reminded as you watch the bulldozers and graders at work. There is the same sweep of muddy or dusty devastation, impartially unsparring of the works of nature and man.

A BAD BARGAIN

IT HAS been said that for the present generation of Americans the principle of the "greatest good of the greatest number" really means the "greatest pleasure of the greatest number." Looking at American life today, you sometimes have the impression of a people who have heard on good authority that the world is about to end and are bent on getting all they can while the getting is good—especially in the way of sensation.

Our record of crime, delinquency, and vandalism is the world's most shocking. We spend prodigally on self-indulgence and parsimoniously on the nation's future; as Kenneth Galbraith has observed, if we had a bigger national income

we should probably spend the increment not on better schools, parks, and national defense but on raising the car quota per family to three. The cost of an hour-a-week television show providing only a transitory distraction can amount to as much as we pay the entire faculty of a large university or a couple of thousand elementary school teachers. We seek to lose ourselves in material possessions, entertainment, alcohol, and the fascination of sex. Like tenants on a short lease, we waste the resources of our country, litter it with papers, cans, and bottles, deface it with billboards, and carelessly burn up thousands of acres of forest annually. From almost any highway the United States presents an appearance of abundant wealth combined with trashiness and neglect. There can hardly be another country in the world which has offered its inhabitants so much and received so little from them in return.

If we act like the inhabitants of a world under sentence of destruction, it may be because that is what we are—and I do not mean destruction by atomic war. We have always heedlessly plowed under the past together with the natural treasures of our continent, but the pace of change has been quickening. Never before have we had such reason to feel that what surrounds us and gives continuity to life lingers only on borrowed time. The truth of our situation is slowly dawning; we did not know what we had bargained for when we set material expansion as the supreme goal of our society.

Conservationists—whom experience has made rather defensive—generally describe their purposes modestly and even apologetically. They are for the preservation of historical values, scientific values, recreational values, aesthetic values, economic values. But what they are ultimately concerned with is what men live by. Their object is to preserve their country as something more than a political and economic expression, to preserve a world that we can feel

Charlton Ogburn, Jr., vice chairman of the Fairfax County (Virginia) Park Authority, got his start in conservation as a boy bird-watcher on Long Island, the New Jersey marshes, and in the Bronx. He was a lieutenant during the World War II Burma campaign and wrote its heroic story in "The Marauders," a best-selling book which is to be made into a movie by Warner Brothers. He has been writing since 1957 when he resigned from the State Department after eleven years' service in policy planning and intelligence work.

we belong to and can expect to endure. This does not require making an end of change and progress; it does mean introducing a steering wheel and some brakes before the machine runs away with us.

What the conservationists are up against is enough to discourage all but the dauntless. The encroachment of urban civilization upon the legacies of traditional America proceeds unchecked and at a dizzy pace. By the year 2000, according to a study by Jerome P. Pickard for the Urban Land Institute, the city will dominate every section of the country; of the ten super-metropolitan areas, New York will have a population of 23 million, Los Angeles 20 million. As August Heckscher, Director of the Twentieth Century Fund, points out, "The modern city has burst its walls, it overruns the countryside, stretches along the highway, at a thousand points penetrates the rural community. The proliferation of the city takes place under the guidance of no standards, at the whim of private interests." Villages and towns rich in associations for Americans as individuals and as a nation are being swallowed up, are vanishing. And for what? "Extended urbanism"—to quote Mr. Heckscher again—"has given him the rewards neither of intimacy nor of isolation."

We have hatched a Minotaur, and to slake its appetite we have to feed it a million green acres a year—twice the area of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The shrinking remainder of the country—that which escapes the city's spread—will be increasingly overrun. We already have 70 million motor vehicles, and by driving them 700 billion miles, as we are expected to this year, our population of 180 million will saturate more country, probably, than 600

million pedestrian Chinese. The number of cars we drive is continuously increasing, and as demands for ease and safety at sixty miles an hour require highways with more and wider lanes, broader shoulders, and more elaborate cloverleaves, the motorcar becomes an ever more voracious consumer of land and of whatever happens to be on the land.

U. S. 66, the monster which is to sweep through Arlington with eight lanes on its way from Washington to the Shenandoah Valley, will have within seven miles of my house one interchange taking over sixty acres and another eighty. The planned 41,000-mile Interstate Highway system will gobble up two million acres. Of the \$20 billion to be spent on roads this year in the entire world outside the Iron Curtain, over half will be spent in the United States. And the highways are only the beginning. With them comes the vast and tawdry infrastructure of the motor age—the gas stations, bar-grills, tourist cabins, outdoor movie theaters, auto-wrecking lots, and roadside menageries ("Pit of Death! Man-killing Monkeys!").

PREMATURE PREGNANCIES AND CORONARIES

MUCH is being made over the growing amount of leisure in American life. In fact, however, leisure is alien to us. The time we save with the latest in labor-saving machinery we characteristically spend in filling our lives with more noise and movement. According to the pollsters, the number of Americans who claim to be reading a book is only half the number who own an automobile. Leisure, contrary to what we may believe, is not what is left

The Guilty

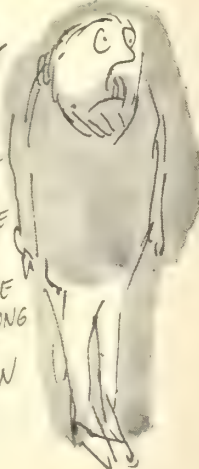
I HAD JUST GOTTEN A
FAT BONUS FOR
CREATING A
NEW COPY
APPROACH FOR
OUR BIGGEST
CIGARET
ACCOUNT—
NO DOUBT
YOU'VE
SEEN IT—



"MORE TAR—
MORE NICOTINE—
MORE RISK
IN
FRONTIER
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over after a forty-hour week: it is a spirit, an outlook on life. Charles Morgan defined it when he observed, "The party had that quality of ease and leisure which is peculiarly Italian, none of the guests having an axe to grind, an appointment to keep, or any desire to excel." It wasn't an American party.

Whatever we may profess, our religion is in fact a cult of contemporaneity, its object to be up-to-the-minute, up-with-the-Joneses. Cronus, the god who consumes his own children, is our deity. An embattled minority may save the cable cars of San Francisco and prevent the construction of giant apartment-hotels that would destroy the character of Washington Square in New York, but it is a thousand times more typical of us to let the double-decker buses that had come to symbolize New York be scrapped because the other kind is a shade cheaper to operate and to let the picturesque houses bordering Lafayette Square, in front of the White House, go down to make way for more government office buildings designed by and for robots.

We pay a price for condemning the familiar to extinction to make way for the new; we condemn to extinction something of ourselves. To witness the disappearance of that which we belong to and which belongs to us and to acquire a feeling of homelessness is the fate we reserve for ourselves. Ours is a society that is cruel to the old. We provide the old with welfare services and miracle drugs to prolong their lives while sweeping away the world in which they had a place.

The idolatry of age that is found in traditionalist Asian societies is replaced among us by an idolatry of youth. I do not mean that we sacrifice much for the education and improvement

of our young—we don't but that we make a fetish of youth. Advertising and popular entertainment on the screen and in magazines is directed largely at our preoccupation with youth and its physical attributes. The only product I recall of which the consumer is shown in the advertisements as being unmistakably past his twenties—other than those related directly to age, like insurance—is the Cadillac. But here, I am told, the reason for showing the proud possessor as a man in his forties or fifties has to do with the unconscious identification of the motorcar as a symbol of sexual vigor, a consideration to which wealthy men past their prime would presumably be peculiarly vulnerable.

Pregnancies in high school, coronaries in middle age; we are determined to force the pace. We cannot wait. We pursue time—but only to find that we never have enough. Sustained attention is becoming difficult for us. The media in which our society chiefly expresses itself are given over to trivialities or what may be grasped on the run—certainly that is the case with television, radio, and motion pictures. In some quarter of a million hours of television broadcasting in the past decade it has been impossible to schedule three consecutive hours for a complete play of Shakespeare's. The parochialism of time, as Van Wyck Brooks calls it, has invaded our schools and the humanities have been crowded to the side by technology and community adjustment. (An early product of progressive education, I was graduated from high school without having had an hour's instruction in history, American or other.)

"Our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstance," Henry James exclaimed—for this goes



back some little time. What James had in mind, and more besides, is described in the current phrase, "The Rat Race." It is a powerful and graphic analogy, and at first thought it seems a remarkable one for the most privileged people in the world to have hit upon to describe their existence. Perhaps on second thought it is not so remarkable.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

WHEN the Bolsheviks made their revolution, they promulgated the formula, "All power to the Soviets." With us it has been "All power to the individual," and so far our formula has worked better. We have dazzled the world with our productivity and standard of living. These have come about, we explain, because we have supplied the individual with unprecedented opportunities and incentives. That is true. It is also true that by making material success a measure of worth and by depriving ourselves of any excuse for not succeeding (each of us has the same chance, more or less, as the rest of us, hasn't he?) we put the individual under terrific pressure to succeed. It works, to be sure. Our output is sensational; our rats really race! If the individual does not succeed, of course he is left with the cruel fact of his human failure. If he does, there is still a catch. He is left with the question of what—apart from individual gratification—it adds up to. What is the purpose of all he has gone through?

If the experience of mankind teaches anything, I think it is that human beings find fulfillment when the focus of their lives is outside themselves. In something greater and more lasting than they are, something that can give meaning and per-

petuation to their otherwise brief and not always joyful existences. It tells a good deal about the human race that in London during the bombings, when the needs of the nation were paramount to all, the incidence of nervous breakdowns declined. That which is "superior in force and continuity to good and evil fortune can alone"—in Joseph Conrad's phrase—"give us the feeling of an enduring existence and of an invincible power against the fates." Men who achieve this feeling achieve it generally through a sense of relationship, deep and real, to the quest for truth, God, or Country, with all that Country implies; it was of the "national spirit" that Conrad was writing.

And what about Americans? Are we not religious and patriotic? The percentage of us attending church has risen steadily since the founding of the country and is now up to half. The churches are bulging. We have amended our Oath of Allegiance to the Flag to make us one nation "under God." On billboards and on stickers on loaves of bread we urge our fellows to attend religious services. One of our most popular syndicated columnists is a divine who tells us not only how faith can move mountains but how it can make you the owner of a big hotel. We distribute more American flags than ever before through our veterans' organizations. The base of the Washington monument is now encircled by a veritable wall of American flags. We have become so alert to un-Americanism that an unguarded remark made in college can get you into trouble twenty-five years later. Where once we marched to war singing the flippant ditties of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" we now solemnly intone the elevated phrases of "God Bless America" ("My home, sweet home").

SO I QUIT. AND I
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That the American people are seeking emotional security—even desperately seeking it—may not be doubted. Whether we are finding it is another matter. When a choice must be made between a new highway and the preservation of the integrity of a community or a masterpiece of nature, we seldom hesitate to embrace the highway. When the Pennsylvania Turnpike bypassed Bedford, *The Rotarian* tells us, despair settled over the three thousand inhabitants, but Bedford was made a turn-around terminal and now well over a thousand trucks a day pass through the town! When the choice is between the interests of future generations in an unspoiled seashore and a real-estate developer's opportunity for profit, we can be counted upon ninety-nine times out of a hundred to let the developer have his way.

"Take what you want and pay for it," says God (a Spanish proverb tells us). What do we want? A country in which nothing is too garish, ugly, crowded, or dislocated, provided somebody is making money out of it? A country in which everything that could give us a feeling of continuity and permanence has been sacrificed for the ever-faster buck? If so, there will be a price. It will be, I think, a continuing rootlessness, homelessness, and emptiness at the core of American life. It will be more of the tension and anxiety that are so striking to visitors to our country and that somehow we cannot relieve with the mounting billions of cigarettes we annually smoke.

Within two hours' drive of where I live is the Shenandoah National Park. This is a tract of over 180,000 acres from which the Blue Ridge Parkway extends southward through the George Washington National Forest. Eventually, after

also passing through several state parks and the Pisgah National Forest, it will reach, when completed, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Together, these reservations form a protected zone of forest, meadow, and mountains that is unbroken for five hundred miles. Within it there are no compulsively driven throngs, human or vehicular, no goading and peremptory traffic lights (or any need for them), no frenzied billboards or dazzling store-fronts shrieking one another down for your attention. Some of the same effect may be found in certain parts of American towns which have escaped commercial exploitation and retained the character and dignity they have had for generations—certain streets of New England whaling towns, for instance, or the heart of Savannah around Forsyth Park. Only here in the Shenandoah the sense of serenity is greater. In a national park you do not fear to form an attachment to what you see lest you return to find it bulldozed out for a gas station. You feel as if you had escaped the battlefield of a war you had been fighting and losing. You have for once the feeling of being at peace with your surroundings.

A hope of "getting away from it all"—somehow, sometime—is part of the American dream. The drive to get away from the civilization we have built is today sending us to the national parks in ever greater numbers. It is also bringing tourists from the hinterland of America to the historic places of the Atlantic Seaboard and sending others across the ocean. Within a few years, a million Americans are expected to visit Europe annually, an amazing number considering the costs of the trip. In all these pilgrimages, I suspect, there is a common motive. It is a longing to regain something we feel we

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TWO
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have lost in our pursuit of the future. What we seek is reassurance that existence has other dimensions and values than those of the transient and harassing present. We seek it in the changeless mountains and forests, in the New England fishing villages and medieval French towns. We have a hunger for that which is enduring, which is rooted, which belongs, as we should like to belong, for that which men have made not to see how much they could get out of it but to see how much they could put into it. There is a fine irony in this. We go to ever-greater lengths to recapture precisely those things that we happily raze to the ground when we find them near at home—to make way for more of what we flee from.

THE REAR-GUARD ACTION

TO preserve that which could "give us the feeling of an enduring existence" requires unrelenting battle, with the hope of winning only a small part of the time. When a landmark of our history or a spectacular remnant of our natural grandeur is threatened with destruction for even trivial or perverse reasons, the struggle to save it can be exhausting. It took conservationists years of effort to defeat the scheme to flood Dinosaur National Monument and use the impounded waters partly to bring more land under cultivation at a time when we are burdened with \$9 billion in farm surpluses. A state-wide, even nation-wide mobilization was necessary to save the virgin forests of Porcupine Mountain State Park (which Michigan had acquired fifteen years before to preserve them "for all eternity") from copper mining—which was to have been subsidized by the taxpayer while the Department of State worried about the shrinking markets for the copper produced by our allies. The plan to level over the bed of the historic Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and convert the wooded corridor which it occupies beside the Potomac into a "scenic" highway was given up only when a Supreme Court Justice and other angry citizens hiked the 160-mile length of the canal to call attention to its value as a park. In another recent case the popular addiction to highways proved invincible. The Adirondacks are to be invaded by a "Northway" which will bring their fastnesses within a beer-can's throw of whizzing millions who are not content with having almost all the rest of the country to whiz through.

"We cannot hallow this ground," said Lincoln. The question is, can we refrain from desecrating

the battlefield of Gettysburg with subdivisions and Bar-B-Qs? The field of Antietam, soaked with the blood of more brave Americans than any other plot in the world, was saved only by Congressional action at the last minute.

The conservationists may well be fighting a losing battle. Perhaps we must plunge on to some ultimate reckoning. But there are some grounds for hope, some indications that a stand can be made. The ferocious slaughter of wild-life following the Civil War led to the federal and state laws and to the game and wildlife refuges that now afford the survivors some protection. The ravaging of the wilderness led to our incomparable system of national parks which, starting with Yellowstone in 1872, now encompasses 24 million acres, including some 130 national monuments and historical and battlefield parks. The threat to historical sites has called into being at least 800 organizations to protect them; that is the present membership of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Thanks to these organizations, 22 cities now have ordinances protecting historic sections and 50 others are said to have such ordinances under consideration.

Three recent developments in Congress could be indicative of a growing public concern. One was the act authorizing a higher payment under the Interstate Highway system to states forbidding billboards along the right-of-way. The differential is a small one (one-half of one per cent) but it establishes a principle. A second was the creation by Congress of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission which will inventory our remaining unspoiled areas under the chairmanship of Laurance Rockefeller. The third is the Wilderness Preservation Bill, which would preserve remaining wild areas in federal ownership from invasion by roads and buildings.

A few years ago a publication of the Audubon Society of the District of Columbia contrasted the virtually parkless suburbs of Washington with an equal area of London, where, in addition to innumerable smaller parks, there are 37 parks of over 50 acres each, of which 13 are of 200 acres or more, Hyde Park having 363 acres and Epping Forest over 5,000. Since then, two of the jurisdictions—Fairfax and Montgomery Counties—have voted for multi-million-dollar bond issues for parks, and the prospects of saving a minimum of green areas while there is yet time have radically improved. There is plenty of evidence of a growing nation-wide interest in zoning laws, planning bodies, and acquisition of parkland. It would be remarkable if there were

not, in view of the specter that has been conjured up for us of a super-megalopolis of the future that will engulf the entire Atlantic Seaboard from Massachusetts to Virginia.

THE SECOND FLOOD

THAT specter calls up an ugly truth, however: What we have seen so far of the ravaging of the American countryside and the American past by the bulldozer and the wrecking crew is nothing compared with what we shall see in the future, no matter what actions we may take to control the evils of urban sprawl. We are adding three million to our population every year, and every year—unless something happens to lower the birth rate or raise the death rate—the number will grow larger. The parks will offer no refuge from the future's hordes; you will merely meet them there in different clothes. Not only is our population expanding but so are income and mobility. Annual visits to state parks rose from 75 million at the end of the war to 237 million in 1958, the increase from 1957 to 1958 being 9 per cent. In *The Crisis in Outdoor Recreation*, Marion Clawson of the Ford Foundation estimates that by the year 2000 the demand upon our national parks and forests may well be forty times what it has been in the recent past; a projection of the current trend shows the number of annual visits reaching five billion by that time.

To the world's population there is yearly added a number greater than the population of France. If the estimated one-third of a billion inhabitants of the world at the time of Christ had increased at the rate at which the world's present inhabitants are increasing, P. K. Whelpton tells us in *The Population Ahead*, we should now have a million persons for every square foot of the earth's land surface. By reducing mortality rates without correspondingly reducing birth rates, science has opened up for mankind a fate as ghastly as the trick it has up its other sleeve—atomic annihilation. One important difference is that to escape the latter we need only refrain from using nuclear weapons, whereas to escape from being drowned in the flood of our own numbers, positive and perhaps drastic action is required. As for what the action should be, the issue was posed sharply last November when the Catholic Bishops of the United States came out with their statement on birth control. "United States Catholics believe," they said, "that the promotion of artificial birth prevention is a morally, humanly, psychologically, and politically

disastrous approach to the population problem."

Those who disagreed with them were accused of "promoting a moral evil" and the United States was warned not to let itself be terrorized by the "guesstimates" of special pleaders with respect to the population explosion." The Bishops implied that the solution lay in migration and in "increasing the acreage or the acreage yield to meet the food demands of an increasing population." The pronouncement was followed by a brief flurry of controversy, and not much more.

It is hard to think of an occasion on which our statesmen and editorialists have showed to worse advantage than they have in their pussy-footing on the issue of the population explosion. It is much as if they had been acting on the premise that the Communist threat would go away if it were made unmentionable. The two issues are not only of a comparable seriousness but closely related. Only the blind could maintain that China's overpopulation had nothing to do with the Chinese Communists' success or that the present rate of population increase in the underdeveloped countries of the Free World does not tend to negate the value of our economic aid and vastly complicate the problem of satisfying the ever-mounting demands of their inhabitants for a better life. In Kerala, in India, we have recently had an illustration of the sequence of overpopulation, unemployment, poverty, Communist success at the polls, attacks on Christian institutions. (The Catholic Church is especially strong in Kerala.) If the population of Africa is going to rise to 517 million and that of Latin America to 592 million by the year 2000, as George Washington University predicts, we may face scores of Keralas. May the Bishops not have to ask themselves what it shall profit us if we shall gain all these souls and lose the whole world?

STOPPING THE SWARM

WHILE the Population Reference Bureau declares that "unless population growth is controlled in some underdeveloped countries, world chaos is inevitable" and two eminent scientists, Philip M. Hauser, a University of Chicago sociologist and Sir Julian Huxley, the British biologist, call for all-out use of every practical method of birth control to save the world from political and social catastrophe, our President declares that "as long as I am here" our government will never "have a positive political doctrine in its program that has to do with birth control."

What the opponents of birth control may not fully understand is that many of us are aghast at the senseless, runaway proliferation of population not only because of the effect among the less fortunate peoples who even now go to bed hungry but because we happen to love our own country. Our nation spends \$40 billion a year to insure itself against invasion from another country. We should like to see it spend some tiny fraction of that sum to insure itself against an invasion from another time, against being overrun by the teeming masses the future could spawn. Let us recognize that one invasion could be as destructive as the other, not only of the outward character of America but of all else we value; for surely we cannot assume that the idea of individual rights born in the New England town meeting and the assemblages of Revolutionary Virginia will still flourish when a human being is only one 500-millionth or a billionth part of a human mass packed into super-cities like monster, crawling bee swarms.

If that growth is to be forestalled, a determined and resourceful effort must be made, and made soon, to develop simplified means of contraception and effective incentives to hold down the size of families. There seems to be little doubt that we are on the way to a solution of the contraceptive problem. As for the other—if women from Patagonia to Manitoba and from Santa

Monica to the Kurfürstendamm can be shamed overnight into raising or lowering the hemlines of their skirts at the whim of a Parisian designer, it should be possible to build up social pressures that will restrain parents from heedless multiplication. About 2.2 children per couple will maintain the population in the United States. Do we need many more?

Raymond B. Cowles, a zoologist at the University of California, said of the population explosion, "I can come to only one conclusion, which is that no rational solution can be achieved in time to avert disaster to both wildlife and man himself." Let us hope that he is wrong and that once again we can rally at the eleventh hour in defense of what remains of our homeland.

Thomas Griffith, the foreign-affairs editor of *Time*, in his book, *The Waist-High Culture*, speaks of Americans today having a "sense of blighted intentions." Convinced of our discontent with the noise, speed, hypocrisy, and triviality of our society, Mr. Griffith believes that nothing less is required than "a revolution of goals, a change in what we value, what we preserve, and what we pursue."

Perhaps never before, even in the depths of the great depression, have doubts about the direction of our civilization been so widespread among us. And from that, more than from anything else, we may draw encouragement.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN CONSERVATISM

ALTHOUGH not valuable to the United States for settlement, [the Louisiana Purchase] is so to Spain, and will become more so, and therefore at some distant period will form an object which we may barter with her for the Floridas, obviously of far greater value to us than all the immense, undefined region west of the river. . . .

When we consider the present extent of the United States, and that not one sixteenth part of its territory is yet under occupation, the advantage of the acquisition, as it relates to actual settlement, appears too distant and remote to strike the mind of a sober politician with much force. This, therefore, can only rest in speculation for many years, if not centuries to come, and consequently will not perhaps be allowed very great weight in the account by the majority of readers. But it may be added, that should our own citizens, more enterprising than wise, become desirous of settling this country, and emigrate thither, it must not only be attended with all the injuries of a too widely dispersed population, but by adding to the great weight of the western part of our territory, must hasten the dismemberment of a large portion of our country, or a dissolution of the government.

—Alexander Hamilton, *New York Evening Post*, July 5, 1803



A Story by VICTOR WOLFSON

Drawings by Michael Train

Early Sin in the early 'thirties

WHEN I was young I thought I was in love with Eileen Sommers, but it was her mother I was really in love with, and she was a policewoman. Unlike her daughter who was dark and silent, Mrs. Sommers was light-hearted and spirited. She relished every moment of her bounteous life and appeared eager to share it with anyone. She wore excellent clothes, tailored suits mostly, but she never looked mannish. There was always a frill around her neck or at her cuff. It was hard to imagine that this chic, gay woman was a tough officer of the law. She owned a collection of expensive purses and invariably carried one of them with her. They were gifts, she said smiling slyly, for services rendered. What these services might be I could only guess at, but of one thing I was certain: I knew that within the purse lay that silvery passport to splendor, adventure, and sin—a police badge.

One day in July, Mrs. Sommers called me up to ask if I would care to go dancing with Eileen. I said that I would. We met that evening on the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-third Street. The policewoman and her daughter were waiting for me beneath the "el" which ran along Ninth Avenue at that time. Mrs. Sommers was on night duty and Eileen had been forced to tag along with her mother. Mrs. Sommers seemed more than happy to have me join them. I would keep her daughter company while she went about her duties. The policewoman, a divorcee, was forever rounding up known prostitutes. She handled them with a kind of rough affection. That evening Mrs. Sommers stopped in at several evil dance halls looking for prey. While she transacted her business with the sharp-eyed

proprietors of these places—Italian, Spanish, and Irish—her daughter Eileen and I danced.

The last stop of that night tour was a dance palace at Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue, up one flight. We came into a huge ballroom, dimly lit. Through the swirls of cigarette smoke I could make out the girls dancing with their partners—sailors in white uniforms, soldiers, and many foreign-looking men in shirt sleeves. Though there was a band playing on a stage beneath red and blue light bulbs, the ballroom seemed supernaturally still, entranced, as though a seance were taking place. There was no laughter, no buzz of conversation, only the rhythmic shuffling of feet. The dancers, fixed in their poses, revolved slowly about the dark hall in deep concentration.

I was about to lead Eileen on to the dance floor as I had in the other halls, but Mrs. Sommers said, "Uh-uh, Eileen, not for you. Just go and sit down. Wait." Pouting, but obedient, Eileen went and sat down on a bent wood chair against the wall.

"You go on and dance if you want," the policewoman said to me. "Hey, give the boy some tickets, Mamie," she called to an aged peroxide blonde who sat behind a grille in a cashier's cage. Like a seasoned customer I sauntered over. The cashier gave me a gold-toothed smile and handed me a strip of tickets.

"What do I do now?" I asked.

"Just go pick out what you want and let yourself go, Sonny." She nodded toward a row of girls who sat motionless against a wall. I knew that Eileen had her eyes on me. I knew too that I was undergoing some sort of test that evening. It was the first time I had been out on duty with

the policewoman and she was watching my reactions carefully. If my behavior pleased her I knew I would be invited out again. It was important to me that I impress her favorably.

I reached the row of waiting girls, and stopped before the nearest one. I didn't want to offend any of them by presuming to have made a choice. Silently, without looking up at me, the girl reached out her hand. I placed my ticket in it. She deposited the ticket in her pocket. Then she got to her feet. Still she did not look at me. She stood waiting, chewing gum languidly, gazing beyond me at the entwined, silent couples on the dance floor. The girl was astonishing looking—her lips lacquered, her eyelashes drooping with mascara, not a line to be seen in her face, and the only movement there was the slow rhythmic rolling of a jaw. She came into my arms and a shiver of fright went through my body. She clung to me effortlessly. I had never before known such utter intimacy.

We slipped into the silent stream of revolving couples and moved about the room. The girl was silent, and I was too shocked by the new sensations I was experiencing, too absorbed in them to open my mouth. Now I knew why the dance hall was so silent. Now I understood the reason for that intense concentration which I had sensed upon entering the dimly-lit room. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the policewoman at the cashier's cage drinking out of a whiskey bottle. She thrust the bottle away from her mouth in a moment, gasping like a child and blinking her eyes, shouting with laughter.

"Wow!" she cried.

The music stopped. The girl and I separated. There was no applause. In a moment the band started playing again.

"Would you like to dance some more?" I asked cautiously. The girl shrugged.

"Gimme another ticket," she murmured.

I handed her another one of the tickets. She put it into her pocket and moved back into my arms. It was as though she had never left them. Again we slowly circled the ballroom. I saw Eileen sitting gloomily near the cashier's cage watching us. She was twisting a curl of her hair around her finger and staring at us.

As the dancing-girl and I passed Mrs. Sommers, she laughed knowingly. "All right, that's enough now, you," she called. I laughed too, a little uneasily, and excused myself to the girl. The glazed wraith turned away immediately and took a place in the frieze along the wall.

When Mrs. Sommers, Eileen, and I reached the street, Mrs. Sommers said, "Well, my boy,

you've just been in the wickedest dance hall in town, and you've just danced with Maureen."

"She's a wonderful dancer," I said.

"Yeah. I got her sixty days in Jefferson Market Court last year for dancing naked at a stag party. She's behaving herself though. Boy, she's a lulu."

"She's horrible, Mother," Eileen said. "And I just hate coming to these places."

"Oh, don't be a goof," Mrs. Sommers said.

"I thought it was a very interesting experience," I said.

"Oh, you shut up!" Eileen cried, turning on me. "I saw you enjoying every minute of it!"

"Why shouldn't he? It won't hurt him none," Mrs. Sommers shouted.

"And what do you expect *me* to do?"

"You! Why you danced in every Goddamn stinking dance hall—"

"Mother!"

"Well, she just makes me so mad," the policewoman said turning to me and laughing apologetically. "I forget my language." I laughed.

"See," she continued, looking at me with admiration, "he doesn't care about my language. Eileen's going to college but I could hardly get through high school."

"Mother, you've been drinking."

"So what?" She turned to see my reaction to this. I smiled.

"See?" Mrs. Sommers said, "he's a good kid. He can come out on the rounds with me anytime. As for you, young lady, don't go trying to compare yourself to a man, and what he enjoys. Come on, let's hop this cab." She stepped out into the traffic and flagged a taxi. My heart swelled with love for the policewoman, who, unlike my mother, treated me not as the high-school boy I was, but as a man. In the dark taxi Eileen sat glowering and silent but Mrs. Sommers kept up her drunken chatter and when at one point she patted my hand, I knew I had passed the test.

LATE in August, Mrs. Sommers invited me to lunch with Captain O'Hurley of the police department. The policewoman had often talked of him, but I had never seen him. He was Mrs. Sommers' best friend and, I gathered, her guardian in the department, and now by the end of summer I had somehow earned the right to meet him. We were to pick him up in his police station in lower Manhattan.

I went up the steps that Saturday noon, opened the door which was flanked by two large green lamps, and found myself standing before a cop lolling in a swivel chair behind a varnished railing. I had never been in a police station before.

In the Brooklyn circles in which I ordinarily moved, a police station was considered enemy territory. I asked the cop for Captain O'Hurley.

"He knows you're coming," he said, pressing a button on his desk. I heard the policewoman's healthy laughter coming from behind a closed door. She came out with Eileen and in a moment we were joined by a short, asthmatic man. A golden badge glistened on his blue uniform. He swatted the policewoman affectionately on her backside, shouted a good-natured command to the cop in charge, and ushered us out of his domain.

"So you're Eileen's boy friend," he said to me as we went down the steps to the street. "She thinks the world of you, this one does." He smiled up at Mrs. Sommers who was quite a bit taller than Captain O'Hurley.

"Well, where do you want to eat, honey?" he asked her. She mentioned the name of a restaurant and we started walking downtown, passing the Municipal Building and City Hall and entering Park Row. We reached a house near the old *World* building and went up a long flight of wooden steps to a landing. We lined up before a metal door. Captain O'Hurley pressed a button. A slot in the door slid open and a suspicious eye peered out. In a moment the eye brightened and the door opened. We were enthusiastically greeted by a cheerful man with an Italian accent. He led us to a large table at the rear.

The place was crowded. Mostly they were newspapermen, Captain O'Hurley said, good fellows who liked to drink. It was in the days of Prohibition, and the Captain announced proudly that this restaurant was one of the nice places in town where you got drinks openly with meals. Wine wasn't served in thick coffee cups but in regulation wine glasses, and you could even place a bottle of whiskey on your table without fear. The Captain thought Prohibition a crackpot law. He would have nothing to do with its enforcement.

We were handed enormous menus by a waiter, but Captain O'Hurley plucked them from our hands and handed them back. Then wheezing and gasping for air in the smoky room, he commanded oysters, soup, steak, potatoes, and ice

cream to be brought for all of us. There was wine for Eileen and myself, poured out of a bottle encased in a raffia net, and there were large tumblers of straight whiskey for the policewoman and the Captain. We ate and drank for an hour, and after dessert a box of cigars was brought to the Captain. He took a fistful, stuck one in his mouth and the rest in his pocket. Then he glanced at his watch and said, "Well, what should we do this afternoon? How'd you like to see a fan-tan raid, kids?"

My heart leaped. I had no idea what a fan-tan was, but that it was something sinful, I had no doubt. When I expressed my eagerness, the Captain laughed and left the table. He returned in a little while.

"Well," he said, "I just phoned. It's all set. Let's go." We stood up. I realized then that no one was going to pay for the spectacular lunch we had just consumed. Instead, the short, waddling Captain O'Hurley led us down a corridor of smiling waiters. At the door, he offered the proprietor one of the cigars he had taken earlier. The man accepted it, thanking him effusively and said, "You come again soon, Captain, hah?"

When we reached the street, Captain O'Hurley said, "We've got to get over to Chinatown. Let's walk. It'll do us good after all that grub."

THE policewoman and the Captain started out ahead of us. I thought they made a wonderful couple strolling along arm in arm, confident and cheerful. All New York belonged to them, the upper world and the underworld, and they had the power to show its sinful, secret wonders to me.

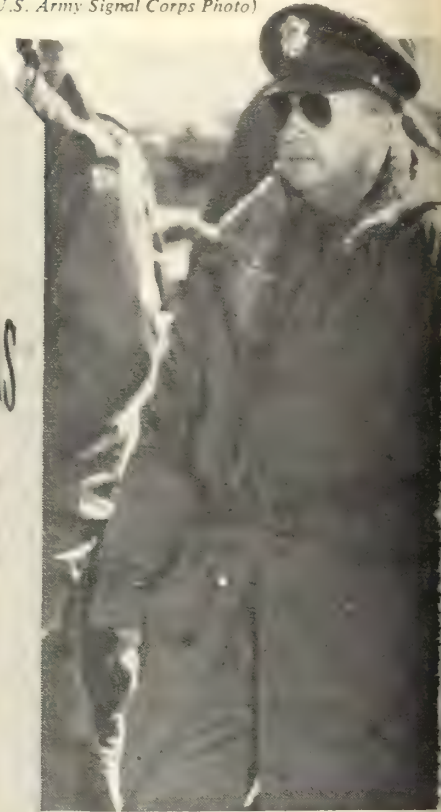
Eileen and I followed behind them giggling with excitement like kids going to the circus with their parents. We left Park Row and plunged into the shadows of the Bowery. At Chatham Square we turned into one of those twisting streets in Chinatown. A "Black Maria," clanging its bell, came down the street. I was a little frightened, and yet the emotion was pleasurable. I knew I was safe. After all, I was a guest of the law. I had visions of police hacking down a door, breaking in on an evil opium den. I would be present as the police ripped the deadly fan-tan from the mouths of the addicts. Of course in the background, behind beaded curtains, would be the naked dancing girls and the hissing white-slavers. All of them would fall into Captain O'Hurley's glistening net.

The "Black Maria" stopped at a tenement halfway down the street, and we followed several

Victor Wolfson's "Early Sin" goes back to New York, which was the scene of two of his earlier stories in "Harper's." He is a playwright ("Excursion" and "American Gothic") and novelist ("The Lonely Steeple" and "Eagle on the Plain") and also writes for television and magazines.

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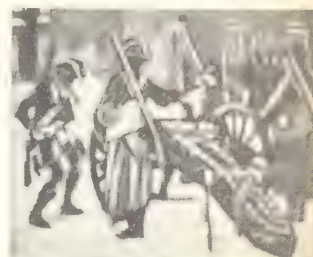
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policemen into the dark hallway. We went into a back apartment where the door had already been flung open. A few miserable-looking Chinese were sitting around a dining-room table. Some playing cards were on the table. The room seemed cozy and clean, and only the police, now yanking the startled Chinese up from the table, seemed to me sinister. I learned later that the Chinese had been playing a card game called fan-tan, but why it was illegal and why the police had the right to raid the apartment I still do not know. The Chinese seemed utterly isolated and lost as they were hustled off into the wagon.

I tried to assume what I believed to be a manly attitude toward Captain O'Hurley's victims. I regarded them as though they were things. I had nothing in common with them. They were not even human; they were scum. I was close to the law, on the side of society. They were in some outer world, condemned figures driven beyond. No, they were not to be pitied. I managed to strike this official attitude which was obviously Captain O'Hurley's.

Suddenly one of the policemen raised his night stick and brought it down on the head of a protesting Chinese who was being shoved toward the waiting "Black Maria." In a moment blood was streaming down over the dazed face of the victim. I turned away from the gory sight, my stiff, manly attitude collapsed; pity and shame spread through my body, overwhelmed and swamped me. I was saved from ignominious tears only by the anger which I now felt as I heard my friend the police captain cursing his victims. I was responsible for all this. The raid had been ordered by my latest guide into the underworld. He had staged a Saturday afternoon entertainment for me. I was to blame, only me. A glimmer of revulsion toward the policewoman rose in me, too. If I had never met her I never would have made the descent. After that Saturday afternoon episode, it was a long time before I again saw the policewoman, or her daughter, or Captain O'Hurley.

DURING the Christmas holidays I visited Eileen Sommers in her apartment on the upper West Side. The rooms were decorated with tinsel and green boughs. Eileen and I were alone in the front room, trimming the Christmas tree. Mrs. Sommers suddenly came in.

"Well, now, isn't that a romantic sight, you two," she said, going toward an enormous bottle of Chianti which was kept in a wicker basket on the mantelpiece. She poured three glasses.

"Guess what, kids," she said, "the Captain's

asked us to be his guests New Year's Eve."

"That's wonderful, Mother," Eileen exclaimed.

"We'll have to be dressed up. You'll need a new evening dress, Eileen," she continued breathlessly, "and you have to wear a tuxedo, Sonny. Have you got one?"

"No. But I'll get one."

"You'd better tell your mother you'll spend the night here. We'll probably be out all night. That Captain," she sighed happily, "when he does things, he does them up right."

A few days later, on New Year's Eve, I came into the kitchen of our Brooklyn flat. My mother, who was cooking supper on the kitchen stove, turned and looked at me. I had borrowed a tuxedo from a friend. My mother put her rough, stubby fingers on the trousers and peered critically at the satin stripe which ran down the leg. Next she fingered the satin lapels. Then she shrugged her shoulders. In her blunt, careworn face I saw the familiar expression of disapproval. She looked into my eyes and murmured, "Lady-gehyer," which means literally, "someone who goes about doing nothing"—a loafer. I have never forgotten the scorn in my mother's voice. She who was an idealist, an old European Socialist, a self-conscious member of the proletariat, disapproved of her sleek American son who now stood before her, a traitor, wearing the uniform of her traditional enemy, the capitalist.

I put my tweed overcoat on over my tuxedo and kissed her good-by, saying that I would spend the night in New York with the Sommers. My mother accepted my kiss—she gave me her cheek—then as I turned away, I heard her sigh heavily. With that chill blessing I left.

At that time a restaurant called Mori's was one of the glamor spots in Greenwich Village, and it was at Mori's that Captain O'Hurley, Mrs. Sommers, Eileen, and I met later that evening.

Captain O'Hurley was greeted at the door like a potentate and we, his court, proudly followed him across the noisy, smoke-filled room to the large table reserved for him near the dance floor. Captain O'Hurley wore his blue uniform. The policewoman wore a black dinner dress trimmed with monkey fur. Eileen was gotten up in stiff taffeta and bows. She looked festive enough, but overpowered by the new dress. It had been a gift, I found out during supper, from Captain O'Hurley, who had gotten it as a Christmas present from one of his clients. By a client, he meant the people who had offices or factories in buildings which he and his men patrolled. I had seen the Captain and his men do duty at night. The patrolman would march up to a darkened store,



try the door handle, and peer inside. When he was satisfied that all was well within, he would return to us who had waited for him near the curb. At Christmas time, the Captain and the policewoman received countless gifts from countless clients, and some of the loot was passed on to me—pens, vases, a brief case, a set of dishes. Eileen was wearing one of these gifts now. It seemed to dwarf her body and soul and to drain her energy. She could hardly speak.

I, on the other hand, felt like a man of the world in my borrowed tuxedo. I gazed about the room, assuming the supercilious air of a young man-about-town appraising the hot-spot he now found himself in, after an evening of carousing. Actually my heart was beating fast with the joy of being in such splendid surroundings. At neighboring tables, fabulous-looking women in evening dresses sat drinking and laughing, arrogantly combing their hair, smearing lipstick on their mouths. Their partners too, were wonderfully dressed, but what impressed me most about the men was their shoes. I was wearing my ordinary black leather shoes, well-polished, but the other patrons of Mori's were wearing shoes of the sleekest black material. I asked the policewoman what they were made of, and she said, "Why, honey, that's patent leather—that's what you wear with a tuxedo. John," she said turning to the Captain, "you've got to get the boy a pair of 'em."

Captain O'Hurley took out a little notebook and said, "What size?" I didn't know my size. They insisted that I take off my shoe. Mrs. Sommers took it and peered in to find the size, but she couldn't see it printed anywhere. The shoe was handed across the table to Captain O'Hurley, who put on his glasses and found the size inked in a corner of the shoe. He jotted it

down in his little book and handed the shoe back to me. The elegant party at the next table, watching all this, roared with drunken laughter. Some conversation took place between Captain O'Hurley and a tousled-haired blondish matron who was the leading light at the next table. A pat of rouge adorned each cheek and the crinkled skin of her neck was encircled with a black velvet ribbon. She looked artificial and somehow this suited her. She saw me staring at her and smiled.

"Now go ahead and dance with Eileen," the policewoman said. "I've got to mix around in the crowd a little out at the bar and in the powder room. My job, you know. Eileen, you have yourself a good time, do you hear? You look great."

Weighted down in her yards of shining material, Eileen preceded me to the dance floor. She found it difficult to dance without stepping on the hem of her dress. In the center of the crowded floor, I collided with the tousled-haired woman who was our neighbor at the next table. She turned and nodded to me graciously and, it seemed to me, respectfully. I too nodded slightly, but I could not smile. I was having difficulty steering Eileen Sommers about the floor.

WHEN we returned to our table, Captain O'Hurley, who had a bottle of Scotch on the floor hidden by the long white tablecloth, brought it out and poured a drink for us. I was sixteen years old, and it was the first Scotch I had ever drunk. I thought the stuff delicious, and in a few moments had drained my glass. Under the approving eyes of Captain O'Hurley, I poured myself another drink and one for Eileen.

Captain O'Hurley grew redder in the face as the evening went on. He wandered from table to table and was greeted by everyone. Mrs. Sommers came back displaying a new beaded

evening bag which had just been given her by one of the owners of the restaurant.

"Now isn't she the sweetest thing, that woman?" the policewoman said, laughing happily. "Oh, I tell you, people in this town, there's no one like them." There were tears in her eyes. She had had much to drink. One of the shoulder straps of her dress had slipped down, and she looked voluptuous and abandoned. She shouted a good deal and waved her arms at passers-by.

Eileen remained silent, staring out across the room, somber and pouting. Suddenly it occurred to me that Eileen didn't like her mother, nor, indeed, any of us. She sat next to me, rigid and withdrawn, as though she were rebuking us. I wished she would go away. She was chilling the noisy, festive atmosphere around our table. And when Captain O'Hurley, who was quite drunk now, leaned over and kissed the policewoman, Eileen rose quickly and said she had to go to the powder room. I hoped she would never come back. I sat watching the Captain kissing the policewoman, thinking how wonderful it was to be grown-up on a New Year's Eve in New York. When Captain O'Hurley released Mrs. Sommers, her laughter soared above all the other noise in the room. She leaned over and offered her cheek to me, which I kissed.

"What's a matter with you?" Captain O'Hurley shouted. "Let him have it good, Marie—" Mrs. Sommers turned and raised her lips toward mine. I hesitated a moment. "Go on, boy!" the Captain shouted good-naturedly. "You gotta learn sooner or later." I kissed the policewoman on the lips. Eileen came back to our table. The policewoman saw her daughter first.

"It's twelve o'clock, honey," she said laughing, looking up at Eileen. "Go on, kiss her, dearie," she added, poking me. I got up and tried to kiss Eileen on the lips but she sat down abruptly.

"It's only half-past eleven," she said.

"Oh, what the hell," the Captain said, pulling the bottle out from under the table and pouring a drink for each of us.

At the next table, the party had got wild. They were throwing streamers and confetti at one another. Only the tousled-haired matron sat silently, weaving unsteadily in her chair. She had become almost regal; there was a fixed, detached little smile on her face as she looked around at the New Year's crowd in the restaurant. Without warning, she rose and came over to our table. She stood next to Captain O'Hurley and addressed him apologetically.

"I'm Mrs. Johnson," she said thickly. "I live up there on Madison Avenue, very nice house.

I would be pleased you and yours do me the honor joining us later at the house." She turned and, fixing a somber eye on me, she continued, lowering her voice, "I know who you are, Your Highness. You're traveling incognito."

All of us were stunned as she sank to her knee before me, lifted my hand and kissed it. Captain O'Hurley and Mrs. Sommers whooped with laughter. The Captain wiped the tears out of his eyes and said, "That's all right, toots."

"You're here to guard him, of course," Mrs. Johnson said, rising and addressing the uniformed Captain.

"Sure thing," the Captain said laughing, his stomach heaving jovially. "That's just what I'm doin'."

"Guard the prince well," the woman continued drunkenly. "I have always been a friend of the Russian royal family." She turned abruptly and went back to her table, where she plopped down into her chair. Everyone around us laughed. The policewoman shouted in an incredulous tone of voice, "Honey, she thinks you're a prince!"

Eileen suddenly broke into tears, pushing the large napkin into her face, covering it completely, smothering her sobs. At that moment the band broke out with "Auld Lang Syne." It was midnight. While people all over the restaurant were kissing one another and horns were blowing, I tried to soothe the weeping Eileen.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she said, over and over again. "I don't know what's the matter. I'll be all right."

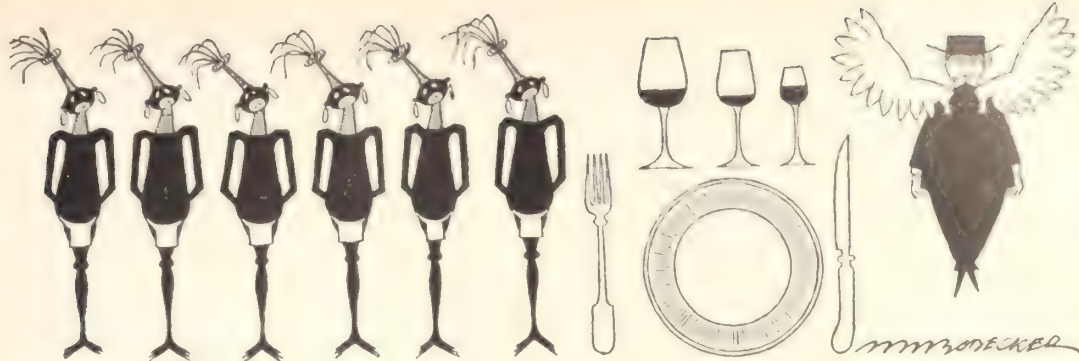
"You shouldn't have given her that hard liquor, John," the policewoman said. "You feel like throwing up, Eileen?"

"Just leave me alone," she screamed above the noise of the horns. "I'll be all right."

"Well, let's you and me dance, Prince," Mrs. Sommers laughed, rising.

I was glad to escape the weeping girl. I took the policewoman in my arms and we danced throughout that fabulous night.

THAT was the last time I saw the policewoman and her daughter. I went out to the Midwest to college and made no attempt to see them again, nor did they ever call me. As for Captain O'Hurley, I read in the newspapers sometime later that he had been demoted, and transferred to a post where the opportunity to receive graft and bribes from "clients" were slim indeed. He had been made an ordinary foot-cop and now patrolled the Brooklyn Bridge. I viewed their departure with sorrow and wondered who now would show me the face of sin in my city.



TELEPHONIC MNEMONIC

Felicia Lamport

TELEPHONE books have become so vast that it strains the wrist to lift them, the eye to scan them, and the patience to handle them. The relatively small compendia of Numbers Most Frequently Called are of use only at home, and not much even there—the telephone company has induced most of us to overextend in acquiring extensions with the result that we are always leaving the phone book next to the instrument we used the last time and will not be using the next. Clearly the time has come to develop some sort of system for remembering telephone numbers with a minimum of strain.

The device of *logomorphism* seems the most practical for a word-oriented nation like ours. The game of changing numbers into words has worked admirably for me and endowed me with a splendid reservoir of unexpended time and unexploded temper. Let me offer a few examples to illustrate the technique.

6681 is my own number. For some reason it seems to be difficult to memorize or even to repeat accurately—it usually comes out 6881. It can, however, be immutably fixed by the story of the missionary who went to a small island inhabited only by six cannibals. Nothing further was heard about him until a message was transmitted by drum-semaphor: *six sick; ate one*.

The number 9429 suggests the somewhat exotic mnemonic of a coy German girl with an imperfect command of English who, on being asked for a date answers: *Nein for tonight*. It should be noted for the benefit of those who tend to cavil that the logomorphism need not be perfect; it must only identify the number.

2282 requires that Caesar's death scene be padded by having him identify two old friends

among the conspirators before his eye falls on Brutus. Caesar then says: "*Tu, tu, et tu!*" fixing the number with unforgettable drama.

Similar numbers need not produce related logomorphisms. 2242 is brought to mind not by any reference to Caesar but by invoking the image of a set of Siamese twins who, on deciding to study the ballet, go to a costumer to order the appropriate four-leg-holed garment: a *tutu for two*.

Visual imagery of any kind is most helpful. Consider the number 0115 in the context of a scoutmaster who tries to organize a parade with music, but on finding that his troupe is composed exclusively of drummers, cries plaintively: "*O for one fife!*"

Ideally the number should not only be etched on the mind but tied to its particular subscriber, as in the case of a lady who, immediately after her divorce from an extremely unpleasant spouse, was assigned the number 3428, a singularly felicitous comment on her *free, fortunate* state. Equally apropos is the number belonging to an amiable couple who serve delicious food, but never more than one drink, and a weak one at that. To recall their number, 4425, one has only to remember the need to *forefortify* oneself when going to their house for dinner.

Certain numbers seem so startlingly apt that one is moved to wonder whether the telephone company administers some sort of subliminal Rorschach test to subscribers and then matches the numbers to them. Consider the poignant description embodied in 2621, the number of a hypochondriacal acquaintance who takes positive pride in always being *too sick, too wan*.

All of which ought to be enough to introduce the elements of the logomorphic game. It is eminently simple and practical, and remember: any number can play.

The Almost Secret Art of Being an Effective President

*The last in a series of articles on
Politics for a New Generation . . . and
on the unexpected tasks awaiting the
next occupant of the White House.*

ACCORDING to the campaign orators, our next President will be a wondrous man. Above all, he will be a statesman. He will also be a first-class administrator, dedicated to efficient government. His political philosophy will be sound. (Either soundly liberal or soundly conservative, but in any case sound.) To hear them tell it, he may even be suffused with that elusive quality, "greatness."

These are the terms in which we always discuss our candidates—and, indeed, it would be nice for all of us if November's winner actually proves to be endowed with these blessings. But they are not the things which will decide whether he is going to be a success or failure. That will depend on something else, seldom mentioned during any campaign: his effectiveness.

All our experience tells us that a President needs, above all else, to be effective. No effective President in our history has been a failure—whatever his convictions or his personal stature. No ineffectual one has ever succeeded—no matter how great a man or how right his policies.

Polk and McKinley, for example, were hardly great men, but they made fairly effective Presidents. Herbert Hoover, a much bigger man, did not. Neither did John Adams, though he was a truly great man and a statesman to boot. Mr. Truman, on the other hand, never considered himself a great man; but he learned to be a highly effective President.

This is something that any reasonably intelligent man can hope to learn, for it is about 80 per cent system. Our history indicates that an effective President always does three things. First, he organizes his work so that he can concentrate on his decisive job—which is not administration but political leadership. Second, he focuses American politics on the issues that are relevant to the situation—not on those which fit his program or his political convictions. Finally, he takes such a big view of his own office and of the American people that he never tries to "sell" anything; he demands.

The Eisenhower Administration tried one major political innovation: a new organization of the President's job and work. It did not work out. Eisenhower, the man, enjoyed from the first tremendous popularity. Eisenhower, the President, did not really become effective until he had lost Sherman Adams and John Foster Dulles, his two "theater commanders" or "general managers." Their loss forced him to become a political leader instead of the non-political administrator he had tried to be. The man didn't change, but his role and impact did—thus proving again that Presidential effectiveness depends on system rather than personality.

There is nothing mysterious about this kind of system. All our effective Administrations have organized their work pretty much the same way, from that miracle that built a nation, George Washington's first term, to the first "New Deal" term of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

As far as the office of the President goes—his role as chief of state, head of government, and commander in chief—the requirements for effectiveness are well known.

First of all, there can be no substitute for the

President in the American system, no "deputy," no "general manager," no "chief of staff." Every one of our effective Presidents has always made the big decisions himself; he did not just say "yes" or "no" to a staff recommendation. Each of them has in one way or another brought about what George Washington accomplished when he asked Hamilton and Jefferson for their separate recommendations on the same topic: a full presentation of all alternatives, rather than a joint recommendation of an innocuous but ineffective compromise.

Aside from making decisions, an effective President, however, does not *do* anything. He delegates all work. And he delegates only to individuals. He is not one bit interested in having a "harmonious team"; he wants strong, independent, ambitious men who can get their jobs done. He entrusts decision or action to a committee only if he really wants neither.

The next President will badly need to restore individual responsibility throughout the government. It is paralyzed today by the fatty degeneration of committees, co-ordinators, special assistants, and advisers, all busily "making one more study," yet powerless to act. We have split responsibility for an area—for example, Brazil—so many ways that no one can do anything. In the end the President has to go in person to settle matters that a State Department section head used to dispose of adequately in earlier, less "efficient," but more effective days.

Even the strongest and most influential Cabinet member or adviser is neither the President's "colleague" nor his "friend." A President has only subordinates. They are his tools. They are also expendable. The only "indispensable man" is the President himself.

But the President's job goes way beyond the formal duties of his office. And effectiveness in this other, extra-constitutional part of his work may matter even more. The President must be able to escape the strait jacket of official channels. He must be able to bring the world into his vision and imagination. For this he needs a corps of unofficial, volunteer eyes and ears outside and independent of both government and party. Every effective President has had someone to do the indispensable chores that Mrs. Roosevelt handled for F.D.R. Every one of them could keep his Secretary of State waiting for hours in the outer office while listening to some unimportant missionary from the Congo or (as Lincoln did, to the great scandal of the righteous) to his wife's rebel relatives from the Confederacy. Every one of them also knew that it is hard work

to build this eyes and ears network—especially as it had better consist of people who see things differently from the President, and who have minds of their own.

An effective President is always an active politician. "The President is the head of his party," says every textbook. But it forgets to add that an effective President must create the political alignments that make a "party" out of the mad swirl of groups, interests, national antecedents and religious ties, traditions, personal loyalties and convictions, which—to the despair of the orderly political scientist—is the stuff of American politics.

To say that a President should be "above politics" is as silly as to say that a violinist should be above tuning his strings and rosinning his bow. No effective President, to be sure, is ever a "good party man." He doesn't aim to please his party, he tries to give it new shape, new leaders, new direction, and new alignments. But all this requires shrewd, aggressive, politicking.

A "non-political" President—a Grant or a Hoover—simply hands things over to the party hacks. Eisenhower's failure to create the "modern Republican party" that he once proclaimed was the inevitable result of his being, for most of his eight years, "not a politician." For there is no conflict between being a "politician" and being a "statesman" in the American system. To become a "statesman," a President must first be a truly competent politician.

HOW TO USE EXPERTS

FINALLY the President, to be effective, needs "idea men" in his government—for himself first of all.

Few even of our greatest Presidents have been original thinkers. Admiral Rickover would hardly have considered Abe Lincoln "promising college material." What a President needs is an active mind—a mind interested in other people and their ideas; able to find the kernel of sense in a furrago of abstract theorizing; quick to see where imagination turns into riot, but also where logic turns into absurdity. Such a mind needs constant nourishment and stimulation through the ideas of others.

This the experts usually cannot provide. They know how to do better what is already being done. But they rarely ask: What should we do? What might we stop doing?

The "idea man" in government is needed even more to create public interest in politics, public

excitement over issues, public imagination that new things can be done.

The American "ruler" who used the most such men was not a President, but General MacArthur as Supreme Commander in occupied Japan. But MacArthur often let them make policy, which was not their proper job. Franklin D. Roosevelt was much closer to the tradition. His "idea men" had little influence on New Deal measures and were dropped as soon as they asserted any. They spouted ideas and proposals, thus creating controversy, excitement, and interest.

Government, in other words, cannot be left entirely to the experts, whether administrators or politicians. It needs the "idea man" who is neither. Today, however, such men are not to be found in the government. They have been stifled by the blanket of "no controversy"—a legacy of wartime security and McCarthyism. They are not even wanted. They are certainly not "efficient." They are a menace to orderly administration, and a scandal to the administrator who seldom remembers that today's well-oiled procedure was yesterday's harebrained and impractical idea.

But the "idea men"—and they alone—can make politics become a human drama. Thus they arouse public opinion, create understanding and public commitment. And no President can be effective unless he makes politics—his politics—grip us as high drama of men and ideas.

PUTTING TOGETHER A NEW PARTY

THE demands on the next President's effectiveness as a politician and a political leader will be extraordinary. Whether Republican or Democrat, he may have to redesign and rebuild the very foundations of party cohesion and political alignments. He will have to bring into public life a new generation that has grown to manhood since the depression and World War II. And he will have to tackle the new job of the American President: to win acceptance as a leader by the people of the non-Communist world.

Whether the New Deal coalition of farmers, workers, and urban minority groups can still be glued together may well decide the outcome this fall. By itself, however, this coalition no longer represents even a decisive minority; farmers and manual workers each are a much smaller percentage of the population than they were twenty-five years ago. And as soon as the next Administration gets under way, new alignments

will be forged and old ones will be cut asunder.

For the new issues of American politics (as was discussed here last month) do not fit the established political boundaries. Neither do the realities of American social structure. Within the next four years, the farmer as a major interest group may fade from the American political scene. Labor and management may band together as the "producer interest," on basic economic policies. "Spenders" may learn also to be "economizers" and vice versa. The fight over tax sources that is likely to break out might even produce a new "States Rights" alliance. Southerners, afraid of federal control in race matters, might get unexpected support from the powerful Northern liberals who run the growing programs of states, cities, and regions. These men like federal grants; but they will fight tooth and claw for the fiscal autonomy of local governments.

Our existing political alignments go back much further than 1932. Franklin D. Roosevelt remodeled extensively; but the basic structure was designed a generation earlier by that political master builder, Mark Hanna—who was, ironically, a Republican. By 1965, however, basic political terms such as "labor," "business," "South," or "farmer" may begin to change—if not to lose—their political meaning. They may increasingly become irrelevant. A new central question of domestic politics will emerge: the allegiance of the as yet uncommitted, as yet politically amorphous, new majority—the educated middle class of employed technicians, professionals, managers, and teachers.

These political miracles may take a long time—if they happen at all. But their very possibility is enough to make both existing parties shaky. This means that the next Administration will be highly political. Our next President will have to choose between being the impotent victim of the politicians' maneuvers, or being himself the master politician who will create tomorrow's political alignments.

And this, of course, ties in with the "generation jump" that lies ahead. By the end of his first term, our next President will appoint as generals and admirals men who were too young to serve in World War II. Half of our present

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top-management people will have been replaced—the average age of this group is fifty-nine now. And half of our present union leaders too are already at (or past) normal retirement age. Searching for “nationally known” women to put on a public-affairs panel, one of the radio networks last spring could not find a single name that would not have been on such a list in the late ‘thirties.

The successors are likely to be men and women twenty or thirty years younger—new leaders rather than the lieutenants of the outgoing old ones. Meteoric careers like those of Richard Nixon and John Kennedy will become commonplace, in politics as well as in business and labor unions.

It is pretty obvious that the common slogans and issues of today will make very little sense to this next generation. “Liberals” and “conservatives” alike still invoke the rhetoric of the ‘thirties—the “rights of labor” or the “virtues of free enterprise.” But for the people under thirty-five—and they are a full third of all voters—such slogans are as topical as “Remember the Maine!” Even the distinction between the two Roosevelts, Teddy and Franklin, must be as blurred for them as are most things one had to learn for a high-school test.

But no one—not even its own members—seems to know what the new generation stands for, believes in, wants. It has no spokesman so far—no one who does what Reinhold Niebuhr, Norman Thomas, or Walter Lippmann did for their fathers. The new generation has not even rebelled. It is silent, if not uninterested.

To be effective, our next President must, however, kindle in this generation—which will supply both tomorrow’s majority and its leaders—the excitement of politics. He must convince it that politics deals with great issues, that it is concerned with right and wrong rather than with procedures, with the nature and destiny of man rather than with “who gets what.”

Finally, the next President will have to gain acceptance as the leader of the Grand Alliance. Unlike his predecessor he will come into office unknown to most of our friends abroad. Yet trust in the American President is the invisible bond which alone can hold together the non-Communist world. Take that away, and our power becomes a threat to other countries, rather than their common shield and buckler. Our friends in other countries are not constituents of the American President, but they must be his “followers”—in our own national self-interest and theirs.

And abroad, too, a generation jump is close at hand. The Macmillans, Nehrus, De Gaulles, Khrushchevs, and Adenauers are all men who reached manhood in those faraway days before World War I—and little is known about their successors except that they will be much younger and quite different.

Leadership of the peoples beyond our shores cannot be gained in popularity contests. It must rest on clear understanding of American policy and position. To achieve this, however, requires a President organized for political leadership of unusually high effectiveness.

These new demands also heighten the need for relevant issues. If our next President clings to the old familiar issues—the ones the present political campaign will probably chew over once again—he cannot expect to be effective as a leader either of his party or of the new “publics” at home or abroad. For these issues have become irrelevant.

A LIST OF PRIORITIES

I WOULD rather be relevant than right,” should be the motto of the effective President. The right answer to the irrelevant question misdirects. But the wrong answer to a relevant issue still puts the spotlight where it belongs. And only by raising the relevant issues can a President hope to accomplish anything.

For example, Andrew Johnson held nothing of the Presidency but the empty title—and even that he came within one vote of losing by impeachment. Yet he, rather than the seemingly all-powerful Radical Republicans, set the course of Reconstruction. His definition of the issue was relevant to the national goal and the need of restoring the Union; the Radicals’ view of the issue as punishment and revenge was irrelevant.

Herbert Hoover was completely right in his two basic beliefs: that the American economy and society were at bottom strong and sound, and that the real dangers were the international demonic forces beneath the surface. But Hoover’s definition of the issue as preservation of the international gold standard was irrelevant. What was relevant—domestically and internationally—was preservation of the human values. Because F. D. R. saw that clearly he was effective, as Hoover was not.

What a President deems right is determined by his convictions. What is relevant however is decided objectively, by the logic of the situation.

What, then, are the relevant issues today?

"Isolationism" and "internationalism" have become as irrelevant for 1960 as the maintenance of the international gold standard was in 1932. So has "foreign aid." "Interdependence" is now the relevant fact—interdependence between our strength and that of the rest of the Free World; interdependence between our economic growth and rapid economic development elsewhere; but also interdependence between foreign and domestic policy, in defense, economic management, education, and many other fields.

"Capitalism *vs.* Communism," as the issue has been posed these last twenty-five years, is no longer relevant. Almost any "ism" can now produce material goods and technical knowledge. And no "ism" by producing these things alone can insure its own victory.

"Freedom *vs.* tyranny" is now the relevant issue. The basic fact is not the economic success, but the human failure of Communism. Mr. Khrushchev is right in considering all his steel mills and missile pads no offset to West Berlin. It is our job to make the world see that the steel mills are secondary. What is really relevant is the stampede of broken human beings through the smallest pinhole in the Iron Curtain.

"Peace *vs.* war" also has become a phony issue—and a very dangerous one. As John Fischer pointed out in the March issue of this magazine, it can easily slide into an argument for surrender: War means destruction of the human race and is unbearable; we must therefore have peace even at the price of submitting to Communist tyranny for a few centuries. That, of course, is not the real issue. What is relevant is how to make bearable a prolonged period of strain which is neither peace nor war. For the foreseeable future the man in the White House will be neither a "war President" nor a "peacetime President" but both at the same time. Our ability to maintain our freedom, our ideals, and our sanity during this period will be the acid test of our character and institutions. To make such a period livable for the world—both through control of the absolute weapons and through the common constructive tasks that engender hope—has to be the goal of our foreign policy. Above all, we have to understand ourselves, and make others understand as well, that the present kind of truce is the true alternative to war, and that it is the only path that might lead eventually to genuine peace.

In domestic affairs the welfare state is a fact, and the New Deal history. Today's relevant issues are the shape and values of the new society that is being created rapidly all over the world by what might be called the Second Industrial

Revolution. The sweep of this revolution is much broader, its impact heavier, its spread much faster than that of the first industrial revolution two hundred years ago—which was, by and large, confined to the Western world.

Our role in this second revolution is completely different. The first affected us very late. The second one is "made in the U. S. A.," and has grown largely out of our success in solving the problems of the first. Now we will have to find the answer to many unfamiliar problems—some of which were described in the earlier articles of this series.

Our next President does not need a quiverful of specific proposals. He needs big new goals and compass bearings to show us how to move toward them. His job is not to "solve" the new issues. It is to make us start work on them. Above all he has to create understanding—and this requires dissent and controversy as much as it requires support and approval. It requires our accepting his priorities, and his definition of what issues matter. The next President need not be right; indeed nobody can as yet say what is "right" for these new tremendous tasks. But he very much needs to be relevant.

THE UNHIDDEN PERSUADER

THERE is one more ingredient in Presidential effectiveness: An effective President always demands more from the American people than they think themselves capable of.

Roosevelt acted on this precept when, in early 1942, he asked for the production of 40,000 planes. His closest advisers thought him both mad and irresponsible. They knew that even half that figure was "absolutely impossible." But F.D.R. was right—and he got a great many more planes than he asked for. Lincoln, Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, all in their different ways, were equally demanding; and the country always responded.

All our effective Presidents were expert at public relations, untiring propagandists for themselves and their ideas. The slickest Madison Avenue outfit is bush-league compared to Thomas Jefferson.

But they also knew that leadership is not just getting one's measures through Congress, or one's proposals accepted by foreign governments. It means making the American people see that new tasks have to be tackled, that old issues had better be forgotten, and that cherished habits have to be broken to preserve basic values.

And our effective Presidents never "sold."

They all knew instinctively what the last few years have proven: The Hidden Persuaders do not really persuade. Since the great propaganda binge of World War II, all the black and white arts of "creative selling" have been employed to get the American people excited about politics. Yet we have never been so bored, so uninterested, so stubborn in our sales resistance. (When Mr. Eisenhower crusaded against "inflation" last summer, he did stir up some public interest—but on that occasion he addressed us as adults.) The methods which sell lipstick to the twelve-year-old mentality have been found wanting in politics; effective leadership is not the merchandising of a brand image.

"The President of the United States does not sell anything," could be blazoned on the President's crest. Effective Presidents have been demagogic; but no effective President has ever been ingratiating. Every effective President knew that his job was not to reach the "mass mind" but to stir up the bright boys and girls in the class. Every one knew that the President leads through vision and not through cajolery, through courage and not through popularity.

The American people may be readier for such leadership than their TV programs indicate—and so might be the peoples throughout the Free World and the secret listeners behind the Iron Curtain. Reluctant as we may be to admit it, all know that there is no "return to normal" whether that of Franklin D. Roosevelt or of Herbert Hoover, of the Americans for Democratic Action, or of the Daughters of the American Revolution. We prefer to read forecasts about the glittering future ahead; but actually for the first time since Lincoln came in as an untried and unknown President, even the stoutest heart may tremble in the night for the future of the Union.

We are, I suspect, ready for effective leadership from the next President. We know by now that we have to be both a "super-power," to survive, and "the last best hope on earth," to prevail. The whole moral and intellectual climate of the country may change overnight, if only we get, next January, a President who takes a big view of his function, who takes pride rather than fright from the challenges that lie ahead—a President who demands much of us.

THROMBOSIS by Donald Hall

A Pastoral Elegy in Business Phrases

Argument: The Chairman of the Board, proving unamenable to steps necessary to the continued progress of the corporation, is expedited.

The gimmick was, that feedback came too late
To channel the old brass, or motivate
By personal and warm communication
Mahogany Row to miniaturization.

Blue collar boys were shocked. The grapevine said
That the front office had to have a head.

The old man buttonholed a secretary
To ask her for the benefit . . . ("He's very
Antique," she told her friend, "and he'd
been drinking.

I nearly fainted!") . . . of her present thinking.

Everyone clammed. The young executives
Thought, "Well, I guess that something always gives."

The upshot was, fringe benefits became
The only way to boot him from the game.

The old man sits in Florida, half-wise.
He will firm up, and then will finalize.

*The decisions of the
Fates are unknown to
Thrombosis.*

*All nature comes out
against the Fates.*

*but the Nymphs
refuse their aid
to Thrombosis.*

*The Fates themselves
are unhappy.*

*and so they become
generous.*

*Thrombosis will grow
still more magnificent
until he becomes coronary.*

The first of two articles by
MARTIN MAYER

How good is TV at its Best?

*A critic's report on the most ambitious
programs offered by the networks last season
—when they were still scared enough to
promise the public a vastly improved menu.*

BEFORE 1959, anyone who criticized television in public was almost certain to be told (in public) that he was looking for the wrong thing in the wrong place. "There's nobody here but us capons. We give the people what they want."

But last fall, when the quiz-show and payola scandals broke, the TV high command saw that such soft answers would no longer turn away wrath. Congress began to show some signs of rummaging in the chicken coop, and the critics were whetting their axes more fiercely than ever. At this point The Industry asked its enemies to wait a minute, on the grounds that there were really some roosters in the coop, too. If only the critics would watch what was *good* on television, instead of wasting their evenings reading books on mass culture, they would realize how dangerously misguided they had been in their attacks on broadcasting. Take a look this year, the networks urged: we have some real good stuff coming this winter and all through 1960.

It seemed fair enough. Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley once observed that there were very few things you *had* to do for a man—but if he wanted to fight, you had to oblige him. Similarly, in the war of ideas, any man has a right to insist that people take him seriously. Consequently, the editors of *Harper's* asked me to look with an

open and attentive mind at that part of the past season's television schedule which seemed to be aimed at the man who, if he were not watching TV, might be reading a book—or reading *Harper's*.

Between October and the end of May, I spent something like 250 hours watching television programs either on the screen in my own living-room or in screening rooms at the networks and elsewhere. What follows is a personal critical appraisal of the public-affairs programs I saw. Next month I will submit a similar personal commentary on 1959-60's more ambitious dramatic offerings.

"PUBLIC AFFAIRS" programs—apparently such a natural use of the television medium—are inevitably a headache to all. They must somehow avoid one of the conditions of human existence—the damnably dreary time scale on which reality presents itself. Whether or not Thoreau was right about the generality of mankind, people who sit through entire telecasts of political conventions certainly lead lives of quiet desperation. Except on rare occasions, anyone who wishes to produce a successful non-fiction program must reorganize reality to the time scale of drama. And it is always a difficult job, more difficult, probably, than anything done in the entertainment end of television.

Basically, there are only two known ways of applying the necessary art to the unwieldy reality—and of the two, the better by far is the technique which has come to be called "documentary." The name is unfortunate, because television documentaries are only distantly related to the pictures which men like Flaherty and Lorentz made for distribution through movie houses. The film documentary is a romantic piece of work, showing the unsuspected beauties of distant civilizations, apparently denuded countryside or barren lives, slums and wilderness. Walt Disney's nature series for the movies is smack in the center of the tradition, though its scripts tend to be embarrassedly flip, ours having become an unsentimental age. To compare Disney's films with television's glory, the series *CBS Reports*, is to see the difference between the two kinds of "documentary." The one deals with the unchanging, what was and is and will be; the other tries, hopefully, to find a present pregnant with a startling future. (Unlike the more romantic documentary films, *CBS Reports*, on principle, uses no music.)

Some television documentaries do operate within the established film tradition, most nota-

bly the programs produced by *Project XX*, NBC's organizational equivalent to *CBS Reports*. At its best, *Project XX* turns out an emotionally charged show, using every trick in the movie-maker's magic bag. In 1958-59 a *Project XX* show on Abraham Lincoln brought to network television for the first time the technique of the art film. The story was told by means of still pictures with narration, the camera panning across to achieve an illusion of motion, approaching for the significant detail, backing away for the grand sweep. This technique was employed again last season, against the handicap of more diffuse material, in a program on *Mark Twain's America*, beautifully photographed under the supervision of Daniel Jones, handsomely written by Richard Hanser, and appropriately narrated by Howard Lindsay. The program's tone was one of legitimate, muted nostalgia for the attractions of that nineteenth-century America which has become a myth. Everyone knew precisely what he was doing; toward the end of the show Mr. Hanser stressed Twain's line about "the pathetic past, the beautiful past, the dear and lamented past." Those who missed *Mark Twain's America*, by the way, will probably receive another chance; though it was produced for a specific occasion (Twain's centenary), it was the sort of program that can be and usually is given repeat showings.

Project XX also continued its survey of recent history, presenting *The Thirties* and a show about the period between the end of World War II and the outbreak of the Korean War, called *Not So Long Ago*. A good deal of courage, both artistic and personal, went into the production of *The Thirties*—a tricky subject, because its clichés are still too recent to be charming, its hatreds still too fresh to be quaint. Reaching for poetry here, producer Donald Hyatt occasionally overreached himself—especially with the head-in-hands, cigarette-toppling-from-fingers stuff, people picking up shovels, the faces of the miserable listening to Roosevelt on the radio, all in pictures which did not have the feeling of 'thirties photography. But within its relatively limited compass *The Thirties* was remarkably honest, so much so that Frank McGee's editorial comments at the end seemed wholly in place. This program also contained, incidentally, one of the most cheerful surprises of the season. Who would have thought that any network had the guts to put out for all to hear H. L. Mencken's wonderful comment on the abdication of Edward VIII, that it was "the greatest story since the Resurrection."

Not So Long Ago, hampered by Bob Hope's ludicrous if not very funny narration, was a far less honest piece of work. "No part of American life seemed free from alien infection," intoned Mr. Hope, speaking of the Red scares of the late 'forties—"not even Hollywood." And, "nothing did more to brighten the postwar scene than the reconversion of the hosiery industry." The program seemed to have been made mostly to find air space for some footage left over from *The Thirties*. Among its major points was the fact that Babe Ruth and Fiorello La Guardia died during the period under examination, and an appreciable proportion of *Not So Long Ago* was given to films of La Guardia reading the funnies and Ruth pointing to the place where he hit the home run.

All *Project XX* programs are grievously marred by the wholly mechanical musical scores supplied through the Robert Russell Bennett atelier. Running continuously through the program, lushly harmonized, over-orchestrated, they consist entirely of popular songs strung together like sausages. Because each moment is completely predictable, each moment falls flat. In *Not So Long Ago*, for example, Mr. Bennett & Co. offered "Roll Out the Barrel" for the celebrations attendant on V-J Day; "East Side, West Side" for La Guardia; "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" for Babe Ruth; "That Old Black Magic" for television; "The Thing" for flying saucers; "The Missouri Waltz" for Harry Truman. Even when compared with the customary feeble television music, this is shockingly cheap work.

PROVINCIALS ABROAD

WITH its best talent tied up in *Project XX*, NBC tends to do a more casual job on its current-affairs programs. The *Journey to Understanding* series which ran sporadically through the season, covering the comings and goings of the heads of state, never rose above a level of genteel poverty. The viewpoint was consistently that of State Department spokesmen, and each show dragged along from episode to episode with no more than verbal unity—if that. It is impossible to forgive the television reporter who, approaching a distinguished journalist of a country where intellectuals call each other by their first names only at moments of sexual passion, began an interview with the words, "Paul, as a Catholic and a newsman, how do you feel about the Khrushchev visit?"

The NBC public-affairs staff as a whole suffers from this sort of fuzzy-faced provincialism. The

CBS *Eyewitness to History* series—occasional half-hours and hours paralleling *Journey to Understanding*—was not on the average an outstandingly successful effort. But nearly all the CBS programs assumed a level of comprehension deeper than anything NBC attempted. Interviewing the same people, the CBS reporters looked like men trying to get information for their viewers, while the NBC staff looked like men honestly interested in what was going to be said—they'd always hoped to learn something about this subject, but they'd never had the chance. NBC's pose of plain, blunt Americanism was acceptable enough when practiced locally with the intelligence of a Chet Huntley or a David Brinkley. (Though Mr. Brinkley should not have wound up his tough-minded, entertaining travelogue, *Our Man in the Mediterranean*, with the words, "In 1492 Columbus set out from Palos, and that, after 5,000 years, finished the Mediterranean as the center of civilization.") Abroad, the pose often seemed silly, and produced from the people being interviewed (even from Nehru) patient, simple-minded answers spoken as though to a child.

ABC last season took its first baby steps in the field of the TV documentary, and, as babies will, tore apart two excellent subjects—Africa and Korea. The program on Africa was little more than a series of relatively ignorant interviews strung together by a low-level narration. The Korean story, more ambitiously organized, suffered from amateurish editing and an unfortunate choice of scenes to present. There may have been an element of rush in the production, too—nobody who had thought twice could have regarded a recently returned non-com as the proper person to question about the grand strategy of Korean containment. ABC was also sufficiently ill-informed not to foresee anything like serious trouble on the South Korean domestic scene, though the program appeared only a month before the students flunked President Rhee. There were a couple of Korean students at American

colleges interviewed on the show, with their backs to the camera, and they said they were not happy—but John Secondari failed to educe *why* they were not happy. Apparently everyone in Korea knew that the March election had been shamelessly rigged—but ABC's people had not spent enough time in Korea to find out about it.

CBS' STANDARDS

BETTER organized and far more plentifully supplied with talent, CBS can be held to higher standards—and tends to meet them. CBS had triumphs (notably the program on Brazil and Brasilia) even in *Eyewitness to History*, though the series contained many too many failures. Its *post-facto* summaries, when reporters at a loss to fill the time fell to interviewing one another, were case histories in the bad journalism which results when newspaper or magazine editors or television executives commit themselves to a story before finding out whether or not the story is there.

CBS last season even produced an admirable weekly half-hour documentary, *Twentieth Century*, which, as its title indicates, dealt mostly with recent history, piece by piece, from Mussolini to Mao. It was on the whole the outstanding educational program in network television. (The famous *Sunrise Semester*, *Continental Classroom*, and other course-credit programs which run in the early morning are worthy efforts, especially the physics class; but they are all a little too teachery to qualify as educational.) Cleverly edited and unusually straightforward, *Twentieth Century* benefited vastly from the narration of Walter Cronkite, whose voice, timing, and impeccable sense of what he can say make him one of the most valuable artists on television. The show *is* used educationally, by the way—I ran into it in high schools all over the country, in 16-mm. film, distributed as a public service by Prudential, which has been careful to keep the commercials just where they were in the original broadcast.

Another weekly half-hour, *Conquest*, all about the Wonderful Things scientists are doing in their laboratories, was a much less satisfactory program. If the depiction of something real is the necessary qualification for a "public-affairs" program, *Conquest* ought not to be here at all. Unlike most live non-fiction television, it was heavily scripted. The scientists whose work was on display in the show plowed through their lines with obvious difficulty and insincerity. The decision to write out these shows in advance

In two backstage reports on television's Lords of Creation ("Harper's," 1956) Martin Mayer asked "What becomes of the talent?" He now examines the state of TV programing as the viewer sees it: public-affairs programs this month, dramatic shows next month. He is the author of "Wall Street: Men and Money," "Madison Avenue, U.S.A." and two novels. He is now completing a book on primary and secondary education, for which he has traveled over the United States and Europe.

was apparently dictated by a desire to keep everything on a level which would allow easy comprehension by an early adolescent of low-average intelligence. The format chosen, meanwhile, added insult to injury. The typical *Conquest* program opened with the scientist at work in his laboratory, twisting dials nervously, dreadfully conscious of the camera behind him. The broad back of Charles Collingwood walking into the laboratory then appeared on the screen; and without so much as a Hello, Collingwood began to ask simple questions. I kept waiting impatiently for one of the larger scientists to throw him out.

THE BEST TEAM

WHEN CBS felt called upon to defend itself last year—and such occasions kept coming up—its president pointed with pride to Fred Friendly's monthly series of *CBS Reports*. Rightly so. The best of these programs—Ed Murrow's *Biography of a Missile* and Eric Sevareid's coverage of the elections in Nigeria—were among the greatest achievements of the reporting genius of our time. Even the least of the series—Arthur Morse's talky *Who Speaks for the South*—was television journalism of a highly creditable variety. Each show was careful, thoroughly prepared, and (except for the doubtless valid but highly editorial blast at Trujillo) essentially fair to its subjects. Each show had a number of points to make, and made some of them with a subtlety never before attained on television, and hard to find anywhere else.

Biography of a Missile, for example, was experienced by a viewer as a dramatic story ending in tragedy (the missile Murrow's crew had followed around the country barely got off the launching pad at Cape Canaveral and had to be destroyed). But while the story was unfolding Mr. Murrow conveyed much more than an hour's worth of the facts and atmosphere of the Army's missile operation. Each of the many gadgets that go into a missile was shown, described, dissected and given a price tag. The listener absorbed, casually, the jargon and the slang of the subject—"clearance to load lox."

One of Murrow's points, never mentioned in the script, was the preponderance of Germans on the missile team. It was an easy point to get across—carried simply by the "Zis iss right, zis iss right" with which the scientists responded to Mr. Murrow's leading questions about the missile. What drove the point home forever, though, was an action scene rather than an interview. In a

desert canyon in Southern California a team was testing the main propellant chamber of the missile, locking it in a test frame to blast out its gases. Fuel was loaded, instruments adjusted, and the time came for everyone to duck into the blockhouses or be caught in the furies of hell. The cameras focused on the missile tube in the great frame, the empty canyon was silent—and from the loudspeakers, echoing back and forth on the bare rocks, came the final warning: "*Achtung! Achtung! . . .*"

Friendly's choice of subjects was nearly perfect; he guessed wrong only once, when *CBS Reports* made an excursion to Iran, obviously in the expectation that this kingdom was about to become a headline trouble spot. Designed as a background for news stories, *Iran: Brittle Ally* became little more than a political travelogue when the stories failed to appear. But it was a fascinating show nonetheless, Mr. Murrow and the hard-voiced Winston Burdett at their best; strong in the contrast between the comments of an American military adviser and an American dam-builder (Gordon Clapp of TVA); affecting in its portraits of village leaders learning to govern themselves and of the Shah's embarrassment at peasants trying to kiss his feet as he distributed certificates of land ownership to the beneficiaries of agrarian reform. There was also a hilarious and terrifying interview with Iran's richest plebeian, owner of the local television station, assorted import franchises, and six Pepsi-Cola bottling plants ("one of the things our country needs very badly," he said earnestly). The kicker at the end, arriving without warning like everything else in the interview, was the gentleman's residence—"I am living in the United States since 1941, at 480 Park Avenue."

Domestically, the most important program in the series was *The Population Explosion*, a presentation of the upper-class Indian point of view on birth control. The program was shown twice, and was one of the forces which propelled the Catholic issue into the Democratic primary campaign. Though a trifle light in weight (nothing much was done to explain the psychology or sociology of the Indian family unit), it was on the whole a courageous piece of work, reflecting great credit on CBS and on Charles Percy of Bell & Howell, which sponsored the entire series, including this program and the equally dangerous *Who Speaks for the South*. (While crediting sponsors, by the way, let us remember Purex, which paid for Merle Miller's fictionalized history of Ira Hayes and for the two Reginald Rose programs on the Sacco-Vanzetti case.) Howard

K. Smith, who ran the population program, stuck to the facts, neither arguing that the rising birth rate was responsible for India's poverty nor claiming that greater food production would enable India to raise the standard of living of a population expanding at current rates.

Birth control is a difficult subject to present graphically. Mr. Smith was on camera a little too often, pulling the strings, and he was unable to carry through the technical principle that illuminated the other programs in *CBS Reports*—the proposition that each point should be made by the picture or by the script, but not simultaneously by both. Each of the two showings of the program presented an argument between Bishop James Pike of the Episcopal Church and a Catholic priest. The appearance of a dialogue was created by filming each man's statement separately in advance, and then cutting back and forth between the two. The debate was most unsatisfactory the first time around because of the flashing-eyes, hellfire manner of the priest chosen (by Cardinal Spellman) to present the Catholic position; but it was much improved on second showing, when the civilized president of Notre Dame was substituted. Nothing much came out of these clerical arguments, but they may have been revealing to people who had thought this disagreement an easy one to settle if only good will or a good pill were applied to it.

Some later shows in *CBS Reports* were a cut below standards achieved at the beginning of the season. *Biography of a Cancer* suffered from the paucity of new information on this much-discussed subject, and relied a little too heavily on the engaging personality of the cancer patient, Dr. Tom Dooley. (Mark on the credit side, however, Mr. Friendly's realization that Dr. Dooley needed an excuse for his appearance on the program, and the blunt question to Dr. Dooley as to why he was permitting the cameras to follow him around at so private a moment in his life.)

Who Speaks for the South was more disturbing, because its weakness was one against which television reporting must incessantly fight—the notion that an important facet of reality can be presented if you merely show people, talking.

HOW "LIVE" IS THE "GUEST"?

FOR there is a second way to reorganize reality to the time scale of drama, without introducing anything obviously spurious or losing simultaneity. This second way is simply to train the camera on people gathered in your stu-

dio—live celebrities, authorities, opinion leaders, notorious characters. People—as the quiz-show scandals revealed so vividly last fall—can be controlled while on the screen. Yet watching them we feel they *must* be real: if there is a fundamental article in the American credo, it is the proposition that people are real. Even Ed Sullivan is real.

Interviews, press conferences, discussion shows take up most of the time in public-affairs programming. They are cheap to produce, because no "guest" ever gets paid for his time, and because the permanent interviewer or "moderator" needs little preparation to play his part. Most viewers believe that when they watch a public figure on television they "learn something" about him, beyond simply seeing what he looks like. This belief, which is usually erroneous, goes back to the early days of television, when its critics saw in the medium an opportunity for people to get to know their leaders. Television, it was said, "exposed phonies," and would thus clean up whatever facet of American public life most annoyed the critic. After watching Frank Costello's hands move while Estes Kefauver asked him questions, one supposedly knew something about Frank Costello that had been hidden before. Even today, after months of newspaper headlines gleefully exposing the phonies television had promoted, it is generally held that people will reveal something true and important about themselves when placed before television cameras in an artificial situation.

But they don't. They couldn't if they wanted to. And most of the time they don't want to.

The people who appear on interview or discussion shows are all more or less well known, because names with "marquee value" are necessary to draw an audience. They have taken public positions, and they have been summoned before the cameras to defend these positions, either against newspapermen or against equally prominent citizens who have taken opposed positions. *McCall's* sponsors a segment of David Susskind's *Open End*, "in the interest of bringing people and ideas together." But people and ideas come together only in private. Public confession of error has never been a specialty of the human race, and at its best, when pertinent questions are being asked, the interview or discussion program inevitably drives the respondent into more and more extreme statements. As trial lawyers and terriers like Mike Wallace have demonstrated, it is possible to drive *any* respondent to flabbiness or extremity simply by asking questions which can be answered only at greater



You too will beat the drum for Trinidad and Tobago

Musical steel drums originated in Trinidad. So did Calypso and the Limbo. In fact, most things that make the Caribbean so popular come from Trinidad and are found there in greater abundance than elsewhere. And Trinidad is unique in yet another important respect. Her cosmopolitan population — East Indian, Hindu, Moslem, Chinese, Syrian, African, European and American — lends exotic interest and is probably one more reason why Trinidad is the gayest and most colorful island in all the Antilles.

In contrast, Tobago, only twenty miles away, is an idyllic spot, completely unspoiled. This charming island was the first choice for the recent Royal Honeymoon. Hollywood has discovered it and several films were made recently using her lush, breathtakingly

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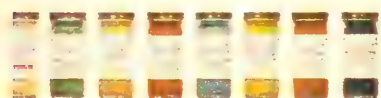
Shopping bargains abound in Trinidad and Tobago and prices are surprisingly low. Reduced summer and fall rates for hotels and transportation make your vacation even less expensive.

No wonder everyone who has visited Trinidad and Tobago becomes a booster and beats the drum for these enchanting islands. For information and illustrated folders see your travel agent or write to: TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO TOURIST BOARD, Box 1974, Grand Central Station, New York, New York, or 1210 Sherbrooke Street, W., Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

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Almost due south they went—then along the coastline
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so vast it seemed they must spend their lives without
sighting land. But over there on the other side
of the world, Magellan furl'd his sails beside a paradise

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Eden which even today works its subtle sorcery on the
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easier, now, to discover SPICE ISLANDS. Don't de-
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length than time permits. When the respondent is much more intelligent or much better prepared than the interviewer—Mr. Nixon and Mr. Susskind—debating points can be made and the “guest” can emerge justly pleased with himself. After applauding such a performance, I would gladly hire its hero as my attorney—but not on the grounds that I now knew something significant about him as a person.

Typically, the discussion programs are the worst offenders. In the interview, at least, question and answer tend to occupy the same plane, and to be directed at each other. The televised discussion, however, commonly presents the sad spectacle of intelligent people unable to make even peripheral contact with each other. They are talking about the same “issues,” but not about the same things. Everything is further complicated by the producer’s desire that such programs shall be “good shows.” Guests are matched like so many prize fighters, and the moderator is briefed to be able to get away fast if the antagonists seem about to agree on something—or to recall the ethos of television, that people *really* like one another, if the participants threaten to retreat to an unfriendly formality.

Interview and discussion programs shot in advance and then edited for sense and drama could, in theory, avoid the worst inaccuracies of the live presentation. Simultaneity would be lost, of course, and everyone would have to drop the pretense that there is something in nature which makes people reveal themselves before a television camera. Unfortunately, it may be impossible to edit such films impartially, and it would certainly be impossible to convince anyone who came out of the final show with a black eye that the film *had* been edited impartially. When such techniques of editing are used, therefore, it becomes vital that no one emerge from the experience even lightly damaged—which makes programs like Mr. Murrow’s *Small World* about as informative as fan magazines.

There are occasional exceptions to the rule against discussion programs. The exceptions occur, I should guess, when the showmanship factor is eliminated (*i.e.*, under academic

rather than commercial auspices) when the moderator is someone all the participants respect; and when the star of the evening is someone previously unknown to the viewer (because any information about an unfamiliar figure is better than none, even if the information received has been distorted by the artificiality of its context). At any rate these three elements would seem to account for the relatively higher level of Eleanor Roosevelt’s *Prospects of Mankind*, a monthly program produced by Brandeis University for WCBH in Boston and distributed nationally via the educational network in Ann Arbor.

One of these programs, featuring Julius Nyerere, the future prime minister of an independent Tanganyika, was positively triumphant. The other participants were Ralph Bunche, Saville Davis of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and Barbara Ward, now apparently “a citizen of China.” Was it perhaps too soon, Mr. Davis as devil’s advocate asked Mr. Nyerere, for the African nations to be given their independence? To which Mr. Nyerere, with a cheerful smile and a beautifully trained voice, drew the analogy of the thief who has stolen a man’s overcoat, and then asks whether the time has yet come when he should return it. Mr. Nyerere would go far on any nation’s political racecourse. Not all the other programs in the series came up to this standard, but they all maintained a dignity no commercial presentation achieves—if only because the participants, some of whom know each other quite well, did not stoop to the chumminess of first names.

WHAT’S IN THE WINGS?

HOW does it add up, then? I am glad I saw about thirty hours of the public-affairs programing I watched—though most of those thirty hours contained moments that were little less than infuriating. For three or four—maybe five—hours of the total, I am grateful to the networks and to the men who produced the shows. These few programs justified a lot of the blather about television. They gave a quality of experience, a sweep and density and vitality of information, which cannot be obtained

through any other means of communication.

That the average was low is, I think, unquestionable. Whether or not it was much lower than the average of articles in magazines or of non-fiction in books is a matter I gladly leave for argument between the television executives and the editors. In all these cases, the economics of the situation is against the quantity production of first-class work. But I suspect that the editors, living closer to their product, are more conscious of their problems. Television executives, I think, have been trapped by their own propaganda. They believe that their medium is naturally suited to public-affairs coverage, and that "the staff" can turn out such programs in the time left over from reporting on the news.

But if you want reality, you must have art—it is convention, not art, which deforms the truth. And when you talk about collaborative arts, you speak of very high-priced goods. The television giants lose money now on their public-affairs programing—but they could lose more, and still regard the costs as a moderate franchise tax for the use of the public air. The profits on the total operation would still be gratifying to the stockholders.

Actually, the networks *are* prepared to lose more money on public-affairs shows next year. The danger is that their grasp will shrink as their reach expands. Public-affairs programing can too easily descend to the clap-trap of personality. Discussion and interview programs, as Mr. Susskind has demonstrated, can be highly entertaining; and they are often popular—*Meet the Press* has been running about as long as anything on television. It is hard for a showman to see why he must hire artists when the crowd still likes his bear pit.

Even if television plumps for responsibility and expense, it is painfully easy to lose the money on bad programs. At present, there is not enough talent in the industry to fill many hours with great documentaries. Television journalism in 1959-60 certainly did not cover everything that could and should have been covered; but what was attempted strained almost unbearably the resources of the people working in the field. NBC's attempt at a weekly hour-long public-affairs show, *World-Wide 60*, was a catastrophic failure. Each program was so thin you could see right through it—to the wretchedly insufficient research job if you were analytically inclined, or to the western on the next channel if you were merely watching television of a Saturday night.

Next year *CBS Reports* will go from once a

month to once every two weeks, perhaps even to once a week. Mr. Murrow will therefore give up *Small World* (thank God) to devote himself to larger matters. But has CBS given him and Mr. Friendly a staff large enough to handle the artistic problems involved in so frequent a production of so excellent a program? At a rough guess, fifty highly-skilled people, exclusive of secretaries, grips, vice presidents, and so forth, would be necessary to produce a show like *CBS Reports* every week. Even if Frank Stanton, the network's president, could reach into his hip pocket and pull out the money, are there as many as fifty people of such skill available to the television industry?

Most of the public griping about television comes down to questions of quantity—all those horrid westerns, and so little time for serious drama, public affairs, music, and art. In fact, the horrid westerns are technically pretty good, because they can be routined, and they require so little in the line of new ideas from week to week. But a good public-affairs program cannot be routined or faked, and I, for one, cannot see that a bad public-affairs program serves any purpose at all.

I WRITE as someone who feels no compulsion to watch television every night, or even every week. What I want, then, is the once-in-a-while, fully-informed, hand-crafted insight I can admire, not the steady flow of machine-tooled, chemically-treated, gee-whiz ideas. I cannot bring myself to feel like an idealistic scoundrel for holding such attitudes, because I see no reason to believe that good public-affairs shows will lose more money than bad ones. *CBS Reports*, though several times as costly to produce, showed far less debit per hour than *World-Wide 60*.

The networks have enough talent now to do more first-class work than they did last year; and one must assume, for the sake of sanity, that there is fresh talent in the wings, awaiting such cues as "serious purpose" and "cash money." We could even do without fresh talent next year, if only the networks would concentrate on quality, ask the existing producers and writers and photographers and researchers for the best they have in them, and then supply the time and staff to give people a chance to do their best. It does not seem too unreasonable to ask that "specials" should be special.

But we are now in the middle of a problem which the public-affairs department shares with the drama department—and I would like another month to think about it.

PUBLIC & PERSONAL



ARNOLD NEWMAN

WILLIAM S. WHITE

The Long Retreat

Freedom itself stands upon Power or it doesn't stand at all.

In the past Power has destroyed tyrannies and other evil things, just as the absence of Power has permitted the rise of tyrants and other evils. For example, it was Power, in a largely intuitive political manifestation, that permitted Roosevelt to save American society in the 'thirties. It was Power under Truman which held back the dark tide of imperialist Communism in Greece and Turkey and Korea.

Yet Power is a value which we have largely abandoned in our national life. Yes, and in our individual lives, too. The qualities now most admired are surely not those of strong personal character, of individualism. Rather, they are those muted qualities associated with a carefully merged and somewhat ambiguous thing called a "team." And it is not merely in government that "the team" operates; it also pervades private industry, science, and most other fields. A strong character, acting as such, is in himself an instance of Power; a team is usually an instance of its diffusion and attenuation.

It would be very easy to say that the Eisenhower Administration was responsible for all this. But this would beg the question, and it would be an evasion of our own responsibility. Eisenhower could be charged with having failed to support the idea of Power. But he did not create, he did not even always approve, this extraordinary national flight from something that had got

A bad name simply because we chose to give it one. The flight, I believe, began at about the end of the second world war. Perhaps it was because a people shocked by war's brutalities then began to decide that Power was brutality.

For another reason I do not choose to blame every bad thing from the price of wheat to Nikita Khrushchev's conduct on President Eisenhower. We have overdone this cliché of moral and intellectual juvenilism which claims that it was all Papa's fault. Indeed, I, for one, have recently felt increasingly driven to defend Eisenhower, in precise ratio to the mannerless disembarkations from his bandwagon so precipitately going on, now that he is on the way out. This is not a case of rats scurrying from a sinking ship. But it is not too much to say that it is often a case of tame cats strolling away from a pantry at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue that no longer looks so inviting.

In a small way, I have been mostly a critic of the Administration. All the same, I am not trying to make a last-minute combat stripe against it. Too many people are now looking for a Purple Heart at war's very end by barking their shins on the White House steps.

LAMENT FOR JOHN L.

SO let's look away from Eisenhower for the *real* reasons for America's rejection of Power. Certainly he had something to do with it, but his contribution to weakness was confined to our *official* positions and attitudes (which could easily have been hardened if the people had wanted this done). It had little to do with our run-out, as a people, on Power as a fact of life.

Officially, we took it on the lam from Power and from its responsibilities when we intervened with words, but drew back from any deed, while the Communists tore Indochina apart and opened an incurable wound in the Free World position in Southeast Asia. Officially, we shrank back again over the British-French-Israeli invasion of Suez. But in fairness it must be said that while there was no official opposition to these courses, there was no opposition from the public either.

Moreover, private men and pri-

Because many Americans have convinced themselves that Power is always A Bad Thing, a new kind of anti-Power Elite has gained a surprising influence over both the country's politics and its foreign policy.

WASHINGTON—The most significant weakness in American life—a "gap" far more dangerous, it seems to me, than any number of missile gaps—will not be grappled with in the Presidential campaign by any candidate. No politician is going to run on a platform proposing outright the legitimization of a thing called Power.

For a majority of this country is in headlong flight, morally and literally, from Power. We have rejected it not simply as it may be ill-used or over-used; we have also rejected Power simply as a concept. We have come to think of it as an evil word for an evil thing: as necessarily wrong and anachronistic. It is like a blood disease which, wherever it may still exist in faint traces among us, is to be shamefacedly put away even from memory.

This long retreat from Power is also a retreat from responsibility. It is, moreover, a retreat from sanity itself. For Power is indispensable in every society and the protector of every civilized value, whether concrete or intangible, present or hoped-for. Justice stands upon Power, or there is no justice. Order stands upon Power, or there is no order.

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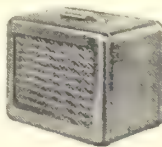
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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

vate bodies recently have adopted tactics in many other fields which both deny Power and evade responsibility.

For example, the lobbies of the "educationists" repeatedly rejected Power in the contest over our appalling problems of public education. One set of them were all for more buildings in which to teach, but remained unconcerned with who would be taught and how. This was a rejection of Power in ideas—a program for more and more students of less and less distinction of thought or of future use to society.

Another set of "educationists" rejected Power by refusing to accept its realities in politics. They howled for the glowingly unattainable, because this was safer than making the hard accommodations necessary to get a workable plan of federal aid to education. All they ever had to do was to show guts enough to override the legislative advocates of cynical civil-rights riders if they really wanted to get a school-aid bill. No one but a few extremists would have called them "anti-civil rights" for this sensible step, but they fled from just this operative Power.

The large, fuzzy, kindly general public has been equally remiss. Who really believes that our cities and counties—able to spend hundreds of millions on super-highways and clover leaves and parks—were really licked by their overcrowded school-room? Why didn't they just build the damn things? But Power here, as elsewhere, was kept locked away as a frightening thing. Somebody locally would have got mad if enough school bonds and higher taxes had been pushed through.

In the past the labor unions were all too keen on Power—but Power minus scruples. In recent years, however, no such charge could possibly be leveled. The biggest labor leaders have long since become almost indistinguishable from their corporate counterparts in gray flannel suits. Collectively they are quick to draw up manifestoes about everything from the subtleties of Summitry to what should be done in Indonesia. As individuals, however, they have usually run away from Power in its direct, personal, responsible use. I always thought John L. Lewis had about all the faults one man needed.

PUBLIC & PERSONAL

But I confess I almost wept when the old boy, for all his cussedness, laid down the knotted Welsh stick which symbolized his direct, personal, identifiable, unashamed use of Power.

THE OSTRICH POLICY FOR H-BOMBS

IF you want other examples of the unofficial flight from Power, note the numberless Committees in Favor of Peace and Progress, and Against War and Suffering. Take as reasonably representative the committees on nuclear policy. Most of these have been absolutely awash with good intentions. But most of them have made proposals whose real sense was that (because nuclear Power has unexampled ferocity, and a very nasty fallout to boot) we should simply give it up, and hope the Russians would follow suit.

They argue that the Bomb is too frightful for words; as indeed it is. So away with it. The Soviets—maybe—will then do away with it also. Even assuming this, what about the rather inconvenient imbalance which would then ensue between the massive Russian and the comparatively small Western conventional forces? Answer: Really, this is the *nuclear* age; you must quit thinking in the past. (We could, of course, build up matching conventional forces of our own; but that would mean an uncomfortable use of Power, including conscription.)

Somehow or other—maybe it was because life got *too* easy and that celebrated Big Rock Candy Mountain was found really to exist for many of us—spurious beatitudes began to dominate our lives. Perhaps the materialism of things and more things got too much into us.

At all events, we have fetched up at an unlovely place. The fiasco of the Summit Conference had nothing to do, except in the most superficial way, with the inept incident of our spy plane. The shrill denunciations of our government for this business, as seen in retrospect, were not so much for its lack of finesse as for its *brazen* disclosure that this country, in a small and stumbling way, was daring to assert any Power at all.

A soggy mystique had got hold of most of the nation. It was much worse to let Khrushchev catch us in

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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

a small and embarrassing lie than to let him force us into a large and desperately dangerous Summit which he himself later decided he did not want. And it was a Summit for which, admittedly, we had no real plans or hope—but which we had nevertheless approached with hymn-singing gladness. We were not at all disconcerted that the world saw this villainous buffoon leading us by the nose precisely where we had said, twenty times over, we would never go without adequate arrangements and until he had shown his good faith by "deeds, not words."

But we were enormously disconcerted when it turned out that the buffoon *himself* still very much believed in Power.

THE ANTI-POWER ELITE

NOW the massive irrationality of all this is hard to comprehend; one can imagine the blinking incredulity of future historians. Power is *sometimes* evil. Power *sometimes* leads to war and suffering. Power *sometimes* corrupts. So many of us would like to get rid of Power once and for all. It smells of the bad old days, the times of the fourteen-hour day and the evil employer who chased his starving stenographer around a desk that was never, never made by union labor. That fellow had Power—and look what he did with it!

Some tried to suggest that negotiation was fine, but that negotiation from strength, with a sense of realism and for a defined purpose, would be even better. Away with them. History is full of such jingoes, under sway of "the military mind." *Do you want to start another war?*

Though I doubt that "the military mind" ever did control this country, what about that mind? Was George Marshall's head full of evil aggressions and reckless risks? Is Maxwell Taylor's? Is the mind of General Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs? Is the mind of General Lemnitzer, the Army Chief of Staff?

The really controlling mind in this country is that of the Power-haters. These are the crypto-pacifists who do not recognize what they are. These are usually oversheltered people who, knowing nothing really of war, can know little more of peace—and so suppose that it can be

kept by elaborately diplomatic minuetts as outdated as Power is eternal in the human condition.

These are the people who don't even know the realities of Power in their own country—or in their own communities . . . the people who assume that some Assistant Something or Other in the State Department influences policy far more than those crude "politicians" in Congress . . . the people who assume that "intellectuals" all wear one suit and all naturally and rightly reject any solution that might ultimately require the use of force . . . the people who flinch from Power, on any occasion, as though from belches at a dinner party . . . the people who "don't believe" in Power, not even in so tiny a use of it as the application of an adult palm to the pants of some little pre-adolescent horror who, in a world happily liberated from Power, is on his way to becoming an intolerable nuisance forever.

This is the kind of mind that now seems to run our society. As it has supplied the fundamental motivations of public policy, so it has shaped the private responses and attitudes of the people. It is not, with deference to Mr. Wright Mills, really a Power Elite that has got hold of the country. It is, on the contrary, an anti-Power Elite which has created a whole new language and a new illogic. Its most extraordinary utterances go without challenge.

For this is the Establishment of the Goody-Good Guys, and nobody finds it easy to attack them. This Establishment—which really believes in "peace" at just short of any price, whether in the world or simply as between one man and another—has so arranged matters that any critic is lost before he opens his mouth. Why? Simply because it has pre-empted all the virtues expressed in such terms as *peace-loving, civilized, sensitive, thoughtful*. It has kindly handed over to its ineffectual opposition all the non-virtues, as expressed in *reckless, brinksmanship, insensitive, crude*, and the like.

The Establishment is not really political, though its existence has had deep political consequences. Wherever it is political at all, it is most typified by the more extreme

"Modern Republicans" (who are in dubitably "modern" but hardly Republican) and the more doctrinaire of the Democratic ultra-liberals. It is not the *politics* of the country that has been taken over by the anti-Power bloc, but rather its mind and spirit.

I have been thought sometimes to be anti-liberal. This I am not, and never was. I am only against the phony (or, in a kinder term, the irrational) liberal. The rational liberals have been the first victims of the anti-Power Elite. For the true liberals have always been on the side of Power. In the late 'thirties, they best fought the efforts of the phony liberals to excuse the Nazis, so long as they were allied with the Soviets and were fighting nasty old imperialist England. The true liberals have always known that to recognize the meaning of Power is not the same as to condone its misuse. They have always known that Power cannot be irrevocably forsworn without turning the whole game over to those who respect *only* Power and have no scruple about its employment.

The new controlling mind recoils from any kind of action, abroad or at home. For action implies movement, and movement implies force. Therefore the anti-Power Elite hisses angrily over such politically ambitious and openly pro-Power men as Senator Johnson, Senator Kennedy, and Vice President Nixon. Its view is that public (and private) issues should be met by appointing commissions, setting up advisory bodies, putting Ivy League in earnest conversation with Ivy League—or, so to speak, containing the problem by turning it all over to a kind of intellectual YMCA.

In the social sense, the anti-Power people maintain their dominance by promoting certain automatic attitudes as to what is Not Done. Not Done is to speak plainly. Not Done is to take any position, on a public or private situation, which puts one, beyond recall, on one side alone. Most of all, Not Done, ever, is to rise in meeting, or at the dinner table, and to make that most tactless of all possible observations—that, damn it all, the fact remains that the Emperor (the anti-Power Elite) simply hasn't any clothes on.

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PAUL PICKREL

Wright Morris, Thomas Wolfe, and Four Novels

Ceremony in Lone Tree (Atheneum, \$4) is the twelfth novel Wright Morris has published, and by this time he has become one of the most highly praised and one of the most widely unread novelists in America. He is a very gifted writer and deserves the praise, but I am afraid that he also deserves his large following of non-readers.

In *Ceremony in Lone Tree*, as in others of his novels, Morris is concerned with the relation between past and present, specifically, of course, the American past and the American present. He knows a certain kind of American past—the past of the small Middle Western town—better than any other writer I have ever read. He has no interest in the phony past Americans like to create for themselves: Paul Bunyan, Pioneer Days, the old oaken bucket, Hiawatha, Robert E. Lee's horse, Whistler's mother, and champagne suppers for Lillian Russell at Delmonico's. He is after the real thing: the medal that a boy used to get with a pair of Buster Brown shoes, the kind of gum-vending machine (were they the first vending machines?) that used to hang on the walls of country railroad stations (only they weren't called stations; they were called depots), the way a woman stood at a sink because she couldn't bear to turn around and see what was going on—or not going on—behind her. All that Morris knows and has right.

The plot of the book, if it can be said to have one, which it hasn't, can be described best by resorting to rather fanciful metaphor. In the book the past is spread out like molasses on the top of a table, and all the characters are flies slowly getting mired down in it. Occasionally they lift a leg to see if they can still do it, but they are all really drowning in the gooey mess of their own lives and they know it. Then finally (it's about page 600 in a book of about 200 pages) somebody brings down a fly swatter and the characters discover that they can still fly a little bit. That's what Morris means by a ceremony.

Morris is right about that too. The past for many people is a gooey mess and they do get

mired down in it and they do only occasionally break loose from it and hover about freely for a little while. A book that presents people in that way may be hard to read, but it certainly cannot be said to falsify experience. Morris is quite aware of the difficulties he is putting in the reader's way, and quite aware that they are necessary. One of the characters in the book, who obviously represents Morris in some way and is a writer, remarks of a book he has written: "the characters showed a tendency to merge that was troubling. Who was speaking? Who was living or dying? It was hard to tell." It is hard to tell in Morris's book, but it is also hard to tell in life who is speaking or who is living or dying, especially since life and death are so largely a matter of definition.

In a sense, the characters in *Ceremony in Lone Tree* do not show a "tendency to merge" and that is their trouble. Most of the time they are out of touch with each other, sharing nothing but their common fate of molasses. One character has such a bad stutter that he can't talk at all, another expresses himself chiefly by blowing a whistle that only dogs can hear, and so on.

In the end, the fault in Morris's book is that it is loveless. There is one good character in it, a fat, middle-aged woman named Maxine. She also has the best line in the book: when someone speaks to her of the dead days beyond recall she says that she wishes to God they were. But aside from Maxine the characters are uninteresting, and some of them are incredibly boring. There is one man for instance who spends his time thinking about department store Santa Clauses. Perhaps that's as good a subject to think about as anything else, but he never thinks anything even remotely interesting about it.

OF COURSE it can be argued that people who come out of small Middle Western towns are as boring as Morris presents them. For sound autobiographical reasons I prefer not to think so, but apart from personal prejudice I think Morris is wrong. There are certainly some bores in the world, but if you can love them they aren't boring. Jane Austen wrote a great novel, one of the greatest in the English language (*Emma*),

and filled it with bores, yet it is not a boring book.

In general Morris handles language very well. Occasionally there is an infelicity; for instance, this is a poor sentence, if not downright ungrammatical: "at night there is much lightning and claps of thunder." Occasionally, too, some detail has not been quite imagined; Morris speaks of a boy on a bicycle, the chain "soiling the cuff of the pantleg rolled to the knee." Of course if a pantleg is rolled to the knee the cuff is not going to get soiled, at least not any way that I know of to roll up a pantleg.

But most of the writing is fine. Morris is an excellent photographer as well as novelist, and his photographer's eye is vividly apparent in the book. He has won a National Book Award and should in time win a Pulitzer Prize. I hope that lots of people will buy *Ceremony in Lone Tree*, partly because it is one of the first publications of a new publishing house that on the basis of its announcements looks very promising indeed—Atheneum Books—and partly because Morris has never had much of that over-the-counter kind of recognition that any writer wants and he deserves.

TWO FIRST NOVELS

A House Full of Women by Philip McFarland (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50) and *The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue* by Lester Goran (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) are two first novels that have very little in common except their preoccupation with a common theme. Like many first novels, both are attempts to encounter, face up to, deal with the fact of sexual seduction.

A House Full of Women is by all odds the better book. Philip McFarland is a skillful, resourceful, witty, and (if the word weren't the kind of word book reviewers love to use I would even say) compassionate writer.

The situation in the novel is simple: during the second world war a young woman whose husband is away in the Navy rents an apartment as a home for herself and her two young sons. The apartment is part of a large old house in a Southern town, and most of the other residents are women. But on the floor beneath the young woman lives a man who eventually seduces both her and one of her sons (the son tells the story). The results for the mother are disastrous, but the boy recovers by a process that is not very clear.

Such a summary may make the book sound like another version of *Other Voices, Other Rooms* or any one of several accounts of naughty goings-on among the old magnolias, but in fact *A House Full of Women* is not at all a decadent book. The other characters are very well presented, especially one indestructible old woman who is always failing in health but apparently immortal, a woman called Miss Olive. She has wasted her

life taking care of her stepmother when she might have married the man she loved, and in a sense she is the main character in the book, because it is to her that McFarland entrusts his message: "I should not have been afraid," she says, "to live by what I felt." That is what McFarland is trying to say in the book—in spite of all the terrible dangers of the world, in spite of the lurking presence of the seducer, feelings can be trusted.

McFarland will write better novels than *A House Full of Women*, but it is a very good start.

IN *The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue*

Lester Goran has not quite located his subject, and so he begins the novel years too early and otherwise pads it, but what the book is really about is the relationship between a boy and a girl. The boy is Polish on his mother's side, but his father is some sort of semi-illegitimate connection of a very old Pittsburgh family. The father has nothing left but his pride and a thirst for whiskey, but he brings up the boy to think he is too good for the immigrant families in the rough slum where they live. Then the boy falls in love with a girl in the neighborhood, and while he is away in the Army she is seduced by a boy from a more fashionable part of town and bears his child. When the boy returns from the Army he cannot face the fact that his girl has been seduced, and she finally marries an older man who can give her and her child a comfortable home.

The attempt to deal with the fact of seduction is not very successful, and it is crowded off to one corner of the book and the rest of the book is filled in with colorful characters. Unfortunately I dislike colorful characters in books almost as much as I do in life, and I suspect them just about as much. A person who tries to see himself as a character or who tries to see others as characters is failing in his task of seeing humanity as humanity; he is not taking himself or others seriously; he is not recognizing the difference between life and a comic strip.

But a struggling young writer named Lester Goran has done nothing to bring this tirade down upon him, or very little. The slum dwellers that he presents as colorful really are colorful, and a few scenes show that he has a genuine gift for fiction, especially the scenes that present the boy's father when he was a little boy. In those scenes there is delicacy of feeling.

A NOVELIST'S LIFE

THE late Elizabeth Nowell devoted a good deal of her life to helping the novelist Thomas Wolfe. After his death she edited and published his letters, and shortly before her own death she completed a biography of him, which has now

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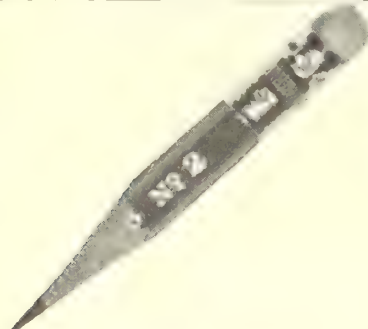
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THE NEW BOOKS

been published and selected for distribution by the Book-of-the-Month Club (Doubleday, \$5.95).

This is not an easy book to talk about. It was obviously written as a labor of love by a woman with an extraordinary capacity for selfless devotion. Both subject and author are dead. What is wrong with the book is what was wrong with Wolfe himself, because Miss Nowell sees Wolfe as it were through his own eyes; if it is true to say, as I think it is, that Thomas Wolfe created a myth about himself and then tried to live inside it, then it can be said that Miss Nowell has written the story of his life from inside the myth too.

To be painfully blunt about it, I doubt that we need a life of Wolfe written from his point of view. He did the job himself, in many volumes that I once admired and now find almost totally unreadable. Something like a half or two-thirds of Miss Nowell's biography is made up of direct quotation from Wolfe's books, and I could not finish it.

Thomas Wolfe's myth of himself, as I understand it, was a kind of mirror image of reality, like a cloud reflected in the center of a vast ocean. He could not shape it or control it because it touched nothing real; it was only a reflection. Take his height for example. He thought he was enormous, and in his later books he was taller than in his earlier books, though he was well past the age when most men stop growing. In fact there are a great many men in the world as tall as or taller than Thomas Wolfe was at his highest estimate of himself, and a lot of them manage to remain fairly unneurotic about it. The point is that Wolfe never knew how tall he was; he was a figure in a myth and there are no yardsticks in myths.

Obviously this is a harsh judgment of a man whom many regard as a great American writer. I don't share that opinion. I think Wolfe will be read for a long time, but mostly by adolescents who will find in him for a few years a formulation (of sorts) of certain feelings that are even vaguer in themselves, but in the long run they will have to leave him behind.

All this is said in criticism of a book that deserves no censure. Miss

Nowell wanted to write a life of Thomas Wolfe and she did it admirably by her own standards. Anyone who wants to know the facts of Wolfe's life will find them here, as correct as painstaking research could make them. I have learned a great many details that I never knew before. If you want a life of Thomas Wolfe as he saw himself this is the book for you.

TWO FROM ABROAD

IN recent years there have emerged a small group of extremely talented Indian women novelists who write in English. One is R. Praver Jhabvala, and another is Kamala Markandaya, whose new book, *The Silence of Desire* (John Day, \$4), is her best yet.

I am sorry to say that it is a book that cannot be discussed without spoiling the suspense, and the suspense is one of the things about the book that is most beautifully controlled. So perhaps anyone who thinks he might read it should simply be told that it is a fine novel and skip the next paragraph or two. Of course he would be ill-advised to skip the rest of the column because there are still some treats in store. I hope.

The main characters in *The Silence of Desire* are a middle-class Indian couple with three children. They have been married for fifteen years agreeably enough; the husband is a clerk in a government office. Then he discovers that his wife is often away from home on unexplained business; she is disposing of the few family treasures and keeps the picture of a strange man in a trunk. Under the influence of his office colleagues who have advanced ideas about sexual intrigue derived from Western (American) movies, and for lack of any other explanation, he is forced to conclude that she is having an affair. Finally he stays away from work to follow her, and he discovers that she is going to a faith healer to be cured of an illness.

The man is half-Westernized; he does not want his wife to fool around with such primitive sorcery; he wants her to go to the hospital. But she knows that her mother and sister died in the hospital, possibly

THE NEW BOOKS

of similar illnesses, and anyway she belongs to the old India, where mind was more important than body. She feels better when she goes to the faith healer and that is enough for her.

Many novels have been written about the meeting of East and West, including one that I regard as a wonderful book, E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. Miss Markandaya is not a novelist of Forster's subtlety or richness, but I doubt that anyone has ever written a more moving or human or beautifully true story about what the conflict of cultures can mean for two humble people than *The Silence of Desire*. Both the husband and wife are so exquisitely right by their own standards; all they are trying to do is to find a place to live, a room for their love, space to work out their problems, between the two views of life that are dividing them.

THE Englishwoman Muriel Spark is another remarkably gifted novelist. If having few readers is a mark of distinction then Miss Spark is an even more distinguished writer than Wright Morris, because as far as I know *nobody* reads her books, at least in this country, and her publisher is to be commended for bringing out novel after novel without selling them.

The peculiar thing about Miss Spark is that she writes very funny books about very serious subjects. She is apparently a Roman Catholic, but she turns a sharp eye and a wickedly witty tongue on any kind of humbuggery or hypocrisy in spiritual or ecclesiastical life.

Miss Spark's last book, *Memento Mori*, is about the fear of death; it has, as I recall, only two characters under seventy-five in it, and most of them are in bed or in nursing homes. Yet it is an outrageously funny book. Her new novel, *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* (Lippincott, \$3.75), is a book about the devil, and it is just about as funny.

In the first chapter Miss Spark tells about how a young man in the London industrial suburb of Peckham Rye misbehaved at his own wedding. This piece of misbehavior is repeated, altered, embroidered upon until it becomes a local legend, like a ballad. Then the rest of the

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THE NEW BOOKS

book relates how the devil got into the young man and made him misbehave.

The devil in the book is a young Scotsman named Dougal Douglas. (The idea of the devil as a Scotsman will delight any Calvinists in the audience.) And the odd thing about Douglas is that he isn't evil and doesn't do anything bad, except that he can't stand suffering. He is pure solid irresponsible irresistible charm. He can hardly be said to do anything at all; he just fills up places that other people have left empty. He holds several jobs at once and fails to work at any of them, but only because of the egoism and pretensions of his various bosses. From a literary point of view his worst offense is that he is a master of a wonderfully bad prose style; he writes a clichéd, journalistic prose in which (as someone said of Gibbon's style) the truth cannot be told.

When Miss Spark published *Memento Mori* I tried to write a review of it and had to give up; in spite of its wonderful comedy I couldn't make it sound like anything but a horrible book about old people dying. Now I'm afraid that I make *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* sound like a theological treatise on the devil when in fact it is a very witty and very funny book. Most discussions of books at bottom consist of saying that some writer is more or less like some other writer, and Muriel Spark isn't like any other writer I know of. If you want to know what her work is like you will just have to take to the unlikely but delightful course of reading it.

THE LONGER PAST

WE started with Wright Morris's interest in the immediate American past, and we end with Loren Eiseley's interest in the long, long past of life on this earth. Eiseley, who has been a professor of anthropology and is now Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, is a student of evolution, and a couple of years ago he published a book called *Darwin's Century*, which is an excellent, lucid account of the century of biological thought that preceded and prepared the way for Darwin's theory of evolution.

Eiseley's new book, *The Firma-*

ment of Time (Atheneum, \$3.50), can perhaps be best described as his reflections and afterthoughts on the material presented more fully in *Darwin's Century*. For centuries men supposed, of course, that creation was static, that all the kinds of life on this earth had been made at one time in their present form and that no new forms had been added or old ones lost. Then gradually, in the century that terminated with Charles Darwin, men came to realize that some forms of life had disappeared (fossils proved that) and that new forms of life had come into being. In other words, time is a dimension not only in the individual life of a member of a species but in the whole universe and so in the species itself.

The Firmament of Time is a personal, poetic, possibly religious series of musings (I speak particularly of the later chapters) on what it means to recognize time as a dimension in the universe. Eiseley doesn't mention philosophers who have treated the subject of time, though he is an extraordinarily well-read man; rather he is trying to suggest what it means to him to feel a kinship with all forms of life, past, present, and to come. In one marvelous passage he describes a fight he once saw between a blacksnake and a hen pheasant, a fight, as he says, "about whether a clutch of eggs was to turn into a thing with wings or scales." He tells how, when he could no longer stand it, he separated the two animals, and conveys his sense of mystery when he realized that he was influencing, by even so slight a gesture, the course of that long chain of life that goes back to the swamp and on to what we cannot imagine.

It would not misrepresent *The Firmament of Time* very much to say that it was written to show why Eiseley cannot accept a suggestion one of his students made about a way of solving the population problem. This misguided young man suggested that, since we could surely synthesize food pretty soon, we could "just eventually kill off everything and live here by ourselves with more room." The brutality of the idea lies, for Eiseley, in its complete indifference to nature, its complete lack of any sense of life as a vast complicated network. And I hope the idea strikes you as brutal.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harper Lee.

I would not have believed that I would ever again be completely enthralled by a story of young children—especially a young girl narrator—growing up in a typical Southern town back there in the 'thirties when things still were "typical," though changing even then. After all, we had *Member of the Wedding* not so very long ago, with the long summer afternoons when children's play goes on forever; the Negro cook in the kitchen so earthily wise in answering difficult questions when parents are not at hand. And here it all is again—the same, but different. It is the story of motherless children's adoration of their lawyer father—an old-fashioned "hero" if there ever was one; of a ghost next door; of white against black in a small town (Maycomb, in Maycomb County, Georgia); of explosive violence and incomparable gentleness. It is a novel of great sweetness, humor, compassion, and of mystery carefully sustained. Miss Lee has written a first novel which will satisfy all those who love a story resolved, as well as those who are interested in the problems of the South to which there are no easy resolutions. Literary Guild Choice for August.

Lippincott, \$3.95

Gideon's Risk, by J. J. Marric.

For several years a mysterious death has troubled Commander Gideon though the case has long been officially closed. He knows his reputation at Scotland Yard is at stake if he fails to find a culprit, but he exhumes the body, reopens the case, and in the wild mish-mash of interrelated underworld activities that turn up as a result, he solves not one crime but several, and along the way renews the self-confidence of some of his subordinates on the force. Most satisfactory in intricacy of plot; in villainous villains; in bold and affable sleuths; in virtue rewarded and wickedness punished.

Harper, \$2.95

Watcher in the Shadows, by Geoffrey Household.

It is impossible to describe the quality of this most exciting story of a desperate revenge-inspired man-hunt—no holds barred—which takes place against one of the most peaceful and beautiful landscapes in the world, England's Cotswold Hills.

The central participants are old-family Europeans, and a code of honor as well as revenge add romantic dimensions to this violent war of nerves. The rest of the cast is British to the core; there is love-interest; nature-interest (the narrator is a scholarly student of the ways of small mammals); and horse-interest. Geoffrey Household's many admirers will not be surprised to learn that it is an altogether gripping tale. Literary Guild Choice for July.

Little, Brown, \$3.95

NON-FICTION

Two books by people not precisely disinterested in the outcome of the current political campaigns:

The Challenges We Face, compiled and edited from the speeches and papers of Richard M. Nixon.

By the time this issue of the magazine reaches the stands we may be hearing considerable reiteration—perhaps somewhat refurbished—of the ideas expressed in this book, but for comparison and for the record this is an authorized report, in his own words, of where Mr. Nixon has stood on domestic and foreign issues over the last four years.

McGraw-Hill, \$3.95

Mr. Citizen, by Harry S. Truman.

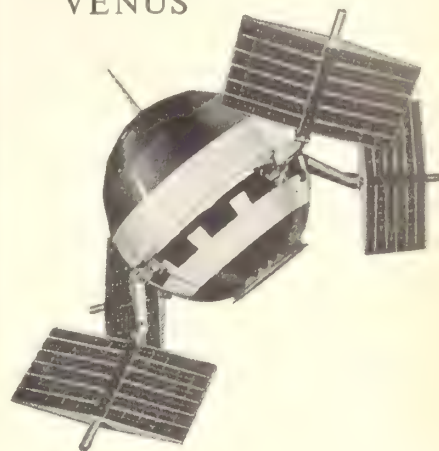
Explaining his decision in 1956 to write for the North American Newspaper Alliance, Mr. Truman says:

I like to write. But writing does not always come easy to me. I attach more importance to what I have to say than how I say it. Yet I have to weigh carefully what I put into words because of the office I once held.

I like to use the simplest words I can. The simplest words make for the best communication. Much of the Bible—the King James version—is an example of what I mean, and so is Shakespeare.

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ple may think, he writes of the seven years since he left the White House; his opinions on domestic and world affairs in those years; a throwback to his decision on the atom bomb; a revelation of his "tiff" with Eisenhower on Inauguration Day; his opinions on Stevenson; his views on religion, the Presidency, small towns, his grandchildren, the Truman library in Independence, his operation. All his conclusions are personal and sure and uncomplicated by overtones. A straightforward, most interesting book which people will like or dislike according to how they feel about its author. Thirty-two pages of photographs.

Bernard Geis, \$5

This Demi-Paradise: A Westchester Diary, by Margaret Halsey.

A bright though not always kindly once-over-lightly of life in suburbia, examining with new twists many of the usual phenomena (supermarket, school, church, politics) but in quite unexpected and very personal ways as one might guess from the author of *With Malice Toward Some*. There is one devastating chapter on this Westchester "housewife's" encounter with a lady pollster, to make one laugh and writhe at the same time. Personal rather than statistical, the diary is sure to make enemies as well as friends—as Miss Halsey undoubtedly intended.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.50

Enjoy, Enjoy, by Harry Golden.

"Enjoy, Enjoy," were almost the only English words that Harry Golden's European Jewish mother ever learned. In New York's lower East Side she was too busy cooking, sewing, providing for her children's education, to learn any more. By a kind of rhetorical alchemy the editor of the *Carolina Israelite* indicates that these words meant to her "tomorrow"—the tomorrow her children would enjoy, the tomorrow that all the early immigrants looked forward to for their young and that no "togetherness" philosophy will ever provide. That is only one idea of thousands here presented, but no reader of Harry Golden's editorials, stories, notions, or reflections (*Only in America*, *For 2c Please*) needs to know more than the mere fact that here is another collection of them,

this time edited and introduced by his son, Harry Golden, Jr.

World, \$4

Primers and Casebooks

A Primer of Ezra Pound, by M. L. Rosenthal.

1960 is a year to learn about Ezra Pound. In April Crowell published *A Casebook on Ezra Pound*, edited by William Van O'Connor and Edward Stone. In May New Directions published in paperback *ABC of Reading* by Ezra Pound; Regnery brought out *Impact: Essays on Ignorance and the Decline of American Civilization* by Mr. Pound; in October Macmillan announces a full-dress biography by Charles Norman; and here we have this primer by Mr. Rosenthal.

This primer concentrates on his poetry, for as the author says: "Ezra Pound's career is so interlaced with the whole of modern letters and politics that one might devote many pages to it and never touch on his poetry." Mr. Rosenthal feels that Pound's reputation as a poet has suffered from the "activist-thinker's vagaries" and so here devotes himself to separating the two. He subdivides his small book (53 pages) into "The Early Poetry," "Basic Frames of thought," "The *Mauberley* Sequence," "The *Cantos*." The author is a critic whose work has appeared in many scholarly and critical journals. His book is the first in a Macmillan series of primers on "great, germinal figures in modern literature."

Macmillan, \$2.50

A Casebook on Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw," edited by Gerald Willen.

This is the second of the Crowell "Casebook" series mentioned above. It includes not only the text of James's wonderfully macabre and controversial tale but many of the important essays which have been written about it since it first appeared in *Collier's Weekly* in 1898. There is a piece by Edmund Wilson; A. J. A. Waldock on "Mr. Edmund Wilson and 'The Turn of the Screw'"; a symposium on the work by Katherine Anne Porter, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren; and a dozen other authors sounding off to make the volume, as the jacket says,

a pleasure "for everyone who enjoys a good intellectual battle."

Crowell, \$3.95

Notes for Constant Readers

John Gunther's *Taken at the Flood: The Story of Albert D. Lasker* which Paul Pickrel reviewed in the June issue will be published August 24th.

The *Harper's Magazine* Literary Supplement, published in October 1959, edited by John Fischer and Robert Silvers, produced such a demand for copies that Rutgers University Press is now bringing it out in book form in July. It will be called *Writing in America* and will carry a foreword by Mason Gross, President of Rutgers (\$3.95 in cloth and \$1.45 in paper).

FORECAST

Predictable Best-sellers

Sometimes it doesn't take much imagination to be able to see a best-seller coming. For instance: The author of *Dear and Glorious Physician*, Taylor Caldwell, has a new novel, *The Listeners*, on Doubleday's September list. From Coward-McCann at about the same time will come *The Dean's Watch* by Elizabeth Goudge, whose *A City of Bells* has never been forgotten—to mention only one of her numerous best-selling successes. Nicholas Monsarrat who wrote *The Cruel Sea* and *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* has a new novel, *The Nylon Pirates*, on Sloane's list for October; and World announces that MacKinlay Kantor has a longer novel than *Andersonville* which they will publish in 1961. It is called *Spirit Lake*.

The non-fiction lists can be pinpointed in somewhat the same way. Frances Parkinson Keyes, whose novels are always instantaneous best-sellers, has written her autobiography *Roses in December*, which Doubleday will publish in September. The author of *The Hidden Persuaders*, Vance Packard, has *The Waste Makers* on McKay's September list. And Guy Murchie, Jr., who obviously knows a good title when he has one (his *Song of the Sky* was a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection in 1954) has a new book, called *Music of the Spheres* coming from Houghton Mifflin in the fall.

MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

TOO MUCH TOO FAST?

The recording studios—which have swallowed up many promising singers—are pouring out new song albums that can make or break the artists.

Not since the great six-volume series of the Wolf Society, issued album by album during the early 1930s, has there been such a recorded outpouring of the songs of Hugo Wolf. But there are a few significant differences. The Wolf Society used a variety of singers, many of them great ones—artists like Gerhard Hüsch, John McCormack, Friedrich Schorr, Elisabeth Rethberg, Ria Ginster, Herbert Janssen, Helge Roswaenge, Tiana Lemnitz, and Karl Erb. Today's Wolf interpretations, on the other hand, seem to employ primarily two singers—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Irmgard Seefried.

In both singers, one wonders if it is not a case of too much too fast. Fischer-Dieskau is most likely the greatest lieder singer alive. He has taste, musicianship, feeling, and a baritone voice good enough to handle the major demands of the song literature. It is not, nor ever has been, a particularly pleasing voice as regards timbre and basic quality. But despite its somewhat hard quality, it is a voice that has dignity and, when needed, power.

With all this, though, it is asking too much of a relatively young artist to master a body of song at one fell swoop, as it were. The demands of the recording studios are insatiable and they already have swallowed up more than one promising artist. Fischer-Dieskau is not "a promising artist"; he is an established one. Not even he, however, can be expected to handle *all* of the German song literature, and that is just about what he has been doing for the rec-

ord companies. He has recorded great segments of Brahms, Schubert, and Schumann, and now he is turning his attention to Wolf.

In some of his Wolf recordings, as in the two-disc *Italianisches Liederbuch* (Decca Deutsche Grammophon 138035/6, stereo), he shares the performance with Irmgard Seefried. The pianists are Eric Werba and Joerg Demus. Seefried, several years back, appeared to be the soprano who was going to carry on the Lehmann tradition. She had the requisite feeling for lieder, and she had a lovely, malleable voice. But something has happened to her voice. One only hopes it is a temporary condition. She has developed a shrill quality, she reaches for notes that formerly she took with ease, and only too often her production is hooty. She sounds like an old singer, not one in her prime of life.

And yet the two singers, who alternate (except for one or two spots) in the *Italianisches Liederbuch*, have given us a record album of extreme beauty and importance. For whatever her vocal limitations, Seefried is an artist; and whatever his lack of familiarity with some of the songs, Fischer-Dieskau nevertheless brings more style to them than any male singer functioning today. And, above all, there is the

music—the first complete recorded performance, to the best of my knowledge, of all forty-six songs of the *Italianisches Liederbuch*.

Special attention is being paid to Wolf because this year is the centenary of his birth. Wolf, whose major body of work lies in some two hundred and fifty songs, could conceivably be the greatest of all German song composers. His melodic gift was on a level with that of his great predecessors, his harmonies are more

pungent, and more than any German song composer who ever lived he tied music and verse into an integrated package. With Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, we often can completely ignore the words and bathe in the melody. With Wolf, the words can never be ignored. He was too conscious of them, he worked them too strongly into the musical fabric.

As a result, his songs are less immediately popular than those of the other German composers. Early critics accused him of breaches in taste, of a lack of melody, of ear-splitting dissonance. On records we can play the songs over and over again, eventually coming to realize how wrong his detractors were, and how great was his genius. Some of his songs are packed so full of intensity that they make one shiver. Others are light and carefree. But all have in common a flaming imagination unique in the literature.

The Saddest Song

On an Angel disc (35838, monophonic; S 35838, stereo), Fischer-Dieskau, accompanied by Gerald Moore, can be heard in an additional twenty-three Wolf songs, these taken from the *Spanisches Liederbuch*. This is not a complete recording. The baritone has made a selection from the two divisions of the Wolf collection—from the *Geistliche* (sacred) and *Weltliche* (secular). It is in the *Geistliche* section of the *Spanisches Liederbuch* that occur such unforgettable songs as "Nun wandre, Maria," with its bleak double-note accompaniment and its haunting vocal melody, so near speech (has a sadder, more wistful song ever been written?).

Several of the lieder that Fischer-Dieskau sings so beautifully on his *Spanisches Liederbuch* disc are duplicated by Seefried and Eberhard Waechter in their disc of excerpts from the same song volume (Decca Deutsche Grammophon 18591, monophonic; 138059, stereophonic). They alternate songs except for two cases, where they sing together. Wolf purists will object to those two songs. In both, two characters are suggested (as in Schubert's "Erlkönig"), but it



does seem "gimmicky," to say the least, to employ two singers in a song intended for one.

Waechter is a German baritone who came into prominence when he sang the role of Donner in the London album of Wagner's *Rheingold*. There he sounded like the young god he was supposed to be. In the more intimate realm of lieder he is not as impressive.

A Non-bawling Italian

Lest it be thought that Fischer-Dieskau and Seefried are the only two singers actively engaged in recording the lieder repertoire, let me hasten to mention a few discs by other artists. One may come as something of a surprise. It is a recording of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* sung by Cesare Valletti, accompanied by Leo Taubman (Victor LM 2412, monophonic, LSC 2412, stereophonic). Valletti is an Italian tenor who has been singing lyric Italian roles for some seasons at the Metropolitan Opera. He is one of the very few of his species who have achieved any rapport with the concert stage. Most Italian tenors just throw back their heads and bawl. Valletti's concert programs generally avoid operatic arias, Neapolitan songs and the like. He sings Brahms and Schumann and, *mirabile dictu!*, phrases like a sensitive musician.

It would be idle to pretend that he gets inside the music the way Fischer-Dieskau does. Valletti has other attributes. He has a smooth, *bel-canto* tenor of lovely quality, and he employs it with exquisite nuance. Never does he force, and never does he get into the exaggerations that are found in the work of some of his

German colleagues. All is tasteful and fluent—a pleasure to hear, especially in so lyric a song as *Der Nussbaum* (he sings six additional Schumann songs in addition to the *Dichterliebe* cycle). Victor has provided excellent notes, including texts and translations of all the songs. This is more than can be said of the Deutsche Grammophon albums, which give no notes at all and only the German texts—a dubious gesture to those who do not read German.

The *Dichterliebe* is not the only important German song cycle recently to be recorded. Ernst Häfliger does the entire *Schöne Müllerin* cycle by Schubert on two discs. His accompanist is Jacqueline Bonneau (Decca Deutsche Grammophon 19027/8, monophonic; 136039/40, stereophonic). Häfliger is, in a way, a German Valletti. His voice is not a large one, but it is attractive in texture, intelligently used (never forced, for example), and always handled with taste. Some of Schubert's best songs are found in this great cycle, and the present recording is the best in the American catalogues now that the Fischer-Dieskau album is generally unavailable except on import from Electrola in Germany.

A sampling of popular lieder by Schubert, Schumann, and Strauss can be heard on an Angel disc (35583, monophonic; S 35583, stereophonic) as sung by Hans Hotter, with Gerald Moore at the piano. Schubert's *Serenade* and Schumann's *The Two Grenadiers* are among the selections. Hotter's noble conception does not extend to his vocal powers. He is all too obviously a singer past his best days, and he can no longer rise to the big moments.

AND ALSO . . .

Schoeck: Songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Margrit Weber, piano (Decca Deutsche Grammophon 18511, monophonic; 138013, stereophonic).

Schoeck is a Swiss composer, born in 1886, who writes lieder in the tradition of Reger, Wolf, and Strauss. He is said to have composed about 400 songs. Fischer-Dieskau handles the music with his usual intelligence. An interesting, out-of-the-way vocal disc.

Bach: Cantata Arias: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Karl Forster (Angel 35698, monophonic; S 35698, stereophonic).

The ubiquitous Fischer-Dieskau sings baritone arias from Cantatas Nos. 73, 8, 158, 13, 157, and 159. He not only sings them with style but also with fervor—a far cry from some of the white-voiced bleating that only too often passes for "correct" Bach singing.

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

DIXIE

Edward Tatnall Canby once wrote in these pages that he had heard, in Paris, something he missed hearing back home in this country: a group of students sitting on a river bank—with guitar, clarinet, and improvised drums—playing jazz. In its nation of origin, the music lacks a tradition of amateur performance. What we ordinary citizens emulate, left to our own devices, is not the jazz band but the barbershop quartet.

If there is any hope for improvement of this sorry state, it lies in the increasing numbers and competence of the frankly imitative "Dixieland revival" orchestras—the ready accessibility of a technique that makes it possible, as on the Walt Gifford record noted below, for musicians barely out of college to perform passably in public. The style is becoming a part of the past, which means it is available, and can be learned.

Unfortunately, this also means that it attracts the attention of the untalented, and grows to be less and less vital than its origins. Jazz that was once improvised is now carefully scored and so laboriously pounded out that you can almost hear the pages being turned. Whoever are the anonymous performers appearing in "Riot in Dixie" makes little difference, when there is so little for them to do but read the notes.

There can now be skilled "arrangers" of Dixieland, like Dick Cary, who has fulfilled this anomalous role on at least three of the first four records listed here. Yet he gets his best treatment at the hands of one of the actual pioneers, Jimmy McPartland, on an LP with more energy in it than the other three combined. The George Lewis records may help explain why. For all their faulty pitch and sour notes, they are among the closest approximations we have of what jazz must have sounded like before it got organized.

Walt Gifford's New Yorkers, featuring Johnny Windhurst. Delmar DL-206. **Riot in Dixie.** The Kings of Dixieland Time T/10006. **Dick Cary and the Dixieland Doodlers.** Columbia CL 1425. **That Happy Dixieland Jazz.** Jimmy McPartland and his Dixielanders. RCA Camden CAL-549.

George Lewis and his New Orleans Ragtime Band. **Doctor Jazz.** Delmar DL-201. **On Parade.** Delmar DL-202. **The Singing Clarinet.** Delmar DL-203.

September 1969 Sixty Cents

Harper's

magazine

Heroic Israel Today:

The Legend
and the Facts

Isaac Hyman

PROPOSITION
FOR WOMEN

William K. Sanders

AMERICA'S MOST
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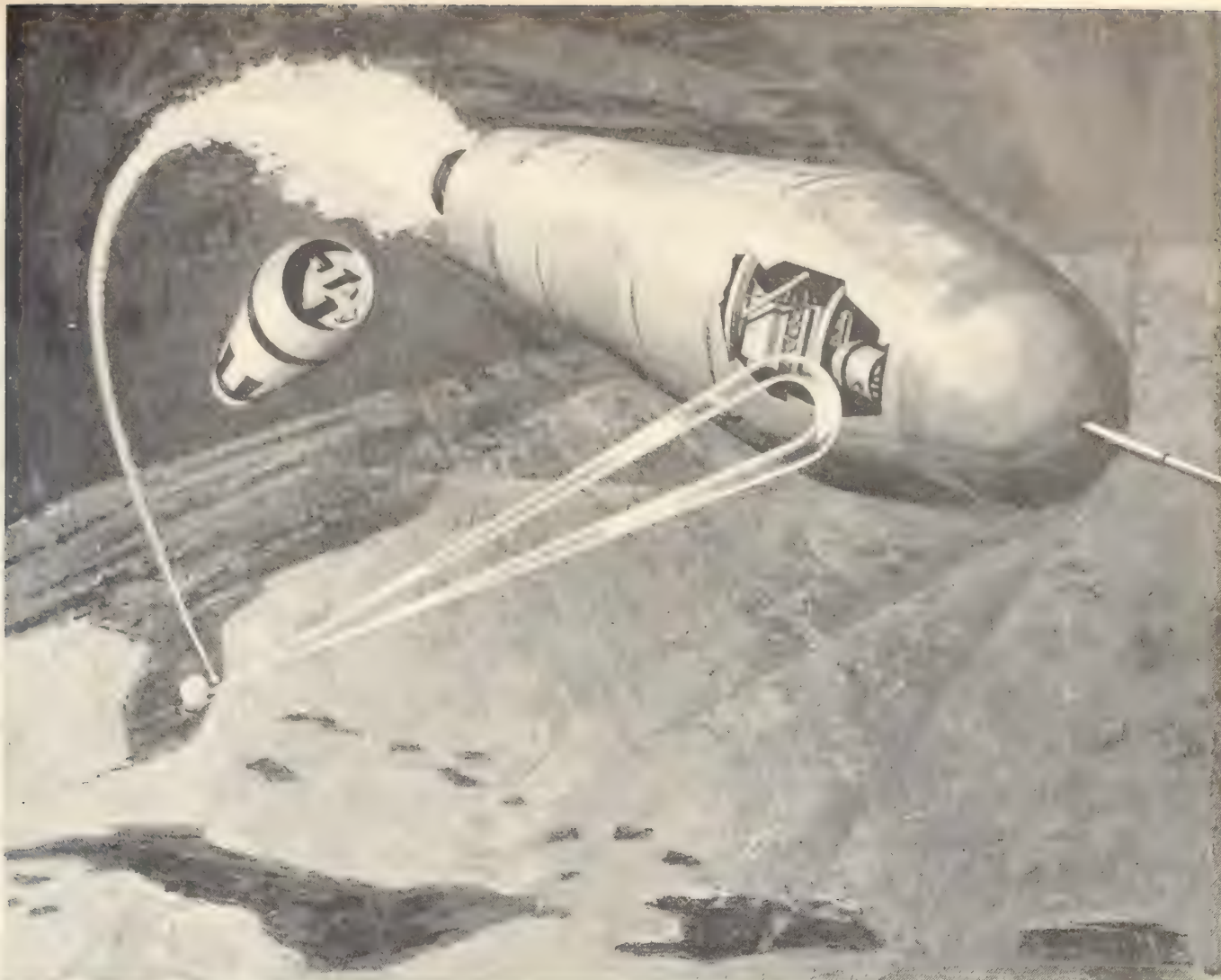
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The Command Guidance System for the Air Force Titan, shown here as the first and second stages separate, was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and is manufactured by Western Electric. Flight information is analyzed by a Remington Rand-Univac computer.

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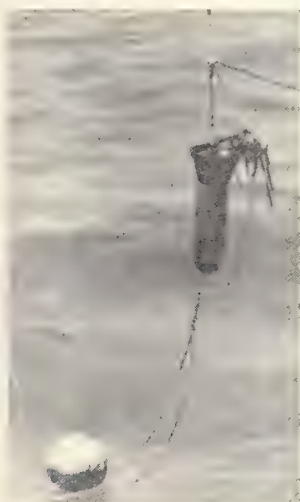
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LETTERS

Survival or Suicide?

TO THE EDITORS:

Joseph Kraft's article on the RAND Corporation ["Arsenal for Ideas," July] stimulated in me somewhat the same fascination individuals in a crowd feel as they watch a potential suicide teetering on a tenth-floor window ledge. . . . The goals pursued by the RAND researchers are part of a national "realism" that is leading us to world-wide suicide. The wrong questions are being researched, I feel, albeit for fairly legitimate reasons—the survival of mankind with particular emphasis on American-kind . . .

The American Friends Service Committee has the same good in mind—a better world for everyone to live in. Yet there is a basic difference in methods. RAND research stresses the elements of competition in the Cold War and . . . views the U.S.S.R. in a mechanical, inhuman fashion. The AFSC, on the other hand, recognizes the basic humanity of people everywhere and propounds the question: "What have these competing nations in common that can be approached in a co-operative frame of mind for their mutual welfare?" This major question and lesser variations of it can be put into researchable form that can well point the way out of the Cold War.

Might I suggest that some of the RAND researchers contact AFSC with the purpose of making and following through on some research designs to test the method of co-operation among nations?

STEPHEN R. BEST
University City, Mo.

It is both sad and enlightening to observe that not one of the many ideas conceived at RAND foreshadows the day when preparation for war will be outmoded. . . .

But a glance at the *Journal of Conflict Resolution* or the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* shows that another group of scientists are lending their expertise (without Air Force support) to ideas which may replace the present peace-by-terror. It is to these latter experts that one must turn for answers to questions painfully missing in RAND's arsenal of ideas. Why have our systems of missiles and missile interceptors failed to bring us security? Why have the

ICBM and the U-2 failed to win friends for the U. S. in Japan, India, Norway, Chile, or Hungary? Why, as Adlai Stevenson asked, "is the universal desire for world peace expressing itself in the form of anti-American demonstrations?" . . .

The scientists at RAND are undoubtedly skillful and bright and probably sincere. But scientists like Einstein, Schweitzer, Pauling, and Szilard . . . have not permitted their knowledge to crowd out the moral questions of our time. None of them would characterize "protection of the deterrent" as "the first and most basic principle of action for the United States in the thermo-nuclear age."

MARC PILISUK
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Highway Killers

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Ridding the Roads of the Murderous 4 Per Cent" [July] Ernest Hunter Wright has made a timely suggestion for commissioning safety wardens. I believe this is a plan that each of our states could adopt. I plan to call the article to my state representative's attention before the next session of our legislature in January. . . .

BURTON WILCOX
Sacramento, Calif.

Mr. Wright's thesis of unpaid "wardens" is extremely good and I wish it could be taken beyond the idea stage. . . . My only practical criticism is: how can the warden pursue his or her own way on the road and write down license numbers of offenders at the same time? Particularly if he is alone in the car or surrounded by small children who are unable to write (my condition)?

FRANCIS CLARK
Manchester, Mass.

The Billboard Battle

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading "The Ballot on Billboards" [John Fischer, "Easy Chair," July] . . . I should like to say that all companies that are members of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America are pledged to adhere to strict standards for panel design and location. I believe a distinction must be drawn between the practices of these companies and those of the local souvenir stores or the wild animal farms . . . the non-stand-

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LETTERS

ardized displays—which clutter up the landscape. . . . The Outdoor Advertising Association helped found the Advertising Council in 1942 and has since promoted its growth and supported its campaigns. . . . I believe that the leaders of the outdoor advertising industry deplore the defacement of the American landscape as much as you do. . . .

T. S. REPPLIER, President
The Advertising Council Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Several years of experience in the profession of planning have proved, if nothing else, that there is more to the "highway clutter" story than mere billboard elimination. Many well-meaning people have found it popular to be anti-billboard, and yet have blithely skipped over the disgrace created by the oil companies in the gasoline stations, the hot-dog stands, the so-called farmer's markets, and the roadside discount houses. . . . In my opinion a well-founded program should include, in addition to control and perhaps elimination of billboards, the following:

(1) A sensible national policy on roadside protection . . .

(2) State and county programs of land-use planning . . .

(3) Sound zoning that has the courage of conviction and of political internal fortitude behind it . . .

(4) Tough and efficient administration of zoning . . .

(5) A determination that all roadside offenders, not just billboards, will be attacked including the individual "snipe" signs, the commercial mishmash, the oil companies, and the shoestring entrepreneurs . . .

(6) An educational program to overcome the fallacy that land ownership near a highway endows the owner with the right to exploit, despoil, and generally do as he pleases, regardless of the effect on traffic, community growth, or the general economics of the area . . .

HERBERT H. SMITH, President
Community Planning Associates, Inc.
West Trenton, N. J.

Paying for Health

TO THE EDITORS:

As a senior citizen and a retired person, I wish to thank you for Donald B. Straus's article, "Can We Afford to Be Healthy?" [July]. It will assist in focusing thought on one of our serious and urgent problems. I am dean-emeritus of a large graduate school. I retired in 1945 and am now 92. . . . Last year I had my first long, serious illness. . . . Some years ago I was an economic adviser in a thorough survey of medical and dental status in California. The

The Sound... [REDACTED] September

...of Genius



BRUNO WALTER, custodian of the true Brahms tradition, shepherds his four symphonies into the age of stereo with a set of definitive performances... accompanying the records is a twelve-page retrospective portfolio lovingly

authored by his daughter Lotte.

ML 252/M4S 615/ORCHESTRAL MUSIC of Brahms/Bruno Walter/Columbia Symphony

Walter's benign but authoritative hand is further evident in a joyous alliance with virtuoso violinist ZINO FRANCESCATTI and cellist PIERRE FOURNIER in the BRAHMS DOUBLE CONCERTO... Finally, the melding of Walter's octogenarian wisdom and the youthful ardor of pianist EUGENE ISTOMIN in the SCHUMANN CONCERTO; its felicitous companion piece is CHOPIN'S PIANO CONCERTO #2 IN F MINOR, with EUGENE ORMANDY and the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

ML 5493/MS 6158/BRAHMS: Double Concerto; Tragic Overture/Francescatti, Fournier, Walter/Columbia Symphony

ML 5494/MS 6159/CHOPIN/SCHUMANN: Piano Concertos/Istomin, Ormandy, Walter/Columbia Symphony



"CARMINA BURANA" — the rakish lyrics of medieval poets resound lustily in CARL ORFF's musical melée... THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA and EUGENE ORMANDY are joined by equally impassioned vocal forces.

ML 5498/MS 6163/ORFF: Carmina Burana/Philadelphia/Ormandy

RUDOLF SERKIN devotes himself to BRAHMS' SECOND PIANO CONCERTO in a majestic collaboration with Ormandy and the Philadelphia forces. Russian virtuoso DAVID OISTRAKH, also allied with Ormandy, whirls like a dervish through the SIBELIUS VIOLIN CONCERTO.

ML 5491/MS 6156/BRAHMS: Piano Concerto No. 2/Serkin, Philadelphia Orch./Ormandy

ML 5492/MS 6157/SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto in D Minor; Swan of Tuonela/Oistrakh, Philadelphia/Ormandy

THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR, three hundred and fifty voices soaring as one, proclaims its faith in "A MIGHTY FORTRESS."

ML 5497/MS 6162/A MIGHTY FORTRESS/Mormon Tabernacle Choir

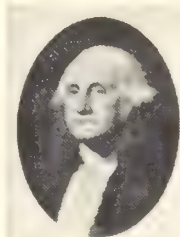


BERNSTEIN's first Beethoven symphony recording—it's the Seventh—with cleanly-etched, vigorous heroics... also new, his affectionate reading of the Second Symphony by Charles Ives (1874-1954) a redoubtable Yankee iconoclast... footnoted with a six-page picture memoir, including explorations of his Connecticut cottage still crammed with memorabilia — even his Class of '98, Yale, baseball cap.

ML 5438/MS 6112/BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7/N.Y. Philharmonic/Bernstein

KL 5489/KS 6155/IVES: Symphony No. 2/N.Y. Philharmonic/Bernstein

...of Revolution



The fiery days of our young Republic are re-created in "The American Revolution"... a 62-page book-cum-record, living history in music, gazettes and other 1776 calls-to-arms chronicled by historians Arthur Schlesinger Sr. and Marshall Davidson, composer Richard Bales. Unexpectedly moving

—poet Robert Graves' evocation of the Loyalist point of view and painter Larry Rivers' contemporary impression of "George Washington crossing the Delaware."

LL 1001/LS 1002/REVOLUTION/Richard Bales

Organist E. Power Biggs dusts off further early Americana... the triumphant results of an odyssey with tape recorder amidst antique organs still reverberant with quaint but unfaded sounds.

ML 5496/MS 6161/THE ORGAN IN AMERICA/E. Power Biggs

...of Uncommon Excitement



Johnny Mathis navigates the starlit world of Broadway with a searching voice... astringent for rhythms, smoothest balm for ballads.

C2L 17/C2S 803/THE RHYTHMS AND BALLADS OF BROADWAY/Johnny Mathis

Academy Award-winning composer-conductor Andre Previn is the dashing and fleet-fingered soloist in a new recording of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," knowingly conducted by Andre Kostelanetz.

CL 1495/CS 8286/GERSHWIN RHAPSODY IN BLUE/CONCERTO IN F/Andre Kostelanetz and Orch. and Andre Previn, Piano

Percy Faith fashions artful new scaffolding for favored standards of the "Jealousy" genre... Ray Conniff delivers a Latin-accented, infectious message—"Say It With Music"... The way West is signposted by Norman Luboff and vocal company.

CL 1501/CS 8292/JEALOUSY/Percy Faith and Orch.

CL 1490/CS 8282/SAY IT WITH MUSIC/Ray Conniff and His Orchestra and Chorus

CL 1487/CS 8278/SONGS OF THE COWBOY/Norman Luboff Choir

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ORIENTAL OBSERVATION

According to Confucius, there are four things from which the wise man should be free. He should have "no foregone conclusions, no arbitrary pre-determinations, no obstinacy, and no egoism."

Confucius didn't know it, but his description of the wise man is also a description of the intelligent investor. Consider:

If you have no foregone conclusions, you feel free to put your money wherever the prospect of profit looks brightest.

If you have no arbitrary pre-determinations, you can view the market dispassionately and buy or sell whatever and whenever seems right.

If you have no obstinacy, you will not continue to hold a stock long after you should have sold it.

And if you have no egoism, you will not be upset at finding yourself wrong sometimes and will correct your errors promptly.

This is a large order. Frankly, it's not easy for anyone who is investing his own hard-earned money to be free of those four faults. He is likely to be emotional at the very time when he should be objective. What he needs is help from a disinterested source.

And that's our cue. We have a sizable Research Department for the very purpose of helping investors and prospective investors make decisions on the basis of fact, not prejudice. Why not sample their service, without charge or obligation? Write a letter, outlining your financial situation and your investment objectives. Address—

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LETTERS

sponsor, the State Medical Association, declined to publish the complete director's report, approved by the advisers, because of certain findings of special needs and deficiencies. . . . By now we should be able to look for wise and competent action on this increasingly important subject. **ROCKWELL D. HUNT**
Calistoga, Calif.

Mr. Straus's article was interesting, informative, and very thought-provoking, especially to me as a postal clerk. . . . However, reference was made to the \$6,000 annual income of John Deskmann, a postal clerk. . . . Even with the recent pay rise, the majority of postal employees make less than \$5,000 a year. . . . The average citizen would be very much surprised at how hard the typical government employee has to work and what a low salary he receives compared to non-government employment. I am only sticking because I am too old to seek work elsewhere. . . .

A FEDERAL EMPLOYEE
Calif.

Mr. Straus's article came into the house at just the time when I had lost patience with the steadily rising cost of Blue Cross-Blue Shield whose non-profits are spent on prime TV advertising time. I would like to find a family hospitalization replacement for it. . . .

MRS. GEORGE J. HEPP
Monmouth Beach, N. J.

Ed. & Adv't.

TO THE EDITORS:

I note with delighted anticipation the threat of Mr. Luke E. Hart of the Knights of Columbus ["Letters," July] to discontinue his organization's advertising in *Harper's*.

HAZEL WILLIAMS
Haddonfield, N. J.

Having Mr. Hart's letter appear in *Harper's* is like suddenly realizing, to your chagrin, that you've hung out soiled laundry in plain view of the entire neighborhood. It really would have been enough simply to let the letter lie there upon *Harper's* pages as a patent display of absurdity. But, no, you had to turn the knife with a beautifully trenchant four-point reply. Although a Roman Catholic, I find Mr. Hart's letter narrow-minded, unreasonable, and—funny.

J. LIPP
New Haven, Conn.

Regardless of whether Mr. Hart be Supreme Knight of the K of C or what, the Catholic Church does not, nor ever will, support or sponsor McCarthy. Many Catholics, I know, supported him; per-

haps partisanship played some part in this. But many Catholics, of whom I am proud to be one, opposed him from start to finish.

I think your printing Mr. Hart's letter was most unfair, implying as it did that the Catholic Church supported McCarthy and his tactics. The impression is left that the Catholic Church is partisan, favorable to Catholic candidates regardless of their obvious faults, rather lowbrow, and somewhat stupid. Unfortunately many Catholics fall into this category; but by no means all. . . . Many Catholics disliked McCarthy and loathed his tactics.

REV. WILLIAM LOVE, O.S.B.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary Rectory
Roxbury, Mass.

Hooray for your blunt answer to Luke E. Hart. Hope you'll publish any interesting developments concerned with this letter.

JOAN MCKEEMAN
Annapolis, Md.

FROM THE EDITORS:

Developments are these: (1) An extraordinary number of letters has been received from readers—many of whom identify themselves as Catholics—commending *Harper's* stand on the separation of editorial from advertising policy. (2) Knights of Columbus advertising has been withdrawn from the magazine.

A New Generation to Tax

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Politics for a New Generation" [Part II, July] Peter F. Drucker states that "any increase [in tax revenues] must substantially come from people earning less than the average family income of \$5,000." This is factually untrue. . . . Our inability to get more out of the federal income tax lies in the tremendous amount of income excluded from the taxable base. There is some evasion, to be sure, and certainly an increased corps of investigators would restore public confidence and bring in more than they cost. But all the experts testifying [on income-tax reform before the House Ways and Means Committee] agreed that the income excluded from taxation—*mainly in the upper brackets, and almost entirely above \$5,000*—is so great that there would be no lack of funds for any necessary public project if most of it were tapped.

A recent study by the Tax Foundation, which is a far from left-wing group, agreed substantially with a speech by Senator Joseph S. Clark . . . that sales and property taxes are severely regressive. . . . Furthermore they have reached almost the limit of usefulness in most

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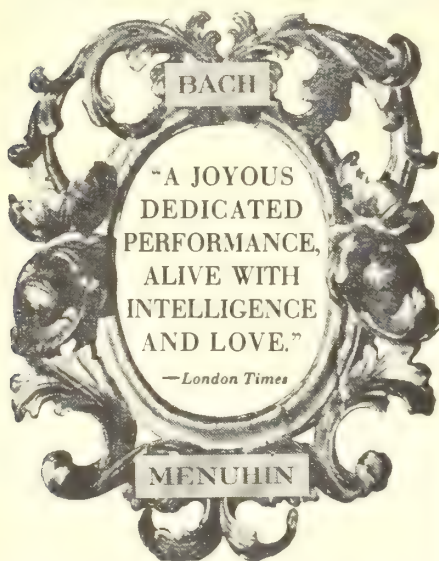
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"His solo work is superb, and his conducting is far ahead of all competition."



LETTERS

communities. *This* is the reason for increased pressure for federal aid. . . .

Those who have least must not be taxed any more than they are now. Those who have more are getting away with far too low a tax payment (as a group) due to special exemptions, deductions, eliminations, tax-free bonds, and what-have-you. . . . I respect very much Mr. Drucker's great ability in business administration . . . but he seems wedded to the conservative position in spite of the facts.

RINEHART S. POTTS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Much of what Mr. Drucker has to say about agriculture is valid and needed saying. . . . However he overlooks one massive fact. Two recent studies by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and Iowa State University show that if price supports are dropped as Drucker recommends and if our excess reserves are gradually moved into the commercial market over a seven or ten year period, farm income will drop 40 per cent or more . . . a cruel and indefensible blow to our efficient, family-sized farmers. . . . If price supports are abandoned, the question then becomes: will Congress and the President have the courage and foresight to enact a program . . . such as Charles Brannan's much-maligned but fundamentally sound direct payment proposal?

REG M. CHRISTENSEN
Gov't. Dep't., Miami U.
Oxford, Ohio

Mr. Drucker mentions that state and local governments are at the end of their financial rope, and he exemplifies this by saying that the State of Michigan toppled into insolvency last year. . . . [Actually] Michigan can be compared with a man who has plenty of money in his pockets but cannot buy a glass of beer because he cannot decide out of which pocket to take the money.

Republicans and Democrats could not agree on whether to raise the necessary money by a sales or an income tax. The sources of money were there but the machinery to collect it could not be agreed on. It was a political, not a financial insolvency [which] was easily overcome by a stop-gap agreement after both parties began to see that their obstinacy was irreparably harming the financial reputation of Michigan.

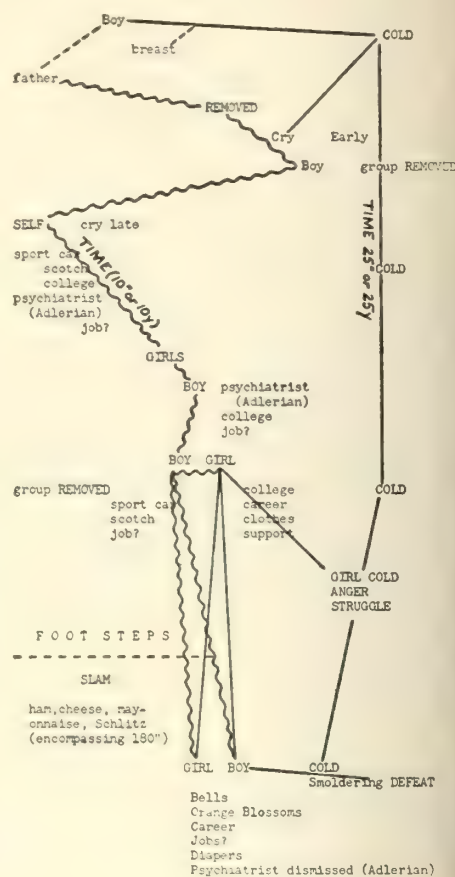
WALTER W. ADAMS
Saginaw, Mich.

The Far-out Reader

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Far-out Pianist" [Harold C. Schonberg, June] gave us tones, sounds, silences, qualities, nuances, and crescendos to absorb and distill through the

medium of our own intellect . . . uncluttered by a shared reference system. Can we keep such a vibrant expression confined to the field of music alone? Would not literature benefit? To illustrate I submit the composition printed below.



Some explanation may spur the reader on to uncontaminated self-realization:

" = seconds
y = years

(Thus the reader could take ten seconds or ten years to construct a passage.)

~~~~~ = weak character  
———— = strong character

Footsteps, slam, ham, cheese etc. (Reader here gets hungry and fixes a sandwich.)

The possibilities of the Experiential School of Literature (also known as the Prepared School) loom large. For the busy young executive it can be pursued as a short story to be read at lunch hour or on elevator rides. It may even replace the digest publications. For the ever-increasing senior citizens it can be extended for many happy years, thus replacing many social-welfare programs. . . . In view of present practices in the field of education it may even be adapted to textbook form.

KATHRYN DREIZEN  
Los Angeles, Calif.



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*the editor's*

## EASY CHAIR

Not Really a Sin

EVERYBODY knows that it is wicked for the public to run anything that makes money. That is Socialism—the sin which we are taught from the bassinet to shun beyond all others. I know men who have broken at least seven of the Ten Commandments with no perceptible shudder, but who will start sweating and crossing themselves at the very mention of Socialism. For that is the transgression their friends could never forgive. The boys at the office might blink at adultery or even overlook a little theft, if performed with benefit of counsel—but any hint of softness toward Socialism would put a man forever outside the tribe.

On the other hand, if an enterprise is clearly unprofitable, then it is perfectly all right for the public to run it. Our folk customs have always condoned government operation of those things which are absolutely essential, but which can never hope to make a dime—the Army, for example, and the Post Office and the schools.

According to these moral precepts, it would seem to be high time for the public to take over most of the commuter railroads. They are obviously indispensable; our big cities couldn't keep going for a day without them. Just as obviously, they are unprofitable; for years now their own managers have been whimpering that the commuters are bankrupting every rail system which they infest.

The outcome has been apparent for a long while. Eventually each of the great metropolitan areas—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, and a few others—almost certainly will have to take responsibility for providing rail service for its commuters.

This need not mean, of course, taking over whole railroads. Commuter service can be separated fairly easily from the railways' other big job—hauling freight. Thus the companies can keep their roadbeds and their profitable freight business, while selling or leasing their

passenger cars (and the right to move them over the rails) to some public authority. (A third function, long-distance passenger service, probably will wither away, as travelers complete their shift from trains to highways and the air. In many places it has disappeared already; a Texan, for instance, can no longer travel by rail from his state's capital to its largest city.)

The natural kind of agency to handle the commuter business is a specialized, non-political body such as New York's Port Authority—for reasons noted by Edward T. Chase in the June issue of *Harper's*. Such an authority can reach across state lines, to cover the entire metropolitan area. It can mesh rail service with bus and private auto traffic, to create a unified system designed to move people in and out of the city's inner core as efficiently as possible. And it can use its profits from toll roads and bridges to offset losses from the commuter rail service. (That, incidentally, would purge it of the dread taint of Socialism. Because the New York Port Authority is raking in so much cash at its toll booths, its soul is now in mortal danger; but it can be saved if the PA takes over the money-losing commuter assignment.)

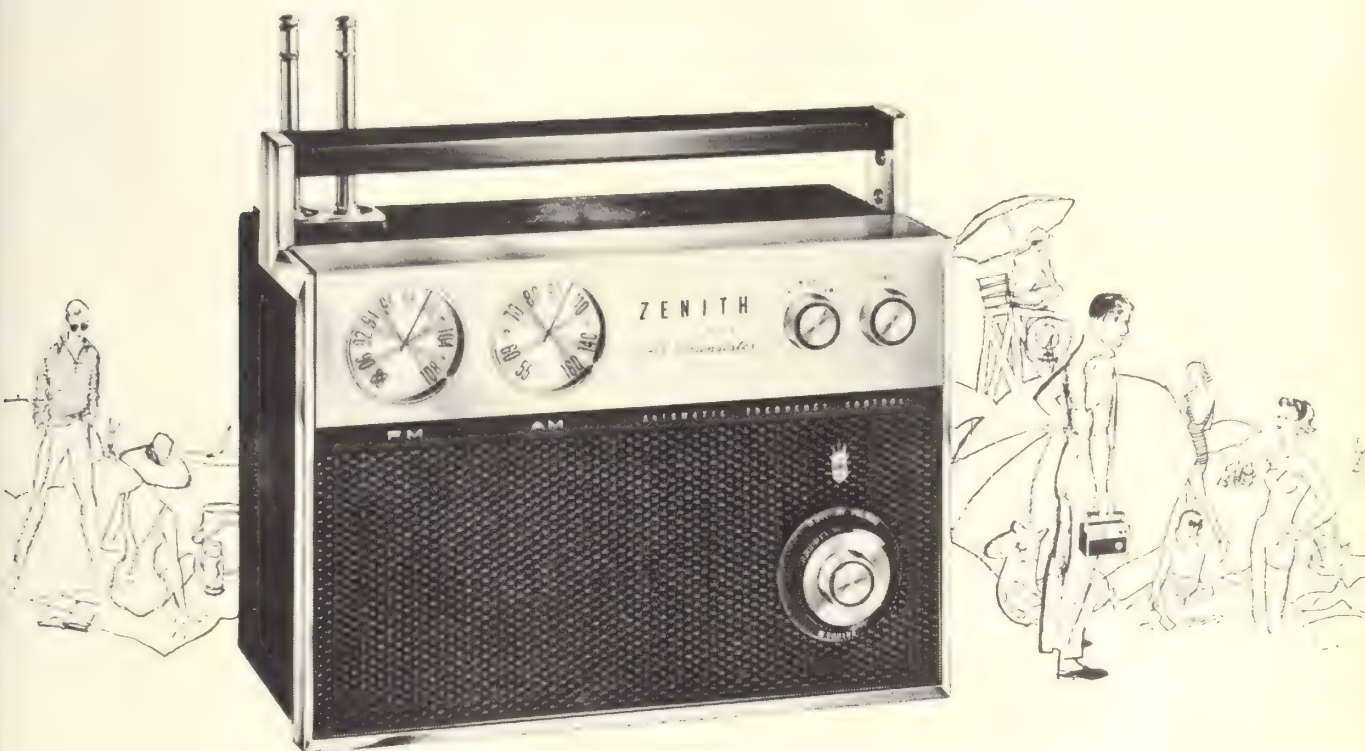
Unless some such system is adopted fairly soon, all of our biggest cities will find themselves choking to death on auto traffic—and breaking their fiscal backs in a hopeless effort to build enough thruways and parking spaces to unclog their streets. For the steady deterioration of the commuter lines is daily forcing more people to travel by car—and every study yet made has proved that the auto is the most costly and disrupting method for such travel, while the railroad is the cheapest and most efficient.

WHY hasn't a remedy so sensible—and so incapable, in the long run—been taken long ago? Only now are we beginning to experiment gingerly in this direction—notably in Boston and Philadelphia.

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has long since adopted it, usually a couple of generations before we even got around to thinking about it. From London to Tokyo, metropolitan transport is managed by public agencies as a public service. Moreover, in all of the big foreign cities that I've visited, the result is far more satisfactory than anything we can show here. (The exception was Moscow, but I was there just at the end of the war, when the rail network was just beginning to recover from almost total destruction. Even then, the subways put ours to shame.)

It's a puzzlement. Here we are, a people who pride ourselves on our practicality, our knack for big-scale organization, our talent for Getting Things Done. Yet we've failed to tackle the only practical, and proven, solution to one of our most painfully urgent needs.

Why?

The answer, I suspect, may be purely theological. We cower away from the shadow of sin, even though the substance has vanished.

After all, the railroads once made money—great, handsome green gobs of it. Because it is hard for us to realize that those days are gone forever, we still think of the railroads as divinely reserved for private enterprise. So the notion of public management of even the most bankrupt fraction of these once-sacred relics still carries a whiff of the Socialist heresy. Although in this case the sin of Socialism is now patently impossible, yet we shrink from any action—however practical and necessary—that might remind us of it. Just as an octogenarian Methodist deacon, far past any suspicion of concupiscence, would still hesitate to be seen in night clubs with a chorus girl.

IT IS hard to think of any other explanation. Some people might argue that anything the government runs is bound to be inefficient; but for two reasons, this argument won't hold much water.

True enough, some government operations are notoriously inefficient—the Post Office and the Pentagon, for example. Yet others—the National Park Service, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Federal Reserve Board, to mention only a few—run with a smooth competence that most private firms might envy. And even the worst of our government services don't really have to be as bad as they are. England and France both manage to run postal services that strike a visiting American as marvels of efficiency; in London mail is delivered six times a day, and so swiftly that you can drop a note in the box in the morning and get a reply before dinner time. If we really wanted comparable service—wanted it badly enough to take the postal system entirely out of politics, and to give it the money it needs—there isn't much doubt we could get it.

The second hole in the efficiency argument is

that our commuter railroads couldn't possibly be any less efficient than they are now. For example, only a real genius at mismanagement could get the New York Central and the New Haven—the biggest of the country's commuter lines—into a worse mess than the one they have been stewing in for years.

If you haven't ridden their trains, you will find it hard to believe that Americans could run anything so badly. They are chronically late; breakdowns and fires are constant occurrences. The rolling stock gets so little maintenance that it sometimes falls apart even when standing still. A few weeks ago I boarded a train at Grand Central just as a door dropped off one of its cars; the conductor took twenty minutes to find a laborer to tote away the rusted slab of metal.

They are filthy.\* When the New Haven announced last June that it was laying off the men who cleaned the cars, the news astonished its customers; they had seen no evidence that such crews ever existed.

Sleet, snow, rain, or a heavy dew can paralyze both lines for hours, and during the winter passengers think nothing of sitting in a dead train indefinitely, without heat or light, while the crew tries to figure out what went wrong this time. (When this last happened to me, I finally got off the train in the wilds of lower Westchester, clambered up an embankment through eighteen inches of snow, and walked a mile and a half to find a taxi which finally got me home, three hours late, for a \$5 fare. The railroad, of course, refused a refund on my ticket.) Apparently only the grace of God has—up till now—forestalled a major accident like those which took scores of lives a few years ago on the Long Island railway.

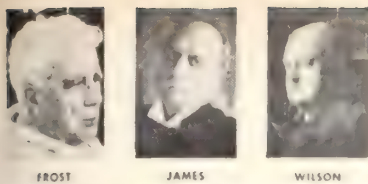
THIS state of affairs is hardly surprising, since the top management of these roads—like that of many other railways—has been dominated for years by financial manipulators rather than experienced railroad men. The present president of the New York Central is a trained operating man, and under his hand the deterioration of the service has at least slowed up a little; but previously the line had been a plaything of the late Robert R. Young, who was strictly a fast-buck financier. George Alpert, president of the New Haven, is a lawyer. His predecessor was Patrick B. McGinnis, whose open-handed

\*When this word was used recently by a Connecticut Congressman to describe the New Haven the road's general passenger traffic manager, Mr. Charles A. Goodwin, got quite indignant. He admitted that he had seen cars that were "not clean, but never filthy." The distinction is a delicate one, but most commuters would, I think, hold that the Congressman's semantics are more precise than Mr. Goodwin's.



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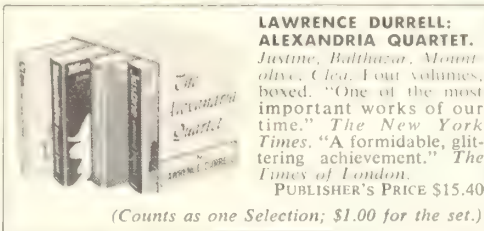
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## THE EASY CHAIR

squandering of the company's money was sharply criticized last June by Interstate Commerce Commission experts. They pointed out, among other things, that he had spent \$120,000 to fix up "a pretentious and elaborate" office for himself—complete with a \$3,675 teakwood cabinet and a \$25 calfskin-covered wastebasket—and had rented a personal apartment for \$24,000 a year of the company's money. All this at a time when the New Haven couldn't find the cash to repair its broken-down locomotives, and kept pleading poverty to justify one fare increase after another.\*

Just to complete the record, Governor Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut—a notably mild-mannered and restrained man—has accused the New Haven, on the basis of a carefully-documented report by his Public Utilities Commission, of mismanagement, wasting "great sums of its capital," discourtesy to its customers, and "shabby bookkeeping."

These examples may not be typical. A few other commuter railroads (for instance, those serving Chicago) seem to be making a real effort to pull up their socks. But the evidence of sorry management is plentiful enough. Many of the lines clearly couldn't be any worse off under public operation—and if the new management could approach the efficiency the Navy has achieved in running its ships, or the Forest Service in the handling of our timber resources, the improvement would be downright breath-taking.

THE only other argument I can think of against public operation of the more derelict commuter lines is that it might cost the taxpayers a lot of money. At first glance, this seems plausible. Such roads do need a heavy injection of fresh capital, to replace their worn-out equipment and to catch up on long overdue maintenance work. In the beginning, at least, this would have to

\*The most baffling of the New Haven's extravagances was the \$88,907 it spent for designing color schemes to be used in painting rolling stock and passenger stations, plus another \$18,000 a year for a "director of color design." Most of its properties haven't seen a drop of paint in years.

## Nature gives man symbols for his art

Arms from a 13th century manuscript.



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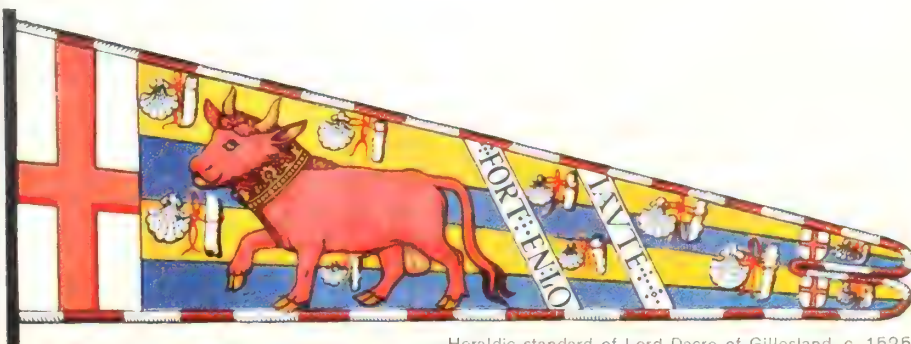


Shank family arms.



One of the herald painter's most useful symbols was the scallop shell. A superb example is this blue armorial shield with a strikingly stylized lion rampant on a field of seashells. This shield dates from the late thirteenth century and is of a pattern associated with a family of Hender of Cornwall in England. The heraldic painter—like most artists even down to our own day—looked to nature for the symbols he needed for communication and inspiration.

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Heraldic standard of Lord Dacre of Gillesland, c. 1525.



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come out of the taxpayers' pocket-book.

But that's where it is coming from anyhow. Railroad officials now seem to spend most of their energies begging for public handouts, in the form of both subsidies and tax abatements. Already they have got a good deal, and undoubtedly they will get plenty more—simply because neither state nor federal governments can afford to let the trains stop running.

Wouldn't it be a lot cheaper, in the long run, for a competent public agency to make this investment directly, instead of dribbling out endless subsidies to the present inept managements?

Remember, too, that a public transport authority could make truly impressive savings in other directions. Once it got the railroads back into shape—so they could offer fast, clean, reliable service for reasonable fares—it could expect to win back a lot of the customers who have forsaken the trains for automobiles. Then it could begin to make auto traffic pay a bigger share of its cost, by raising highway and bridge tolls and downtown parking fees. This step might well divert enough additional traffic to the rails to put them back on their fiscal feet.

At the same time it would cut down on the enormous subsidies we are now paying to the auto, in the form of thruways, tunnels, bridges, parkways, and similar facilities. And as urban traffic begins to thin out, we would get some relief from the obvious (though hard to calculate) expenses which result from traffic congestion. Every businessman who has to spend thirty minutes and a dollar taxi fare whenever he wants to move a dozen blocks in midtown New York can make a fair estimate for himself.

WHEN all these potential savings are added up, they might indicate, not a bigger burden for the taxpayer, but a smaller one. Nobody really knows, because such a thorough-going fiscal analysis has never been made. This might be a useful chore for the new President to assign to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Meanwhile, the rest of us might examine our own consciences.

Could be that we would discover that public ownership is not really a sin, automatically and under all circumstances. In any case, *Harper's* doesn't look like Socialism at all. It looks like the plainest kind of common sense.

## Laurels to Dr. Jaffe

BACK in September 1957, *Harper's* published an article on "The Scandal in TV Licensing" by Dr. Louis L. Jaffe, Byrne Professor of Administrative Law at the Harvard Law School. He documented for the first time the curious way in which the Federal Communications Commission was handing out television franchises worth millions of dollars. It apparently was following no clear and intelligible set of standards, Dr. Jaffe argued, in choosing between rival applicants—and he set forth reasons for suspecting "political favoritism," "bureaucratic caprice," and worse.

The article attracted considerable attention in Washington, and later was cited as one of the factors which led to the Congressional investigation of the television industry. Subsequently two of the Commissioners resigned, and one of them is under a federal indictment.

The reconstituted Commission has now set aside its grant of Channel 5 in Boston—one of the cases mentioned in Dr. Jaffe's article—and has called for hearings on the issuance of a new license. (The licensee, the Boston *Herald-Traveler* newspaper, was accused of nothing worse than "an attempted pattern of influence" on a former FCC chairman: it will be permitted to reapply for the license and to continue broadcasting pending a decision.) Another license-holder was deprived of its right to broadcast over Channel 10 in Miami, and two other applicants there were disqualified.

This is the most vigorous action yet taken by the FCC to clean up the television industry and to refurbish its own reputation. It deserves commendation. And Dr. Jaffe might well feel some modest satisfaction for his part in starting the whole thing.



# AFTER HOURS



## THE OVERT PERSUADERS

THERE was a time, and not very long ago either, when an editor arriving at his desk in the morning could be fairly certain of what he would find: a pile of manuscripts, the mail (of which the most interesting-looking envelope turns out to be addressed to somebody on the sixth floor), yesterday's half-smoked pack of cigarettes, and a number of pencils, mostly unsharpened.

This era of journalistic simplicity is now drawing to a close—particularly for those editors who work on the staffs of the magazines known as "slicks," and still more particularly, for those editors whose departments are concerned with fashion, travel, or food.

Besides the familiar pencils etc., mentioned above, these unfortunates are increasingly being faced with this sort of thing: four dozen packages of dehydrated mashed potatoes; a box that looks as though it held a pair of pajamas or a petticoat, but turns out to contain a cotton convict suit with a scarlet heart sewed to the upper left pocket ("Prisoner of Love"); 47 cans of groceries to mark the editor's 47th birthday cunningly ascertained from *Who's Who*; a series of postcards, each with a single word on it, the set requiring to be assembled into a meaningful commercial sentence; an invitation to a hog-calling party in

upstate New York, or a luau in Hawaii.

What are these items which destroy an editor's peace, and effectively prevent his getting his lawful work done? They are a new and desperate development of that mysterious business called Public Relations. Now, it must be explained that this is quite different from Advertising—which buys its space and speaks its piece. Public Relations buys nothing and seldom states its true business, which is, among other things, to beguile editorial attention and so get something for nothing. Its weapon is the gimmick.

This was not always so. A bare ten years ago, most Public Relations consisted of simple typed communications, always marked hopefully, and rather touchingly, "For Immediate Release." If ignored, these were sometimes followed by a phone call. If they involved a party, this was customarily a decorous affair, staged around the display of a product and involving the eating of some kind of food—at its rock-bottom worst, breakfast. One left with a sheaf of printed information which was later misplaced, and that was that. No more. Evidently realizing that state of satiety which bedevils our civilization, Public Relations men began to think of more elaborate games; and presumably to

acquire much larger budgets. At all events, the business of the gimmick designed to catch the editorial eye is now big business, and certain definite trends have begun to emerge. These can be tentatively classified (for the process is by no means complete) as follows:

*The Objet Trouvé, or What-in-God's-Name-Is-This Gimmick.* This, which has troubling origins in Surrealism, comes elaborately wrapped, sometimes by mail but often by special messenger. The messenger is not necessarily a matter of swank; there is frequently—as in the case of the large brandy snifters, containing water and two live goldfish, lately received by some two dozen editors—no other imaginable way in which the object *could* be delivered. Messengers, however, need not be part of the act. Baseballs ("That's the way the ball bounces, and we at . . ."). Chinese fortune cookies ("Your figure is your fortune. Flimsies aim to . . ."), and mink-wrapped muddlers ("For the editor who has everything") have all been sent to editorial desks by regular post.

Fortunately, editors are seldom early risers, usually reaching their offices after the mail has arrived and been opened by a secretary. They are therefore spared the initial shock of unwrapping the *objet trouvé* themselves. Even so, the

# Mister, meet your wife!

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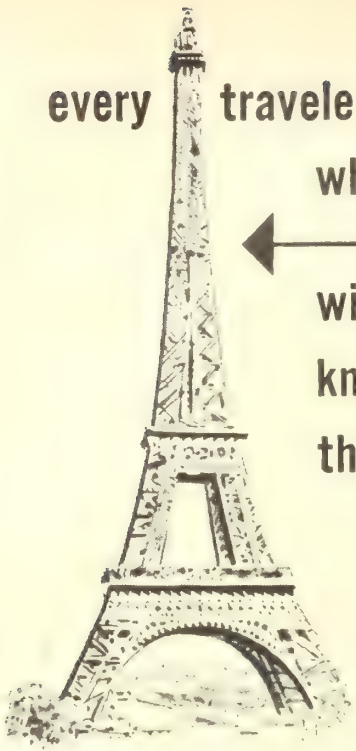
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## AFTER HOURS

thoughtful editor who finds one waiting for him may well spend the rest of the day in a dream.

### *The "Personalized" Gimmick.*

This differs from the *objet trouve* gimmick in that, however remotely, some use for it is ultimately envisaged. The intention behind its arrival on an editor's desk is also somewhat different: however esoteric it may seem, this object is for sale—somewhere—and its maker, aware of the American's irresistible attraction to anything printed with his name, is trying to mitigate its basic idiocy by marking it with the editorial initials, or, with torturing frequency, first name. In this category fall such items as a set of garters with a plastic pistol attached; a Do-It-Yourself Hypnotism Kit; handkerchiefs to hold mad money; and little fountains for the dispensing of martinis. The prevalence of dispensers in this category is, as a matter of fact, rather notable. Editors have had submitted for their consideration personalized pens and water guns, both made to squirt perfume, and—a stunning departure—a dispenser of skunk essence. (Joke.)

*The Something-to-Take-Home-to-Mother Gimmick.* This is handed out at press parties, on the (correct) assumption that no editor in his right mind is going to fight his way to the crowded Blue Room of a hotel, stand around with a warm drink in his hand listening to a speech, and come home with nothing to show for it. On occasions all too infrequent, this lagniappe is actually something quite valuable and desirable—a handsome brass ruler, cast iron cooking utensils, or a crystal ashtray. One editor we know carried off a sterling-silver table service for eight, by the improbable means of having accurately guessed the hour of sunset on the day the press party was held.

Such windfalls are, however, relatively rare. Far less amusing was the dilemma of another editor who recently found herself, after a press party, in possession of a budgerigar. The bird, unnervingly and not very efficiently trained to utter a phrase in behalf of a certain dictating machine, was offered seriatim to a cab driver, a neighbor, and the janitor.

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- The largest cost in American production today is labor. American wage levels have ballooned production costs sky-high in comparison with foreign costs. Wage increases that force selling prices above competing materials, also can create unemployment within an industry by inroads of these competing materials. This is what happened in the coal industry where ever-rising prices invited competition from other fuels.
- Cutting production costs must come through the ingenuity of American management. Productivity must be increased. Products must be constantly improved. Inflation must be controlled. Waste of manpower must be eliminated. All are basic ways production costs can be cut, to help bring American industry into a competitive price area with foreign imports.

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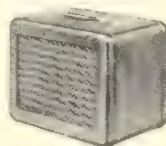
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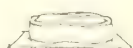
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## AFTER HOURS

Ultimately, she gave it its freedom—still muttering about dictating machines.

*The Mad, Mad Party.* This is a clear steal from the Elsa Maxwell shenanigans of the 'twenties—those paper chases in the Bois de Boulogne and scrambled-egg parties in Hollywood which so enchanted a bored and idle International Set. Ten years ago, few editors—a generally hard-working if erratic race—would have thought of themselves as sated princelings to be amused at all costs. Yet an affluent society and its myrmidons, the Public Relations men, now treat them as such. No social-climbing hostess ever worked harder at capturing the attention of a difficult guest. Today's lures include the come-on invitation, obscurely worded or enclosing something like a gold key (now what does it unlock?), the exotic transport—hansom cabs or helicopters—and a Main Event like a ten-piece orchestra imported straight from the jungles of Indochina, all the vodka you can drink, or a movie star.

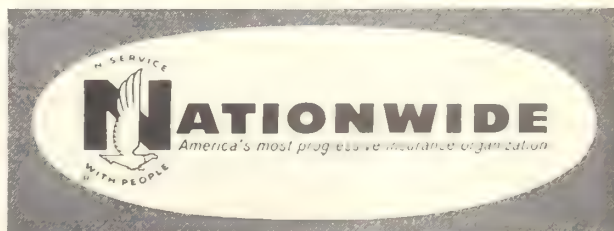
But for all their cost and splendor, even these parties are beginning to pall, and it is clear that something still more extravagant is called for. It is being provided, in the form of The Junket. The airlines have, naturally enough, been the pioneers in this field, but Hollywood, big industry, the Hilton Hotels, and the governments of many small, tourist-hungry countries are catching on fast. There is a private bar at Idlewild Airport where, nearly any day of the week, you can observe a plane-ful of editors hoisting free drinks before taking off on a jaunt that may last a day, three days, or a week.

They may be en route to Ireland to see the world premiere of a film about Ireland, to the Dominican Republic to eat Morro crab, to Irkutsk for the opening of the Irkutsk-Hilton. Whatever it may be, the management has spared no expense: there are orchids and Chanel No. 5 for the ladies, cigars for the men, and caviar for everybody. In the background, there is a Public Relations man, smoothly confident or pale with apprehension according to temperament. In the foreground are the editors, having a hell of a time, deliciously and dangerously



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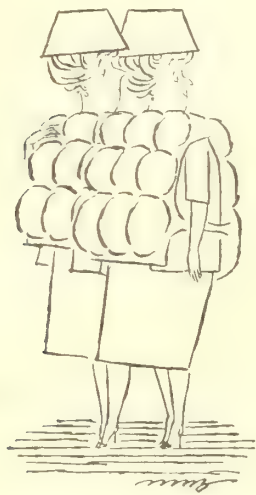
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Now what will the boys on the ground be able to think up next?

—Eleanor Perenyi



HOKINSON'S GIRLS  
REVISITED

IT HAS now been more than a decade since the Hokinson Girls have sat for a portrait. When their creator, Helen Hokinson, died in 1949, these perennial members of the nation's garden, country, book, and bridge clubs had been appearing regularly in *New Yorker* cartoons for nearly a quarter of a century. One used to see these plump, graying matrons with the floppy, flowered hats practically everywhere one looked. Sidle up to a shelf at the bookstore, and you would hear one of them asking the clerk, "Isn't it about time for another of John Gunther's *Insides* to come out?" Visit the museum and wait behind a bronze of the she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus; you'd hear one of the Girls observing to another, "You'd think George and Ella would try to patch things up for the children's sake."

As everyone knows who loved them, the Hokinson Girls were gentle, trusting, bewildered, innocent, improbable, unforgettable. And last summer, to my vast delight, I discovered while traveling in Europe that they are also very much alive.

I noticed them first on the ship going over, just after lifeboat drill. We had been told that when the whistle sounded we were to go up on deck with our life jackets. Each of us had been assigned to a specific

boat station. My station was Number 20. Theirs was the next one.

When I had last seen the Girls, back in the nineteen-forties, they were just struggling out of the "new look" which hung from waist to ankle. Today's short skirts threw me off for a moment, and so did the fact that the collar of the life preserver hid all of their chins but one. It wasn't until the drill was over, in fact, that I was reasonably certain it was really the Girls. Making my way down the stairs, I passed them talking to a junior officer who had instructed us in the drill.

"I hope you won't think we're being choosy," I heard one of them say, "but we wonder if we could put in for a transfer to a lifeboat with more young people."

If there was still any doubt that I was dealing with the Girls, it was dispelled a hundred miles off Cape Race. We were sailing in a fog and the sea was choppy. For the first two days, the Girls had been together wherever they went but today only one was on deck. I ventured a conversation.

"Not very good weather, is it?" I said. "I hope your friend isn't ill."

"Emily?" she replied. "Good Heavens no! She's down in the cabin, practicing thinking in French."

I saw them again in Paris. Our encounter was at the American Express, and this time there were three of them. Their negotiations were on the complicated side. They wanted to find a train that would take them from Paris to Milan, give them enough stopover time for "The Last Supper," and then get them to Rome by midnight because that's when they'd told the Grand Hotel they'd arrive no later than. My transaction, relatively simple, was to buy a ticket for the Folies Bergères. Since the travel counter in the Rue Scribe office is just opposite the counter which arranges for things like Bateaux Mouches and the Folies, we found ourselves standing back to back. "Isn't it heartbreaking having to push on," one of them said, "just when we're getting the hang of it? You know," she confided, "last night I experienced my first *tutoyer*!"

In Paris it is Harry's. In Venice it is Harry's. Even in Florence it

is now Harry's. But in Rome for some reason, the local place for milk shakes and martinis chooses to call itself Doney's, and that's where one warm afternoon I learned that the Girls had made their trip safely.

At Doney's you have your choice. You can relax with a drink at a side-walk table, watching the Via Veneto watch you. Or if you're in a hurry you can refresh yourself at the stand-up bar. These stand-up bars in Italy, however, are tricky. The system is different from ours. You have to know what you want, because you pay the cashier in advance. He then gives you a receipt, which you present to the man at the counter, and the man at the counter then gives you whatever it is you've paid for.

Knowing how indecisive the Girls can be in their own country, where food and drink are familiar, I saw nothing but chaos ahead the minute they walked through the door. But to their great credit, and my great surprise, they acquitted themselves superbly. It took only four trips from cashier to counter to produce three bottles of *Aranciata San Pello-grino*, a Mediterranean cousin of Nedick's Orange Drink. I inched my *negroni* down the bar and maneuvered myself to within eavesdropping distance.

"Oh dear," said one, looking at her watch, "quarter of five already. Saturday's almost gone, and we still haven't made St. Peter's. Do you suppose it's open on Sundays?"

Two or three cities after Rome, I had to abandon the Girls. My time went the way of my money, and I had to head for home. The boat I sailed on, a freighter, had only eleven passengers besides myself. Eight were businessmen and their wives visiting friends or relatives in the United States, and three were American students. Presumably the Girls were still traveling.

But with fall well upon us, they are undoubtedly back. In fact, I know they are. A doctor tells me that a couple of days ago, two matronly-looking souls were chatting away in his waiting-room about what they'd done over the summer.

"Oh, then you finally *did* see St. Peter's?" one asked. "What did you think of it?"

"Divine," said her friend, "divine." —William North Jayme



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# HEROIC ISRAEL TODAY

## The Legend and the Facts

SIDNEY HYMAN

*Why the carefully cultivated image of the country is now proving an embarrassment to the Israelis—and an obstacle to its peace and “modernization.”*

WHEN I left for Israel, I wondered if I would find the Israeli who had been portrayed in countless magazine and newspaper articles and, of course, in Leon Uris's *Exodus*. Envisioned from afar, this Israeli had none of the scars of the Exile Jew, nor the fragile grace of a Puritan Jew like my father, who ceaselessly felt himself to be judged by the jealous God he loved. This Israeli was not Jewish at all. He was a New Adam, a sabra, a hero-idol born with a rifle in one hand, a hoe in the other, and with a lyric gift in his feet for dancing the hora. Unfettered from tradition, standing at the beginning of a Second Creation, he found his best sport in bending granite cliffs to his iron will. Thus he made the miracles he believed in.

In Israel proper, I tore up this portrait. I found it was false in tone and unjust to the reality of the living subject: false and unjust because it denied the Israeli the right to be seen and judged as a human being. What's more—

although Ben-Gurion still occasionally contributes gaudy new highlights to the image of the hero-idol—it is coming under a mounting attack by the emergent leaders of Israeli opinion today. They are embarrassed by it. They laugh at it. They feel that as long as it is allowed to stand, it will delay the “modernization” of Israel, and will be one more roadblock on the way to the “normality” they ardently crave. In any case, they observe quite simply, the Israeli does not fit any stereotype.

The native-born sabra, for example, the Ari Ben Canaan who is the hero of Leon Uris's *Exodus* (“Ari” is the Hebrew word for “lion”), is the smaller part of Israel's present population. The greater part consists of what the Israelis call “the desert generation” (meaning in a pointed Biblical allusion) the Jews who left all forms of “bondage” in the “Egypt” of the world for the trek toward Israel in recent years. This uprooted and disoriented generation, with its fantastic range of cultural differences, must first pass away. Its Israeli-born children must first reach maturity, intermarry, and beget children of their own before even the silhouette of the new Israeli man will be visible.

Even as things now stand, no one can say what form the whole of Israeli life would take if, all of a sudden, peace with the Arabs should remove the external pressure that now creates an internal cohesion among antithetical human elements.



"If there should be peace," said a leading Israeli journalist as he lapsed into hyperbole, "one half of us would spend our time touring the world as a cure for our case of claustrophobia. The half that remained in Israel, would join the party of the opposition." Another journalist had a different and more sober theory. "The first thing we would do," he said, "would be to take a chapter from the British treatment of Winston Churchill in the elections that came after V-E day. We would say quite rightly: 'All hail to Ben-Gurion, father of our country and architect of our survival in troubled years.' Then with cool gratitude we would kick him out of office as an impediment to the normal lives we want to lead."

#### WHY THE POSING?

NONE of this came to me the moment I deplaned at the El Al terminal outside Tel Aviv. In Israel, the only thing that declares its truth all at once and keeps on doing so, is the Hell's bells energy that rings on all sides. Other impressions take a long time to untangle, primarily, I feel, for the following reason: The pragmatic needs of the invisible state of siege in which the Israeli lives compels him to strike different poses and to use different voices when he parleys with many different audiences simultaneously: with the Arab on his border, the Arab in Israel, the peoples and governments in the world at large, and with the Jews in that world.

I do not mean that he falsifies himself when he does this. I mean that he must speak autonomous truths, shaped to the specific problem presented by the given audience he must persuade. What he thinks and feels as a person is different, and comes clear only in the Inner Citadel where two or more Jewish Israelis face each other for mutual disclosures, free of any interpretations by Israel's Jim Hagerlys.

The actual site can be the lobby of the Knesset, a factory, a fishery, a coffee house, a *kibbutz*, a newspaper office, a party caucus, a lookout tower, a political cabaret. No matter. Let there be an encounter between two or more Jewish Israelis, and the Inner Citadel comes into being as a place where each feels safe to talk freely. And how he talks about everything under the sun! "I sympathize with you," said Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first President, when he heard President Harry S. Truman a decade ago explain the problems of the American Presidency. "But you, sir," Weizmann continued as he recalled the talkers back in Israel, "are only the President of

160 million Americans. Consider my problem. I am the President of 800,000 Presidents."

With a million more "Presidents" in Israel since then, all of whom have strong opinions on each detail of existence, there recently appeared a sign before a building under construction in Jerusalem. "This edifice," it read, "will be completed on time. No advice is necessary."

Precisely because the Inner Citadel is virtually the only place where the Jewish Israeli feels safe to lay himself bare and to be his natural self, it takes time for an outsider, even a Jewish outsider, to penetrate the many defensive walls of sound built around the point where spontaneity is on display. Get into the Inner Citadel, however, and the acute embarrassment felt there over the hero-idol portrait of the Israeli announces itself in many signs and symbols.

One, for example, was the way Moshe Sharett, Israel's former foreign minister, and for a while its prime minister, reacted to *Exodus*, with its panegyrics to the superman sabra. Israeli rights to the book were offered to the Histadrut publishing house, the country's largest and the one whose imprimatur has the aura of a government stamp. Sharett, now the head of the publishing house, refused the offer though he knew of the vast popularity *Exodus* enjoyed in the United States. "If the book," he explained, "is to be read as history, it is inaccurate. If it is to be read as literature, it is vulgar." And in this judgment he was supported by the scorn the sabras themselves heaped on the book when it eventually appeared in Israel under a different sponsorship.

Their embarrassment has a counterpoint in the endless jokes told in the Inner Citadel about the typical hero. One such joke has an Israeli wail: "For two thousand years, Oh Lord, I awaited the rebirth of Zion. But of what sin am I guilty that the burden of the rebirth should have fallen on me?" Another tells of a Cabinet

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Sidney Hyman was born in the Midwest into an American Jewish household ardently committed both to America and to the Zionist cause. Many of his family have played a part in the birth and growth of Israel, but Mr. Hyman's recent trip to that country was his first. He is a consultant to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" and a contributor to "The New York Times Magazine." Author of "The American Presidency," he is preparing a follow-up book for publication next year, "The American Party Process," based on the Christian Gauss lectures he gave at Princeton.

meeting discussion on how to get American Jews to settle in Israel. "The thing to do," said one member, "is to send a recruiting mission to America consisting of our hero, General Moshe Dayan, and three hundred of his brightest and bravest young men." A second member at once dissented. "If that is done," he warned, "one half of the lot will stay in the United States forever. The other half will so annoy everyone there, that no one will want to come here." The Cabinet quickly resolved not to send the mission.

#### WHY THE IDOLATRY?

**I**N Israel there are, of course, tens of thousands of Jews who cannot laugh at themselves even when they are alone. Still suffering from the brutal shocks of recent experiences, they are haunted by the idea that every morning the leaders of every country on awakening promptly address themselves to a single question: "What harm can we do to Israel today?" The fact is that Israel has its active friends, or at least sympathizers, well beyond those to be found in the United States.

In Western Europe, the broad framework of friendship has been established by a common connection with Christianity and the Bible, and a common experience with Hitler. Within the context of this broad framework, national responses to Israel take their individual forms. The Dutch, for example, have been the staunchest friends the Israelis have had in any season. The reason, in part, may lie in Holland's traditional role as a haven for Jews. But the greater part of the reason seems to lie in the Dutch Puritan faith which views the rebirth of Israel as an Old Testament prophecy come true. In West Germany, friendship for Israel is, among other things, a symbolic gesture of penance over the events of the Nazi era. The French and, more recently, the British hand of friendship extended to the Israeli is connected with the vagaries of international politics. And so on.

Outside Western Europe, Israel has found friends even when the surface signs seemed adverse. In Africa, there was the barrier of Colonel Nasser. In Asia, there was the obscurantist opposition of Nehru. In neither place, moreover, could Israel make its approaches to the leaders or the people by evoking, as in Western Europe, the fraternal sentiments of Christianity and the Bible, or a common experience with Hitler. Nevertheless, Israel has established mutually beneficial economic and technological links with a number of countries like Ghana,

Liberia, Burma, and Abyssinia. The results are not large enough to justify the melodramatic vision some people have of a Mother Israel surrounded by a swarm of dependent Asian and African children. Yet considering the obstacles to be overcome at the outset, it is a noteworthy achievement to have woven any kind of tie.

In contrast to these varying reactions of respect or toleration, response to Israel in America—common among American Jews and Christians alike—is much stronger, often close to idealization. The Americans' motives for seeing the Israeli as a hero instead of a human being coping with human realities are understandable, if tangled.

Take first the case of the American Jew involved in the American assimilation cycle. From a nationalistic standpoint, the American Jew identifies himself not with Israel but with the United States, and in this situation, Israel now serves him as Ireland serves the Irish-American, and Italy serves the Italo-American. It is a fixed point of origin he has at his command if the question is raised of where his "people" come from. Previously, few American Jews ever really had the sense of "coming" from anywhere. Yes, there was Biblical Palestine. But that was a golden legend, too distant in time to have any real meaning as a felt point of origin. There were the parents and grandparents who came from places like Germany, Poland, Russia, and Hungary. But those countries belonged to "other people." Israel now presents itself to the American Jew as his "recent" and legitimizing point of origin on his way to a deep involvement in the American experience.

But perhaps the Israeli man has done even more for the American Jew than has Israel the nation. Why more? Because there is an aura about the distant pioneer with the rifle and the hoe, turning new soil in a hostile environment, which evokes a sense of kinship with the early American pioneer. The American Jew in the past was often put on the defensive by the charge that he could not be easily digested into American culture. He heard it said that he was too bookish, too indifferent to the lure of the soil, too citified, and there was some doubt about whether he had it in him to be a fighter in a literal physical sense. The image of the new Israeli pioneer-fighter arms the American Jew with an answer to these doubts.

One more motivation remains to be mentioned: The American Jew, connected with European households that were decimated by the Nazis, is burdened by the thought that he too



would have ended in a gas chamber but for the parents or grandparents who cleared the immigration officer at Ellis Island. A sense of guilt is born of his special good fortune, which can be eased only by some act of personal sacrifice. The act takes the form of taxing himself in no small degree to help the Israeli, the "ingathered" and "tattered remnant" of Jewry, come to a new birth as a hero-idol.

The Israeli himself senses much of this. Thus when he encounters the American Jew who has made the pilgrimage to Israel, as if to survey the family estate he helped to buy for some needy relatives, the Israeli is tempted to say: "You need us for emotional reasons as much as we need you for economic reasons. Maybe we are even doing more for you than the other way around—because if cold statistics are to be the judge of the matter, we are doing at least ten times as much for ourselves economically, as you are doing for us through your admittedly sizable gifts. So please don't be so patronizing."

The American Christian who makes a hero of the Israeli has an assortment of reasons for doing so. In Israel, I heard one of these say with unfeigned fervor: "The Israelis talk about their problems. But do you know something? I envy them and their problems. And do you know why? Because here the individual can measure himself by what he does about those problems. It's different back home. The United States is too big for the individual to see any direct connection between his personal efforts and the effect on the whole society. Here the individual counts. He can trace each of his impulses and gauge the social effect at the end of the day." There are lesser motives for the American Christian's idealization of the Israeli. It provides the means for proving his own "liberalism" to his American Jewish neighbor. It is also a form of expiation from a nagging sense of complicity in the breakdown of Christianity during the Hitler period.

I know that this idealization is kindly meant. Yet I repeat that it leads to unkind effects. It subtly demands that the Israeli should abandon his right to a life of his own and conform to an abstraction. It also withholds from the Israeli the corrective kick in the pants that would do him some good in some areas of his life. Moreover, it limits opportunities for a genuine dialogue between the Israeli and the outsider. It imposes on the visitor a tedious demand that he should stop and admire every Israeli chicken. It persuades some Israelis that the world outside must be a congregation of idiots, if its delegates to

Israel invest even the chickens with heroic attributes. It arouses the agreeable suspicion in certain Israelis that they are indeed supermen, answerable only to "history" and not to the ordinary conventions governing human behavior. From the same cause, it keeps alive the fiction among the Arab neighbors that the supermen next door are plotting to overrun them at will. It encourages still other Israelis to cling to outworn forms which continue to be admired from afar, when they need new methods of action if they are to master the problems of the present transitional state.

#### WHAT THE MAYOR WANTED

HERE is not room here to present direct evidence bearing on all these points. Yet two personal experiences in Israel are worth setting down at once before I move on to more impersonal matters.

The first experience was this: In Elath, I met Mayor Levy, a man of thirty-one who, like many of Israel's exceptionally able mayors, feels a parental responsibility for the future of his city. "What do you need here the most?" I asked him. "People," he said. "Enough of them to help the local military forces to hold out for two days." The view showed what he meant. At the southern rim of Elath there was, of course, the Gulf of Aqaba. Visible to the west, was Egypt. To the east, was the junction of Jordan and Saudi Arabia. To the north, there was nothing except the empty desert until you reach Beersheba. "I must have enough people in Elath," the Mayor repeated, "to hold out for two days until help comes from the north, in the event we are powerfully attacked simultaneously from Egypt, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia."

Back in Jerusalem several days later, I was in the snack bar of the Knesset building when I saw Mayor Levy in earnest conversation with several members. When the tête-à-tête broke up, I asked him what he was doing in the place. "Well," he said cheerfully, "I was lobbying for an extension of tax benefits that will attract more people to Elath." And he went on to repeat the different arguments he had used on the different members of the Knesset, all of whose special crotchets he had carefully appraised in advance.

Here was something to take delight in. It was sensible. It was familiar to me as a "normal" American experience. It seemed to me that I had chanced upon the best of all possible proofs that Israel was an authentic parliamentary democracy. Except for India, scarcely any other

"underdeveloped" countries have tried for long to conduct their growth by means of a government in the Western mold. In Israel's case certainly, it would be far easier to meet the problems of national security, to build an economy while building a nation, to absorb and rehabilitate hundreds of thousands of homeless Jews—to do all this under a dictatorial government which could send the individual regardless of his wishes directly to a place like Elath and keep him there because he was needed. Instead, though the means were more costly, parliamentary democracy prevailed. Here was the Mayor of Elath trying to persuade the members of the Knesset to hold out the bait of tax concessions so that individuals by a free choice, would find it in their own interest to go to a place where their presence would serve a state interest.

But I was not allowed the delight of these thoughts for very long—and this is the point of my story. A third party, an American Jew like myself, had overheard what Mayor Levy had said. When the latter left the snack bar to pursue his lobbying elsewhere, this third party reached out for my sleeve and made known how much he had been scandalized by the fact that the Israeli had acted as though he were warm-blooded and alive instead of an inert piece of marble. From my note-taking he guessed that I was a journalist of some sort. I admitted that I was. "Then you mustn't write anything of what you were told," this American insisted. "You must understand that the Mayor was joking about the tax benefits—and you know these Israelis with their jokes. He meant to say that it is with *idealism* that Elath will be built as a safe gateway to Africa and Asia."

I confess that I had to swallow hard at that moment to contain a sudden surge of anger. "You," I thought, "can afford to be idealistic. You don't have to cope with the facts of life in Elath. Levy and all others like him do have to—all over this brave land. Any conscientious mayor of an American city would hail him as a brother, trying to solve a critical problem whose significance goes far beyond municipal boundaries. He won't solve that problem with any hit-and-run idealism. He will solve it in his own calm, tough, hard-headed way—in the same way that other Israelis have solved other problems with few present resources to draw on except their hands and heads. What counts with Levy is not a theory about how life should be lived, but a search for the rule of action that would safeguard life in a beleaguered corner of the

earth where there must be 'enough people' to hold out for two days'."

The second of the two experiences was, in a sense, the reverse side of the first. It involved a breakdown in communications with an Israeli labor official—a man of the older generation but not obsolete by any means—who took annoyingly the idealized version of what he was supposed to be like. The words leading directly to the breakdown seemed innocent enough when voiced. I had come to him, I said, in the hope that he could help settle a tantalizing question. With pressure-cooker strains on all sides, how did the complex structure of Israel's parliamentary democracy hold together as it visibly did—despite a Knesset where the 112 Jewish members belong to *ten* political parties, and the eight Arab members are spread among *five* of those ten parties?

"We love freedom," he said.

I was aware of that. I was also aware that the Israelis instinctively know that they must keep their differences within set bounds as long as they face a common physical danger from the Arabs on the border. Indeed, the best proof of that instinct at work is the astonishing self-discipline of the Herut party, the heir to one of the leading terrorist parties in the days of British rule. I say "astonishing," because although Ben-Gurion periodically hurls lightning bolts at the leaders of Herut—the row, primarily is over who (besides Adolf Hitler) did the most to bring the state of Israel into being—the Herut leaders, obedient to the great tradition of reformed terrorists, have lately come to show a punctilious respect for parliamentary forms. Still, none of this explained what I was after. I was after the physical mechanics of how policy questions were formulated and resolved.

"The tides of history act for us. That is our mechanics," the official explained.

#### ISRAEL'S ESTABLISHMENT

**I** BEGAN to feel my questions were like nails pounded against a knot of hard wood, only to buckle without penetrating. I thought it permissible, therefore, to formulate an argument snatched from the air and then get his response. The argument, as I recall it, went something like this:

Of the two key elements which keep the wheels of Israel's democracy on its rails, the first is visible in form. Look at any key position in the government, industry, agriculture, labor, and in the general cultural life of the nation and you find the positions held by men and women who



stem from what the Israelis call "The Second Aliya" (meaning the 1904-14 stream of young immigrants) or "The Third Aliya" (meaning the 1918-23 immigration stream). Its members know each other in intimate detail. They have fought side by side—or against each other—for many years, and all of them have long memories. Having survived every manner of vicissitude, they now form The Establishment of Israel.

Within The Establishment, the art of compromise has been brought to so fine a point that Senator Lyndon Johnson, by comparison, would seem all thumbs. To this they have added an all-pervasive sense of equity based on the principle that no one will get everything he wants, no one will give up everything he has, but everyone will give a little and take a little. The role of The Establishment may change once this generation of Founding Fathers passes from the scene. Right now, a rising strain of criticism against them charges that while they are prepared to assign "younger technicians" to important administrative posts, they exclude them from the central control tower where the levers of effective political power are manipulated. Be this as it may, The Establishment continues to perform an indispensable function at a time when so much of Israeli life is still in flux. With its arms reaching in all directions, it can bring about person-to-person accommodations that become in due process, public accommodations.

The second of the two key elements which keep the wheels of Israel's democracy on the rails is related to the first. It is the caucus of Ben-Gurion's Mapai party. It is here that conflicts are ironed out between the set of Mapai leaders at the head of the formal government, and the set of overlapping Mapai leaders at the head of the Histadrut, the all-embracing labor federation. In that caucus, Ben-Gurion's hand is awesomely powerful, so much so that from this position he leads the country. He leads it because Israel, contrary to the common saying, does not now have a genuine multi-party coalition government. It has a one-and-one-half-party coalition government. The "one" is Mapai, with its control over all the key Cabinet portfolios—Defense, Foreign Affairs, Finance, Labor, Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, Police, Education and Culture. The "half" is a combination of four small parties who are assigned just enough lesser Cabinet portfolios to keep them happy—Health, Transport, Development, Social Welfare, Justice, Interior. The Minister of Religious Affairs is a non-party rabbi.

The reaction of the Israeli official to all this

was an explosion. "You are saying we are a dictatorship!" he exclaimed. "Is that what you think?"

"I am suggesting that it is fortunate for Israel at this phase of its history that it should have been blessed with men who have a talent for improvising arrangements that keep the country together, yet respect personal liberty."

"We are a pure democracy," he answered hotly. "Everyone of us has a direct voice in what the government does."

"If you were *that* pure," I said, "there would be no Israel today."

At that point, further communication was impossible.

#### WHY THEY PUSH SO HARD

THE true measure of the effect the hero-idol notion has on Israeli life is not, of course, what is said about it, but what is done because of it—or in defiance of it. The economic sector is a good testing ground.

I suspect that a good many Americans believe that every Israeli scratches away in rock pits and malarial swamps and survives on a Spartan diet of an olive and a few figs. But the fact is that the Israeli through the judicious use of funds he has begged and borrowed from abroad—plus his own wits and will power—has attained an annual income of around \$600. This doesn't sound like very much when compared to U. S. figures. But even with the Arab boycott and Israel's nonproductive outlays for arms, it means a per-capita income that is twelve times Burma's, ten times India's, three times Turkey's and the Philippines', a little over twice the Latin-American average, many times the average of the neighboring Arab countries, and about a third higher than Italy's. What's more, no matter by what set of the many books the Israelis keep in economic affairs, its annual rate of economic growth is one of the world's highest.

This certainly doesn't mean that everyone in Israel is in clover. There are still tens of thousands of new immigrants living in wretched rural or urban slums. It certainly doesn't mean that economic assistance from overseas can be dispensed with, whether in the form of gifts, loans, or investments. Israel is driving for self-sufficiency and growing at a great rate, but she cannot relax within the foreseeable future. Despite the heavy overlay of Oriental Jews—some of them straight out of the caves in the Atlas Mountains—Israel's consumption tastes are geared to West European standards. To attain those standards, it is going

to need as much foreign capital as possible for a long time and on the best available terms.

Israel, like the United States, has its economists who are divided between those who stress the importance of controlling inflation and those who stress the importance of sustained and rapid economic growth. To the former of these, with their repeated words of caution about how "it can't be done," Ben-Gurion has addressed some of his choicest curses straight out of Deuteronomy. Still, despite this difference among the economists, all those I encountered are agreed that if Israel is to have a steadily increased output to keep abreast of a steadily growing consumer demand, it must define a new economic aim.

The aim is to make Israel into the Switzerland of the Middle East—a country of highly-skilled industrial workers who will produce high-quality goods for export on the basis of half-finished raw materials imported from abroad. An example is the new and highly profitable industrial diamond enterprise established by some Belgian Jews in Israel. For the rise of this new kind of Israel, skilled and highly intelligent labor is in plentiful supply. What's more, in its own slightly cockeyed way—as most things are in Israel—skilled labor is far cheaper than unskilled labor.

If this new kind of Israel comes into being—and great efforts are going into forcing it into being—it contains, I feel, a latent possibility for easing whatever plausible fears the Arabs might have about an expansionist Israel responding to internal population pressures, generated by further immigration. The new kind of Israel would not need any more than its present land base to support an industrial population of, say, three million. Israel's production of industrial diamonds—her chief industrial export at present, totaling nearly \$47 million in 1959—can be profitably increased. Furthermore, since raw materials in the neighboring Arab countries are nonexistent, there would be no point in an Israeli expansionist drive to get at raw materials. Even where these raw materials are concerned, Israel has barely scratched the surface of the Southern Negev to find out precisely what it might have there.

What stands in the way of an Israel on the Swiss industrial model? Many things do. The bulk of Israel's present population comes from lands where Jews neither owned industrial enterprises nor had a chance—in the absence of industrial enterprises altogether—to learn the arts of industrial management, quality control, and so on. Some Israelis, put in charge of brand-new industries, are therefore inclined to believe that

the majority of their workers in these areas is knowledge enough when it comes to the manufacture of paper, ceramics, glass, and so forth. Moreover, since they have successfully imposed their way through other barriers, they think they can do it in the case of an electronic machine and the generally-skilled workers outside whose opinion experts like to tell them the fate of modern industrial life. This will change, as the new graduates of the industrial management department that has recently been established at the Technion university infiltrate Israeli industry. In the meantime, inefficiency continues here and there.

Still other things stand in the way. It is, for

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JOHN HOLMES

## DO I NOT RAGE?

TEMPER rattles in tiredness, the skull stretches.  
All the loose ends of self are sticking out,  
Grudges, appetite, self-pity, intention, fear,  
Any one of them to be seized and tied to any  
other,  
Or braided to judgment and love, or cut off.  
This is the rare moment, this gritting exposure  
I am almost too maddened to use when it comes.  
I know nevertheless the look of the long-sought.

It is when the room blackens at mid-morning,  
And the door-lines go lightning-knifed, the air  
Empties. Or when at night nothing will sleep  
Because there is no dark. This is the moment.  
It is when of next hour and next year  
patterned,  
The tray-handle is let go, and in a slither  
Of habit, plan, possession, value, and center,  
The day spills itself all over the bare floor.  
They talk about stage-fright, but that is nothing.  
This is self-fright, self-withering, and to hell.  
This is the bordering moment, time to cross over  
Into a new country. The rubble of puzzle-pieces  
Will never again fit together as the same picture  
Not even the same picture the better for age.

Order does not grow out of order, but from  
wreck.

And here I am, a new world's staggering first  
man,

Everything to be done, but everything I need  
God knows hurled at me, ready to the hand.  
And if nothing would lift and build, or change  
come

But by a fury of labor, do I not rage?



example, an enormously complicated operation to fire anyone for incompetence. There is also the tradition of egalitarianism that extends into pay scales. A considerable portion of Israel's working population until very recent times were paid on a scale geared to the number of children in the family. This meant that the salaried head of a bank with one daughter got far less than the janitor with seven. The drive is on to adjust salaries and wages according to responsibilities and actual output, and thus to provide the inducements for self-improvement which make the wheels of an industrial society go round. Yet the drive at every turn meets the resistance of those Israelis who feel that a great Socialist vision of equality and selfless service will somehow automatically produce higher blessings for the nation.

#### CRISIS IN THE KIBBUTZ

THE most potent of all the forces resisting the transformation of Israel into another Switzerland is to be found in the agricultural sector of the economy. Ideologically and emotionally, the resistance centers in the *kibbutzim*—the utopian Socialist farm settlements where traditionally there is no personal ownership of land or tools and where each man is paid according to his needs, as those needs are settled by a discussion among the other members. While relatively few immigrants to the new state have joined the *kibbutzim*—and their members now form a numerically small proportion of the population—they still exercise a powerful influence. This influence is partly moral because of the prestige of the old *kibbutz* leaders, but it is also economic and political, for Israel's agriculture is its paramount economic accomplishment to date. Israeli farmers now actually produce a glut in many crops and dairy products. These could find a ready export market among the hungry Arabs in neighboring countries if peace came. Even in the absence of that outlet, as the standard of living rises in Western Europe, Israel has a good chance to become an Imperial Valley, producing off-season quality crops for European tables. And its present effort to increase industrial crops such as cotton or peanuts for the European market opens a promising new field.

To Israel's agricultural success, the *kibbutz* has made a great contribution, just as it contributed mightily to the defense of the country and to the formative background of many of Israel's principal leaders. Yet the *kibbutz* is now undergoing a difficult crisis. Traditionally, member-

ship in a *kibbutz* has meant membership in Israel's elite corps. If you wanted to prove yourself a person of worth, you joined a *kibbutz*. The institution continued to express the dream of the Jewish immigrants in the first decades of the twentieth century—middle-class intellectuals from Eastern Europe—who wanted to live in a classless society of equals—one large family—where everyone would do useful work. Purging themselves of ghetto ways, they exalted the virtues of labor on the land. The importance they assigned to agriculture had a passion behind it which made Thomas Jefferson's reflections on the virtues of agriculture seem like a bland and fashionable sermon.

Nowadays, much of the nation's farm work is done in the co-operative villages, which are very different from the *kibbutzim* and not inhabited by the elite; but it was the *kibbutz* that set the moral and political tone of the nation until very recent years. Now, however, the life of the town increasingly attracts the young idealists. The old *kibbutznik* begins to see himself declassed. For Israel to make the change from an agricultural to an industrial emphasis is to him another form of blasphemy. Connected by old communal ties with the leaders of the Israeli nation and government, he confronts them like a Biblical prophet confronting a wayward king, accusing the nation of backsliding on the great agricultural ideal in favor of the fleshpots of industrialization. The troubled leaders soothe their consciences by providing subsidies for agricultural products—some of which might more profitably be invested in industrialization.

I could go on citing cases where the ideals of Israel's past do not fill the needs of the present and perpetuate fictions that do Israel no good—like the myth of unlimited immigration, the myth of equality of status between the Jew from Cochin, India, and the German doctor of philosophy, and the myth of equality between the Arab and the Jew within Israel. There are decency and heartache, love and good sense, and critical intelligence and frustration in the way many of Israel's old and new leaders are trying to grapple with the realities the myths obscure. If they fail here and there to solve every problem all at once, no one can accuse them of not striving with all their hearts and soul to solve it. They do not need the distorting light of myths to conceal what they are up to either in their successes or failures. They can stand in the sunlight of their country in the confident knowledge that they are not a Chosen People, but something better, a Choosing People.



# Afternoon with the Space People

By HAL DRAPER

*Drawings by James Frankfort*

*With the help of visitors from Venus, Tythan, and other handy planets, a group of Californians are well on the way toward founding a Super Cult, with something for everybody.*

THE Northern California Space Craft Convention took place over last Labor Day weekend at a fairground near San Francisco Bay. (This year at the end of August they are gathering indoors, at Berkeley's Claremont Hotel.) Several hundred people, who had each paid a dollar to register, filled the better part of the large exposition hall. In spite of the northern auspices, the program was heavily weighted with speakers from Los Angeles, base of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, which really run the Space-craft Movement (known to insiders simply as The Movement).

Banners of the San Jose Cosmic Observers, the Understanding Unit of Santa Rosa, Sacramento Space Age Research, and Berkeley Space Craft Club dotted the convention-hall walls. Inside the Movement these are sometimes called "flying saucer groups," and the members "saucerites." These terms amuse but do not irritate the Space People themselves, I learned.

To the left of the platform stood a six-foot flying saucer. The chairman explained that it

was not yet operative, being prototype OTC-X1 fabricated by earthly engineers, on the advice of Space People. It consisted of two flat metal cones, base to base, plus a short turret. But, we were told, hidden complications inside would generate a Rotating Magnetic Field as soon as the machine was spaceworthy.

The chairman of the convention, Major Wayne S. Aho (Ret.), is, it turned out, Director of Public Education of the firm which built the prototype saucer—OTC Enterprises of Oklahoma City (cable code "Millennium"). OTC had intended to fly it on April 19, 1959, but postponed the attempt when a leak developed in the mercury-spraying mechanism. However, on that date as scheduled, the company did put into operation a replica of the real X1—known as the "45-foot Educational Space Ride."

"Interesting comments were heard from those who went aboard," Major Aho reported. "One man shook his head in wonderment upon landing. He said it really feels like it is flying and exclaimed, 'When this thing flies, I'm going home to fly my bathtub.'"

On the Sunday afternoon when I attended the convention Major Aho made no speech himself, but he answered a lady in the audience who asked how to maintain perfect health. Refrain from worry and fear, he told her, keep the mind clear, and "learn to practice stability." Is stability to be attained through his company's Rotating Magnetic Field? No, it is a matter of health, food, and science, he said. Since efforts in these fields need co-ordination, he publicly offered to perform this function from Oklahoma City which, he explained, is conveniently located in the center of the nation.



Earlier the Reverend Marke A. Norman, a fundamentalist Canadian minister, delivered a formal speech. He complained that he had to do most of his saucerite organizing in the state of Washington because Canadians are "more conservative, more suspicious" than the enlightened folk south of their border. (Canada, he disclosed, is really Canaan—"under the Union of Jacob, or the Union Jack"—whereas the States are "part of the Israelite people," hence more advanced.)

Mr. Norman, like the other speakers at the convention, belongs to the saucerite elite known as Contactees, who get information firsthand from the Space People. They, he revealed, "do not stuff themselves with hot dogs and pop, nor with alcohol, neither do they smoke or eat meat." His Contacts have given him "the recipes of their favorite wives," which he has tried out and found superb. Unfortunately some of the ingredients are not currently available on this planet.

Mostly Mr. Norman talked of more philosophic matters. The Space People, who prefer to be called our "Elder Brothers," invite us to prepare for the golden age which is foretold in the Bible. (We are still living in the Aquarian Age introduced by John the Baptist and his jug of *aqua*.) Not everyone who says, "I have ridden in a Saucer," will be saved; the secrets of the Saucers should not be sought merely for crass motives of self-interest. Our Elder Brothers are worried about the Coming Catastrophe (atomic) which may destroy the earth, but they cannot interfere arbitrarily, for that would disrupt the Karma of the Individual.

He proved this with the story of an encounter with a Brother while Mr. Norman was sitting on a bench in Victoria Park in London, Canada; and such was the verisimilitude of his detailed description that no one could doubt that he had really been in that very park. Unfortunately his time was up before he could complete the story. He promised to tell it in full at a lecture in San Francisco the following week. He also remembered, with chagrin, that he had been given a special message by the Brothers, "which completely slipped me till now." The audience could

read it in the next issue of a magazine with which he had the honor to be associated.

To everyone in the Movement faith is the key to difficulties which confuse outsiders. Thus Dick Miller, a young man who receives direct messages via short-wave radio confessed: "I had to work harder to remove doubt than to communicate." The merely electronic difficulties vanished when he believed. Before that, he explained, "I found it difficult to pursue such an effort [communicating with the Space People] in place of earning a living." Now he is executive vice president of the Amalgamated Flying Saucers Clubs of America (AFSCA).

#### VISITORS FROM OUT THERE

IN AN intermission following the Reverend Mr. Norman's talk, a good part of the crowd poured out into the California sunshine for a breather. A knot of people gathered around a couple dressed in strangely designed blue shirts adorned with mystic symbols and a silver crucifix. The man—short, wavy-haired, with steady gray eyes—identified himself as Prince NEasom from the planet Tythan, come to this earth thirty-one years ago on a mission direct from On High. His companion was the Princess NEgonna (with equally double initial capitals); both live temporarily in Hawthorne, California. The prince has a standard U. S. Western accent, whereas the princess favors that variety of New Yorkese sometimes called the Hunter College dialect.

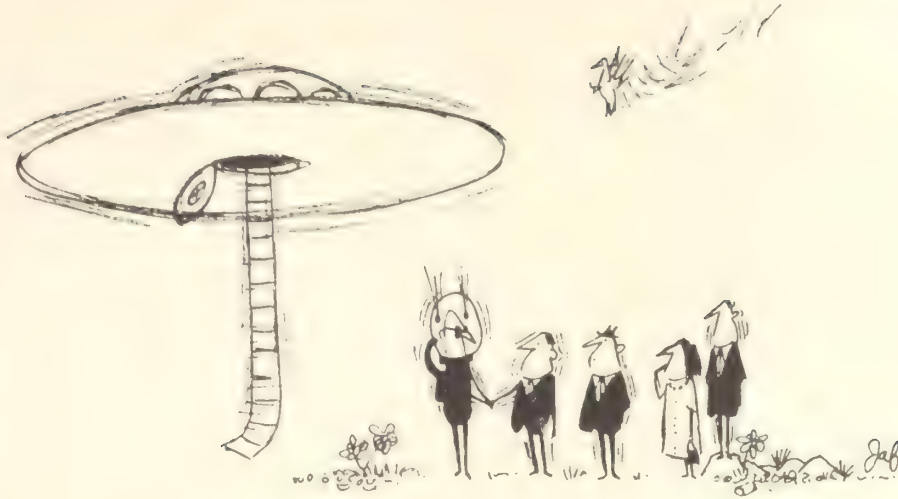
The prince answered questions freely. He was wroth because the convention managers had refused to put him on the program unless he promised not to claim extra-terrestrial origin. (They were afraid of ridicule by the press, he said scornfully.) But he had a Message to deliver, about the Coming Catastrophe: "Stay where you are; don't panic."

I asked him about the source of his title: he explained it was spiritual, not royal. Had it been *conferred* on him? He hesitated for the first time and said doubtfully, "You could say so." A kindly old lady standing next to me recognized my meager understanding of such matters and cleared things up by explaining that he was a prince (spiritually) because where he came from, his father was a king (spiritually). She in turn wanted the prince to tell her whether the God of our Bible is also the God out there (He is) and whether Jesus is properly called Christ (He is).

The presence of Aliens Among Us became a delicate problem at the convention. To be sure the AFSCA magazine had reported that at the

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association's first national convention in Los Angeles, "Many reputable people reported seeing their contacts with outer space." It was also known at the time that the loyal Saturnian friends of an eminent Contactee often turned up when he lectured.

But the delicate point was this: Most saucerites maintain that bona-fide Space People do *not* go to conventions to buttonhole visitors or protest the agenda, as the prince and princess did. The Reverend Mr. Norman had warned against "earth-bound entities purporting to be from flying saucers."

"As Christ said, many will come in My name," he added. "Test these first to see if they be of God." The eating habits of the Elder Brothers he suggested would be one useful test. Another speaker, Hope Troxell, scoffed at the idea that any real Contacts would crudely *announce* themselves as such: "They simply *give* you the Message, that's all, and you *know* that this is no earthly person pretending to be a Space Man."

Complicating the picture, however, was a message "To Men of Earth" beamed to Dick Miller by Voltra of Venus. Not all Space People it seems are friendly—there are sinister and subversive types—Bad Aliens as well as Pseudo-Aliens and Good Aliens. It was not too difficult to pick out some possibly Good Aliens at the convention. They looked, everyone agreed, just like the rest of us, except for a certain *je-ne-sais-quoi*. One was a fine suntanned specimen of a man, clearly not nurtured on hot dogs and pop, who caught one's eye only because he kept moving silently around the hall. His deceptive normality was offset by a shock of steel-gray hair which rolled down to the nape of the neck in marceled waves. Another was a stocky man, who would have been unnoticed in any crowd, save for the fact that his entire head was shaved leaving only a braid

of hair bisecting his skull from forehead to neck.

After the intermission, the Pasadena Contactee, Hope Troxell, told of the miraculous healing of an incurable disease when she "suddenly came to God," after which she heard "an audible voice transmitting messages" and enjoining her to set them down for all to know. Like many Contactees she had hastened to publish an inspired book, and promote its sale for the sake of the Truth which she was under supernal compulsion to propagate.

Next came Calvin Girvin, an Air Force sergeant who, while stationed in Hawaii, received a dream message prophesying that Pope Pius would die on Girvin's birthday (he did). Girvin also told of his efforts to console a girl friend whose dog "had left this plane": "I had a book, *All Dogs Go to Heaven*. As I was on the way home to get this book for her, I looked up and saw a round object about the size of the full moon." Girvin has been on a lecture tour and announced he wanted support for a projected movie.

Later we heard from Reinhold Schmidt, a Hollywood grain buyer who had first met his space friends near Kearney, Nebraska. The Aliens spoke English to him, albeit with a "European accent," but one addressed another in German, which Mr. Schmidt luckily understood, their tongue being, he said, High German.

Chairman Aho's brother was given the floor to show his invention, a Flying Saucer Detector, which appeared to be a magnet dangling from a cord. He also put in a word for a new organization in Los Angeles, the Brotherhood of Man, which would be "oriented especially to businessmen."

This announcement reflected the Movement's expansionist aims: It would like to be the center of all those manifestations which skeptics and



infidels call the Cults of California. For this purpose the saucerites have doctrinal advantages, since advice of the Space People encompasses all phases of human and superhuman well-being. The Movement could thus readily embrace the Health Food Discoverers, the more imaginative Fundamentalist sects, Yoga (a Yoga trance is used by a London Contactee, George King of England—no comma after “George”—who calls himself the Primary Terrestrial Mental Channel); spiritualism (the Beyond being contacted either through Dick Miller’s short-wave system or through the Free Energy of thought called by the AFSCA magazine with scientific precision, “mental thought”). There would be room too for devotees of Dianetics, Astral Bodies, Hieronymus machines, and “Shaverism.”

#### COSMIC HAM 'N' EGGS

**I**T MIGHT take a confederation of all these groups to advance the socio-political program spelled out at the convention by Gabriel Green, a youngish-looking man of thirty-five who is president of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America.

A photographer who formerly worked for the Los Angeles Board of Education, Mr. Green headed the Los Angeles Interplanetary Study Group and organized the First National AFSCA Convention. His present duties include publishing a magazine *World Report*, formerly called *Thy Kingdom Come* (Cable address “Utopia”). President Green signs himself “Gabriel.”

Mr. Green’s address to the convention, read without a hint of charisma, centered on a program in the classic California tradition of Ham ‘n’ Eggs, the Townsend Plan, EPIC, and Technocracy. The plan would:

- freely distribute economic abundance to the people, and also guarantee profits on every sale to all businessmen;

- end all taxation, and also provide unlimited funds for highways, scientific research, etc.;

- give everybody free insurance on everything and free medical care “without the disadvantages of socialized medicine,” guarantee preservation of the free enterprise system, and prevent Socialism and Communism;

- provide a full-pay retirement system at an early age, four-day weekends, and a “new economic system” that “works to the advantage of everyone, capital, labor, management, and consumer.”

This new society, he said, may variously be called the Kingdom of Heaven, Nirvana, Para-

dise, or Utopia and will be achieved with the help of the Space People. “I am now ready,” he went on, “to work with people who are ready to make the few personal sacrifices necessary.”

Later, Mr. Green told me that his program was not entirely incompatible with Socialism; but Socialism is a dirty word here and “after all, if you were in Russia you’d have to attack capitalism, wouldn’t you?” About the heavy religious atmosphere at the convention Mr. Green smiled apologetically and said: “You’ve got to give something for everybody. A lot of these people are interested in the religious side and wouldn’t come around otherwise. . . . Judging by your questions, you’re more intelligent than 99 per cent of the people here; you’re interested in the Practical Side.” I said I thought there had been too much mysticism. “That’s the Metaphysics,” Mr. Green explained. “It goes together with the Physics. Dan Fry [a well-known Contactee] explained it in a speech yesterday. Physics and Metaphysics are really the same thing, they were started by the same man.” Who was that? “I forget his name; Fry mentioned it while he was talking.” Anyway, Mr. Green is not much interested in Metaphysics or Physics. They are the “means to the end.”

I asked whether he wouldn’t have to go into politics to achieve his goals. Mr. Green assured me that he was already involved. He had planned to see a Democratic official named Fitzpatrick, about running Green as a Democratic candidate for some office backed by the saucerites and the Space People.

Earlier Mr. Green had summoned other leaders of the Movement to a “historic meeting” at his home, to consider launching a new political party called “New Age Party” or “Economic Security Party.” Coincidentally, the AFSCA magazine published a telepathic communiqué from Monka of Mars, urging the faithful to support “Gabriel’s” plan to “use your votes collectively.” Another message from Monka, in the same issue, showed that Space People are gratifyingly concerned with the minutiae of California politics (they are against cross-filing, for example). This confirms a widespread local view that the Golden State is of special importance in the cosmos.

Whether or not this is the case, the size and nature of this gathering suggests that Movements around the saucerites might yet burgeon into a successor to Ham ‘n’ Eggs. Is this really possible? To echo Prince NEasom, “You could say so.” Stranger things have happened to disrupt the Karma of Californians.



# A PROPOSITION FOR WOMEN

By MARION K. SANDERS

*Drawings by Burmah Burris*

*Since millions of them are terribly, terribly busy at Circular Puttering and Redundant Housewifery, why not put them to work on real jobs—where they could cure their frustrations and meet urgent national needs at the same time?*

**C**HUBBY twins clutching a banner inscribed, "Don't send our mother to the salt mines!" led the picket line that circled the White House. An AP cameraman snapped their picture. Next day it adorned a thousand front pages captioned, "Protest mounts against Universal Service Act—Demand repeal of Work-for-Women law."

In this fashion a noisy minority usurped public attention while thousands of women swarmed into registration offices clamoring for assignments with a zeal that exceeded the hopes of the Act's sponsors. Filing cabinets overflowed with their applications while the objectors carried their battle to the courts.

On October 1, 1975, the Supreme Court handed down its long-awaited ruling in the first major test case—*U. S. vs. Dropkin*. Defendant—the divorced wife of a Beverly Hills executive—claimed exemption on the ground that pursuit of

a second husband at a relatively advanced age (forty-three) was a full-time job. Affidavits established that her chief occupations—beauty culture, dieting, and shopping—required exceptional exertions to achieve seasonal changes in hair color and a wardrobe co-ordinated with a fluctuating hipline. The Court granted that defendant had little, if any, uncommitted leisure. It found, however, that her activities had not produced anything (not even a new mate); that she was, accordingly, engaged in Non-Work in violation of the statutory provision that "the nation's critical needs require that every citizen engage in productive work according to his mental and physical capacities. Work shall be deemed productive—whether performed in or out of the home—if it is essential to the nurture of the family or contributes to the national well-being, enlightenment, or progress."

Since the Act does not discriminate between the sexes, the opposition tried briefly to find a male challenger. However the only man willing to make a public defense of the right to idleness turned out to be a citizen of the Dominican Republic who was, in any event, too busy wooing his third heiress to engage in litigation.

Female protests also began to peter out after the Court ruled on the case of Mrs. Mamie Pulvertuft, an admired Milwaukee clubwoman. The majority opinion conceded that Mrs. P. attended or presided at many meetings. It found, however, that these did not contribute to anyone's enlightenment since their programs re-



vealed no coherent purpose. (January: Flower Arrangement. February: The Bright Side of Menopause. March: Whither the UN?) Her other major occupation was telephoning to arrange similar meetings—which, in the Court's view, constituted Circular (or self-perpetuating) Puttering, a form of Sub-Work.

A corollary doctrine was formulated in the case of Mrs. Grace Yappo of Scarsdale, a Sweetbriar graduate with two married daughters. Classifying herself as a Full-time Homebody, Mrs. Y. offered as exhibits three loaves of bread baked in her own oven; a table she had refinished with fourteen different oils and varnishes; and a necktie she had embroidered for her husband in a charming starfish pattern. The Court ruled that in view of the advanced state of the food-processing, furniture, and men's haberdashery industries, these amenities were not essential to the nurture of a family but were another form of Sub-Work, Redundant Housewifery.

Finally there was the case of Valerie Van Wee of Alabama who sought deferment because she planned, on graduation from high school, to plunge into trousseau-sewing, the study of casserole cookery, and other prenuptial rites pending her fiancé's discharge from military service. In denying Valerie's plea the Court stipulated that "patriotism is not the prerogative of either sex. If the energy and idealism of young women as well as men cannot be mobilized for the common good, then this nation is indeed in peril."

With the technical loopholes plugged by these historic decisions, the law became fully operative. The tragedy, in retrospect, is that it was not enacted earlier. The crisis of the 1960s might well have been averted. . . .

#### THE TIME IS NOW

**N**OT long ago a freak accident killed two babies in a New York hospital. They choked to death on milk while sucking from bottles which were propped up in their cribs because no one in the ward could spare the time to hold them. For a few days thereafter the shortage of nurses made headlines. It is, however, scarcely news to any patient who has waited in anguish while the light at the nurses' station flashed unheeded, nor to the nurse herself. Often she is struggling with the composite duties of an executive, technician, bedside angel, and junior physician because doctors are too busy to check the intravenous or listen to patients' woes.

Hardest hit by the hospital crisis are those people who are both sick and old. More than

twenty million Americans will be over sixty-five by the end of this decade. Their plight was recently discussed by Miss Julia Thompson of the American Nurses Association before the Senate Committee on Labor and Education.

"Home-care programs are particularly suited to the needs of the aging and should be expanded," she said. "But today personnel shortages in the health professions, particularly nursing, make this almost impossible. . . . Buildings and beds without qualified health personnel are useless."

The same may be said of schoolrooms. Most public-school classes are too large for sound teaching and tens of thousands of children are attending half-day sessions because not only buildings but competent teachers are lacking. Currently, at least 135,000 more teachers are needed in elementary and high schools, according to the National Education Association.

Meanwhile experts forecast that in the next twelve months a million and a half American boys and girls will be truants, join gangs, run away from home, or commit violent crimes. Younger and younger children swell the ranks of delinquency each year. The public and private agencies trying to stem this fearful tide are beating the bushes for social workers, psychiatrists, youth-gang workers, and parole officers. "Even filling the budgeted positions would make only a small dent in the growing need for services," says the Family Service Association of America.

The common denominator of these shortages is this: They are virtually all in the classic women's professions. Diehard feminists might wish it otherwise. However, it has long since been proved that girls can become preachers, actuaries, or taxi-drivers if they choose. To be sure, the female Michelangelo has yet to appear. But who needs one? The immediate calamity is the dearth of nurses, social workers, and teachers.

Shortages have not, in some instances, been converted into what the economists call effective demand. Much-needed services—notably for children and the aging—exist only as token experiments or dreams to be fulfilled when the necessary money can be found. And the going schools, hospitals, and social agencies often pay

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salaries too low to compete for talent with business and industry.

Bigger budgets and better salaries are important, of course. But money alone will not lure enough people—or the right ones—into the service vocations. We are doomed to a permanent scarcity so long as the peculiar and often irrational pressures of our society impel the majority of American women to limit their labors to their own four walls.

Recently there has been considerable uproar because an increasing number of women are taking jobs outside their homes. The total at latest count was close to 22 million.\* But there has been no significant upsurge in the critical shortage fields. On the contrary, marriage and homemaking siphon off about as many nurses, teachers, and social workers as are recruited each year. For three-quarters of all American wives still toil only in their homes—and have no acceptable alternative.



#### THE CAPTIVE HOUSEWIVES

THIS fact created an awkward problem for the U. S. Census Bureau last spring. In the New York metropolitan area, for instance, 13,000 enumerators were needed. But as of March only 3,000 had been recruited. So an emergency call went out for 10,000 housewives.

"Whether women are better than men at taking a census may be debated," said the *New York Times*. "But there seems no arguing the point that if women do not go out and count the population maybe no one else will."

Census-takers work flexible hours and can earn \$12 to \$13 a day. In the main, women who eventually took on the work said they found it pleasant and amply rewarding, although one complained of "coolie wages." But by and large housewives stayed away in droves because they had grown so used to the bonds of domesticity that they lacked the will to loose them.

\* *Womanpower*. National Manpower Council. Columbia University Press, New York, 1957.

An exception was my friend Dorothy, who did take on an enumerator's job this spring. She is forty-two, a college graduate with a social work degree. She pursued her profession until she married, had two children, and moved to the suburbs. There, like so many others, she became the family motor corps, gardener, and general houseworker. Now with the children in high school, she has time once a week to trundle books through a hospital ward. She plays tennis, canasta, and bridge in season, belongs to the little theatre group, and reports on the local sewer district or the nation's water resources to her League of Women Voters chapter. Then there are the fund-raising drives, the PTA, and occasional forays into local politics.

Dorothy does not find this way of life exhilarating. She suspects, too, that her husband is bored—and perhaps not even listening to her nightly chit-chat about the latest school-board hassle, the meat loaf she dreamed up for the church supper, and kindred highlights of her day. So, in the parlance of her trade, she is "facing her problem" and "trying to work out a realistic plan" to return to her own profession. But so far it has proved tough sledding. At the family agency where she applied for a job she was told to go back to school first.

"They were quite right," she said. "My M.A. has been in mothballs for eleven years and I wouldn't dare face a client all alone. I'm really unemployable without a refresher course and there don't seem to be any. I wonder why not?"

The reason, it would seem, is that the squandering or under-use of Dorothy's skills is generally viewed as a minor personal grief rather than a major social waste. After all, she manages to keep busy. To be sure, as a census-taker she is doing work that calls for only a high-school education. Such downgrading is the common lot of college women when they try—in their forties—to "rejoin the work force" or enter it for the first time. Some—although they do not need the money—become encyclopedia or lingerie peddlers to satisfy what a recent study called "the psychological need to be economically productive."

In the view of some latter-day Freudians this flight from the home is a neurotic rejection of woman's predestined biological role. Others argue that it is a mistake to expose females to higher education or that the curriculum should be altered. But the prevailing malaise is not confined to college graduates.

For proof let us eavesdrop on a team of sociologists who recently stalked their domesticated prey in the nation's more proletarian housing



developments. Our first call is in Levittown, New Jersey, where a young mother of three describes her way of life.

"My days are all busy," she says, "and dull too. All I ever do is mess around. I get up at eight—I make breakfast, so I do the dishes, have lunch, do some more dishes and some laundry and cleaning in the afternoon. Then it's supper dishes and I get to sit down a few minutes before the children have to be sent to bed. . . . That's all there is to my day. It's just like any other wife's day. Humdrum. . . . The biggest time I am chasing kids."

Across the continent, in Tacoma, our next hostess finds our questions a trifle irritating. "Ye Gods—what do I do with my time? Well I get up at six. I get my son dressed and then give him breakfast. After that I wash dishes and bathe and feed the baby. Then I get lunch and while the children nap I sew or mend or iron and do all the other things I can't get done before noon. Then I cook supper for the family and my husband watches TV while I do the dishes. After I get the children to bed I set my hair and then I go to bed."

I do not know these ladies personally. I made their acquaintance in a grimly fascinating book, *Workingman's Wife*.<sup>\*</sup> The typical low-income mother, say the authors, is absorbed in "nurturant and policeman-like" attention to her children who are more likely to be made rebellious or overly dependent than serenely secure by these ministrations. Though she neither weaves nor spins like her forebears and is mechanized to the hilt, she feels harassed, isolated, and trapped. Certainly she bears no resemblance to the crisply-aproned blonde beaming at her dishpan full of lanolized detergent in the TV commercials. Assuming, however, that her prototype exists, even she must face the day when there are no longer any children around to chase or stuff with Wheaties. In all probability this void will be thirty years long.

How is it to be filled? Perhaps she will go out and find a factory job. "It's stimulating," said one liberated housewife to a slightly scandalized reporter who asked how she liked operating a punch press. "I've rejoined the human race and it's wonderful."

But it is much more likely that, without harsh economic pressure, she will simply flounder in the emptying cage. Captivity is habit-forming, especially when emancipation offers no substitute function of any great worth. There will be time

for leisurely jaunts to the lonely housewife's dream world of "shopping"—so different from "marketing." She can while away many an afternoon at bargain counters pawing over scarves and girdles she has no intention of buying. She can wallow in the soupy Eden of daytime TV or the women's magazines.

Certainly most women do not aspire to such a destiny. They are victims of a form of technological unemployment, which has been perceptively described by Alva Myrdal, the distinguished educator and social scientist who is now Sweden's Ambassador to India.

"Housewives in our time have become a discontented class," says Mrs. Myrdal in a small but forceful book<sup>\*</sup> written in collaboration with the British sociologist, Norma Klein. "Looking after one man and a family of two is, under present conditions, not enough to fill the many years of a woman's life and to give her the satisfaction of feeling that she is pulling her weight. . . . To counteract this state of affairs, a cult of Homemaking and Motherhood is fostered by press and propaganda. The sentimental glorification which these activities receive may flatter many housewives, but in the long run it does more harm than good, for it encourages them to indulge in irrational self-pity and prevents them from assessing their situation at its true value."

The current uptrend in matronly job-hunting suggests that many women are at last recognizing these facts. But it will take a long time to undo the mischief that starts when millions of American girls embrace the notion that marriage is a lifetime occupation, and that their prime function accordingly is to capture husbands capable of supporting them.

Thus, before their own potentialities and their value to the community can be assessed, these callow brides are swallowed up in the tiny world of home. "Civic interest and ambition to serve the government are at a high level among adolescent girls," the American Council on Education pointed out in a recent statement. "But these hopes too often are overlaid during the subsequent years of emotional experience and early marriage. Most young people have not been informed that the role of homemaker can well be combined with other creative endeavors and responsibilities."

Once the high-school and college graduates learn this truth, we may have the key to solving our womanpower shortage.

<sup>\*</sup> By Lee Rainwater, Richard P. Coleman, and Gerald Handel. Occana Publications, New York, 1959.

<sup>\*</sup> *Women's Two Roles*. Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., London, 1956.



## GREETINGS, GIRLS

**W**HAT do young women do in return for citizenship?" The question was asked a few years ago by the late Alan Gregg of the Rockefeller Foundation, a doctor of rare social vision. "If the rationale of selective service were applied to the drafting of girls of eighteen for two years of civilian nursing, to match the military service of their brothers, we would create a notable and valuable reserve of nurses in this country for years to come, as well as a chance to open wards in our civilian hospitals now empty for the lack of nurses. There would be psychological resistance and emotional resentment, but I do not find any cogent arguments against such a resolution of the present immense problem of nursing care."

Like many scientists, Dr. Gregg chose to ignore the political roadblocks born of "psychological resistance and emotional resentment." If, however, these could be overcome and a National Women's Service Corps established, what could it accomplish? Let us assume that all young women between the age of eighteen and twenty-six would be required to serve in the Corps at Army pay for a stipulated period. (This might be fixed at a few months or longer according to national need and popular response.) Draftees would receive basic training to fit them for useful sub-professional work in the areas of critical need—chiefly our health, educational, and social-welfare services. To do this we would not need a giant new government bureaucracy. The training programs could logically be entrusted to the American Red Cross, which has long experience in training aides in nursing, social work, schools, and other services, and already has a paid staff of some 15,000. Nor need the Corps establish and operate institutions. Instead it could assign its draftees to existing public and private agencies.

The young corpswoman would have a variety of choices for active duty. She might serve as a helper in a school, a day nursery, a home for the aging, a rehabilitation center, hospital, summer playground, settlement house, library, or museum.

There is little doubt that she would be welcomed. The performance of the teen- and Florence Nightingales now serving as hospital aides in the "Candystripers" and similar programs is heartening. "These youngsters are no hopscotch volunteers," I was told at the South Orange Hospital Center in New Jersey. "They are sterling workers, dependable and disciplined."

The same kind of idealism was manifest in the hearty response among young people to Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's proposal last year in this magazine to create a Youth Conservation Corps. Similarly, Congressman Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin has received hundreds of letters applauding his plan to create a Point 4 Youth Corps to give "young Americans in their late teens and early twenties a sense of purpose" through work in technical-assistance missions abroad. Surely there is an equal challenge to be met in the underdeveloped sectors of American society.

Her tour of duty would give the corpswoman a toehold in a marketable vocation and orderly work habits. She would also gain the sense of one's own worth which comes uniquely from cashing a self-earned pay check. Since the debutante and the janitor's daughter would serve side by side, the Corps would provide the experience in practical democracy which many men regard as the chief profit of their military years. Corpswomen would learn too that dedicated work is never easy but that it is always honorable, whether performed by a nurse's aide, a postal clerk, or a priest.

Many Corps privates would—very likely—go on to make a career in the professions in which they served their apprenticeships. They should be encouraged by substantial scholarships and student loans.

Others would seek, and be granted, deferment because of early marriage and motherhood. They should be placed in reserve status, subject to future call when needed and available. Who should be called up, and when, might be decided by local selective-service boards composed of women of good sense. Presumably a full-time mother of young children would be automatically exempted—though she would not be dissuaded, if she so desired, from entering on part- or full-time duty. Women holding jobs outside their homes would be excused and so would those doing responsible volunteer work for churches, civic organizations, philanthropies, or political parties. The last group would not, however, be large. The draftboard members



would, for instance, get out their pencils when a hospital ladies' auxiliary boasted (as one in Long Island, New York, did recently) that its 900 Pink Pinafore Volunteers last year spent 51,280 hours reading to sick children, giving patients alcohol rubs, and running a gift shop. This averages out to a little more than an hour a week per volunteer—scarcely time to don and doff the pinafores.



#### MOTHERS EMERITAE

IT MAY be true that our highly professionalized institutions now provide few opportunities in which the ardent volunteer can find real satisfaction. Yet a host of imaginative programs, developed in recent years by social agencies, are now in the stage of pilot operations. They could be vastly expanded with the aid of a relatively unskilled corps of paid workers. Many of these services—provided in homes rather than in institutions—call particularly for the insight and experience of mature women. Part-time schedules are also feasible—often a necessity for the woman who still has housework and cooking to do even though her children are grown.

For example, Philadelphia has a “meals on wheels” service for invalids at home. The Kalamazoo Recreation Department provides “friendly visitors” to the old and sick. Home-nursing aides backstop public-health nurses in Detroit. A program that should be stepped up a hundredfold or more is the Homemaker Service now offered—on the skimpiest scale—in 150 of the more than 3,000 counties in the nation. The homemaker is assigned generally to families where the mother is incapacitated. She keeps the house tidy, does the cooking and marketing, tends the children, and carries trays to the invalid. (She does not, however, wax floors, wash windows, or do other clearly spec-

ified heavy chores.) There are only 2,000 homemakers employed across the country, according to a 1958 U.S. Public Health Service survey. Yet this is a thrifty as well as a benign program—the Colorado Public Welfare Department, for example, reported a saving to the taxpayers in a single month of \$2,686 because 69 children were thus looked after at home instead of requiring much costlier foster or institutional care. In Boston, homemakers earn \$40 to \$46 a week. Administration and supervision raise the cost to \$11 a day, which is repaid in full or in part by the family according to its means. Women who consider a servant's role demeaning are happy to be homemakers because they are respected staff members of the agency that employs them—and sees to it that they are neither exploited nor allowed to shirk their responsibilities.

The dignity of professional status has likewise drawn women to the Lay Reader Experiment financed in sixteen cities by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, to meet the present crisis in high-school English classes. With a load of 170 to 200 pupils, the average teacher would have to put in 33 hours of night and weekend work if each student handed in only a paper a week. Since few teachers are this heroic, assignments have tapered off to four a year—with the result that many pupils never learn to write decent English. Lay readers are college-educated women who correct papers at a rate of 25 cents each, 10 cents for re-checking, and \$1.50 an hour for conferences with students or teachers. Through this program the students' output has been stepped up to twenty papers a year and their writing ability has measurably improved.

Another striking fact that emerged from the experiment is this: *from five to twenty times as many qualified women applied as could be used.* Paul D. Diederich of the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, which sponsored the program, reports: “The Lay Reader Study revealed a superabundance of the kind of talent and background required among the college-educated housewives of the average community. They are pathetically eager to undertake this work at almost any price the community can afford. . . .”

To be sure, lay readers are assistants to—not substitutes for—teachers, just as RNs must supervise nurse's aides and homemakers should be guided by expert social workers. Unfortunately the gaps in these professions cannot be filled merely by drafting the young and retraining the middle-aged. Married women with children are the crucial source of supply. At present large

numbers are on indefinite maternity leave from their professions for reasons both practical and psychological. These are formidable but not insuperable barriers to getting them back on the job.

Are children harmed by their mother's part-time absence if proper provision is made for them while she is away? There is a good deal of evidence—of which a few samples were cited earlier—that the hovering maternal policeman is not the ideal guardian of her offspring's psyche. Also illuminating is the experience of the Israeli *kibbutzim*. In these communal villages the mother works eight or nine hours a day like her husband. She is freed of all domestic drudgery except the care of her small flat and the children are watched over by trained specialists all day. In the evenings parents enjoy their children—tell them stories, play, and romp with them. "The children," one reporter noted, "are spared many of the tensions of daily family life. They are cherished in their houses, kindergarten, school, and parents' homes. The elimination of domestic worries also contributes to the stability of the family."

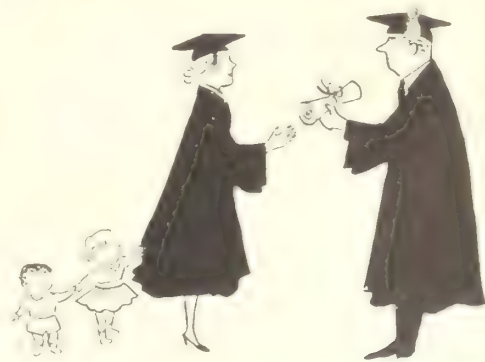
With no such utopian arrangements at their disposal, American working mothers commonly carry with them to their jobs guilt feelings based on an unproven myth: the notion that it is bad for children to be separated from their mothers for six or eight hours a day.

This legend was derived chiefly from observations of children who have many handicaps, apart from the fact that their mothers are employed. Typical of the unhappy samples studied are eighty day-care centers in New York—where, according to the Day Care Council, 47 per cent of the children are fatherless, 13 per cent have mothers who are physically or mentally ill, and 59 per cent of the families are so poor or maladjusted that they are clients of social agencies or the Welfare Department. Another source of contemporary theory is the testimony of parents neurotic and rich enough to reach the analyst's couch. But there has been virtually no serious research in this country on normal children from normal homes who are in loving and competent hands while their mothers go out to work.

Few normal mothers today are in a position to experiment on their own. In this the present generation is far less fortunate than my own. During the 1930s and earlier, a comparatively modest budget could include some domestic help. But today, alas, the fond nannies of yesteryear are extinct or priced out of the middle-class market.

Only in her role of consumer can the part-time mother expect a helping hand. Enterprising shopping centers are setting up day nurseries. So are bowling alleys. This gives the nation's ten million female bowlers a considerable edge over the seven million working mothers—who are, it may be said, among the least pampered in the Western World. By comparison with this country, day nurseries abound in Britain and France. In Sweden they have even been set up in universities to accommodate the young of married students. In contrast, the handsome new married-students' residence at Yale Medical School has apartments for couples only. With the advent of the first-born the lucky parents move to more commodious quarters in the adjacent slums. In many instances these young mothers are teachers or nurses who would like to continue in their professions—full- or part-time—if they could be relieved of some of their maternal and housekeeping duties.

To provide such help should be a prime purpose of the Service Corps. Mothers in the most essential professions should have a priority claim on these facilities. Once such services were established it would be possible to overhaul some outworn stereotypes about the role and responsibility of women—particularly those who go to college.



TOMORROW'S CO-EDS

MOST nineteenth-century feminists thought that professional women should be spinsters. Few women before or since have agreed, least of all the first feminist, Mary Wollstonecraft, who died in 1797. A creature of fiery passions as well as intellect, she was ardently attached to her lover, later became a model wife to William Godwin, one of the most eccentric intellectuals of all time, and was the devoted mother of two daughters of whom the younger became Shelley's wife and the author of *Frankenstein*. Mary was much too biological for the Victorian battlers for women's rights, though



they often mentioned her most famous book, *Vindication of the Rights of Women*. Parts are pertinent to today's college women, as, for instance, the following passage:

"If all the faculties of a woman's mind are only to be cultivated to obtain a husband, she grovels scarcely above the animal kingdom and inspires only a vapid tenderness which degenerates easily into contempt."

Stripped of eighteenth-century rhetoric, this was the gist of a controversy in the British press a few years back as to whether university education is wasted on girls who give up their careers for marriage. *The Economist* titled its comments "Labour Lost Through Love."

Similar views were echoed on these shores by a man who teaches science in a women's college. Discussing one of his most promising students he said, "I've never met a better mind. But six months after she graduated she married a businessman and now lives in a Chicago suburb taking care of four children. I hope she's happy, but sometimes you wonder what you're teaching them for."

This question is asked not only by faculty members but by large numbers of American girls and their parents. Although women now make up more than half the population, the proportion attending college has been declining in comparison with men in recent years. From 1920 to 1958 the ratio fell from 47 per cent women students to 35 per cent. In postgraduate education the drop has been even sharper: women received only one in ten of the doctoral degrees conferred in 1956 as compared to one in seven in 1920. Throughout the United States in 1956, only 355 female M.D.'s were graduated—out of a total of more than 7,000.

"The failure of women to keep pace with men in higher education is not from lack of preparation," says Professor Mabel Newcomer of Vassar.\* "The problem today for women is lack of motivation. . . ."

What seems indicated is a deeper probing by the colleges of the motivation of the applicants they accept. A determined search should be made for girls willing to make a serious commitment to scholarly, professional, or creative work, in return for the investment in their education. This will involve revamping admissions policies which have been too much shaped by the genteel traditions of the past and the sky-high tuition and board charges of the present. The women's colleges would do well to concen-

trate their scholarship aid on potentially productive citizens, even if their families are not on calling terms with the local queens of the alumnae association. And admissions offices would be justified in turning down applicants who voice no ambition beyond enlightened wife-and-motherhood.

With her A.B. in hand, tomorrow's college graduate should be encouraged to enter a profession and to stick with it even if this involves postponing motherhood and eventually delegating some of its responsibilities. The delusion that every woman must be a chambermaid, cook, and nurse—in addition to any other work she may do—is archaic. It makes no more sense than insisting that a research chemist take time out to wash the test tubes and scrub the lab floor. Women, like men, should give their highest skills to a society which badly needs them.

#### THE HUSBANDS ARE WILLING

SUCH a trend is not likely to stir protests from many American men, particularly the young husbands who so amiably support their children and help change their diapers as well. In fact, Dr. Reuben Hill of the Family Study Center at the University of Minnesota told last spring's White House Conference on Children that marriage is likely to have "a more companionate quality" when both husband and wife are earners as well as homemakers.

This view is supported without exception by the husbands of working wives whom I have questioned, though several voice qualms at the prospect of having their daughters drafted.

"I like the idea of a career corps which would give girls a real alternative to commercial jobs when they leave school or college," said one genial father. "Too many of them end up as typists or bookkeepers when they might find a real vocation in public service. And I don't deny we need them."

"But really," he added, "can't a democracy pull up its socks without putting women in uniform? Are we going to have female top sergeants?"

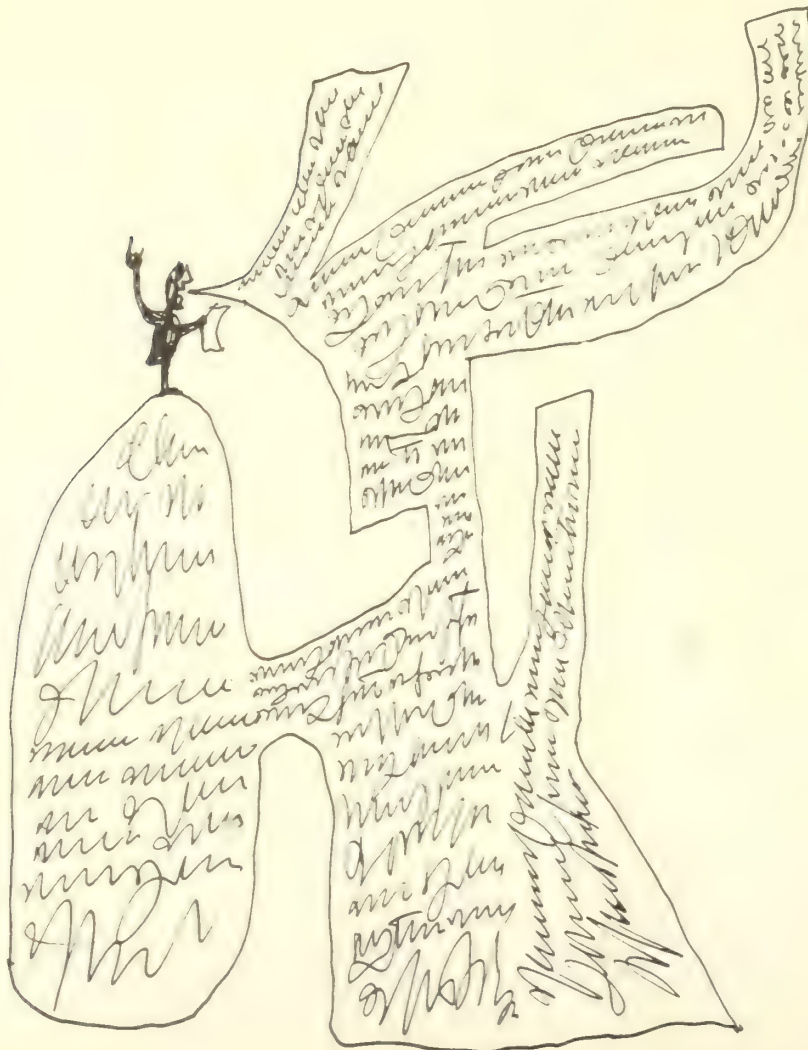
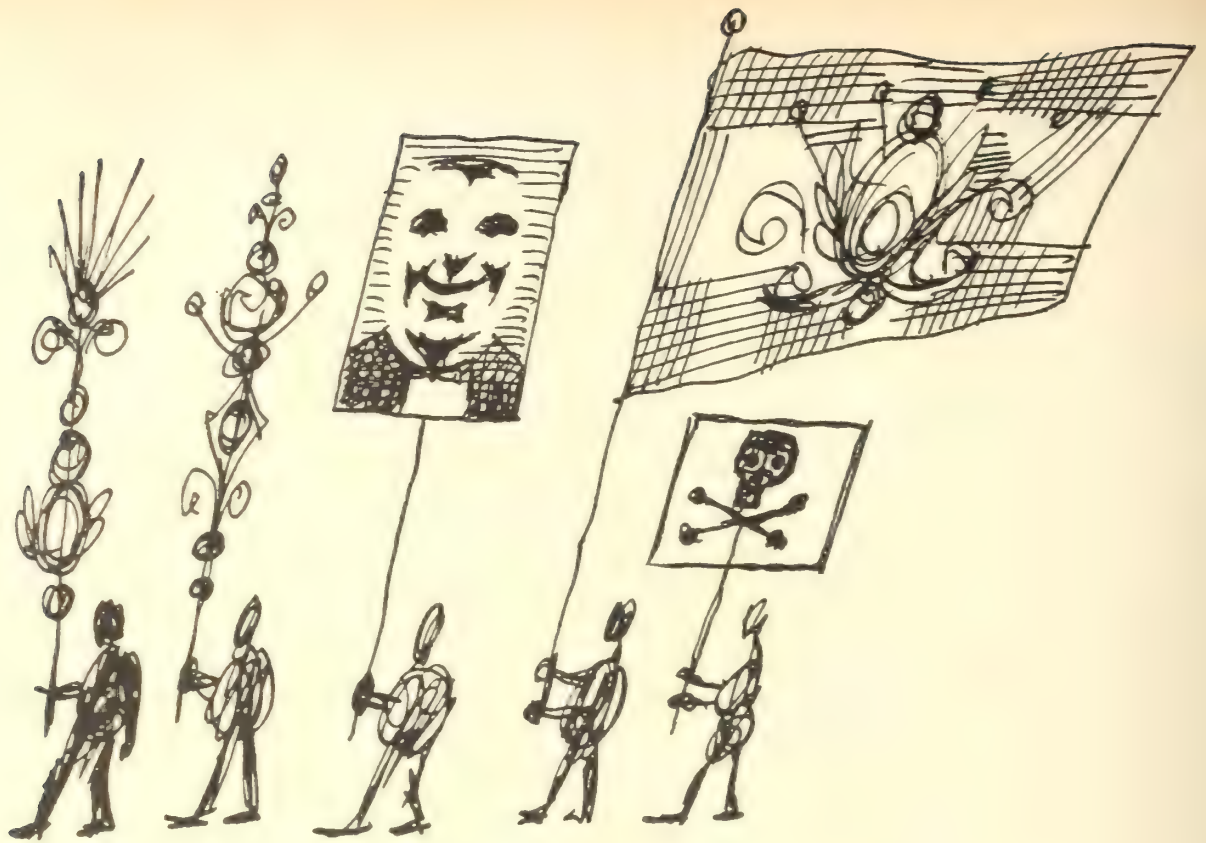
Hopefully—no uniforms, no sergeants. But we do not consider it undemocratic to require young men to serve their country in time of national danger. Wayward and ignorant children, needless suffering, and widespread frustration are no less ominous threats to our society than military peril. On what grounds shall women claim the privilege of dodging what is so clearly their particular responsibility?

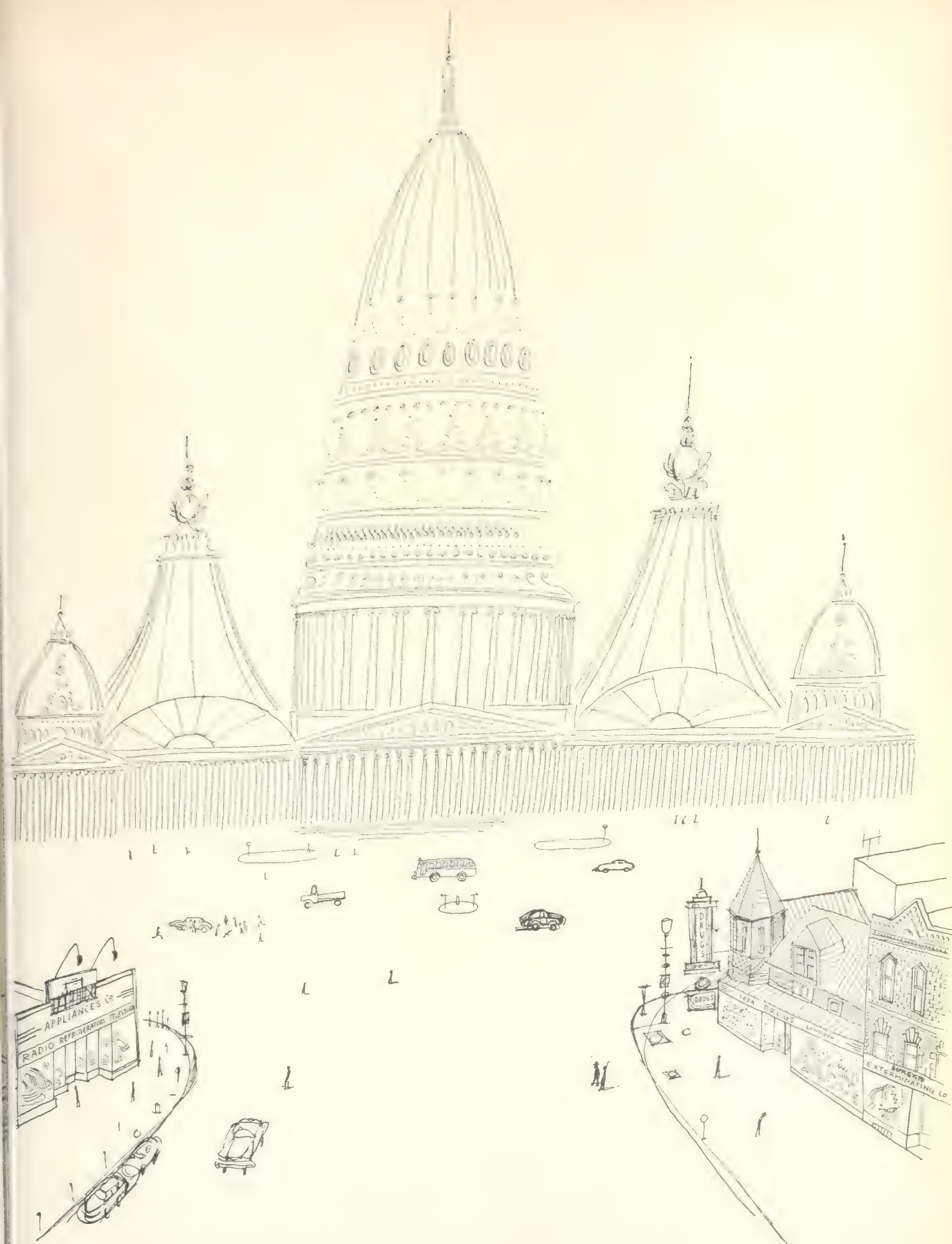
\* *A Century of Higher Education for Women*. Harper, New York, 1959.

# STEINBERG U.S.A.

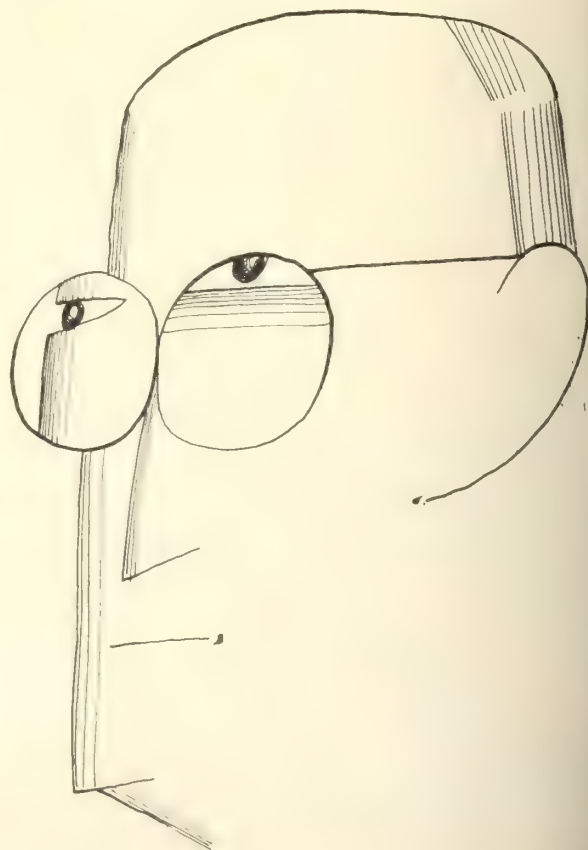
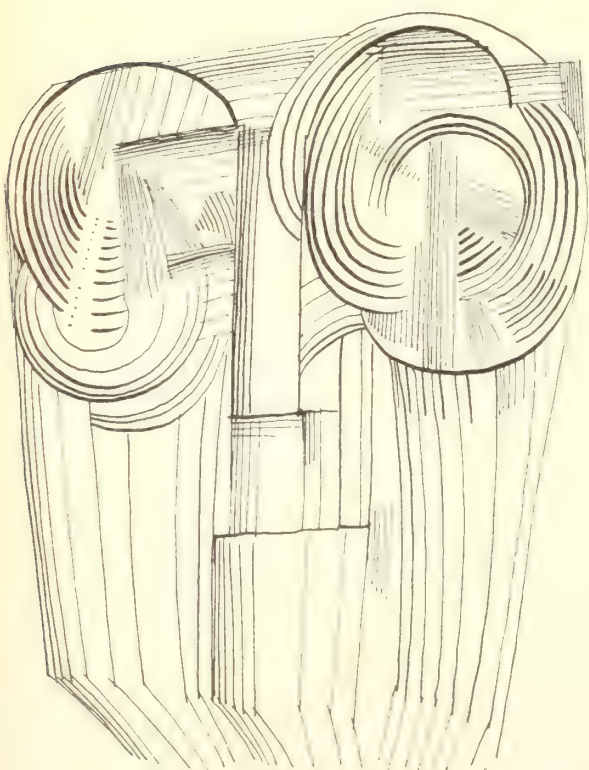
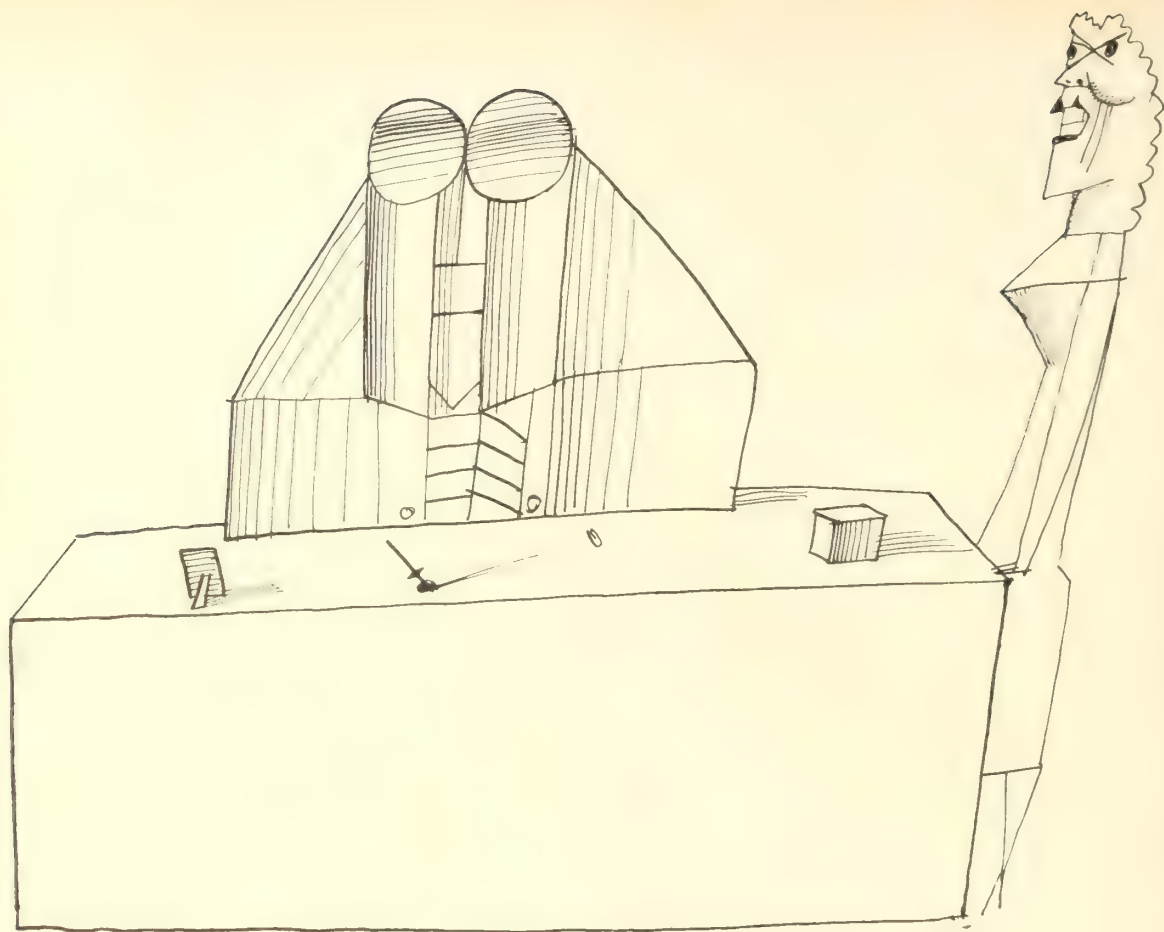


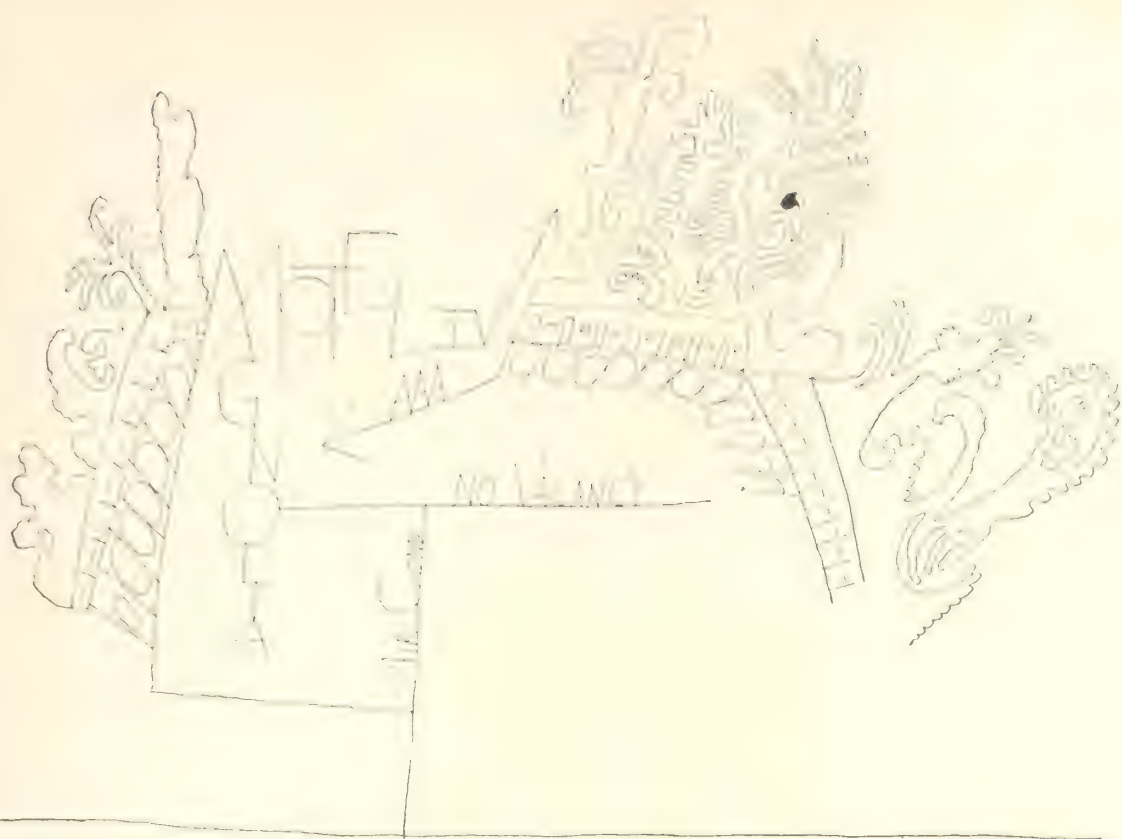




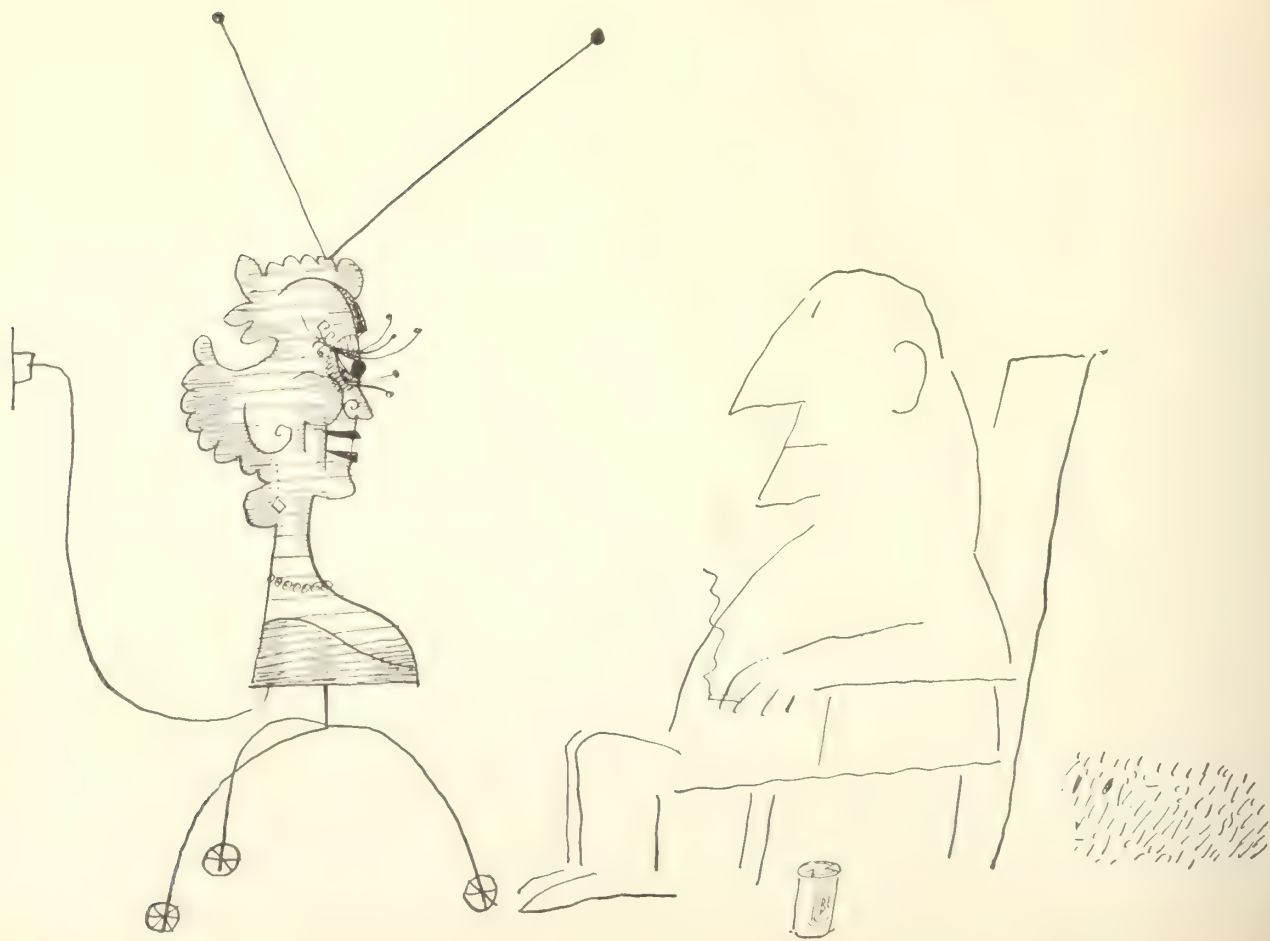












# EPILEPSY AND THE LAW

*Because of a superstition running back to ancient times, our legal system is now grossly unfair to about a million people in many ways, ranging from licenses to marriage laws.*

OF ALL the ills which assail the flesh, one of the most dramatic is an epileptic seizure. Often without warning and with the suddenness of a thunderclap the victim loses all animation. He gives out a guttural cry, contorts his face, and falls to the floor. His body stiffens, and then his muscles go into an uncontrolled, rhythmic heaving for the better part of a minute. With his breathing apparatus caught in the vise of the convulsion, he turns red and then blue for want of air.

When it seems as though this agony will dispatch him to his very death (which it virtually never does) his arms and legs stop flailing and he lies motionless and inert, as though completely drained by the gigantic convulsive struggle. Then with a great effort his chest expands, and his color comes back with the precious air he now gathers into his lungs in great gulps. The onlooker knows that the crisis is past, that soon he will rise again, whole, conscious, fully alive. It is an unforgettable sight.

In addition to such *grand mal*, or big-sickness attacks, the epileptic may have *petit mal*, or little-sickness episodes. These may be fleeting and nearly unnoticeable, consisting only of some minor unusual muscular activity plus a momentary interruption in the stream of consciousness. For example, not long ago an attractive teen-aged girl was sitting in a chair opposite my office desk. We were chatting when her face suddenly lost its youthful aliveness, her eyes rolled upward, her nose puckered, and she sniffed vigorously, as though trying to define a wayward odor. At the

same time her forearms, which were clutching her schoolbooks, made a small upward movement, and her books slid low in her lap. Then her eyes returned to the normal position, the puckering and sniffing stopped. "Pardon me," she said smiling, "What were you saying?" The whole episode had not lasted more than fifteen seconds. She called it one of her "blank spells." Sometimes such attacks are the epileptic's only complaint; others have both minor and major attacks.

A third form of seizure which has been studied widely in recent years is the epileptic equivalent. In these psychomotor attacks, to give them their modern name, the patient does not have a convulsion, but rather a sudden interruption in the stream of consciousness plus a tumbled confusion of mind, jumbled speech, and illogical behavior. For instance, a young repairman for a public-utility company came in one day saying that he had a bad temper, and if something weren't done about it he was going to lose his job and his wife. Asked to describe his difficulty in more detail, he answered that he did not know as much about his troubles as others did. It turned out that he was a sober, hard-working, virtuous fellow except at relatively rare and unpredictable intervals. At such times he suddenly felt hot and flushed, and a great ire welled up in him—a rage at everything animate and inanimate. He could not be still. He felt impelled to walk, to pace. Then things went "blurry." Three to ten minutes later when the blurriness cleared up, his clothes were wet with sweat, his heart was pounding and he felt drained of strength. During the blurred periods, according to his wife, he cursed incoherently, struck his fists together, kicked furniture, and was otherwise totally unreasonable. This patient responded to treatment and his attacks are now a thing of the past.

Another dramatic case was that of a young



mother who had not gone out of her home alone for three years because she feared the infrequent "spells" she had been having. To this day I have never got a full picture of them, and I suspect that no words in our vocabulary can describe them. "All of a sudden the most terrible feeling in the world comes over me," she reported. Was it a fear of dying? Only partly, she said. "It's my husband, my girl, everybody, my family, the whole world." Talking with her repeatedly about these attacks, I feel that I have learned something new about the dimensions of the word *doom*. According to her husband during the attacks she wrung her hands, tugged at her hair, covered her face, cried softly, and groaned and muttered for as long as twenty minutes. She does not recall all this—only the aftermath—going to bed, burying her head in the pillows, finally falling into sleep. She, too, has responded to treatment, and now that she is convinced that the attacks are gone, she is a true suburban gadabout.

Such episodes might be called sudden storms in the brain. They differ widely from patient to patient and can occur alone or in combination with the other types of seizures.

#### WHY THE STIGMA?

**C**ONTRARY to the general impression, there are many epileptics in the United States today. Accurate figures are hard to come by, but according to the best estimates they number between 800,000 and 1,500,000—roughly one per hundred people (the same ratio is found throughout the civilized world). Epilepsy is as old as man—much older, in fact, for the most primitive of animals have been observed in convulsions. They have been induced experimentally in salamanders and insects. It is now believed that under certain circumstances a convulsion can be brought about in any member of the human race. The line between the normal and the convulsive state is narrow.

In earlier times men believed these flailings of the human frame must have a supernatural cause. The ancient Greeks thought that the patient was seized upon by evil spirits, and called the disorder the sacred disease. However, the astute Hippocrates, who wrote clearly about epilepsy more than two thousand years ago, did not hold with this theory. He put forward the alternate view that the attack was caused by a corruption in the brain. Biochemists of our day agree, and are hard at work searching for such a "corruption." They have not defined it as yet, but the way they are going at it with

their increasingly subtle new analytical tools must surely make the ghost of Hippocrates smile with satisfaction.

Despite Hippocrates, the falling sickness remained a thing of amazement to anyone who looked upon it, and the demoniacal concept persisted. During the Middle Ages and even in modern times the epileptic has been accused of witchcraft or of being possessed by devils. This notion has saddled epileptic patients with an extra burden often heavier than the disorder itself—a social stigma which extends far beyond a neighbor's disapproving frown. It has, in fact, been written into our laws despite modern advances in the treatment of the disease.

A century ago, doctors started using bromides to treat epilepsy. They did little to control attacks but were quite effective in blunting the patients' minds, thus contributing to the popular picture of the epileptic as a dull-witted fellow incapable of managing his own affairs and in need of legal guardianship. In truth, one might argue just as eloquently for a relationship between epilepsy and genius. Among the company of great men of history who are reputed to have been epileptic are Buddha, Socrates, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Mohammed, Peter the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte. But in fact there is no relationship between epilepsy and intellectual caliber. An epileptic may have other infirmities or he may be richly endowed.

The first modern drug used in the treatment of epilepsy was phenobarbital, introduced about fifty years ago. It is still used widely. Although reliance on it alone can cause drowsiness and apathy, it often controls attacks. Control, of course, does not mean cure. In the same fashion insulin does not cure diabetes. In most instances, however, in proper dosage along with other measures, insulin controls the disease so that for practical purposes the patient is not diabetic. In this state he is as good as the next fellow if he takes prudent care of himself and remains alert to his potential for getting into trouble. The same holds true for phenobarbital and the

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*Dr. Howard D. Fabing, whose last piece in "Harper's" was about steam cars, appears this month in his professional capacity. A physician practicing neurology and psychiatry in Cincinnati, he is chairman of the Legislation Committee of the American Epilepsy Society. He is a past president of the American Academy of Neurology, the Society of Biological Psychiatry, and the Academy of Medicine of Cincinnati.*

drugs which have followed it in treating epilepsy. When these drugs—called anti-convulsants—are effective, they prevent the periodic attacks which are the manifestation of epilepsy. Like the diabetic the patient is controlled rather than cured. He must take his medication daily and he must remain aware of the danger if he does not follow his regimen. This is the prospect for many epileptics, though for obscure but happy reasons some have a spontaneous remission of their attacks.

In 1937 Drs. H. Houston Merritt and Tracy J. Uutnam, then working at Harvard University, discovered the use of sodium diphenyl hydantoinate in the treatment of seizures. This drug has ended the attacks of thousands of epileptics, and paved the way for other good drugs. As a result, about ten new compounds are now available in the doctor's bag and on the druggist's shelves to control seizures. None is effective in all cases, and many are tricky to use, but the total effect is heartening. Seizures can now be controlled completely in 50 per cent of epileptics, and can be so reduced in frequency and severity in an additional 30 per cent that these patients can be rehabilitated. The search for new and better drugs goes on continuously, and the hope that these figures may improve is justified.

Parallel with these advances in treatment, gains in basic knowledge have improved diagnostic accuracy. In 1929 Dr. Hans Berger of Berlin invented the electroencephalograph, or "brain wave" machine. In principle it is like the electrocardiograph, which records the electrical currents generated by the heart. The brain, too, generates a tiny amount of electricity which can be amplified by the machine and recorded on paper as waves or squiggles which help the doctor to "see" through the skull into the brain electronically. The machine is both a diagnostic and a research tool. It also helps the surgeon locate areas of brain disturbance which can be removed in the small number of epileptic patients whose illness is open to surgical attack.

My professional lifetime has been just long enough to see most of these things come to pass. When I graduated from medical school epilepsy was a bugaboo. Today, the physician approaches the epileptic patient with confidence and reasonable optimism. We can help the great majority of them. But unfortunately there is all too often a string attached to the help.

For epilepsy is an anomaly in medicine. The scientific enigma of epilepsy is disappearing yet the social stigma remains. The doctor who succeeds in bringing the seizures under control often

runs smack into an ancient stone wall of prejudice when he attempts to lead his patient into the next—most important and rewarding—phase of therapy, his rehabilitation and reintegration into the world of his fellowmen.

#### LAWS THAT FAIL

THE chief barrier is a body of obsolete state laws and administrative regulations. In our legal system the states are the guardians of their residents, responsible both for punishing and protecting them. On this basis they have written laws regulating the epileptic's right to marry, to procreate, to drive an automobile, and to work.

Ten states now forbid epileptics to marry.\* The purpose of such eugenic laws is to prevent marriages whose offspring might become public charges. But experts who have studied this matter carefully in the United States, Sweden, and Denmark agree that the genetic factor in epilepsy is insignificant.

Nor do state laws keep epileptics from falling in love. And, of course, they can marry simply by stepping across a state line if necessary. However for the epileptic who lives in one of the states forbidding marriage this involves the risk of a "void" marriage, and a morass of legal difficulties.

Eighteen states have sterilization laws applicable to epileptics.\*\* These, like the marriage laws, are based on the assumption that there is a strong genetic factor in epilepsy, which is not the case.

But even if the sterilization laws were genetically sound, they would affect only the small percentage of epileptics who are in state institutions. Any epileptic who is not institutionalized can move to another state to escape the legally wielded knife. Thus the eugenic purpose of the statutes fails completely.

In practice no effort is made to enforce the law in half of the states where it is on the books. As

\* They are Delaware, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina (uncontrolled epileptics only), North Dakota, Utah, Virginia, and West Virginia. (Connecticut and Kansas, which passed such laws toward the end of the last century, have since repealed them.)

\*\* These are *Arizona, Delaware, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia.* (Italics indicate institutionalized epileptics only.)



in the case of the marriage statutes, none of the laws contains a definition of "epilepsy." They accomplish no demonstrable purpose as they now stand. Their greatest effect is to perpetuate the stigma against epilepsy in the public mind.

Of greater practical concern to the epileptic are the laws affecting his right to drive an automobile. This privilege is not to be treated lightly. The automobile's movements are wholly dependent on the muscular activities of the driver, which in turn are wholly controlled by his brain. Any error in consciousness, attention, or reaction-time may convert the vehicle into a lethal juggernaut. Yet the automobile has become a part of our very way of life. Anyone who does not drive these days is singled out as a social oddity. More importantly, driving may be necessary to earning a living.

All our states, with only one exception,\* give the administrator of the motor vehicle laws broad discretion about who may or may not drive. The job of these administrators is not an easy one in a nation that almost lives on wheels. Individual privilege must, of course, give way to the paramount issue of public safety.

New Mexico and Oklahoma designate epileptics as a group who shall be denied the driving privilege categorically and by law. Eleven states deny the license to "adjudicated" epileptics.\*\* Illinois, Wisconsin, and Ohio have special procedures. The remainder of the states do not specify the epileptic, but instruct the administrator to deny the license to any person deemed an unsafe driver. In the exercise of their discretion, some administrators categorically deny the driving privilege to all persons with a history of seizures, thus washing their hands of a difficult problem by a blanket ruling.

The epileptic responds to these laws and administrative rules in various ways. He may move to another state if he is blacklisted as an automobile driver. A seizure-free patient may feel he is being crucified, and rebel against the law. He may perjure himself by failing to state that he has a history of seizures on his application blank. He may drive in defiance of the law, and usually gets away with it. If his seizures are uncontrolled, he may "go underground" and try to hide his illness.

\* South Dakota's Motor Vehicle Driver's License Law is basically a registration statute, and makes no provision for examination and qualification of the applicant.

\*\* They are Alabama, Arizona, Delaware, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Washington.

It is a common belief among epileptics that doctors must report all cases of epilepsy to the authorities. Such reportability laws exist, in seven states.\* But it is questionable whether they do any good. Physicians are reluctant to comply because they run counter to both the Hippocratic code and our preciously guarded concept of privileged communication. They terrorize the patient and keep him away from medical help.

Probably we will never be able to write and enforce laws which will encompass all the vagaries of the human neuromuscular system in relation to the modern motor vehicle. But it behooves us to do the best we can.

#### THE WISCONSIN MODEL

A PRACTICAL model is the Wisconsin statute which gives the administrator statutory authority to grant a limited driver's license to an epileptic upon certification by the attending physician that the applicant is under treatment and is free of seizures. As an administrative rule-of-thumb the license is granted if the patient has been seizure-free for two years. However, if a license is denied, the case may be brought before a review board composed of the administrator or his designate plus two physicians qualified in the diagnosis and treatment of epilepsy. A determination by the board is binding. If it rules that a license should be issued, a limited permit for six months only is granted. It is renewable for six-month periods on recommendation of the attending physician, provided the applicant continues under treatment and has no seizures.

During the first five years of this law in Wisconsin, the administrator granted 280 licenses on the basis of a medical certification and denied them in 296 cases. Of the 296 applicants denied a license, 129 appealed to the board. Of these, the board granted a license to 84 and denied it to 45. No one to whom a license was granted by the Wisconsin board has been involved in a motor vehicle accident because of seizures. These drivers can now obtain full-coverage liability insurance at premiums which were uprated only 5 per cent for administrative costs. It is significant that the number of persons admitting a history of seizures rose substantially after the enactment of this law, according to the Wisconsin Motor Vehicle Department. A somewhat

\* They are California, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Nevada, New Jersey, and Oregon.

HOLLIS SUMMERS

## September: The Final Word

WE know, of course, the world will last until  
Every nation gets a chance at the Gospel.  
I do not have at hand the latest official

Figures, but I am safe in saying the Word  
Has got pretty well around. October,  
Or early November, will end our calendar.

It will be dark, around four A.M.,  
A rooster will crow twice, and then,  
Bong, the world will end.

I speak, of course, for us in Central Time,  
Living south of the Mason Dixon line,  
But I include us all here. China

And Japan and those places, and the big towns  
Where snow will be falling and the sound  
Of a rooster can't be heard anyhow, will find

Themselves ending a little different and later,  
But not much. All air will feel like four  
In the morning before the third cry of a  
rooster.

I do not mean to frighten you. Even  
If this minute of this bright afternoon  
The final Hottentot is being given

The final word by the final missionary,  
We will last clear until morning while the  
trees

Hold up the blue sky with only leaves.

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similar statute was passed three years ago in Ohio.

The *coup de grâce* for the controlled epileptic who can't legally marry, have children, or drive an automobile is to find he can't get a job because most employers are reluctant to hire epileptics. This is a wholly unwarranted prejudice. Studies by the U. S. Department of Labor and the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies show that epileptics have no significantly larger number of injuries on the job than other workers, and that they compare favorably in absenteeism and work output.

Yet in New York City, for example, only 12 per cent of controlled epileptics who apply to the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation are placed in jobs. The deep-rooted social stigma

attached to their disorder accounts for much of this failure. It is heartening to report, however, that the nation's largest employer, the federal government, has announced that epileptics are employable in the federal service if their attacks are adequately controlled and if their placement is selective. In addition, a model law was enacted in Ohio in 1956 to assist controlled epileptics, along with a wide variety of other handicapped persons, in getting jobs. The law established an Encouragement of Employment of the Handicapped Fund under the Workmen's Compensation Act. This allows the employer to bring these people, now discarded vocationally despite their deep yearning to work along with the rest of us, into his fold as normal insurance risks. This forward-looking legislation deserves consideration by other states.

Contrasted with the strides in medical treatment of epilepsy in our time, it would seem that little progress has been made in restoring to the epileptic those human rights which should be his natural heritage. One reason for this has been the reluctance of epileptics themselves to organize for this purpose; to do so would be to announce publicly a disability which they have every urge to hide.

Little happened until medical men decided to look beyond the individual patient to the wider world of the environment in which he had to live. In 1954 the American Epilepsy Society appointed a special committee on legislation composed of interested doctors and laymen. They enlisted the help of Dean Roscoe L. Barrow and members of the law faculty of the University of Cincinnati. A survey of state laws and administrative practices relating to the epileptic was financed by the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness. The resulting study\* includes a proposal for bringing laws into line with medical progress. Subsequently sweeping new statutes were enacted in Ohio, reforms have been brought about in five more states recently, and bills are in the hopper in other states.

Quite apart from the humane and moral considerations involved, reform of our archaic laws and social attitudes will enable the vast majority of epileptics to become taxpayers rather than tax spenders. It is within our power to restore to them the dignity which comes to all who enjoy the privileges of first-class citizenship—including the privilege of doing an honest day's work.

\*R. L. Barrow and H. D. Fabing. *Epilepsy and the Law*. Hoeber-Harper, 1956.



# The Drunken Baboon



By BILL McFALL

*Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery*

WE WERE seven at table that night, but we needed only three chairs. We dined outdoors, under a stubby palm tree, by the light of one lamp and a full African moon. Around the compound, built and later abandoned by Mussolini's colonists, some of the huts showed lights. From others came laughter. Both seemed equally far away. Beyond them, seaward, were wharves, lagoon, the reef; landward, barbed wire, bombed houses, the Somali village. Waves drummed on the reef, village drummers answered.

Bill, tall and black-bearded, represented the Allied navies, I their army. We both had chairs, were dressed in cotton kilts and sandals, ate rock lobster and drank white wine.

Oscar, a dog-faced baboon, squatted on the third chair, his eyes almost level with ours. Wearing only a waistbelt, he stuffed his cheek pouches with banana, drank lime juice and water.

Bill, as senior resident, took the head of the table, a few feet from his own porch door. On his immediate right Albert, the fat-tailed sheep, thrust his comic rump up into the light, his sleek

black head down into a bowl of posho, or cornmeal porridge. All the humped animals of Africa are in their way laughable; but the fat-tailed sheep shows a touch of the true comedian's bravado in adding to his vaudevillian behind his handy, but monstrous appendage. Albert had been given to Bill by the labor headmen to provide a feast of welcome. Presented live, he had not been slated for longevity. It was, however, Bill's first encounter with Albert's kind, and an eyeful of the grotesque backside had robbed him of all stomach for shoulder chops. Alternative fare was provided and Albert survived to grace our common board.

I sat on Albert's right, and to my right stood Cecilia, a small but beautifully proportioned she-ass. Cecilia had been a parting gift to Bill from my predecessor. She was light in color and had deep dark cross-marking of the true Christ-carrier. Elegantly petite, she had big full eyes, a heavy head, and a slender powerful neck. She had settled in with us very gracefully. There were many unused houses in the compound, but she seemed to take a fancy to the one I selected. Perhaps she felt that, as newcomers, we should stick together, perhaps she just liked the cool terrazzo flooring. Anyway, she chose to sleep in my living-room and, as she was naturally house-tidy, I had no objection.

I had learned from previous meals that, with Cecilia on one's right, it was wiser to eat with the left hand only. Now and again that heavy head

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*Bill McFall, British-born, was educated to be "a corporate officer and a gentleman." He served (1939-46) mostly in East Africa and Burma, fighting, he says, "fiercely but feebly for King and Country," then was in and out of business, in the Red Sea area, London, and New York.*

would come up from under the table. I had lost too many spoonfuls, and glassfuls, to run risks. I sat with my right arm over her shoulder, aware of the run of hard muscles under soft hide.

Cecilia was all peace. Oscar, her neighbor, was all unrest. Like other baboons I've met, he was convinced that all creation was quite as absurd as he himself looked and he treated life accordingly. He never seemed to plan ahead, except to avenge some real or imagined insult. He was unconcerned with the serious business of life; having fun and getting even with others took up all his time.

Oscar had been given to Bill by a native merchant. Except for a few simple rules, which he learned amazingly quickly, Oscar had the freedom of the compound. He was sensitive to emotional moods and hated us to be angry with him. To ignore him was to punish him rigorously; though occasionally, driving home a point of etiquette, Bill would have him bend over a chair and would administer a sharp smack on his little leather behind.

On Oscar's right, completing the circle, were the Count and Countess, two sturdy white goats. The boys had bought them new-born, planning kid stew; but Bill had stopped to fondle them and had found their hooves were still soft and rubbery. He had bought them to show me this interesting phenomenon. They got their names from the supercilious expression they brought from the womb, but they were later to live up to their titles, by growing to great stature, eating the spillage of grain and fruit manhandled through the port by our laborers. They foraged free, and were not directly dependent on us for all their food, so they were more aloof than the others. They turned up for any meal provided; but, having eaten with us, they went and ate elsewhere. They were fine-looking beasts, had recently discovered each other, and, like any pair of adolescents, were aware of little else.

In the houses of the compound, twenty Africans ate their evening meal, Bushiri alone was on duty, waiting on our table. He was an eleven-year-old orphan who had attached himself to Bill when a foster mother's earlier kindness degenerated into ear-pulling. His duty and his pleasure was to help Bill with the animals. He polished Cecilia's hooves with black boot polish, walked Albert who, lacking the stimulus of the flock, was inclined to stand quite still from one meal to the next. He measured out the posho rations; saw the water bowls were kept clean and full. He was also the houseboy when we had no human guests, attending to the wants of all

with equal courtesy. He was a cheerful, willing boy, who, as he stood behind Bill that evening, alert and elegant in his white shoulder-to-heel *kanzu* and crimson sash and tarboosh, made a very attractive figure.

Gip, Bill's dog, was part German shepherd and part Rhodesian lionhound. He was so certain he could lick his weight in leopards that he never showed fierce. He was content to play and be played with. He was a terror to the jackals and hyenas that haunted the surrounding areas at night, but who avoided his domain. He was death to wildcats. Yet with us he was all play. I believe he would have died for any of us without thinking it anything special. Yet his love was reserved for Bill, his friendship for Oscar. He would let the baboon pull him around, pull his ears or tail, use him for a pillow to rest on.

Gip lay a little withdrawn from the table. His food bowl was full, but he would not begin to eat till we were finished. He lay with his head up, ears erect, nose twitching, taking note of everything that went on beyond the circle of lamplight, without being so undignified as to go and see.

So there we were, on the eastern edge of Africa, a bunch of individuals brought together by chance, by the war, by the fact that Bill had a way with animals and animals have a way with me. We were quietly celebrating that oldest animal function, the meal, and suddenly all was

## HOUSE WIFE by Kate Barnes

MORNINGS, like a string of broken shoelaces,  
Wait to be tied up for the expectant children,  
Who must be kissed or scolded or cajoled  
To school or nursery school or into the yard  
Where they can be the monkeys of the garden,  
Shrieking and chittering among the oleanders;  
While she, within, paces the vacuum cleaner,  
Has a last cup of coffee with her husband,  
And starts the endless churning of the wash.

But night—the children are at last asleep—  
She sees them lying there, so still, so perfect,  
And she herself returns to former wildness  
When, standing by the inward blowing curtain,  
She smells the spring wind, hears the small clash  
of leaves,  
And struggles with the fox that gnaws her heart  
Despairing for its dark and earth-sweet burrow.



disorder. Oscar started it. We never decided what actually set him off, but the cause was his deep desire to be a human being. Oscar spent much of his time playing at being a man. He would sit for monkey-hours at a spare desk in my office, shuffling papers with the diligence of a civil servant. At nights when Bill and I sat and talked, we soon found it paid to allow times in the conversation for Oscar to gabble his piece. He was very serious about it and we took him seriously, addressing ourselves to him, or nodding at him knowingly.

Unfortunately, as we talked, we drank and so Oscar wanted to drink with us. Bill taught him to hold a glass in one hand, to pour from a bottle, to rinse and put away his glass. While still learning how to drink, he didn't mind what he poured. Later, he began to insist on drinking what we drank. Bill had to temper instruction with discipline. Oscar could have as much lime juice as he wanted, but he was not to pour himself liquor without express permission. He had his own bottle of local gin, which was put on the table by Bushiri along with whatever we drank, and from which he was allowed two small dashes each evening. He had accepted similar thou-shalt-nots with regard to sugar and other delicacies, and we had become accustomed to think of him as a peaceable citizen.

**R**EVOLT, when it came, came easy. Oscar reached out one hand and grabbed the bottle, hopped up onto the table, and with the other hand hauled himself up into the palm tree. He scuttled through the tree and jumped to the roof of the house. There he stopped, opened the bottle, and took a long swallow. Bill and I looked at each other, astonished.

"Don't take any notice," said Bill. "If we ignore him he'll come down to ask why." Oscar

watched us from the roof. We talked and ate. Oscar had another go at the bottle.

"It's a matter of time," said Bill. "How fast the liquor works. Maybe I'm wrong about not taking notice, but we can't change now or he'll be impossible in the future. Whatever he does, we'll just have to disregard him."

Oscar took another swig, and clicked to himself in the way he always used to show private enjoyment. Among the animals, Gip was the only one who realized that something was amiss. He regarded Oscar with obvious indecision.

I agreed with Bill in principle, but I was worried. Oscar in merely mischievous mood could do a great deal of damage, drunk he would menace our safety. In his child-size body he had the strength of a man.

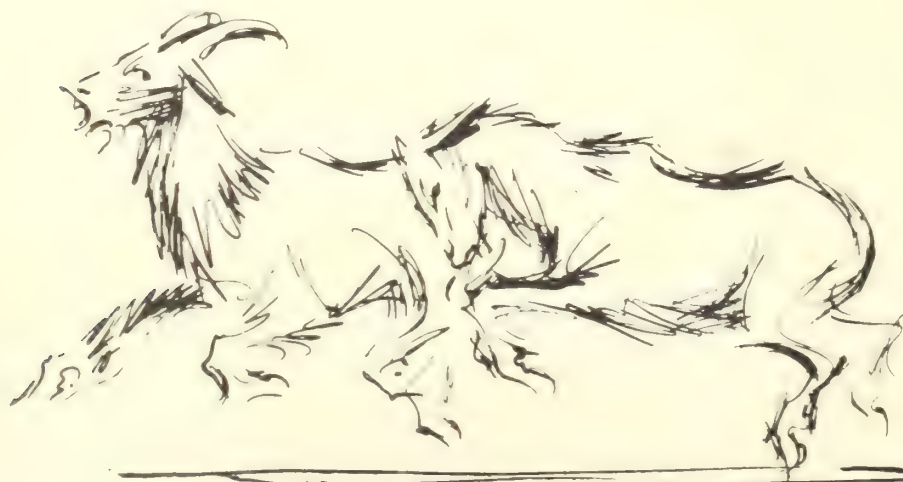
I pushed my plate away and opened a box of fifty cigarettes which lay in the center of the table. Lighting one, I put the open box down at my left hand. I looked up at Oscar. Albert's head came away from his platter. He ate the cigarettes. He started on the box. Albert was a thorough feeder. I looked at Bill and smiled, what they call a wan smile, probably. Oscar began to chatter.

Under my right arm I could feel Cecilia munching away. She took little notice of Oscar at any time. She would let him ride on her back if we put him there, but when he once tried to steal a ride, she bucked him off and caught him a well-timed kick. I moved my head so that I could keep Oscar in sight without looking directly at him. Oscar was behind Bill and Gip was behind me to my right. I noticed that Bill was looking in Gip's direction.

"Gip's getting restless," he said. "I don't want to call him in case it upsets Oscar."

I watched Oscar.

"He's put the bottle down," I said. "It's right



at the edge of the roof. I wonder could I get it."

Bill shook his head. "He'd beat you to it," he said. "I think he'll come now if we give him a chance. He won't be able to stand my not looking at him."

Bill was right. Very slowly Oscar began to lower himself onto the trellis wall of the house. He hung there, looking down, and one long arm reached up toward the bottle. Gip could stand it no longer. His friend was behaving like a stranger. He voiced his displeasure in one sharp peremptory bark.

Like a flash Oscar was back on the roof, the bottle clutched to his chest. He hiccuped and that started Gip barking in earnest. The unexpected noise displeased the goats and they walked round and away from the table. They were not in a hurry, they were just moving from where dogs bark to where they don't.

The quick move back onto the roof, or the shock of Gip's first bark, had started the alcohol to work in Oscar. He burst into frenzied chatter, jumped into the tree, swung himself down, and hurried after the goats. His left hand assisted his progress, his right held the bottle. He was up to the goats before either of them were aware and he caught the poor Countess a fearful whack on the rump with his bottle. She started and cannoned into the Count. He ran forward a few paces, then turned and blindly charged, catching his beloved in the ribs. For a moment they stood undecided, bleating angrily. Then they fled.

Gip, to defend the goats or to attack this strangely behaving friend, charged in. Oscar fled. Gip chased him, his fangs nearly taking hold as Oscar leaped for the trellis wall. Oscar rattled up with his bottle onto the roof.

Bill called Gip over, took him firmly by the collar, and began to soothe him. Cecilia, aware now that something was wrong, edged round to

get her head against my chest. She obviously feared the worst, but had no intention of seeing it happen. Albert went on eating.

Bill and I discussed the situation. Bill was sure that if we called out the servants and hunted and cornered Oscar, he would go mad with drink and fear, and that if we failed to catch him, he would be uncontrollable in future. I was worried about ourselves and the others. Oscar was no midget and baboons, if enraged or even over-excited, will sometimes destroy other animals as children smash toys.

But Oscar was Bill's, and so, too, was the decision.

We sat quiet for a while. Oscar tried another swallow, but apparently it did not taste so good this time. He put the bottle down. Bill spoke very quietly. "Bushiri," he said, "*nenda nyumbani yango na lete bunduki.*"

Bushiri's shapely young mouth thickened, his eyes blurred. I knew the boy loved the monkey, but was astonished that an order to fetch Bill's pistol should bring such quick tears. Bill quickly reassured the boy. The pistol was for emergencies only. As Bushiri moved, Oscar launched himself straight at the boy's head. It was not Bushiri he was after, but his hat. He made a neat gather in mid-air and landed with the tarboosh in his hand. While Bushiri went and returned with the gun, Oscar solemnly tore his trophy to shreds. Bill took the gun, proved it, and held it in his lap. Gip crouched beside him. Bushiri stood and shivered. I held Cecilia's head and watched Oscar. Albert ate.

While Oscar was busy with the hat, a sudden noise startled us all. The bottle fell off the roof. Oscar moved, I moved, but Gip was fastest. He reached the bottle moments before Oscar and stood over it snarling. Oscar danced about in front of him and chattered his displeasure. I





walked over to Gip. Oscar retreated, still very vociferous. The bottle lay on the sand, slowly draining. I tilted it to finish the process, then carried it, empty, back to the table.

Oscar lost the last remnants of control. He rushed over and mounted to the table by way of Albert's back, flung plates, glasses, and bottles out over the far side, leapt up into the tree, onto Bushiri, back onto the table. He went up the tree again, over to the house, and down the trellis. He pulled at Bushiri's robe and my kilt. He yanked Cecilia's tail and knocked over his own chair. He threshed around the place in lunatic excitement, from table to tree, tree to house, house to ground, and back again.

Bill, usually quick and decisive in emergency, stood up slowly. He backed to the trellis and hovered. If he shot now the last thing he was likely to hit was this erratic thunderbolt of a baboon. Gip crawled in behind Bill's legs. The whole thing had become too much for him. I, too, stood well away from the table, on the other side, holding a chair like an apprentice lion-tamer. Cecilia, thoroughly upset by the tail-tweaking, pushed her forehead into the small of my back. Bushiri squatted on the sand, arms shielding his fuzzy head. Albert completed his meal.

**F**INALLY Oscar came to rest. He had apparently slowed down sufficiently to catch a whiff of the spilled liquor. He moved over to the dark patch on the sand and smelled it. Then, suddenly, he was very very sick.

Moved by sympathy, I started toward him, but was checked by a peremptory gesture from Bill. He went back to his chair, signing to us to do likewise. I led Cecilia back. Bushiri picked up the scattered dishes. Gip, on command, returned to his original place. Albert moved under the table to the remnant of food left by the goats.

When Oscar finally looked up, things were almost as they had been before his lapse. He came slowly, unhappily, back to the table. I had replaced his chair and he climbed onto it and tried to sit up. Nausea forbade. He tried to lie down. There wasn't room. Like a clumsy child, he climbed slowly onto the table and stretched out on one side. Bill put down his gun and, reaching out, began to fondle Oscar's head. A smaller hand came up and clutched the stroking fingers. Bill let his hand lie still.

We all sat quiet. I felt Cecilia's head relax in a way that told me she had gone to sleep. Albert

strolled out from under the table and discovered the fragments of the hat. He began to eat. Bushiri grinned. Slowly Oscar began to work his body round on the table, until his head hung comfortably over the edge. The alcohol fumes were still at work. He shuddered once or twice and then, quite suddenly, passed out.

Bill slid the inert body across the table and eased it on to his lap. The movement woke Cecilia and, raising her head, she regarded the two of them with interest. Gip got up, walked over, and prodded Oscar with an inquiring nose. Bill, like a father with a rowdy but now somnolent son, rearranged the unconscious head against his chest. Bushiri and I began to laugh. Bill looked at us. He seemed to feel that he owed us some apology.

"You know," he said, "he didn't bite or try to scratch and when he threw things, it wasn't at us."

I mentioned the tarboosh, now rapidly being transformed into fat-tailed mutton.

"He obviously wants one," said Bill. "If you see what I mean, he didn't even go for Bushiri, he went for the hat."

"He smacked the Countess on the rump," I persisted.

"Certainly he did," said Bill, getting up with Oscar in his arms, "and who wouldn't?" He smiled. Bushiri nodded gravely.

Bill carried Oscar's sixty-odd pounds of dead weight over to the porch and laid them gently on the day bed. He stood there, silent, while Gip came close and laid his chin on the inert baboon's arm. Bushiri collected the dishes into a basket and disappeared with them into the kitchen. I turned and strolled over to my own house. Cecilia went with me, walking close and jostling me gently with her head. At the door I turned and looked back. The compound was empty but for Albert, who had finished the last piece of hat and was now standing quite still, waiting for something exciting to happen.



ROBERT NEVILLE

# THE SOFT LIFE IN ITALY

*A correspondent in Rome reports on one of the most controversial—and disturbing—films that Italy has yet produced.*

THE owners of Federico Fellini's new film "*La Dolce Vita*"—"The Sweet Life"—have been asking one million dollars and up for the rights to distribute it in the United States. Whatever its effects will be when a price is agreed on and it is finally released in America (probably some time in mid-fall) it has had a remarkable impact here in Europe.

When it first appeared in sixty-four Italian cities last winter it not only became an all-time cinematic hit in this nation of intensive moviegoers but it aroused an unprecedented amount of bitter critical argument. Subsequently it won first prize at the Cannes Film Festival and went on from there to become a smash sellout in France and Germany. Very few films indeed have made such a stir in recent years. Very few films, either, have ever dealt so frankly with sexual pleasure and perversion in modern society and been released to the general public.

Even the Church, which usually presents a united front on such issues, was divided on this one. For example, Cardinal Giuseppe Siri, the Archbishop of Genoa and the clerical overseer of the vote-getting Catholic Action, saw the film before it was released and apparently gave it his own personal *nihil obstat*. Catholic Action's newspaper, *Il Quotidiano*, of Rome, taking its cue from the good cardinal, gave the movie at first a rave review, although it had second thoughts about it later.

It wasn't long, however, before the Vatican's really authoritative voice, *L'Osservatore Romano*, let go at "*La Dolce Vita*," interspersing its objections with such strong adjectives as "re-

volting," "indecent," "sacrilegious" and "obscene." For a while it looked as if the Italian government, notoriously weak when it comes to standing up to Vatican pressure, would order the film either heavily cut or wholly withdrawn. Surprisingly, it did neither. At this writing an intact "*Dolce Vita*," all three hours of it, is still playing to crowded houses at the same time that dubbed-in versions in other languages are being prepared for export to practically every country in the world.

As for the lay critics, they too had mixed minds, although they were not particularly bothered about possible smuttiness. Alberto Moravia, the novelist who doubles once weekly as a movie critic, called Fellini a cinematic Petronius, thus plainly implying that in his (Moravia's) opinion the present times correspond to the bittersweet life under Emperor Nero described in the *Satyricon*.

Perhaps the favorite adjective tossed around in connection with the movie has been the word "apocalyptic." One enthusiastic reviewer read more into the film than even Fellini could have intended; he thought that the seven distinct episodes into which the film is divided deliberately represented the Biblical "Seven Nights of Destruction" preceding the Last Judgment.

## THE FLIGHT OF JESUS

ON THE other hand, the movie does open on what is undeniably an apocalyptic note. A gilded statue of Christ, borne by a helicopter, sails serenely over Rome, skirting first over the big dome of St. Peter's and then over the rooftops of modern apartment houses in Parioli. (This actually happened on May 1, 1950.) A group of very pretty girls in skimpy Bikinis, sunbathing on one of the roofs, spots this moving spectacle and one of them shouts: "Oh, look, here comes



Jesus!" To which another replies: "Where's He going?"

Besides suggesting a *deus ex machina*, a common trademark of decadent theatrics, this bizarre opening also constitutes a thoroughly outrageous visual pun which can be read in several ways. Obviously the scene suggests how flip and grotesquely irreverent modern society has become, but what exactly did Fellini mean by it? Was it a sort of *Kyrie eleison* invocation or was it, as some of the clerics evidently thought, just pure blasphemy? "*La Dolce Vita*" is full of such poetic ambiguities.

Fellini himself describes "The Sweet Life" as a "fresco representing life today" and has repeated the phrase *ad nauseam* for all comers. ("I should have a record made.") He does not comment further but it is not hard to imagine what he has in mind when one examines the film in detail.

"The Sweet Life" is set in Rome and the *dramatis personae* contains a wide assortment of the characters of the city: playboys, priests, whores, housewives, princes, pederasts, painters, press agents, existentialist singers, lawyers, matinee idols, aristocrats. Not, on the whole, a very wholesome lot.

The protagonist is a young newspaperman named Marcello whose central beat is the café-lined Via Veneto, spawning place of scandals and haunt of what the Eternal City calls "snobility." He specializes, it seems, in gossip. Marcello is a winning fellow, half innocent and half sinful, who would like to do better things but who also wants to amuse himself. He not only covers various news happenings, thus giving him an excuse to be practically anywhere at any time, but he also often becomes a sort of actor-spectator, much in the manner of the character who narrates the *Satyricon*.

"*La Dolce Vita*," in effect, consists of both the events Marcello covers and the stories in which he inadvertently finds himself a participant. One sequence, "The Miracle," is the story of what happens in a neighborhood when two small children swear they have seen a vision of the Madonna. Another episode, very nostalgic, deals with the visit of Marcello's father to Rome and

how the old man gets taken by a couple of chorus girls. Still another, probably the least satisfactory of the lot, is about an intellectual who kills his two children and then himself. The character of this intellectual appears to have been suggested by the example of Roberto Rossellini, who for years was Fellini's mentor in the movie world.

Perhaps the most daring episode of the film is that in which a rich young nymphomaniac persuades Marcello to make love to her on a prostitute's bed. The most effective episode of the film, however, and essentially the most shocking, takes place at a free-for-all aristocrats' party in a real castle outside Rome. Rome has wondered ever since just how Fellini persuaded the owner to rent his castle for such goings-on, but a more intriguing question has been why so many of Rome's "black nobility"—the descendants of the old Roman aristocracy—were willing to play themselves in these realistic scenes. The language coming from those titled lips on this occasion is worthy of inventive sailors and the amateur actors seem very much at ease in their roles.

#### SEX IN THE JUNGLE

THERE is no plot line, no beginning or end, no conventional dramatic construction in "*La Dolce Vita*." On the surface, the various episodes have little or no connection with each other and are linked together only by Marcello's presence in each of them. Each sequence has its own separate cast of characters. This has caused "*La Dolce Vita*" to be attacked as formless, incoherent, senseless, ambiguous, and obscure. Actually, however, there is a design: each episode is supposed to represent a part of the fabric of life in a great city today, and all the episodes put together become a sort of catalogue of the sybaritic ills that infest the society of cities—the quest for unusual erotic pleasures, the lack of a rational approach toward personal problems, excessive boredom, extreme cruelty, extravagance and corruption, all resulting in both sexual promiscuity and sexual degeneration.

Rome may not be the most representative city of modern times—it is a bit less crowded and dirty and generally less harried than others—but for Fellini's purposes it will do. It has in sufficient quantity all the ugly ingredients which tend to cause decay in our big urban cities. In "*La Dolce Vita*" Fellini seems to view Rome as a kind of jungle. In one of the scenes the chief character remarks that he likes the "warm jungle

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Robert Neville watches movies in Rome, where he has lived since 1957 and written for "Encounter," "Harper's," and other magazines. Oklahoma-born and a Columbia graduate, he was formerly a newspaper reporter, a "Stars and Stripes" editor, and bureau chief for "Time" and "Life" in India, Argentina, Hong Kong, Italy, and Turkey.

atmosphere" of the Italian capital. And in fact when Fellini was once asked if he cared to make a jungle documentary, he replied: "Yes, but in Rome." He is not interested, however, in dramatizing a continuous and vicious Darwinian fight for survival. For Fellini the main characteristics of a jungle seem to be the unusually rich variety of the animals and their sexual habits and tastes.

All in all, Fellini's exploration of Roman life turns out to be no more formless, let us say, than a seven-course meal. From the diners' point of view, almost every course succeeds magnificently, although, for some, indigestion may result in the end. Some critics have objected, with point, that the meal had too much of one ingredient: Sex. But defenders of the film have a plausible answer. These are sexy times. In fact, modern society's preoccupation with sexual problems seems at times truly overwhelming. Sex screams from virtually every stage, from the pages of almost every book, from titillating commercial advertisements, from every television set. Why not a serious and uncompromising exploration of sexual behavior in "*La Dolce Vita*"?

In any case, Fellini has not had to look hard for erotic stories. Practically all his highly-sexed raw material for "*La Dolce Vita*" has been culled directly from the front pages of newspapers of the last decade. In a way "*La Dolce Vita*" is a rehash of the public scandals which have delighted and shocked the Italian public for the last ten years. An Italian viewing the film has the distinct sensation that he has heard and read about all this many, many times before.

It is true that the material has been worked over considerably. The principals and events of certain scandals have been merged with others; but the underlying situations remain familiar to the Italian public, and this familiarity has advantages for Fellini. He is able to use symbols that by now have acquired the status of folklore in the Italian—and perhaps the European—consciousness. This saves him a lot of useless and tedious expository footage.

Take, for example, the character of Maddalena, the rich and spoiled young woman who appears in one of the early sequences as a girl who makes love in a prostitute's bed. The most telling fact about Maddalena is that she drives one of those vast American convertibles. In other words, Maddalena is "liberated" or "Americanized." Now "Americanized" girls to the Italians



*Federico Fellini (Photograph by Pierluigi)*

are loose, and loose girls are just not treated with respect by their boy friends. When Maddalena, sipping whiskey at the bar, lifts her dark glasses and shows herself sporting a shiner, the Italian audience leaps quickly to the conclusion that it has been put there by a boy friend. An American audience might demand an explanation. To the Italians the girl is just no good, period.

Or take the long and much debated final sequence of the film, called "The Orgy." Here Fellini makes his most ambitious attempt to portray the horrors of contemporary sexuality by investing familiar symbols drawn from Italian life with different layers of meaning.

As the scene opens we find that Marcello is now doubling as a press agent for a movie actress who has just divorced her husband. According to one of the characters in the episode, he has now become "just a worm!" The actress decides to throw a party to celebrate her freedom at a fancy modern villa on a pine-forested beach near Rome.

At the party, besides Marcello, who more or less officiates, are her lover, her lawyer, various actors, a pair of transvestites, a famous pederast, a Lesbian portrait painter, a matinee idol, an existentialist singer, and numerous others. Fellini recruited most of these people to play themselves. (In fact, throughout the film, it is hard to distinguish the professional from the amateur actors. The performances turn out to be uniformly excellent.)

Fellini forces the guests to reveal themselves.



The transvestites do a shrill cancan to "Jingle Bells." One of them is tripped up maliciously and the fallen dancer, crouching and moaning over his twisted ankle, in his tawdry cancan dress, becomes a very funny and wicked parody of the Dying Swan scene in "Swan Lake." An English-speaking woman asks the pederast if he really never had a woman. The pederast does not answer. "Never? Never in all your life?" the guest persists. Finally the pederast answers, in Italian, "I don't understand foreign languages," and goes off to do a dance with a muscle man.

Marcello starts to denounce the sexual pretense around him. He tells the Lesbian painter: "You only paint so you can sleep with your models." To the existentialist singer he shouts: "You never get any sex yourself—you let go only in those lousy songs you sing." He insults the matinee idol: "A phony artist and a phony man!"

To her lover's annoyance, the actress-hostess consents to do a strip tease, but her divorced husband walks in at the dramatic point and orders everybody to leave the house. As they wander out among the pines they see a group of excited fishermen at the beach and all of them run to see what is happening. On the way the wounded transvestite makes a confession; he wishes he were normal. The fact that every day there are more and more people like himself lowers his own self-esteem. "I figure that by 1975 everybody is going to be queer and then think how depraved we will all be," he says. "Mama mia, what a disgusting mess . . . no?"

#### A SYMBOLIC MONSTER

AT THE beach they find that the fishermen have landed a monster. "How nauseating!" "Why, its mouth is full of crab!" The pederast asks which end is behind. Marcello spots an innocent young girl waving to him across a tiny inlet. She is trying to tell him something, but against the din of the sea he cannot understand her, and soon goes off with the departing revelers. And thus ends the movie.

Fellini has spared the Italians very little in this episode. Strip tease, of course means orgy. Orgy means drinking to excess. Drinking leads to abusing young women. The young women go out on the beach for air. They lie down and the sea swallows them. And so we have all over again nothing less than the famous Montesi case, the scandal which rocked Italy in the 1950s. Who in Italy doesn't remember that Wilma Montesi's body was found on a beach after an all-night orgy? The sea monster, like the flying

Christ at the beginning of the film, is a remarkably effective symbolic invention, vague and ambiguous, but oddly disturbing.

Throughout such scenes, the language of the participants is extraordinarily uninhibited. Fellini's sound engineers were said to have complained they were just wasting their time making a good sound track because they were sure it would all have to be dubbed over again in less gamy dialogue. But Fellini pruned only a few words here and there. The result is that Italian listeners hear in "*La Dolce Vita*" words they have never heard before on any screen.

"The Sweet Life" is probably also the first popular film to bring pederasty out into the open. Homosexuals appear throughout the film. Obviously Fellini believed they were an integral part of the local scene, and in fact, the film makes clear the extent to which the institution of pederasty has gained respectability during the last ten years or so. Nowadays one meets known pederasts at virtually every party, not only in Rome but in London and New York as well. They have entered many professions. Fellini, however, is not concerned with deep psychological study of how homosexuals get that way. He uses pederasts as comic figures to provide needed comic relief against an altogether somber and sordid background.

For all the open abandon of "*La Dolce Vita*," the dominant note that runs through the film is one of concerned moral judgment. Fellini seems to be saying continually, "Look, how decadent and rotten society has become. Why? Obviously its sexual misbehavior is fundamentally involved in its degeneration." It was probably this critical undertone in the film's treatment of modern sex which led the Church at first to endorse "*La Dolce Vita*."

Whether Fellini's serious purpose is felt by the audiences which flock to the film is a different question. But one thing is clear: "*La Dolce Vita*" in its short life has entered into the vocabulary of a nation. In Rome now, to describe a certain type of gathering, or even a type of person, one merely needs to say "*Dolce Vita*." The innocent words of the title are loaded with irony that needs little interpretation here. Fellini, like so many other Italians, has been very much aware of the American slogans about the "abundant life," the "good life," the "full life," which have been waved constantly at Europeans during the postwar years. This is his reply. Fellini's "Sweet Life" will not create a revolution in the art of the cinema, but it is a good, a disquieting, and an important film.

A Story by JOHN MEDELMAN

Drawings by John Groth



## *It's Been a Long Snow*

**D**AY by day for a year I sat in a quonset hut on an Alaskan hilltop and shuffled papers for the Air Force. I was adjutant of the Bethel Mountain Radar Station, a cluster of shacks topped by a gray radome. Around us humped the foothills of the Alaska Range; between the foothills were valleys where scrub spruce grew along the banks of cold streams. Over a hundred miles away rose the crags of the Alaska Range, blue-white on clear days.

Twice in the summer we were visited by men of the Tommy family. They were Eskimos who wandered in a hundred-mile radius about us, picking a bare living from the land. The commander talked to them and gave them C rations. I sat and dealt with Department of Defense forms and Air Force forms and all sorts of other forms while the days shortened into winter.

In December the Eskimos got sick. One of the Tommys, a flat-faced woman of fifty or more, showed up at the door of the radar bubble. She and the dogs she drove were ghostly in the steadily falling snow. "We have the flu," she said in the soft, timid voice her family used with white men.

They put her to bed in the dispensary. After a time inside she smelled like any frozen thing thawed out and left too long in the warmth.

Her clothes had been tanned with urine. The medic moved from his room next to the dispensary into the common barracks. We would have burned her clothes, but they were warmer than anything we had to offer. The medic gave her a bed garment and we put her clothes in an unheated corner of the supply building. Then we radioed the Indian Affairs Bureau in Anchorage and gave them her vague directions on where to find the rest of her family. The bureau clerk said they would send a government doctor in a light plane as soon as it stopped snowing.

I went back to the dispensary to tell the woman. Lying on the cot—dark, weathered, forlorn, she made me think of a piece of old wood. She gave me an ingratiating smile.

"Mrs. Tommy," I said, "they're sending a doctor out from Anchorage to find your family. Everything should be all right."

"Please . . ." she said, and mumbled something.

"What?"

"Please—my name is Ann." Her voice was earnest. It seemed really important whether or not I would call her Ann.

I smiled. "O.K., Ann, and how do you feel?" She shrugged. "Better, I think."

But in the next few days she did not seem to



get any better. The medic was worried by it. For myself, if getting well had meant leaving a warm bed and decent food and going back into the cold, I think I would have stayed sick. This was probably the first time in her life she had been served her meals or slept on clean linen.

I was glad to have her at the site. When the red tape in the orderly room got too much for me, I would go into the dispensary and talk to her. In a voice still shy, in English full of clumsy phrasings, she could tell me about the barren land around us. She called it the "Hungry Country."

"Long ago," she said, "when I was young woman, there was much to eat. Caribou, elk, bear. Then animals go away, down to Kenai. My people are sick, many died. Had big tribe here then. Most followed animals. Live in Kenai land now. Some go to towns. Some of us stay. Easier to live when not so many here."

Another time she said, "We take skins to trader on Hoholitna River. He gives us bullets, canned food. We live awhile, but they never last long. I think he cheats. Then we trap, hunt—hungry most of time."

"Why don't you leave, go down to Kenai yourselves?"

She shrugged. "We live here." A smile crept onto her face. She savored a happy memory. "Once, three four years ago, I walk over hill and saw caribou in valley below. Too many to count. They walk by for hours. I get my husband and brothers. We killed many, plenty to feed us to spring." She shrugged slightly and the smile dissolved. "Bears go into cache. Took meat. Soon hungry again. My brother go to cache. Find bear there. Old grizzly. Brother shot it. Bear shouted and run at my brother. Brother

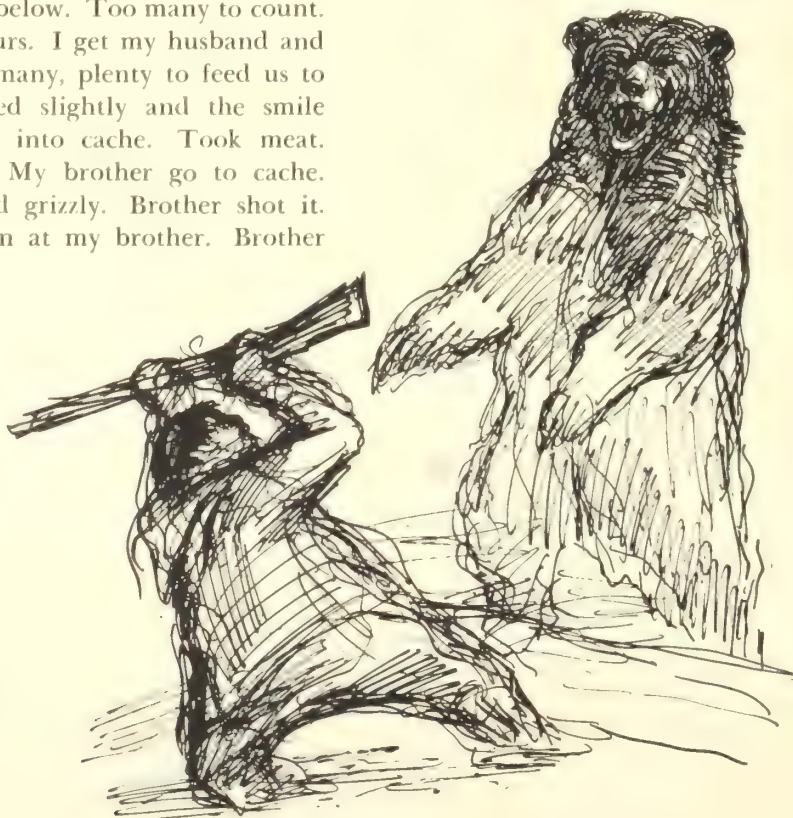
has old one-shot rifle, no time to reload. Bear jump on brother, bited arms and head, then it die. Brother crawl home. Goed out next day to help cut bear up." She looked up questioningly. "Will they stop flu? My brother should not die from that."

"The Indian Bureau will do all it can."

IT WAS not much to say, but it was honest. The woman made the world I dealt with, the world of hierarchy, regulations, and bureaus, seem like Oz. Particularly now, when the unceasing snow was isolating the station. For everything we got came in by air and we had no instrument landing facilities. We were getting low on food. Our cluster of buildings was becoming more and more a part of the land, as drifting things become a part of the sea.

That afternoon I got a teletype message from Division Headquarters, in Anchorage. "Captain Fenner to all subordinate units: It has come to the attention of HQ USAF, Washington DC, that Briggs and Stratton Auxiliary Power Units, all model numbers, are not receiving adequate maintenance throughout the Air Force. Request all subordinate commands check condition of above power units and submit report including present condition of units and corrective measures taken."

I read the message twice, then laughed. That



type power unit is used to start jet fighters. Although our radar crew was always vectoring jets around on its scopes, the last jet we had *seen*, with our eyes, was an F-86 from Anchorage which had buzzed the bubble the summer before. I sent a message saying we did not have any such auxiliary power units.

The next day I got back an answer. "Captain Fenner to Bethel Mountain Station: Report mandatory for all subordinate units. Please expedite compliance."

Captain Fenner was the division adjutant. I had never met him, but all the paperwork that came to me came through him. Once he had sent a notification that HQ USAF wanted each unit to start a driver training course and report on its progress. He had sent a course prospectus out by air. There were lessons on traffic signals, pedestrian courtesy, and road signs. It was a good prospectus, but hardly applicable to us. The nearest paved road was in Anchorage, a hundred and fifty miles over the mountains.

I carried the prospectus down to the motor pool and gave it to the sergeant-in-charge. He promised to have his drivers look through it. I sent a report each week telling division that so many men had met and that so-and-so was discussed. There were always at least ten men and the prospectus was followed religiously. Two or three months later I asked the sergeant if his men had looked through the book yet. He blushed.

"Lieutenant, to tell you the truth one of the trucks started spraying oil the same damn day you brought that book down. The mechanic that was working on the truck got so excited he didn't think to shut the engine off. He just snatched pages out of that book and jammed them into the hole. The pages he left were so smeared with oil we couldn't read them."

Inventing a driving course had been fun. Now I invented some power units.

"The units were found beside the runway," my report went; "to all appearances they had had no maintenance whatsoever. They were rusty, carburetors were clogged, points and plugs were rusty, tires were flat, and the housings

lacked paint. Units have been taken to the motor pool for overhaul and repaint."

I signed the message and went in to see Ann Tommy. Lying there under the GI blanket, breathing slowly, she seemed to be getting softer, yet losing weight. She had been all bone and sinew when she came.

"Have they found my people?" she asked.

"It's still snowing. You'd better start trying to get up."

"I try, but I have never been so weak." She stirred and fell back. "Maybe I have wait too long to try. You make me soft with care and medicines."

"Maybe we should take you down to the mess hall and make you scrub the pots and pans."

"It would be good, hard work. I would like it."



THAT afternoon the skies cleared for a few hours and we got word that a cargo plane was coming in from Anchorage. It was about time. Our food was almost gone. Then we got another message. This was an inspection flight. There was no food aboard the plane, only inspectors. Among them was Captain Fenner. I sent word to the mess sergeant to use the raggedest scraps he had for the inspectors' dinner, and waited for the plane. It would be interesting to see Fenner. He couldn't look wholly human.

Half an hour later the plane came in low over the hills to the south. It landed and parked. Colonels and majors filed down the ladder. But no captains. The officers clustered about the site commander and the group went inside. I waited in the cold. Eventually a small, gray-haired man came to the door of the plane.

"Captain Fenner?" I asked.

He smiled, gravely. "Ah, you must be the adjutant. It's nice to meet you."

"It's nice to meet you, sir," I said. I was thinking, "What the hell will I say about those power units?"

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*In his mid-twenties, John Medelman is a veteran of the Air Force pilot training program who, after getting his wings and commission, was assigned to an Alaskan radar site (several hundred miles from the nearest airplane). He has just completed his senior year as a pre-medical student at the University of Minnesota. "It's Been a Long Snow" is his first published story.*



"I didn't imagine you would be waiting for me, or I would have come out sooner. I was trying to fix one of the radios."

"Were you the pilot?" I asked involuntarily.

"Yes, why?"

I fumbled for words. "I just didn't know you were a pilot, Captain."

"Is there anything odd about it?"

"No sir, I guess there's not."

He came down and we started in. As we walked along the path from the runway, he looked around, taking in the trucks, the bulldozers, the buildings, the equipment, the piles of drums and crates.

"The Air Force never pitches a tent when it can build a city," he said.

I looked at him. He had probably said it with pride. But, whatever his feeling, he had touched the essence of our site. There were sites in Canada with five men. We had two hundred. There were too many radar maintenance men to start with. Then there were cooks and vehicles and vehicle mechanics for them. Then supply men for the vehicles and cooks for the supply men, and so on and on around the chain. I imagined Fenner thought this was all for the best, a nice job of organization.

We never found the main body of inspectors, nor did we look for them. Neither did Captain Fenner seem interested in the power units. He wandered around the site saying very little. He watched the vehicle mechanics change a truck tire and the supply men type forms. Once he asked me, "How do you like duty out here?"

"I like it," I said honestly. "It's almost a world in itself."

He said nothing, but his gaze took in the foothills and, far away, the mountains, both glistening with new snow. I stopped at the dispensary to tell Ann that the Indian Bureau was undoubtedly looking for her family.

"Thank God," she said quietly. "It has been a long snow."

When we left, Fenner said, "You mean her family has been sick out there—really sick? And all she says is, 'It has been a long snow?'"

"They learn to put up with things," I said.

We went to supper. I was pleased to find it terrible. Fenner ate little.

"We didn't know you were low on food," he said. "I wish the transport squadron had told us. Maybe we could have bumped a couple of majors and loaded some. Now it's too late to bring anything in."

He pointed out the window. It had begun to snow again. I could see the flakes against the

early Alaskan night. "I guess we'll be here all night," he said.

After supper we went to the one-room officers' club. The commander and the rest of the inspectors had gone to the movie, the sixth showing of "Picnic." I opened a couple of strong beers and we sat down. I was not very comfortable. Fenner was a rather gray, silent fellow and I'm not a talker. There was a wide age spread and the big jump from first lieutenant to captain between us. Also I was still afraid he was going to ask about those power units. We had two quiet beers, then three and four. Outside the wind was coming up. It rattled the window.

"You *really* like it out here?" he asked.

"It's good duty."

"You're not going to stay in the Air Force, are you?" He shook his head. "No, I don't suppose so." After a moment he added, "You do escape a lot of chickenshit out here."

He took me by surprise. I answered honestly. "I only have to handle it on paper, anyhow, I don't have to live it. We don't usually even salute."

"That would seem odd," he said, almost to himself.

TWO more beers. He asked me about Ann. I told him how she had showed up, how non-city Eskimos had no immunity to flu, how her family lived off the land, and I told him what I knew about the Hungry Country. He listened gravely. I felt a bond developing between us. I found myself going on, telling him about myself and my family. Then, before long, he was telling me about himself.

"I joined up in '41," he said, "feeling pretty heroic. I'd had two years of college. After training, they put me in P38s in the Pacific. I got pretty sick of being shot at. I got sick of flying too—sitting for hours in a smelly little cockpit. On top of it I developed piles. A lot of us did. I wonder if most people would believe that the occupational disease of fighter pilots is piles. Anyhow, to my amazement, I got out of the war alive. I didn't figure going back to college would help me make money, so I went right into a bank. By the time the Korean war came along I was head teller. Then I was recalled. They made me a supply officer at Yuma, Arizona. By the time the Korean war was over I had been in the service eight years. I figured, 'What the hell, I might as well go for twenty and retire'."

Beer cans were stacked row on row on the table between us. The bar gave off a pleasant

smell of cheese and Ritz Crackers. I got up and dug into the cooler. The cold beer was gone. I poured out two bourbons and sat down again. We were silent for a moment. Outside the wind was picking up.

Suddenly, with an impulse that occasionally comes over me when a new friendship is mixed with alcohol, I blurted out a loaded question.

"You know we don't have any of those silly power units out here. Why did you insist on my making out that report?"

For a moment I was afraid the bond had been broken. I've nipped off a lot of new friendships that way. He looked at me. I sat there, waiting to resume the role of subordinate.

"It's mutual fear," he said finally. "The whole goddam system is based on mutual fear. I was told that all units subordinate to division had to turn in those reports. I had to have a report from each unit in my files. I didn't want to invent a bunch of power units. If you wanted to, that was your business and your responsibility. I'm trying to survive. Every time Congress cuts the budget they toss out some more officers. One bad effectiveness report—that's all it takes. One guy above you who doesn't like you and you're on the first list for release. Suppose they tossed me out? Where would I go? Who'd hire me? I'm forty-three. I'm an old man on the outside."

He paused. Then he went on, "It's not very hard to survive, though. All you have to do is stay out of trouble. When you really try to do something is when you put yourself in danger. Submerge, swim along with the rest—and get it down on paper, that's the key." He leaned forward. "When you got my message, the one saying the report was mandatory, I bet you laughed. I would've once. 'What a pinhead! What a blind, bureaucratic clown!' I would've said. But you've seen me. I'm no clown. You know something? I don't know any clowns in the Air Force.

I work with a guy named Norman Parrish. Captain Norman Parrish. He's no clown. He shot down four Japs in World War II. On weekends he goes off hunting rams, climbs around the mountains all by himself. He's forty-five years old and he's tough as hell. He's a man, not a bureaucrat. And I'm a man, not a bureaucrat. But add us all up and we're a bureaucracy. It's the system. The whole damn world is being sucked up in the system. It's wrapping us all up in warm, secure fat. You know something? When I sent you that 'report mandatory' message, I didn't smile cynically like you would've if you'd been sending it. Sending it seemed perfectly natural, not even worth thinking about."

I LOOKED up; the medic was standing in the door. "Lieutenant," he said, "they found the Eskimo woman's family. Two men were frozen to death, all the rest were pretty sick. They gave them medicine and did what they could before the weather started closing in again. Then they had to go back."

"Did you tell Ann?"

"That's mainly why I came. The Eskimo woman died a little while ago."

"Died? She had a warm bed and medicine and she died of the flu?"

"I don't think it was just flu. She was pretty used up."

We were silent. Outside the temperature was below zero. The wind attacked the building, driving snow into the cracks and pores of the wood—filing, eroding. It swept in darkness across the empty valleys, picking at the round bodies of the foothills, battering the peaks of the Alaska Range. Fenner was looking thoughtfully at the dark window.

"Who could live out there?" I asked. In my mind I began to compose an official letter to the Indian Bureau about the dead woman.

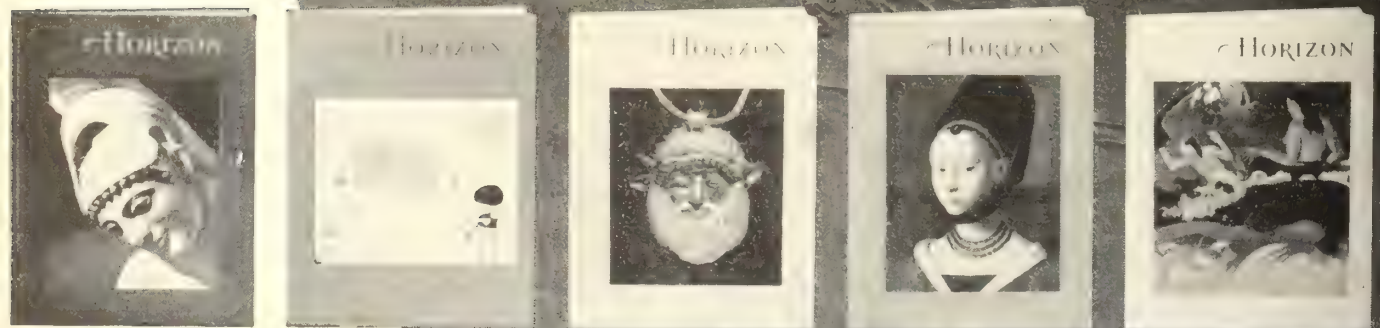






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\*Some highlights of the September HORIZON (pictured below): Ingmar Bergman on *Why I Make Movies*; John Kenneth Galbraith on the arts in an affluent society; *The Louvre*, a history, with a portfolio of master works; *The Coming of the White Man* portrayed by other cultures; articles by Russell Lynes, Jean Stafford, Gilbert Highet, Walter Terry, and many others.





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HOBART ROWEN

# America's Most Powerful Private Club

*How a semi-social organization of the very biggest businessmen—discreetly shielded from public scrutiny—is “advising” the government on its top policy decisions.*

TWICE each year, one of the most exclusive clubs in the United States—or, indeed, in the world—convenes at a suitably expensive resort and conducts a series of private huddles with high government officials. Called the “Business Advisory Council for the Commerce Department,” it is in fact a tightly-run fraternity which lists some 160 of the most powerful American business executives as its members. The public has been told very little about the Council and this is unfortunate; its participation in government policy-making is undeniable and its workings raise fundamental questions about the way decisions are made in Washington.

The membership of the BAC does not include merely “big businessmen”; one can fairly say that it carries on its rolls many of the *biggest* men in American industry, commerce, and finance. For instance, at the moment the roster includes Crawford Greenewalt of du Pont, Ralph Cordiner of General Electric, Roger Blough of United States Steel, Eugene Holman of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), Henry Ford II of Ford Motor, and Charles Percy of Bell and Howell.

The BAC has existed since the first days of the Roosevelt Administration, when Daniel C. Roper, FDR's first Secretary of Commerce, con-

ceived of a panel of big businessmen which would function as a channel of communication between Roosevelt and the business community. Since then, it has continued to counsel both Democratic and Republican Administrations. Among the early members were W. Averell Harriman of Union Pacific; Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. of United States Steel; William L. Batt of S. K. F. Industries (who is still active in the group); and W. L. Clayton of Anderson, Clayton & Co.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in his *Coming of the New Deal*, notes that Roper was disappointed in his experiment. “I seemed,” Roper said, “to be able neither to bring businessmen to endorse the plans of the New Deal, nor to get the Administration to counsel with these businessmen as frequently as I thought necessary.”

Roosevelt himself showed little interest in the BAC, and it, in turn, was generally distrustful of FDR. It bucked many of his suggestions for financial reforms, even one so generally approved as the Securities and Exchange Commission. The early history of the organization was stormy, and there were mass resignations by BAC members.

But it lingered on instead of dying out, more as a social group than anything else. Then, as war threatened in 1939 and 1940, the BAC enjoyed its first spell of influence because its very roster was a ready-made reservoir of top managerial talent for the war production effort. The main recruiting officer then—and in later emergencies as well—was Sidney J. Weinberg, senior partner of the New York investment house of Goldman, Sachs & Co.

Weinberg, an extremely energetic and successful financier, was one of the BAC organizers. He has served, simultaneously, on more than thirty boards of directors of big American companies (“It's a duty and a challenge”). Sidney (as almost everyone calls him) claims that most top-echelon business executives are his “close, intimate, personal friends,” and since, as a matter of fact, they are, he has been an effective body-snatcher for the government in times of crisis. Batt, who was chairman of the BAC at the outbreak of war, was drawn into a top job at the Office of Production Management (later the WPB), and so were other BAC officials.

At the same time, the BAC set up a committee on economic policy to study questions that would arise during the postwar period. This led directly to the now well-established and highly-regarded Committee for Economic Development. Other BAC committees applied themselves seriously to a variety of public problems. But



little of this—and absolutely nothing of the private meetings with federal officials—became known to the public.

This specially-conferred status of the BAC raises an obvious question: Should a small group of private citizens be privileged to have secret discussions with government policy-makers? Do the members of such a group have access to government officials, information, and planning, that is denied to their competitors and to other important groups in the community?

#### THINKING IN BLACK TIES

THE Business Advisory Council meets regularly with government officials six times a year. Technically, it advises the Secretary of Commerce, but its advice and discussions actually touch many other departments of government. On two of these six occasions—once in the spring and again in the fall—the BAC convenes its sessions at plush resorts, and with a half-dozen or more important Washington officials and their wives as its guests, it indulges in a three-day “work and play” meeting.

The last such get-together ran from May 11 through 14, 1960, at the luxurious Homestead, at Hot Springs, Virginia. A few months earlier (October 29 to November 1, 1959) the BAC met at the equally posh Del Monte Lodge, in Pebble Beach, California.

At these meetings, there is a business session on each of two mornings, with the afternoons left free for informal conversation, golf, riding, or other sports. There is ample opportunity, before dinner, for elaborate receptions, cocktail parties, and intimate tête-à-têtes. Dinners themselves are black-tie affairs, which provide the setting for thoughtful speeches by government or industry big-wigs. (At the Hot Springs meeting, for example, Vice President Nixon made an off-the-record dinner speech in which he talked frankly about the U-2 spy plane incident, before the President went to the Paris summit meeting. He also correctly predicted that Senator Kennedy would be the Democratic candidate, and for the benefit of his listeners, sketched out the probable campaign strategy.)

Thus comfortably removed from the hurly-burly of Washington (where the other four meetings each year are held) the BAC and their government guests can discuss problems and policies. The guest list is always impressive: on occasion, there have been more Cabinet officers at a Homestead BAC meeting than were left in the Capital. For example, here is a list of some

of the officials who came to the May 1955 meeting at the Homestead:

Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey  
Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks  
Secretary of the Army Robert T. Stevens  
Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr.  
Assistant Attorney General Stanley N. Barnes  
Under Secretary of the Treasury Marion B. Folsom  
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury H. Chapman Rose  
Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr.  
Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson  
U. S. Ambassador to Canada, R. Douglas Stuart  
Canadian Ambassador to the U. S., A. D. P. Heeney  
Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers to the President, Arthur F. Burns  
Special Assistants to the President, Gabriel Hauge and Joseph M. Dodge

In the fall of that year, when it desired to have a symposium on credit and fiscal policy, the BAC produced a panel composed of none other than Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin, Jr., Under Secretary of the Treasury W. Randolph Burgess, and, again, Arthur F. Burns. For a similar roundup in the fall of 1958, the participants—and BAC's guests at the Homestead—were C. Canby Balderston, Federal Reserve Board Vice Chairman; Under Secretary of the Treasury Julian Baird; and Raymond J. Saulnier, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

Over the past twenty-seven years, BAC members proudly note, they have met with or been addressed by Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower; virtually every Cabinet member over that period; prominent members of Congress; and by countless generals, admirals, and foreign diplomats (including Prime Minister Nehru).

To accommodate themselves and such distinguished guests in proper style, the BAC has preferred the aristocratic atmosphere of the Homestead. But it has met at other exclusive places as well, including, in recent years, the Cloister at Sea Island, Georgia, and the Del Monte Lodge. These meetings cost the BAC anywhere from \$6,000 to \$12,000 or more, paid out of the dues of members—a maximum of \$1,500 annually—which have been judged tax-deductible by the Internal Revenue Service.

No one—other than the BAC and its guests of

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*Hobart Rowen, who is in the Washington Bureau of "Newsweek" and is now its Business Trends Editor, has been watching the BAC with fascination for more than a decade. He formerly worked for the "Journal of Commerce" and the WPB.*

the moment—knows exactly what goes on at these meetings. Newsmen are not allowed in, of course, and no precise transcript is kept. (The BAC's executive secretary, a year-round employee who is paid a salary of \$25,000 a year out of BAC funds, takes notes, which are kept on file in a two-room suite at the Commerce Department Building in Washington.)

Congressman Emanuel Celler, New York Democrat and self-appointed Congressional watchdog on antitrust affairs, on two occasions has conducted formal investigations of the BAC with inconclusive results. A few months ago, he asked Secretary of Commerce Frederick H. Mueller for the BAC's minutes and correspondence over the past ten years. Celler said he wanted to see "how the Council ticks." He made no bones about his suspicions. In a 1955 report of his Antitrust Subcommittee (of the House Committee on the Judiciary), he said flatly that the BAC was a lobby for big business "which very definitely operates in violation of the rules laid down by the Justice Department for industry advisory committees."

Mueller will no doubt defend the BAC from Celler's prying eyes with the same tactic used by his predecessors: the claim that BAC's papers are protected from Congressional probing by the constitutional principle of separation of powers. Some years ago, when Commerce Secretary Weeks was fending off Celler's pesky interest in the BAC, he made the additional point that the BAC files contained confidential advice by individual businessmen, which, if published, "would tend to dry up some of the sources of information."

Actually, what bothers Celler and other critics is the reverse transmission of advice and information. They suspect that the BAC members get information not available to all comers. Some high government officials who have addressed BAC sessions have told me that they are troubled by this problem. At least two say that they resolve their conflict by discussing no inside or off-the-record information.

But it is a fair presumption that not all who are entertained by the BAC are so circumspect. And others, of lower government rank, may have no choice in the matter. For example, every three months the Commerce Department's Office of Business Economics prepares a confidential and preliminary estimate of the nation's total output. Normally, this figure is supplied only to the Council of Economic Advisers, so that it, in turn, can keep the President abreast of latest developments. But this figure is also supplied to the BAC's economists, who prepare a regular

economic forecast for the "work and play" meetings. Any other business group asking for this preliminary output figure would be turned aside.

Some government officials who have participated in BAC meetings scoff at the idea that significant information changes hands. In their view, the BAC is mostly social, and the members spend most of their time talking among themselves.

But it is difficult to pass the BAC off this lightly. In intimate and comfortable surroundings—and with the added impact which comes from repeated meetings with many of the same officials of government—there is little doubt that the members of the Business Advisory Council get a feel of government policy and intentions on economic matters that is unique.

#### A DIP IN THE BAC POOL

THE industrialists themselves certainly consider BAC membership to be extraordinarily valuable and prestigious. Only a few make it each year, because the active membership is limited to sixty. After serving five successive one-year terms, they become eligible for "graduate" status. Actives and graduates combined total about 160. At a typical meeting, some eighty to one hundred show up.

New members are appointed by the Secretary of Commerce. But they are nominated by a committee of past BAC chairmen. This is the toughest screening process in all of American business, and many a tycoon doesn't pass muster. To those who do, it's a supreme accolade. "It's worth millions in prestige," I was told by the executive assistant to a company president who had just been approved by the club's nominating committee. This appraisal was confirmed by a Washington economist who was attending his first BAC cocktail party. "Boy," he said in an awed tone, "just to be *in* this room means that you've really arrived!"

At the present time, among the members (presidents and board chairmen all) are two out of the three biggest automobile manufacturers; two out of the four biggest rubber producers; two out of the three biggest textile companies; and four out of the ten biggest chemical manufacturers. In addition, the BAC list includes the top executives of the largest data-processing company; the biggest farm-equipment maker; and the largest domestic meat packer. Other members serve as officers or directors of the major public utilities, railroads, airlines, retail stores, paper companies, and food manufacturers. Important



banking, brokerage, and insurance interests are also represented. There is also a token representation of medium-sized companies.

Chairman of the BAC for 1960 is Ralph Cordiner of General Electric. There are four vice chairmen: Weinberg; Blough; Joseph B. Hall, president of the Kroger Co.; and L. F. McCollum, president of the Continental Oil Co.

The executive committee, in addition to these five officials, is composed of:

William M. Allen, President of the Boeing Airplane Co.  
 S. D. Bechtel, President of the Bechtel Corp.  
 Harold Boeschstein, President of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.  
 General Lucius D. Clay, Chairman of the Board of the Continental Can Co.  
 Elisha Gray II, Chairman of the Board of the Whirlpool-Seeger Corp.  
 Greenwalt of du Pont  
 Hoffman of Standard Oil (N. J.)  
 Charles G. Mortimer, President of the General Foods Corp.  
 T. S. Petersen, President of the Standard Oil Co. of California  
 Juan T. Trippe, President of Pan American World Airways, Inc.

Whatever advantages may derive from contact with such industrial brass, there is no doubt that the organization has served as a stepping stone to top Washington jobs, especially during the Eisenhower Administration.

After the 1952 election, the BAC was having its fall "work and play" meeting at the Cloister, just off the Georgia coast and a short distance from Augusta, where Ike was alternating golf with planning his first-term Cabinet. Weinberg and Clay checked into the Cloister, then hustled by air to Augusta, conferred with Ike (a "close, intimate, personal friend" of both men), then returned to the BAC meeting to do some missionary work.

The result was historic: Ike tapped three of the BAC leaders (all political novices) for his Cabinet. They were Charles E. Wilson of General Motors as Defense Secretary; Humphrey, then boss of the M. A. Hanna Co., as Treasury Secretary; and Robert T. Stevens of J. P. Stevens & Co. as Army Secretary.

The choice of Humphrey illustrates especially well the significant role of the BAC. George Humphrey was virtually unknown to the American public. Yet, he was one of the powerful men of American industry, and had become a key figure in the BAC. When Eisenhower decided he wanted a topnotch man out of the business world as Secretary of the Treasury, Weinberg had no hesitancy in suggesting Humphrey.

Sidney predicted quite accurately that Humphrey would be a strong man in the Eisenhower Cabinet. Afterwards, Humphrey himself dipped into the BAC pool for Marion Folsom of Eastman Kodak as Under Secretary of the Treasury (later Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare when that Cabinet post opened up in 1955).

Why does this recruitment system work so well? Presidents tap the BAC because they know that the members are traditionally willing to go to Washington. The roster carries hardly a name without a notation, like a purple heart ribbon, of government service. Indeed, there was a time during the Korean war when it took an expert on the BAC to determine whether a given corporation executive was on his own or Uncle Sam's payroll at the moment. (As government men, they don't lose BAC membership.)

This easy in-and-out relationship has been pointed out by Celler. "The Council," he notes, "operates more like an exclusive businessman's club with entree into high government quarters than as a governmental body."

#### SEA ISLAND SECRECY

THE BAC is itself responsible for most of the suspicion about it. It has tried to throw up a wall of secrecy around its activities, and although it has succeeded only partially, it has done it well enough to make people wonder. From 1933 until 1950, it kept itself immune from the Washington press corps. But in the fall of that year, four other reporters\* and I crashed one of the Sea Island meetings, and there has been a measure of coverage ever since.

We sensed a good story when we learned the BAC had scheduled what amounted to an industry-government parley on Korean war problems. All of the home-front economic figures, plus General George Marshall, then Secretary of Defense, were to be at the meeting.

Truman's Commerce Secretary, Charles Sawyer, angrily told us to stay away. To report a BAC meeting, he said, would be invading privacy as truly as if the press were reporting "an intimate conversation in my own home." That settled it, and we all wired the Cloister for reservations. (To this day, Sawyer, with whom I chatted about it at a 1959 BAC meeting, believes that we were just interested in a "junket.") Sawyer and Stevens—who was head of the BAC that year—instructed the business executives not

\*Sterling Green of AP; Charles F. Egan, then with the *New York Times*; Robert Dunne, then with Fairchild Publications; and Ray Wilson, then with UP.

to talk to us, and they didn't. It threatened to become a complete freeze. But then, a sensational "news" story broke the ice: one reporter wrote a piece that rocked the Georgia meeting.

The story purported to tell of a huge "divvy-up" of war business among those companies at the BAC meeting. It was an imaginative yarn, but hardly accurate. Naturally, it got top play in the Washington papers, and Sawyer was forced, in self-defense, to yield a bit. Weinberg, part of whose genius is an unerring instinct for public relations, knew that if the BAC maintained its silence, the story would gain credence. So with the help of other BAC officials, especially the late James Knowlson of Stewart-Warner Corp., Weinberg persuaded Sawyer to hold a press conference.

A day later, the reporters pried out of the meeting one of the really big stories of the Korean war. We persuaded General Marshall, scheduled to be the featured dinner speaker that evening, to give us an interview because we were barred from the dinner. The Marshall interview made headlines all over the country: The Korean defense program, until then viewed as a relatively minor sideshow, would involve a four-year build-up which would place a tremendous burden on the whole economy. The irony of it was that Marshall mentioned nothing of this in his speech, and the BAC members—whose companies would be affected directly—read about it in their morning papers.

Since then, reporters have been going regularly to the places where the BAC holds its spring and fall meetings. To find out what goes on they must match wits with the BAC, which warns the assembled tycoons not to tell the newsmen anything. Instead, the BAC's executive committee holds a "briefing" session and gives out a distilled version of the discussions.

Nevertheless, a story sometimes leaks out. At one Hot Springs meeting, Robert Cutler, a Boston banker who was then a White House aide, suggested to the businessmen present that they boycott the advertising pages of a specific trade journal which, Cutler charged, had broken informal censorship rules on military information. This was a foolish proposal. But suggesting it to a group of business executives who control large expenditures for advertising made it a sensation. When the story got loose, the BAC devoted a good deal of time trying to find the leak. It never did, but the crackdown on cocktail party invitations came shortly thereafter.

On another occasion, Humphrey, who by then had moved into the Treasury in Washington,

told the 1953 meeting at Public Beach that the Eisenhower Administration could not make good on its campaign pledge to balance the budget and cut taxes at the same time. This is a clear example of a conference which produced for attending members the broad outlines of governmental policy before it was generally made public. This story, too, made its way from behind closed doors to a reporter's typewriter, much to Humphrey's annoyance.

Nixon told reporters last May that he would not have objected to their presence while he spoke at the dinner meeting, but that it was "BAC custom" to follow the closed-door procedure. Nevertheless, reporters obtained a full account of Nixon's speech—not from the Vice President—which got a wide play.

#### WHO NEEDS IT?

CELLER has raised the question of possible antitrust violation. But nobody has ever proved that there is collusion of this sort at BAC meetings, and the New York Congressman has never been able to find an Attorney General who shares his concern on this point.

But there are other questions to be raised about the Business Advisory Council. First of all, does the government receive enough special guidance from the BAC to justify its existence? Secretaries of Commerce I have known all think so, and one White House adviser believes that something like it would have to be created if it didn't exist.

My own view is that the BAC is useful to the government, but hardly essential. There are other channels for detecting the views of businessmen—and getting a broader spectrum at that. In the ten years I have been following its meetings the BAC record of assessing the business outlook has not been impressive. In October 1957, for example, the BAC opinion was that the nation was "pausing for breath" and that the economy would decline only slightly.

Actually, the nation was then well into its worst postwar recession. Before it was over, the Reserve Board production index dropped 14 per cent, and unemployment rose from 4.3 to 7.4 per cent of the labor force. It is only fair to say that most other observers also underestimated the potential severity of the 1957-58 recession. The point I'm making is that the BAC isn't equipped to give the government appraisals of business prospects that have any uncommon depth or perception.

Second, the small group of government of-



ficials who participate in the "work and play" sessions have a pleasant little holiday at the BAC's expense. (And for the October 1959 session at the Del Monte Lodge, moreover, some officials and their wives were cross-country jet-plane guests of American Airlines, whose President, C. R. Smith, is a BAC member.) The sums of money the BAC expends in this manner on government officials are not enormous. But good taste and judgment might suggest that the practice be abandoned. If the U. S. government deems it important to send officials to a BAC meeting, it should foot the bill. The Internal Revenue Service should also re-examine its tax-deductibility ruling for contributions by BAC members to the Council's funds. At least some BAC expenditures are for social purposes.

Third, there is little justification for the BAC's refusal to keep a formal record of its business meetings, or for its coolness to the press. It has been insensitive on both scores.

But more important than these specific questions about the BAC is a fundamental one: Is it fitting for one group—of any kind and representing any sector of the economy—to wield so much private influence on government decision-makers?

#### A SPECIAL FORCE

**N**O ONE can suggest or prove that any specific bargains, commitments, benefits, or even plans flow from these BAC meetings with government officials. But it can not be denied that the BAC has a unique privilege not accorded to labor, agriculture, consumer, or academic groups, or indeed to other business groups.

Membership in the Council gives a select few the chance to bring their views to bear on key government people, in a most pleasant, convivial, and private atmosphere. In a quiet corner of the Homestead, a major electrical manufacturer might discuss atomic-power problems with the chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission. Or a Wall Street underwriter, after a set of tennis with a Federal Reserve official, may discuss interest rates; and so on.

The BAC, powerful in its composition and with an inside track, is thus a special force. An intimation of its influence can be gleaned from its role in the McCarthy case. It has never been brought to light before, but the BAC helped to push Senator Joe McCarthy over the brink in 1954, by supplying a bit of backbone to the Eisenhower Administration at the right time. McCarthy's chief target in the Army-McCarthy

hearings was the aforementioned Robert T. Stevens—a big wheel in the BAC who had become Secretary of the Army. The BAC didn't pay much—if any—attention to Joe McCarthy as a social menace until he started to pick on Bob Stevens. Then, they burned up.

During the May 1954 meeting at the Homestead, Stevens flew down from Washington for a weekend reprieve from his televised torture. A special delegation of BAC officials made it a point to journey from the hotel to the mountain-top airport to greet Stevens. He was escorted into the lobby like a conquering hero. Then, publicly, one member of the BAC after another roasted the Eisenhower Administration for its McCarthy-appeasement policy. The BAC's attitude gave the Administration some courage, and shortly thereafter former Senator Ralph Flanders (a Republican and BAC member) introduced a Senate resolution calling for censure.

Flanders' concern about McCarthyism, he told me recently, had begun in earnest during a trip to New Zealand and Australia near the end of 1953. McCarthy had become an ugly symbol of America. The Vermont Senator's unhappiness with McCarthy grew steadily, and the BAC attitude, he says, "gave me encouragement" to go ahead with the censure resolution.

Other illustrations of the BAC's influence could no doubt be found if we knew all of the discussions, reports, and conversations that have taken place over the past years. Unfortunately we do not and never will, but in the absence of other information, the McCarthy case is especially illuminating. It is hard to resist the conclusion that it took the active outrage of both high military leaders and business executives to bring down a man who had successfully defied elected politicians, senior government officials, and intelligent public opinion.

Such indications that spokesmen for powerful economic interests—like the BAC—have privileged relationships with the government raise a question of fundamental importance in our society. Are key public decisions influenced excessively by powerful private groups? This is a matter which deserves constant scrutiny and a vigorous effort to get at the facts.

In the case of the BAC, so little has been known about it that the question has scarcely been raised. But the public should be aware that from Administration to Administration, this elite group has had a *continuous* privilege to participate in government decisions with no public record or review. And it should demand to know more.

# How Good is TV at its Best?

## PART II: MORE THAN PLENTY OF DRAMA

*A frank assessment by a reporter who—  
somewhat warily—took on “Harper’s” assignment  
to watch the 1959-60 television season . . .  
Last month he examined network “public affairs”  
. . . this month, the plays and the prospects.*

THE moment of greatest excitement and pleasure in the 1959-60 television season came, as it often does in the theatre season, when the starving Florestan saw a hallucinatory image on the walls of Pizarro’s dungeon; and sang of his love for his wife; and screamed for freedom. John Alexander sang the aria well, too. Like all NBC Opera productions, Beethoven’s “Fidelio” was admirably staged and at least adequately sung throughout, and the musical direction of Peter Herman Adler (known in his trade as “the good Adler” to distinguish him from some other Adlers) is always lively and distinguished. “Fidelio” can take English stress patterns and vowel sounds better than most operas, and Joseph Machlis’ translation of the libretto was a superior piece of work.

Television seems to adapt itself more easily to opera than to any of the other older art forms. Opera does not benefit from audience reaction—though singers will never complain about a big ovation—and the music imposes a time scale which not even a new medium can alter. Certain problems of scope and unity are inescapable, and “Don Giovanni,” a more unified and a bigger opera, was less successful on television than the notoriously disorganized “Fidelio.” But with all its faults, the NBC Opera “Don” on Sunday afternoon was a more powerful piece of work than any of the season’s nighttime dramatic efforts. One wonders why on earth Leonard Bern-

stein’s illustrated Chautauqua talks on music appreciation receive so much attention, while the incomparable service given by the NBC Opera passes virtually unremarked.

“Fidelio” sets itself apart in my recollection of the season simply because it was art, communicated almost intact by the talents of the performers and the techniques of the medium. One does not come across art very often, either in television or anywhere else. Half-a-dozen really first-class plays would constitute a theatre season better than any in my time, and no nation has ever made more than three or four wholly admirable motion pictures in a single year.

But even if the number of excellent television dramas should hit the half-dozen mark (which it hasn’t), anyone examining a season as a whole would be picking needles out of a haystack. Among them, the three networks must fill 2,457 hours—an abyss of time—between 7:30 and 10:30 P.M. during the course of a thirty-nine-week fall-to-spring season. Most programs, obviously, *must* be mere fillers of no serious interest to anyone except the relatives of the people involved. Something like a tenth of this “prime time,” however, is actually set aside for the presentation of relatively unusual work—more than a tenth at NBC and CBS, less at ABC, which like many poor boys driven to the top has picked up distressingly acquisitive habits. These 250 “serious” hours would be enough to exhaust in a few years the creative and acting talents which the theatre has found in three-and-a-half centuries. And the present period, in which television must live, has been relatively fallow for the drama. Indeed, it is no great shakes in music, art, or literature, either—especially by comparison with the first two decades of this century, which some Asian humanist of the future will proclaim the Golden Age of Western Civilization.



Television was not born great and has not achieved greatness, and there does not seem to be anybody around who can thrust greatness upon it. But how high may standards be set before they become ludicrously unfair to people who are doing the best they can? During the 1959-60 season, television—the networks, the independent stations, and the producing organizations under contract to advertisers—attempted a good deal of serious work. A New Yorker could see “Medea” as filtered through Robinson Jeffers and “Volpone” as bourgeoisified by Stefan Zweig, Shakespeare’s “Tempest,” Ibsen’s “Doll’s House” and “Master Builder,” Strindberg’s “Miss Julie,” Chekhov’s “Cherry Orchard,” Shaw’s “Misalliance” and “Captain Brassbound’s Conversion,” Wilder’s “Our Town,” original plays by Archibald MacLeish and Reginald Rose, adaptations of stories or novels by Cervantes, Dickens, Turgenev, Conrad, James, Faulkner, Maugham, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, and many, many others including the author(s) of the Bible. *Sub specie aeternitatis*, everything was lousy. Nothing I saw made me regret that my children would not see it. By comparison with what was going on elsewhere, however, much of last season’s television was pretty good.

Walter Kerr of the New York *Herald-Tribune* recently wrote that he was not greatly interested in television drama because he knew he could see better in the theatre. One wonders which theatre he was talking about. Maybe Berlin, which is supposed to be interesting. My own more or less recent experience includes samplings in New York, London, and Paris, and I would guess that American television is doing about as well artistically as the commercial stage in any of these three cities. Mediocrity reigns on the stage as on the little screen, and when the mediocrity line is pierced I find it much easier to turn off the television set than to crawl over the knees of my fellow-citizens to get out of a theatre. There is no question that the best of television has yet to approach the best work done on stage, but the last example of such work I remember is “Long Day’s Journey into Night,” which takes us back almost four years.

Television does not offer the quality to be

found in the movie theatres of a big city, which can present—thanks to subtitles and revivals—the pick of the dramatic effort of a dozen countries and four decades. And the motion picture is a far greater art form than television. But if comparison is restricted, for the sake of judicial fairness, to a season’s productions on television against a year’s output from Hollywood, television has no reason to feel ashamed of itself.

And yet . . . When the big numbers from “Fidelio” were on the screen, a viewer became conscious of the enormous gap between the best that man can do and the best that nighttime television actually does.

#### THE MISSING AUDIENCE

**A**MONG the theatre plays transmuted to television, there were no triumphs.

Both Shakespeare and Shaw suffered at the hands of people who just wanted to help them. None of the three efforts—“The Tempest,” “Misalliance,” and “Captain Brassbound’s Conversion”—was actually discreditable to anyone, but all three were badly hurt by a failure to sense what television can and cannot do. It must have seemed to George Schaefer, who produced and directed “The Tempest” as part of his series for Hallmark on NBC, that electronic gadgetry would be ideal for showing Ariel as a real sprite, the size of Prospero’s thumb. But Ariel is on stage a little too often to be almost invisible throughout, so Roddy McDowall had to keep changing size, which was disconcerting. The musical opportunities were completely muffled, both the songs and the dance numbers owing their inspiration to mock-Mendelssohn rather than to any contemporary of the playwright or the actors. And the enchanted island was equally Victorian to look upon. Television close-ups apparently demanded that the lovers be young and handsome, whether or not they could handle Shakespeare, with predictable results. On the whole, the play was well cut, though there were two major blunders—the pusillanimous excision of Caliban’s “Prithee, be my God,” and the switch of “We are such stuff as dreams are made on” from the fourth act, where it belongs, to the epilogue, where it jars. Maurice Evans’ Prospero was, inevitably, Mr. Evans. Much of what was wrong, however, was redeemed by Richard Burton’s Caliban, a fine performance tailored to the flexibility of the medium.

The worst problem in “The Tempest” was the staging of the comedy scenes, which were written with audience participation in mind.

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This problem dogs television whenever it gets into theatrical comedy. The difficulty is at its worst in Shaw, whose magnificent sense of comic timing wrote audience reaction into the plays as clearly as if the text contained periodic [laughter]s. There is an interesting study to be done on the difference between the rhythms of Shaw's gags in his essays, reviews, and novels and the rhythms he used in the theatre. Neither "Misalliance" nor "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is one of Shaw's best plays, and even Shaw's best is not at the moment so enjoyable as it was thirty years ago and will be again thirty years hence. What he does best is now commonplace (the cheerful cutthroats of "Captain Brassbound," for example), and what he does worst now offends (the veddy-English Berber tribesmen in "Captain Brassbound" or the idiotic view of war in "Heartbreak House," which was revived last season on Broadway). Nevertheless, there are some wonderful speeches in both of the shows television attempted, and none of them made much effect, largely because the pacing was wrong when the audience was a camera. When Shaw's upper-class New Woman says, "He tells only one side of the story—it's his training as a lawyer," *something* from the spectator must intervene before she can proceed. Otherwise the speech gets to be more than a little embarrassing.

All attempts to take the theatrical ambience away from a theatre piece run into this block, which also stopped Art Carney's efforts on "Our Town," many of the productions on the National Telefilm Associates much-discussed Play of the Week, and the attempts at Ibsen, both the network "Doll's House" and the NTA "Master Builder." Television would seem well suited to handle Ibsen, because its genius in its own original efforts has run almost exclusively to the talky domestic tragedy. Ibsen's closed-in atmosphere fits the small screen, as does the collection of attitudes David Riesman has taught us to call "inner-directed."

Yet something went wrong with both productions, and it was more than Julie Harris' overwhelming Americanism as Nora or E. G. Marshall's startling conception of the master builder as a Norwegian Jack Benny. Arthur Miller objected to "Doll's House" in a letter to the *New York Times*, on the grounds that ninety minutes was not enough time—"a profound work, the orchestration of whose themes is quite marvelous, becomes a superficial 'story' at worst, and a hint of something more at best, when it is told by leaping from one highpoint to another." While admitting the dangers of condensation, I would

doubt that it was cutting which did the damage (especially to "Master Builder," which had two full hours). Ibsen works like a whirlpool, catching the spectator at the edge of the scene and carrying him in diminishing circles at an accelerating rate toward a depth of revelation at the center. Ibsen's greatness is not in the orchestration of themes, but in the controlled pace—and that control is almost inevitably lost when the immanent audience is taken away.

On the basis of a year's looking, I would be tempted to say that great plays cannot be done successfully on television: the medium is wrong. But it seemed equally apparent that Shakespeare could not be mastered by the movies, until Laurence Olivier came along with "Henry V." What can be said, I think, is that the existing techniques for adaptation will not carry the weight which a great play puts upon them.

#### AS GOOD AS A MOVIE

MOST of television's more serious efforts are dramatizations of novels rather than adaptations of plays, and here the averages run a little higher. The two forms are sufficiently separated so that they do not clash. Unfortunately, television's techniques for dramatizing novels do not differ in any important way from the techniques proved out by the movies in the 1930s. Often, if you did not recognize the faces, you would be hard put to tell whether you were watching the newest "special" or a rerun on the late show, which makes the "special" less interesting than it might be.

Two adaptations of novels ran away with the season's prizes, and deserved them. Of television's more ambitious attempts in 1959-60, "The Turn of the Screw" on Ford Startime was probably the most successful. Jamesians of my acquaintance were not entirely happy with it, on the grounds that the James Costigan adaptation stressed only the ghost-story aspects of the novel-ette. But it was the ghost story which first fascinated James, too, and the script permitted any interpretation anyone wished to make. Indeed, Ingrid Bergman's nervousness as the Governess, even at the beginning when she had no real reason to *fear* her job, led directly to the theory that the whole ghost business was a figment of a girl's disordered imagination. Miss Bergman's performance, though not without admirable qualities, was less of an asset than the prize-givers thought; if anyone deserved a prize for acting in this production, it was Alexandra Wager, who is in reality not much older than the



little girl of the James story and who gave a performance of ultimate polish and skill. The production as a whole bore those marks of full professionalism which distinguished Hubbell Robinson's work for Ford Startime on NBC until the series sank under the weight of weekly scheduling and resorted to flounderings by big-name attractions.

Television's best male acting job also came out of a novel, when Laurence Olivier impersonated Somerset Maugham's idea of Paul Gauguin, in "The Moon and Sixpence." Olivier was splendid as a stockbroker and as an artist, as a drunk and as an old leper, and he even managed to rise above the maudlin fumbling of the Polynesian scenes. The program as a whole was successful, if not remarkably so—but it was so much a movie, and tasted so little of television, that anyone not experienced in all those late shows must have been shocked by the intrusion of commercials. The film feeling, however, was probably what Olivier wanted; and it is unquestionably what the David Susskind organization does best. And by giving us Mr. Olivier in so juicy a part, the program paid its way.

Other 1930s-style movies-for-television varied greatly in quality. The two medical-research stories, "Arrowsmith" and ABC's "The Citadel," were striking examples of the genre, complete to the great old clichés. ("They didn't miss a thing," says the young doctor of "The Citadel" ruefully, looking at the laboratory ruined by the miners he was trying so hard to help. "I feel sick," says his young wife.) The American Heritage series on great figures of America's past reminded me at every turn of a movie on Andrew Johnson I saw while I was still in high school. Many programs—Art Carney's efforts at Conrad's "Victory," for example, or the staging of the Ruth Gordon autobiography, "Years Ago"—were infused with the essence of the old B-picture.

The best of these standard-movie-style programs, to my taste, was an original teleplay: "To the Sound of Trumpets" on the Playhouse 90 series of CBS. It was more bitterly pacifist than anything which would have been considered polite even in the 1930s, its ordinary love story sensitively written by John Gay and beautifully played by Stephen Boyd and Dolores Hart. The subsidiary cast included such artists as Judith Anderson, Sam Jaffe, and Boris Karloff. Buzz Kulik's direction and Herbert Brodtkin's production could not have been improved upon—even the musical score, by Jerry Goldsmith, albeit conventional, was for once a help rather than a hindrance to the mood. But I could not escape

the view that it all added up to no more than a reasonably good movie—I was glad enough I had seen it but I would not wish to see it again—broken intolerably by the many commercials which testified to the financial viability of Playhouse 90.

#### FROM AMBLE TO GALLOP

IN ITS short history television has achieved its best results in plays written specifically for the medium rather than adapted from elsewhere. Within this category, the most successful pieces have been in the neo-Ibsen, lower-middle-class drama pioneered in the theatre of the 'thirties by Clifford Odets, in whose large footsteps Chayefsky and Rose and most of their followers have trod. The masterworks of the school are Odets' "Rocket to the Moon" and Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman," and these two stage plays still overshadow the best which has been written for television. Unfortunately, the industry is supported by advertisers who feel a certain distaste for this sort of play, which deals typically with people who consume little and that little unhappily. Hence the much-publicized war between the best-known television writers and the industry, with the network program directors caught in between but listing toward the side on which their bread is buttered. We had no such plays on television in 1959-60.

Instead, the networks gave us, as their most satisfactory work of the year, a fairly large collection of artistically lightweight semi-documentaries, true television plays which ducked the issues of creativity by basing themselves on recorded reality. Among the best of these ventures were Playhouse 90's unusually skilled study of psychiatric group therapy, "Journey to the Day" (a Fred Coe production with John Bartlow Martin assisting as consultant), the Reginald Rose pair on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, some of the Armstrong Circle Theatre "problem" plays, an Australian murder story called "The Gray Nurse Said Nothing" (Fred Coe again), and the essentially trivial but continuously exciting two-part adventure story which "The Untouchables" series made out of the attempted assassination of Franklin Roosevelt in 1933. This one had a narration written for and spoken by Walter Winchell, which set a perfect galloping pace for the program; it was a much better evening's entertainment on any standard than all but a handful of the season's more profound endeavors.

Two adaptations also struck me as particularly well adjusted to the odd environment of

television. One of them was the Play of the Week production of "A Month in the Country," an Emlyn Williams version of a Turgenev story, which ambled along so slowly that it would have been intolerable in any other dramatic medium

with the result that the evening broadened as it passed and the bittersweet Turgenev flavor, despite weak acting, cramped sets, anachronistic dialogue, and an abominable musical score, moved intact through the electronic tenderizer.

The other was NBC's "What Makes Sammy Run," with its short scenes and quick cuts within them, creating a frenetic atmosphere appropriate both to the story and to the breaks for commercials (though the week-long break between the two halves was not helpful). This program was as loaded with decayed dialogue as anything done all season—but the subject called for it. Larry Blyden played a fearfully convincing Sammy Glick and Dina Merrill was equally chilling as the rich tart, and the rest of the cast was saved, most of the time, by Delbert Mann's direction. (Nothing could save Barbara Rush as the heroine weighed down with lines like, "If I could only break through that harder shell . . .") Oddly enough, Budd Schulberg, who adapted his own novel with Stuart Schulberg, insisted on inserting some specific 1950s references (Sammy has an appointment with Tennessee Williams), despite the overpowering late 'twenties atmosphere of the story. The score by Irwin Bazelon was school-of-Stravinsky but none the worse for that, and producer Robert Alan Aurthur deserves credit for realizing that the usual cream-cheese music would not suit the subject.

Among the novels adapted for television last season, Cervantes' *Don Quixote* occupies a category by itself. The television show based on it should also be set apart, preferably in a prominent place where it can be allowed to molder alone as a warning to everyone concerned with television that pretentiousness is death. "I, Don Quixote" was probably the worst television show of the season, and perhaps the worst in the history of the medium.

A well-meaning soap opera with a very elevated tone, this ninety-minute extravaganza was written in imitation Jacobean English most of the time, with occasional descents to Jewish humor ("being born—for that you get punished your whole life"). It presented the notion that Cervantes saw himself as Don Quixote, thus eliminating Sancho Panza as a real factor, and rested its case on the proposition that people of the Spanish sixteenth century were really just like you and me only there were some things they

didn't know yet. Anachronisms lay as thick as frost on the pumpkin. At one point we were asked to accept a sixteenth-century Spanish priest defending Don Quixote with the statement, "You could say Jesus was possessed—or Buddha." The point of the play was nothing less startling than the beautiful right of "disagreement with the majority," so phrased. Considerable talents—most notably Lee J. Cobb as Cervantes-Quixote—were wasted on this stupidity, which came out of the David Susskind shop like so much else, indiscriminately good and awful, on last year's television screen.

#### IS IT WORTH WATCHING?

HOW much we can expect from television next year, or the year after, is a question to be answered after the event. Certainly, though, we cannot hope for any great increase of first-class writing and directing. Television cannot command that kind of talent. It must compete with both movies and the theatre for a limited pool of highly-skilled people, and it competes at a financial disadvantage. Despite the enormous sums television pays, it must limit producers, writers, and directors to a portion of a fixed budget—while movies and the theatre offer a percentage of box-office grosses which can run twenty times as high as the biggest budget in television. Television may be a great gamble for advertisers, but it is a modest, though secure, berth for talent, which can play for much higher stakes elsewhere.

When it comes to actors, television's talent shortages are proportionate to the amount of time a program demands from the individual. An actor will put years into a hit show and months into a movie, while a television play takes at most three or four weeks of his time, and usually less. Television therefore can count on a full basket of acting talent. Very highly skilled people will undertake supporting roles, and the level of acting in minor parts is higher than anything achieved either in Hollywood or on the stage.

Producers, directors, and writers are in much shorter supply, and more likely to desert to rival forms. For a writer, the work involved in a television play is only marginally less than the work on a stage play or a movie. The most impressive playwright developed by television—Paddy Chayefsky—has virtually abandoned the medium. If they are going to play it safe with television, many writers want the ultimate safety of a regular program. Weekly shows like "Have Gun, Will



Travel" and "The Untouchables" are turned out by writers more skilled than the authors of most of the "specials."

Producers, too, must give almost as much time to a television play as they would to a Broadway attraction—if their work is to be done properly. Fred Coe was not available for much television work last summer and fall, because he was producing "The Miracle Worker" for Broadway. Directors are a separate problem, because they tend to identify their situation with that of the actors, and to feel that television requires much less of their time than either movies or the stage. Arthur Penn directed television plays last year as well as "The Miracle Worker" and "Toys in the Attic," but his television work was not up to his best standards. Dan Petrie, whose direction of "The Cherry Orchard" was outstanding (and it wasn't easy, Helen Hayes and Chekhov not being made for each other), also took responsibility for "Victory," which appeared not to have been directed at all.

People looking for a guide to what is worth watching are probably best off, however, if they follow writers, producers, and directors. No category is wholly reliable—even Reginald Rose turned out, in "The Cruel Day," a script false to its subject and characters for the sake of its ideas. But anything produced by Coe or Herbert Brodtkin or Robert Alan Aurthur or George Schaefer is almost certain to have some quality, whether or not the totality is satisfying. And directors like Petrie and Penn, Delbert Mann, John Frankenheimer, Sidney Lumet, and Franklin Schaffner are likely to get the best out of whatever a producer gives them.

At present, everybody is trying to do too much. One or two plays a year is absolute maximum for a writer, three or four for a director, two or three for a producer. Money alone will not give us better television—"Mayerling" and "Eloise" demonstrated that in other seasons beyond dispute—but it would be helpful if the networks found half a million dollars two or three times a year for each of a handful of producers, so that people could give as much time as a first-class play demands and still make a living.

What is needed most is a change of attitude toward the work itself. Television specials must seem more important than they do today—to audience, participants, executives, and to sponsors as well—before they can possibly be more important. In this regard, the trend to tape is a hopeful sign, because the evanescence of the live product has acted subtly to discourage everybody but the actors and technicians. The drop

## *Saving Radiances?*

THE news of television, however, is what I particularly go for when I get a chance at the paper; for I believe television is going to be the test of the modern world, and that in this new opportunity to see beyond the range of our vision we shall discover either a new and unbearable disturbance of the general peace or a saving radiance in the sky. We shall stand or fall by television—of that I am quite sure. . . .

—E. B. White, "Removal," July, 1938

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in the number of specials planned for next season is also encouraging, despite the obvious motives of economy. The fewer the specials, the more important each one can be, and the greater the chance that everybody will give his best to the work at hand. Perhaps the most irritating phenomenon in the relations between television and its better-educated public is the short-sighted selfishness of the drive for "more good television." Don't these people, of all people, ever have anything else to do at night except look at that silly little screen?

It is the networks themselves, however, which must make the major commitment, and in so doing they must break the habits of the business. An hour is a neutral unit of time, and to people who have not analyzed the texture of their lives all hours are equal. To the television executive, all prime-time hours cost advertisers the same money. So long as a television play is only ninety minutes out of one thousand, two hundred, and sixty which each program director must fill between 7:30 and 10:30 each week—so long as it is no more than "one of the thirty-four specials this network will present this season"—little first-rate work can be expected from television.

We need a cast of mind which sees one great hour as more significant than one hundred hours of routine, the way a good publisher sees the one great novel on his list as justification for the murder of the trees to make the books that fill his catalogue. On the major executive levels of television, is there anyone capable of taking so civilized an attitude toward his work?



# I



# PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



## Forecast for the Next Congress

*A highly-informed guess on the way the parties will line up . . . why the liberal bloc will gain ground . . . and how Congress will take a new role in foreign affairs.*

WASHINGTON—In a political era which seems to have gone mad about surveys-in-depth—with slick experts claiming to tell exactly what everybody *really* thinks about the Presidential candidates in Iowa or Louisiana at three o'clock on Sunday morning—there remains a solitary constant from the old days. That is the campaigning Congressman.

If Presidential campaigning is zooming along in the jet age, Congressional campaigning is still strictly a horse-and-buggy business, not much different from what it was when this century opened.

Everybody aches to know who will win the Presidency. Nobody, as far as I can tell by random inquiry, is aflame with anxiety about which party will win Congress. Nobody urgently polls the good citizens of Here and Yonder on this point.

Nevertheless, when the election is over, it always turns out that a great

many people *did* care about Congress. There has seemed to be a national apathy mainly because Congressional election techniques are hardly more exciting, in general, than a toe-scuffing conversation at twilight in front of the Post Office, the Grange, the Farmers Union Hall, or the Labor Temple.

For these races cannot command such grand things as motivational researches, national advertising campaigns (complete with audio and video), Hollywood starlets, baseball players, and partisan playwrights. Such inquiry into "motivation" as goes on in Congressional races comes down to this: Will Jones do better for us here in this district than Brown? How does he stand on the question of a dam on Tishkomeengee Creek? Will Mr. Aspirant listen to the north end of the state more than Senator Incumbent does? What does each of them think about the price of flue-cured tobacco, or wheat, or potatoes? Will he Put Labor In Its Place? Will he show those Management so-and-sos where they get off?

So the current Congressional campaign is being fought in hundreds of tiny fragments—which, in November, will coalesce into a national result, based on 400-odd separate results each separately arrived at. In party

terms, there is hardly any mystery about the probable result. Beyond any possible doubt, the Democrats are going to maintain their heavy margin of control of the Senate. The Democratic majority now stands at two to one; my hunch is that it will be even larger when the Eighty-seventh Congress is called to order next January.

As to the House of Representatives, one must walk more warily with his predictions. For in this large, anomalous (and in some senses this improbably ridiculous) body it is always possible that *anything*, to a point, may happen. Again, however, it can be safely said that the odds for the Democrats to keep their control are on the order of five to one. (The House at this writing has 280 Democrats, 152 Republicans, and five vacancies.) A strongly successful Republican Presidential campaign could reduce the gap. But even a Republican Presidential landslide—highly improbable as that now looks—could hardly close it entirely.

Indeed, the Republicans themselves know this—none better. Accordingly, their campaign for the House is modest in its hopes. Still, it is going to be savagely spirited, the most determined and the best financed that the party has run in my memory. The three Republican combat units—the National Committee, the Congressional Campaign Committee, and the Senatorial Campaign Committee—are more effectively drawn together than they have ever been in the experience of this observer. This is because the national chairman, Senator Thruston Morton of Kentucky, is, after all, a man of Congress and so instinctively assigns a higher priority to the Congressional races than did any of his immediate predecessors.

### THE NINETY KEY SEATS

MOREOVER, the Republican Presidential candidate, Vice President Nixon, most definitely wants it that way. Nixon, an ex-man of Congress himself, has given more thought to the Congressional end of the campaign than any Presidential aspirant in either party has done since the 1930s. It was he, indeed, who saw to it that the National Committee and the committees on Capitol Hill got together early this time; their

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tendency has always been to fly apart early and to have less and less use for each other as time went on.

Nixon's motive from the start has been a perfectly simple one. He knows from long experience—dating from the job done on Harry Truman by a Republican Eightieth Congress in which Richard M. Nixon had a happily busy small part—that it does not overly profit a man to be President if his enemies on The Hill too far outnumber his friends. His minimum objective, therefore, is to return a House which, if not actually Republican, will be Republican enough to give him some consistent degree of automatic partisan protection.

Thus, the real Republican Congressional campaign purpose comes to this: *Do the best you can, fellows, to hold some kind of a Senate bridgehead. But for God's sake don't let the opposition run entirely away with the House; for there—just maybe—we have some chance.*

The real battle area is confined to the ninety marginally-held Democratic House seats. And over this limited but crucial terrain the Republicans are going to put in a very heavy fire power. They have organized with care. For many months volunteer "screening committees" of local Republicans have been brusquely washing out aspirants whose partisan ardors have not been matched by their acceptability to large numbers of voters. Moreover, the money is in hand to do a highly efficient job in these districts. A single, special "Dinner with Ike" shindig run off as far back as last January raised more than a million dollars for the Congressional campaign. And this was only the beginning.

"Supplementary forces" of local magnificoes who are not overtly Republican—professional men and businessmen of high standing—have been long in the field. So are other "supplementary forces" which the National Committee sonorously salutes as "members of the healing arts"—physicians, dentists, senior nurses. All these have been marshaled for counter-guerrilla action against the guerrilla forces normally attached to the Democratic army—the labor unions, the Farmers Union people, and similar groups.

And, by no means least important, GOP campaign policy has put aside at last the dream that usually was not realized even in the zeniths of Eisenhower's popularity—the dream of Presidential coat-tail riding as a means of recapturing Congress. With Nixon's full concurrence the Republican professionals are telling the party's Congressional hopefuls that they must not "depend on Dick," but rather must make it on their own or not at all. This means—though the point is not advertised by the GOP—that a candidate who would be better off in his particular district by not getting too close to Nixon is perfectly free to keep his distance. No crime of apostasy will be imputed to him. The candidate has a single obligation: if he is simply a *Republican*, that is quite enough for the hierarchy.

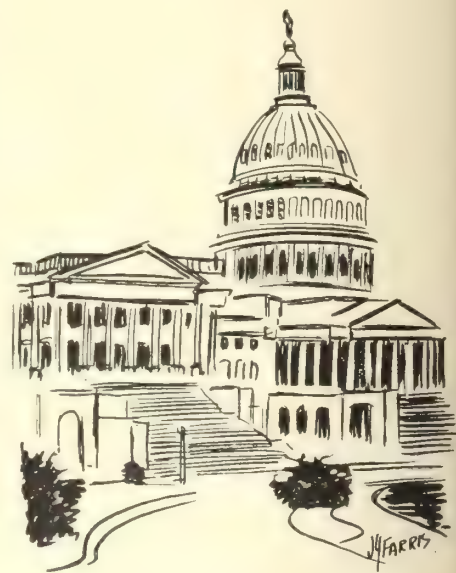
#### THE DEMOCRATS' STRATEGY

THE Democrats have no such elaborate Congressional campaign plans. This is mainly because they do not need them (and secondarily because their most powerful Congressional figures have all been preoccupied with the Presidency, in a time when the Senate has become the Presidential breeding ground).

When you are practically certain to win anyhow—and have an excellent chance to win big—you need not depart from the tactics which, for you, have been tried and true. So the Democratic Congressional campaign effort will largely follow the course long since laid down by Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Leader Lyndon B. Johnson in winning the last three Congressional elections. It will be the mixture as before: the record of the past Democratic Congress . . . the theme of Democratic Congressional competence and responsibility . . . the suggestion that Democratic Congressmen, on the whole, *perform better* for their districts and states.

All this suggests that whatever may happen about the Presidency, the complexion and tone of the new Congress will be pretty much as before. This is likely to be true no matter who enters the White House next year. For the fundamental reality is that, ever since the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Congress

has been progressively insisting upon its separate identity within the structure of this government. This has not meant, except for the brief period of the Republican Eightieth Congress, a necessarily and totally hostile relationship between Congress and the Executive branch. What it has meant, and very likely will continue in 1961 to mean, is a Congress more and more thinking of itself (and thus acting) as a collective institution rather than as a forum designed simply for an endless tableau of clashes between two parties. The new President next year—again, whoever he may be—will not automatically and everywhere be resisted by Congress, not even if the President is Nixon and the Congress remains heavily Democratic. The new President, however, will surely find a Congress which will tend to keep its *apartness* from him.



#### THE COMING SHIFT TO THE LIBERALS

TO say that the atmosphere will be much the same as in the past does not mean that there will be no alteration in the old balance of forces. Nor is it to say that new issues—either essentially new or new in emphasis and connotation—will not arise. For example, it is as good as certain that the power of the Southern right wing will decline markedly. So will that of the strictly traditional Republicans, whether from New England or the Middle West. Within Congress the Demo-

cratic West will continue to encroach, in the power sense, upon both the Old Southern Democratic and the Old Republican wings.

Again, one may confidently expect to see much more Congressional interest in—and much more favorable Congressional action upon—legislative enterprises which the Old Southerners and Old Republicans will continue to lament (but no longer successfully) as “Socialistic.” These will include medical care for the aged; federal aid in some substantial form to education (probably parochial education right along with public education); public power; public construction works, parks, and so on.

Civil Rights will still go forward—not nearly so far as some will demand, but much farther than some others will like. The budget, even if Nixon is in the White House, will be a far less controlling force than in the past eight years. This will be true if only because Congress, again as an institution, is increasingly restive under the veto power of that mere appendage to the Presidential suite—the Bureau of the Budget, which never got elected to public office. Some will suspect from this that inflationary pressures will be set to work—and they may well be right; but how far these pressures will build up remains to be seen.

It is easier to guess the probable tone and degree of participation of the next Congress in foreign affairs. A Republican Presidency would give to Congress—even force upon it—a great hand in these matters. Nixon would hardly risk compromising his Presidential leadership by dogmatic, either-or positions in world affairs against Congressional wishes. He could not prudently do so, nor would he really wish to do so. John Kennedy as a Democratic President, on the other hand, would encounter much the same state of affairs; a Democratic White House could not expect to get away with much dogmatism either.

Regardless of who the new President is to be, however, the *ultimate* control of our foreign policy will surely return to the White House. It is hardly conceivable that the current campaign can end—no matter whether the country is in a Democratic or a Republican frame of

mind—without some public mandate to the new President to take the foreign policy reins into his own hands more than Mr. Eisenhower has done.

#### A NEW LOOK TO THE SOUTH

THE RF will be little disposition in Congress to challenge this mandate *so long as the new President begins at once to carry it out*. Where Congress will vitally enter the scene, however, is in the area of the high mechanics of foreign policy, its very important operational structures. It will have a lot to say about the agencies working overseas, in everything from intelligence to foreign aid.

Broadly speaking, then, this is the outlook: Congress, in spite of the tragedies of last spring in Paris, Tokyo, and elsewhere, will not really come down hard against personal Presidential diplomacy. This is likely to continue, though some people (including this correspondent) think it shouldn't. Congress will support continued efforts to reach accommodations with the Soviet Union, by almost any means short of an “appeasement”—which nobody in this country really wants. It will not withhold money which is needed—not even to a “foreign aid” program that has become a crashing bore even to its old friends. (It is an unexpendable bore all the same.)

It will look with increasingly uneasy eyes, however, upon any kind of “military assistance” that can reasonably be indicted as supporting mere tinpot dictators. It will tend on the whole to accentuate economic assistance and exchange-of-persons, and to be bearish on purely military pacts.

There is also this arresting probability: Congress, which for a century has been like most of the rest of us in regarding Latin America as just a place where bananas are grown and people act in undesirably un-Anglo-Saxon ways, will begin really to *look* at the Southern continent. The Castro business in Cuba—which at this writing some of the best *liberal* politicians in South America regard as nothing less than a developing base of the Soviet Union—has at last scared The Hill out of an old somnolence. The subcommittees on Latin-American af-

fairs of both the Senate Foreign Relations and the House Foreign Affairs Committees used to be filled up with members who were reckoned to be of no possible use whatever. (Just as Latin American news used to be, to my certain memory, the last thing that we cleared from the foreign desk of a great press association. It came a bit after China news. And China news usually got on the wires only when it involved the deaths of millions in flood or famine, or something of that sort.)

The new Congress, however, is likely to press the new Administration (if it needs any such pressing) to begin to grapple with the realities of what is going on in *most* of this hemisphere. (I wish I could say the same thing about the Canadian part of this hemisphere; but the present realities just won't permit that.)

It is even possible that new and useful foreign-policy careers may be made in Congress. In all probability, it will make serious efforts toward developing a small Marshall Plan for Latin America, similar in purpose if not in outline to the original—that is, the containment of Communism through the relief of economic want and, in some cases, chaos. One thing is certain. It will no longer be a mark of lack of status to be a member of a Latin affairs subcommittee.

ALL THIS has been a large and a somewhat loose estimate of the probable composition and complexion of the Eighty-seventh Congress. When it assembles here in January it will become, at the fall of the first gavel, a national instrumentality confronting immense national and world problems. It is, however, being selected a small piece at a time, not to promote national interests but to protect this or that local or regional interest.

Can the true sum, then, become greater than the mere sum of parts? Yes, it can. And that is why any connoisseur of politics can find a fascination in the Congressional campaign scarcely less compelling—though far more diffuse and subtle—than in the Presidential campaign itself. For in the end, where are we all going to be led by those quiet, toe-scuffing conversations in the twilight before the Post Office, the Grange Hall, and the Union Temple?



# the new BOOKS

STANLEY KUNITZ

## Process and Thing: A Year of Poetry

*While Paul Pickrel is on vacation, Stanley Kunitz—who won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1959—comments on the outstanding poetry of 1959-60.*

TO LOOK at the scene first through foreign eyes may serve a purpose. In its ambitious, if slightly preposterous, issue last November on "The American Imagination" the London *Times Literary Supplement* gave high marks to American poetry for its vitality, craft, profundity of theme, and eloquence: "... Ever since the first impact of Eliot on American poetry nearly forty years ago American poets have been studying new techniques, absorbing new influences, and expanding their horizons, on a scale that makes the modern British poet look positively provincial." In France this year thirty-five American poets born after 1900, *Trente-cinq jeunes poètes américains* (Gallimard, 16 nf.), have been presented in a book of translations, with facing original texts, thanks to the herculean labors of the poet Alain Bosquet, who is less impressed by the formal excellence of American verse than by its passion and spontaneity. In his prefatory remarks M. Bosquet notes that the contradictions present in our political behavior are equally inherent in our poetry—"instability but self-confidence, incoherence but irresistible *élan*, panic but vigor (*"la panique mais la poigne"*), excessive moralism but impulsiveness"—signs to the Gallic mind of power and immaturity at once.

How American is American poetry? My own temptation is merely to like it when it's good, which means, I suppose, when I think it's good, without fussing about regional or even national flavors. In one of Goethe's last conversations with Eckermann he remarked, with his usual emphasis and authority: "The poet, as a man and citizen, will love his native land; but the native land of his poetic powers and poetic action is the good, noble, and beautiful, which is confined to no particular province or country, and which he seizes upon and forms wherever he finds it.

Therein is he like the eagle, who hovers with free gaze over whole countries, and to whom it is of no consequence whether the hare on which he pounces is running in Prussia or in Saxony."

It needs to be conceded, however, that some poets, for reasons of style or substance, are less readily exportable than others. The British are diffident about William Carlos Williams. To the French, who still regard Poe as our major poet, the reputation of Robert Frost is, as Bosquet comments, "incomprehensible." He seems to them—how could they be more mistaken?—"an elegist attached to a province of which he sings in a minor key, although full of good-natured wisdom, about natural beauties and romantic nostalgias." Such errors of judgment have a sort of comic vivacity about them. The consolation is in the conviction that eventually the eagle is recognized by the hares he has pounced on.

FOR good reason, I shall have little to say about our literary elder statesmen, those born in the last century who initiated the revolution of the 'twenties and who, by virtue of longevity no less than genius, have left their indelible mark on an age. Quietly, almost imperceptibly, they are changing into monuments, inscribed already with countless exegetical hieroglyphics, visited by shoeless disciples bearing lamps, adorned with tributary wreaths plaited by scrawny Ph.D.s.

Of that senatorial generation only Ezra Pound and Marianne Moore have issued new work within the year. Despite Pound's personal misfortunes, he remains unmistakably one of the heroes and prophets of modern poetry. By giving to the fourteen latest cantos of his "poem containing history" the title *Thrones 96-109 de los cantares* (New Directions, \$3.50), in an echo of Dante's *Paradiso*, Pound calls attention to the structural parallel between his work and *The Divine Comedy*. At this stage his technique of fragmentation, his polyglot tissuing, his inter-folding of times, his cannibalistic scholarship have been cultivated, exhausted, and refined to a condition of golden unreadability. "If we never write anything save what is already understood," he comments in an aside in the course of Canto

**With these words:**

"The woman's name was Toy, and it suited her no more than silk on Sunday or the cotton she wore the rest of the week. Silk and cotton are amenable fabrics, easy to the hand and accepting a bit of lace or ruffle. The woman was like linen, strong and reticent and keeping her character through all things."

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96, "the field of understanding will never be extended. One demands the right, now and again, to write for a few people with special interests and whose curiosity reaches into greater detail." One's confidence in the verse is not—alas!—reinforced by the sloppiness of the prose.

THE fifteen poems in *O to Be a Dragon* (Viking, \$2.75) are not likely to modify Marianne Moore's status as a poet, but since she stands unique and invincible, there is no belittlement in the observation. Miss Moore has made a great triumph by building an art out of a lifetime of trust in small, real virtues. She is our Moral Eye, saved from platitude by accuracy, by honesty, by coolness, and by joy. One of her convictions is that "poetry watches life with affection." Like Pound, she is fond of quoting from Confucius, who taught her, "If there be a knife of resentment in the heart, the mind will not attain precision." I quote Confucius back at her, half in her praise, half in explanation to the reader of the poet's scruples about words, above and beyond his sheer love of arranging them in meaningful patterns. Confucius was once asked what he would do first if it were left for him to administer a country. "It would certainly be to correct language," he replied. His listeners were surprised. "Surely," they said, "this has nothing to do with the matter. Why should language be corrected?" The Master's answer was: "If language is not correct, then what is said is not what is meant; if what is said is not meant, then what ought to be done remains undone; if this remains undone, morals and arts will deteriorate; if morals and arts deteriorate, justice will go astray; if justice goes astray, the people will stand about in helpless confusion. Hence there must be no arbitrariness in what is said. This matters above everything."

As I copy out these words from my notebook, my eye lights on this morning's newspaper. The occupant of the White House has just given a press interview on his new program of aid to Latin America, inspired by recent events in Cuba. He is asked whether he hopes to get his plan approved in the next session of Congress. The verbatim transcript of his reply reads: "Well, I would think that this plan would appeal to any thinking American and so I would—if I have now I would like to get it done better, of course—quicker, but always as I think it's a soldier's attitude, if you know what you want to do, get it done in a hurry. But in this, you take some time to get exactly the agreements that you want." People who do not raise an eyebrow at such high official maiming of the word are the ones most likely to complain about the obscurity of modern poetry! We are so unaccustomed to precision of speech that when we hear it, our ears are frightened, as though by a form of auditory hallucination.

LISTEN in contrast, if you will, to the opening stanza of "An Ode on the Despoilers of Learning in an American University," written by Yvor Winters:

*This was our heritage:  
In Learning's monument  
To study, and teach the young,  
Until our days were spent;  
To reëmbold mind  
In age succeeding age,  
That some few men might see,  
Though, mostly, men were blind;  
To hold what men had wrung  
From struggle to atone  
For man's stupidity,  
In labor and alone.*

The conscience of the poet is evident in the note appended to his volume of *Collected Poems* (Swallow, \$3.50): "... the volume contains everything which I wish to keep and represents in addition a kind of definition by example of the style which I have been trying to achieve for a matter of thirty years." You may complain, in rejecting this example, that Winters is not really a "modern" poet, since his art is formal and traditional; to which the answer must be that there is no definition of modernity that covers the wide range of poetic activity in our time. There are fashions in modernity as in everything else. For my money, any contemporary whose words stick in one's craw is modern enough to stand up and be counted among us. Winters' collection will be treasured long after most of his flashier colleagues have retreated into oblivion.

W. H. AUDEN'S *Homage to Clio* (Random House, \$3.50) is not one of his major productions, but it serves beautifully to remind us of the degree of civilization that has entered into the making of this poet. To the muse of history, whose diffidence he acknowledges, he addresses himself with the intimacy of one who has learned to live with his own mortality:

*... Approachable as you seem,  
I dare not ask you if you bless the poets,  
For you do not look as if you ever read them  
Nor can I see a reason why you should.*

Auden's consummate mastery of syntax is almost in itself a form of metaphor, from which we may infer how sinuous is the mind, how supple the language at his command. In one of the best of his recent poems, "The Epigoni," in which he discourses on the lot of the members of a later and inferior generation, the sons of the seven heroes who were beaten before Thebes, he offers what may be taken as a parable about certain poets of our time:

*It would have been an excusable failing  
Had they broken out into womanish wailing  
Or, dramatizing their doom, held forth  
In sonorous clap-trap about death;*

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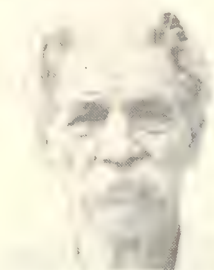
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perceive  
That the language they loved was  
coming to grief,  
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tricks.  
Epanaleptics, rhopalics, anacyclic  
acrostics:  
To their lasting honor, the stuff they  
wrote  
Can safely be spanked in a scholar's  
footnote,  
Called shallow by a mechanized  
generation to whom  
Haphazard oracular grunts are profound  
wisdom.*

THE most highly praised book of poems in years has been Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50). Now in his early forties, Lowell might be considered as a representative of an after-generation, following in the footsteps of his giant predecessors, but the depth and force of his work, its volatility, its immediacy, its ambition, suggest that he is not one to settle for any epigonous half-loaf. These poems are moving because they are true; they have radiance because they are born of a necessity of spirit; they boil with energy because they are charged with danger and audacity. Largely autobiographical in impulse, *Life Studies* reads with the breathless momentum of a novel. One of Lowell's heroic gestures has been to abandon the density of line, the hammer-metrics, the sensational Christian imagery with which he achieved his early reputation. Something marmoreal has been forfeited; the poet remains.

In his graceful speech accepting the National Book Award for poetry last spring, Lowell expertly summed up his impressions of the poetic landscape: "Something earth-shaking was started about fifty years ago by the generation of Eliot, Frost, and William Carlos Williams. We have had a run of poetry as inspired, and perhaps as important and sadly brief as that of Baudelaire and his successors, or that of the dying Roman Republic and early Empire. Two poetries are now competing, a cooked and a raw. The cooked, marvelously expert, often seems laboriously concocted to be tasted and digested by a graduate seminar. The raw, huge blood-dripping gobbets of unseasoned experience are dished up for midnight listeners. There is a

poetry that can only be studied, and a poetry that can only be declaimed, a poetry of pedantry, and a poetry of scandal. I exaggerate, of course. Randall Jarrell has said that the modern world has destroyed the intelligent poet's audience and given him students. James Baldwin has said that many of the Beat writers are as inarticulate as our statesmen."

If we attempt to apply Lowell's descriptive terminology to his own recent work, we find that the poems cannot accurately be tagged as either cooked or raw. Perhaps we shall have to settle for medium rare.

SOME time ago I came across a poem in one of the quarterlies that included, as refrain, a line not easily to be forgotten: "Snodgrass is walking through the universe." The author of that line, whose name by no coincidence is W. D. Snodgrass, has the gift of transforming ordinary experience, including the domestic, into a decisive act of the imagination, remarkable for its pace and clarity and controlled emotion. The award to him, in his thirty-fourth year, of the Pulitzer Prize for his first collection, *Heart's Needle* (Knopf, \$3.75), may have surprised the general public, but it was more or less expected by his fellow poets. The core of his book is a poignant sequence on a father's relationship to his child from whom he is separated:

*Here in the scuffled dust  
is our ground of play.  
I lift you on your swing and must  
shove you away,  
see you return again,  
drive you off again, then  
stand quiet till you come.  
You, though you climb  
higher, farther from me, longer,  
will fall back to me stronger.  
Bad penny, pendulum,  
you keep my constant time  
to bob in blue July  
where fat goldfinches fly  
over the glittering, fecund  
reach of our growing lands.  
Once more now, this second,  
I hold you in my hands.*

IT is gratifying to note the number of poets in their middle years—what used to be called, before the cult of youth, their "prime"—who are gathering their old and new poems into

selected volumes, as if to say, "Here I am. This is what I have done. What do you make of me?" Three books of this category that belong in any comprehensive library of contemporary verse represent, respectively, the work to date of Delmore Schwartz, Howard Moss, and J. V. Cunningham. Schwartz's *Summer Knowledge* (1938-58) (Doubleday, \$4.95) includes those astonishing poems of his youth, including "The Ballad of the Children of the Czar," "In the Naked Bed, in Plato's Cave," "The Beautiful American Word Sure," and "The Heavy Bear Who Goes with Me," which have lost none of their luster after a score of years. Among the new poems, which tend to be looser in feeling and in style, one of my favorites is "Baudelaire," in the form of a letter from the French poet to his mother:

*I am sad this morning. Do not reproach  
me.  
I write from a café near the post  
office,  
Amid the click of billiard balls, the  
clatter of dishes,  
The pounding of my heart. I have been  
asked to write  
"A History of Caricature." I have been  
asked to write  
"A History of Sculpture." Shall I write  
a history  
Of the caricatures of the sculptures of  
you in my heart?  
Although it costs you countless agony  
Although you cannot believe it  
necessary.  
And doubt that the sum is accurate,  
Please send me money enough for at  
least three weeks.*

As the title indicates, the mood of Howard Moss's *A Winter Come A Summer Gone* (1946-60) (Scribner, \$3.50) is predominantly elegiac. Moss has achieved a high style, whose elaborate stanzaic structures suggest an architecture of the mind composed out of shifting images. To move from the musical nostalgias and compassions of this world of romantic sensibility into the fierce cold of Cunningham's art is to take a far journey and at the same time to be instructed in the range of possibilities still open to the contemporary poet. Cunningham's curious title, *The Exclusions of a Rhyme* (Swallow, \$3), reflects his commitment to the intellectual disciplines on which his art of limits is based. Someone has said, with the intent

## THE NEW BOOKS

of dispensing praise, that Cunningham has the best grammar among poets writing today. Steeped in the classical heritage, he is certainly our finest living epigrammatist. His work is not geared to delineate fugitive sensations; but it can define a deep contempt, it can hold a great rage. Out of much that is quotable I offer a single quatrain:

*All in due time: love will emerge  
from hate,  
And the due deference of truth from lies.  
If not quite all things come to those  
who wait  
They will not need them: in due time  
one dies.*

I HAVE never in my life used the word "poetess," which strikes me as a diminishing term, calculated to introduce a superfluous sexual qualification. Neither do I like to talk about "women poets," as though they constituted a separate species. However, I am compelled by the exigencies of space to make use of whatever groupings seem economical enough to justify their artificiality. Jean Garrigue's third book, *A Water Walk* by Villa d'Este (St. Martin's, \$2.95), confirms my impression that here is a wildly gifted poet, the most baroque and (in the best sense) outlandish of spirits, who demonstrates to a T Blake's disturbing dictum, "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." She is our one lyric poet who makes ecstasy her home. Her world of angels, demons, ghosts, moon and roses, fabulous beasts and birds, fireworks and fountains would seem extravagant and false if a real anguish, countered by the most sumptuous of joys, did not hold them together.

CONVERSELY, it is the solidity of Barbara Howes' world of experience that exerts its gravitational force on the reader. The poems of *Light and Dark* (Wesleyan, \$3) are prevailingly earth-colored; their lineaments are clean; even their moral weights are palpable. "For dear life some do/ Many a hard thing,/ Train the meticulous mind/ Upon meaning," she writes in "Portrait of an Artist." Her meanings flow out of the accuracies of her perception. She hears "Cicadas at their pastime, drilling/ Eyelets of sound, so many midget Singer/ Sewing machines." Only after intently

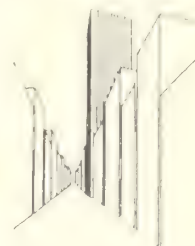
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## Blue Collar Man

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IN INDUSTRY



*By Theodore V. Purcell.* As unions grow larger and management grows more remote, industrial workers are increasingly subject to dual, often conflicting, allegiance. This extensive study of Swift & Co. workers and their unions (begun in *The Worker Speaks His Mind on Company and Union*, 1954, \$6.00) points up the possibilities as well as the limitations of this complex development.

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## Steelworkers in America

THE NON-UNION ERA

*By David Brody.* This brutal but colorful story, involving names like Carnegie, Schwab, and Gompers, follows the steelworkers from the 1890's through the strike of 1919, and up to the beginning of a new labor era in 1929. \$5.00

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*By Leonard W. Levy.* An examination of the original meaning of the First Amendment's provision for freedom of speech and press, and of the intellectual climate that influenced its inclusion in our Constitution. A BELKNAP PRESS BOOK \$6.50

## The Strategy of Conflict

*By Thomas C. Schelling.* An application of game theory to political and personal conflicts — and an analysis of the "moves" that can be made to resolve them. \$6.25

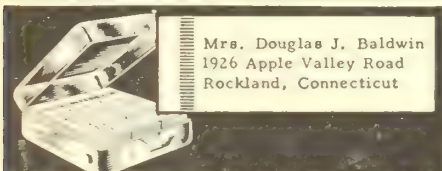
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## THE NEW BOOKS

studying the several metamorphoses on a couch of her superlative cat, transformed finally into a prima ballerina lifting "the slim boom of her leg," does she arrive at the instant of light: "Grace held in readiness,/ She meditates, a vision of repose."

TO tell the true artist from the false is one of the responsibilities of criticism. Denise Levertov (*With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads—New Directions, \$3.50*) assists us with her translation of a poem on "The Artist" from an ancient Toltec Codex:

*The true artist: capable, practicing,  
skillful;  
maintains dialogue with his heart,  
meets things with his mind.*

*The true artist: draws out all from his  
heart,  
works with delight, makes things with  
calm, with sagacity. . . .*

*The carrion artist: works at random,  
sneers at the people,  
makes things opaque, brushes across the  
surface of the face of things,  
works without care, defrauds people, is  
a thief.*

Miss Levertov's attractive poems read like a running dialogue. They are modest and fresh, with the sparkling transparency of water. "I in my balloon," she writes, "light where the wind/ permits a landing,/ in my own province." An original, she disdains (to adapt one of her images) the million-bugged potato patch. She listens for a music that moves "over and under a line." After Gautier, she has her instructions: "Incise, invent, file to poignance."

EVER since T. S. Eliot delivered his famous pronouncement that "the difference between art and the event is always absolute," the critical tendency has been to steer away from any consideration of the personality of the artist in order to concentrate on problems of technique and meaning.

But how can anyone talk about the poems of John Ciardi, say, without mentioning the largess of energy, warmth, and sheer humanity that spills over the page? There have been occasions in recent years when this poet, teacher, lecturer, editor, journalist, translator, and friend of

## CHECK LIST OF ADDITIONAL TITLES

*The Collected Poems of Roy Campbell, Vol. 3 (Translations).* Henry Regnery, 1960. \$6.50

Hayden Carruth. *The Crow and the Heart.* Macmillan, 1959. \$1.50

Robert Creeley. *A Form of Women.* Jargon Books, 1959. \$1.50

Robert Duncan. *Selected Poems.* City Lights Books, 1959. \$1.00

Lawrence Durrell. *Collected Poems.* E. P. Dutton, 1960. \$5.00

David Galler. *Walls and Distances.* Macmillan, 1959. \$1.00

Ramon Guthrie. *Graffiti.* Macmillan, 1959. \$1.00

Carol Hall. *Portrait of Your Niece.* University of Minnesota, 1959. \$2.75

Ralph Hodgson. *The Skylark and Other Poems.* St. Martin's Press, 1959. \$2.95

Donald Justice. *The Summer Anniversaries.* Wesleyan University Press, 1960. \$1.65

Galway Kinnell. *What a Kingdom It Was.* Houghton Mifflin, 1960. \$3.00

Kenneth Koch. *Ko, or a Season on Earth.* Grove, 1959. \$1.75 paper, \$3.50 cloth

John Logan. *Ghosts of the Heart.* University of Chicago, 1960. \$2.75

Christopher Logue. *Songs.* McDowell, Obolensky, 1960. \$3.00

Winfield Townley Scott. *Scrimshaw.* Macmillan, 1959. \$1.25

Anne Sexton. *To Bedlam and Part Way Back.* Houghton Mifflin, 1960. \$3.00

Louis Simpson. *A Dream of Governors.* Wesleyan University Press, 1959. \$1.65

George Starbuck. *Bone Thoughts.* Yale University Press, 1960. \$1.25

Ruth Stone. *In an Iridescent Time.* Harcourt, Brace, 1959. \$3.75

Mark Van Doren. *Morning Worship and Other Poems.* Harcourt, Brace, 1960. \$3.95

Reed Whitemore. *The Self-Made Man.* Macmillan, 1959. \$1.25

James Wright. *Saint Judas.* Wesleyan University Press, 1959. \$1.65

poets and poetry seemed to be spreading himself too thin, coarsening the grain of his work, but it is a pleasure to be able to agree with his publisher that **39 Poems** (Rutgers \$3) is the best of his six books of poems.

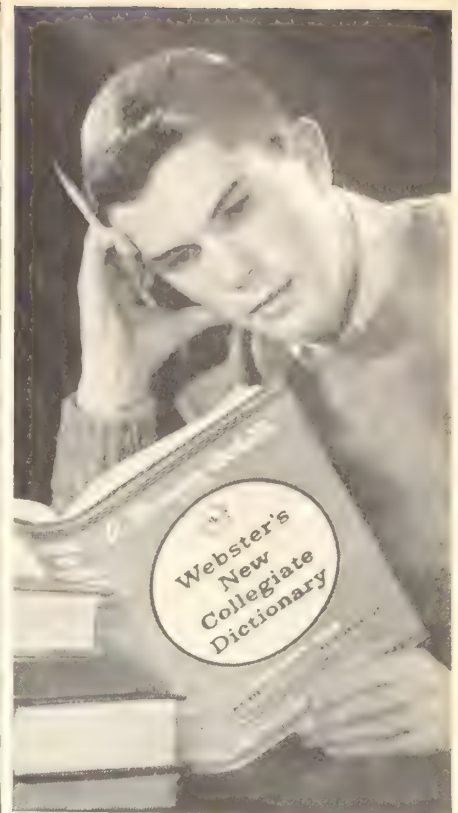
The opening group, in its direct and confident voice, is particularly fine, and "A Thousandth Poem for Dylan Thomas" is strong enough—indeed, at times appallingly so—to serve as the last word on that subject. "To be a poet in an age of prose," according to Ciardi, "is to hear more than the age is ready for." One of the delights of Ciardi is that he appears ready for anything.

FOR readers who wish to acquaint themselves with the work of the *avant-garde*, **The New American Poetry 1945-1960** (Grove, \$5.95), edited by Donald M. Allen will be found indispensable. The Beat poets comprise one section of the anthology; other sections are devoted to the Black Mountain group, the San Franciscans, and a New York contingent. The unifying characteristic that Mr. Allen finds among his "strong third generation" of forty-four poets is "a total rejection of all those qualities typical of academic verse." Their preceptors, in evolving "new conceptions of the poem," have been Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams. Many of them stand in close relationship to modern jazz, and others have been affected by abstract expressionist painting. Several of Mr. Allen's poets, who seem to have crept into the *avant-garde* on the shirt-tails of their friends, sound tired and conventional; some are uncooked or illiterate or both . . . a staggering none; a solid core of honest work nevertheless remains, particularly in the Black Mountain and New York sections, with Charles Olson looming large as the dominant figure of the entire anthology.

For Gospel the editor reprints, along with other manifestoes, Olson's essay on "projective verse," of which the three major premises are (1) open composition, or composition by field, "as opposed to inherited line, stanza, over-all form"; (2) form conceived as never more than an extension of content; (3) process as the over-riding principle of energy in the poem—"one perception must immediately and directly lead to a

further perception." These doctrines are scarcely as revolutionary as the editor supposes, nor are they the exclusive property of the writers anthologized. In fact, I dare say that most of the poets of our time of any consequence, including the despised "academics," would assent to them, as did Hopkins and Coleridge previously, and even Milton in part. In practice, the concept of process is the central one, the verse conceived as projecting the very motion of the mind, the poem conceived as a way of breathing in words. The difficulty is not only to convey the sense of the process, the feeling of the mind-flow, but in the course of the action, and as a result of it, to make a *thing*, a whole, an entity. Most of the poets of this anthology give all to process; the *thing* escapes them. Which brings us back to Lowell's comment about "the raw, huge blood-dripping gobbets of unseasoned experience . . . dished up for midnight listeners," and to Auden's animadversion on "a mechanized generation to whom/Haphazard oracular grunts are profound wisdom."

A BOOK that has just come to hand helps me to define the kind of poetry so steeped in the true element that it passes beyond all this pother of school and region and movement and vanguardism and coterie—what Robert Frost calls, with a snort, "hat and coterie!" **Lupercal** (Harper, \$3), the second volume by Ted Hughes, a young Englishman lately resident in the United States, establishes him as one of the most exciting of living poets. The title alludes to the grotto at the foot of the Palatine Hill which was the scene of an annual Roman fertility rite, performed by the priests of Faunus. This is a poetry deep and dark, heavy with mysteries, wolf-ridden, satyr-haunted, fierce as hawks. In his passion for the natural world, in his blood-feeling, Hughes recalls D. H. Lawrence, to whom he is surely indebted, but with no essential sacrifice of his creature self. He does not need to imitate Lawrence, for he brings his own wilderness with him. These poems seem to be all process, and they are, running like the tide, or shooting thick as clover, until we discover, in a marvel of knowing, that they are completely things. I could quote page after



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page, but must content myself with a passage from "Mayday on Holder-ness":

. . . Birth-soils,

*The sea-salts, scoured me, cortex and intestine.*

*To receive these remains.*

*As the incinerator, as the sun.*

*As the spider, I had a whole world in my hands.*

*Flowerlike, I loved nothing.*

*Dead and unborn are in God comfortable.*

*What a length of gut is growing and breathing—*

*This mute eater, biting through the mind's*

*Nursery floor, with eel and hyena and culture.*

*With creepy-crawly and the root.*

*With the sea-worm, entering its birthright.*

It may be true, as Ciardi observes in one of his poems, that "we lack a vocabulary for admiration." Let poets, in that case, invent one. Perhaps because an old dynasty is passing and a new one is yet to be acknowledged—a deficiency, to be sure—poetry today has a multiplicity of faces and voices. All the lamentations to the contrary, how many twelvemonths, I wonder, in the history of our language have witnessed the publication of as many good poems by as many poets? The great lack is not poets but readers. Poetry speaks to the best in us, whereas we live in an age where the second-best, the good-enough, is king. Popularity is not to be expected for an art that is bitten by the ideal.

I have by no means exhausted all the books of recent months that have provided occasion for admiration. The check list of titles on page 102 includes the ones I most regret not being able to discuss. There are others, I am sure, that have simply escaped my attention. Some lines by Reed Whittemore, one of our wittiest poets, come back to me:

*Here is a beautiful world full of beautiful, beautiful*

*Unwritten poems (in every ephemeral flower),*

*Which, as I understand it, are mine to transcribe*

*Into beautiful written poems for all time to admire.*

*And what am I doing, what in the world am I doing?*

*It*

*I am busy writing a critical piece.*

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

**Walk Egypt**, by Vinnie Williams.

The Book of the Month for August is the second novel by the author of *The Fruit Tramp*. It is a sprawling, episodic book, yet so carefully integrated that every incident fits neatly into every other to achieve a cumulative and satisfying final impact. It is about a girl who grew up in a no-good hillbilly family in Georgia just before and during World War II. When she was twelve, her father was murdered for good and sufficient reasons (shot as he jumped out of a married woman's bedroom window) according to the ethics of the small town of Gristle, and the murderer went free. Her hate for the town and everyone in it grew and was cosseted as her dearest treasure, while she took over the housework, the garden, the mill—the providing for her irresponsible family. She spoke to few and gently to no one. Her growth in self-reliance at the cost of human contacts rings true; the slow breakdown of her hatred of God and man into illuminating self-knowledge rings even truer, for the strong tough core of self remained unreachable. People who can't bear Georgia hill stories may think they don't want to read it but they're missing a story as exciting in narrative skill as it is in psychological discernment.

Viking, \$4.50

**The Lovely Ambition**, by Mary Ellen Chase.

This is a family saga of a most endearing kind and most difficult to characterize. The kindly, humorous, Cambridge-educated father is a Wesleyan preacher whose three passions outside his flock and his family are reading, fishing, and lambing. The story begins with the slow chronicling of their quiet but not uneventful life in a small and ugly parsonage in Cambridgeshire in England—the parson, the lively mother, the three children, two girls and a boy. The reader has an absolute sense of that small village by the time the decision has been

reached to move to America—this time to a small fishing village in northern Maine. That life, too, for all its simplicity becomes absorbing in every detail. In a way it is an "as the earth turns" book, though wider in its implications. The story is told by the younger girl in the first person and is so vivid that even with Miss Chase's own autobiographical *A Goodly Fellowship* (first published in 1939 and now coming from Macmillan in paper in September) saying clearly that she was born and brought up in Maine, I shall always think of her as growing up in a Cambridgeshire parsonage with a father named John Tillyard. It is impossible to believe that this pleasant tale of most amiable people didn't really happen.

Norton, \$3.95

**Has Anybody Seen My Father?** by Harrison Kinney.

Mr. Kinney in this first novel about the war between the sexes has stacked his cards a little. At his work as architectural adviser on a large (and fairly recognizable) women's magazine Walter Hinsdale is not only one of four men among a dozen women; but in his home in the pleasant suburb of Grenadier Arms he lives with his wife (a damn nice woman), three small daughters, and all too often with his mother-in-law as well. Any man so placed, I hold, would tend to feel that it's a woman's world, but it's a pretty special case. At any rate, in spite of his thesis the author doesn't prove entirely anti-feminine. Walter Hinsdale's situation on the women's magazine is indeed dreadful, but I suspect work with executive and neurotic women is dreadful for anybody. Our hero handles it with desperate humor; the dialogue is wonderfully Gray-Flannel-Suit colloquial; and the book is often very funny indeed. The magazine scenes are, one feels, excellent reporting (Mr. Kinney worked for some years on women's magazines). The life at home is refreshingly normal in its affection and well-meaning muddle, and it all becomes rather endearing in Walter's final rueful acceptance of the male-female reciprocal need in this bilateral universe. One applauds his emancipation when he quits the magazine; one applauds his

wife, struggling and solving the home problem. Whatever their sex, they both prove themselves humanly fallible but adult. A light novel but not at all a frivolous one.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.95

**Some Other Time.** by Hollis Alpert.

This book might well have been called "Things Aren't What They Seem." That would go for the place—Paris, just at the end of World War II, which seemed a dream city to the young Americans still stationed there and even more so to those others on terminal leave not yet ready to go home. It starts in a most lighthearted way with young men just released from the tensions of war looking in the traditional way for lovely girls in the loveliest city in the world. Slowly they discover sickness and corruption beneath the facade and each of them has to make his own adjustment. Mr. Alpert, who wrote *The Summer Lovers*, makes a lively and reasonably convincing story of it in spite of some rather flat judgments about France and America, and the bounciness of the American heroine who arrives on the scene. But one has a sense that Paris just after the war may indeed have been this way.

Knopf, \$3.75

#### NON-FICTION

**A Nation Reborn: A Personal Account of the Roles Played by Weizmann, Bevin, and Ben-Gurion in the Story of Israel,** by Richard H. S. Crossman.

It is always a pleasure to find a man of politics who is also a writer of distinction. This book, based on lectures which Mr. Crossman gave last April in Israel as the fourth Chaim Weizmann Memorial lecturer is divided into three sections. One, on Chaim Weizmann, is called "The Zionist Vision"; the second, on Ernest Bevin, is entitled "The End of the Mandate"; and the third, on David Ben-Gurion, sums up "The First Decade." Mr. Crossman, assistant editor of *The New Statesman and Nation* from 1938 to 1955, was a great friend of Weizmann's in his last years; he was a Labour MP, one of two members of Parliament on the Anglo-American Commission of Enquiry in Palestine in 1945; and

thereafter took a leading part in the fight in Parliament against Bevin's policies. Thus the book includes, of course, personal history and viewpoints, sharp political analysis, and most readable biography, especially moving in the case of Chaim Weizmann who combined (to use his own phrase) "blinker nationalism" with a scientific passion for truth."

Atheneum, \$3.50

**The Four Loves,** by C. S. Lewis.

The author of *The Screwtape Letters* writes of the likenesses and differences in the nature of four kinds of love—affection, friendship, Eros, charity—the love "between parents and children, the love of men for men and women for women, of men and women for each other, and the love of God which may enrich all love." These are subjects to trap in a sentimental bog less wise and witty writers than Mr. Lewis, but in his hands they become most lively and illuminated. His introduction, "Liking and Loves for the Sub-Human," is a charming essay by itself. The book is full of quotable pages.

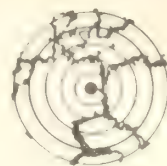
Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75

#### FORECAST

**Belles Lettres, Miscellaneous.**

Viking's fall list opens on September 16 with *The Sign of the Fish: Recollections and Digressions*, by Peter Quennell, to start off the season's discussion of life and literature. Random House will follow with *Portrait of Max*, a biography of the late Sir Max Beerbohm by S. N. Behrman. It will be the Book of the Month for October. Late in September Harper will publish Aldous Huxley's *On Art and Artists*, while October will bring from Horizon Press not only Sir Herbert Read's *The Form of Things Unknown*, but also a biography of those amazing literary collaborators, *The Goncourt Brothers*, by André Billy. Later in the season we will have *Poetry and Experience*, by Archibald MacLeish, from Houghton Mifflin, and from Criterion Press a book which in spite of its odd and unrevealing title, *No! In Thunder*, is about "myth and literature in writers from Dante to the present time," by Leslie Fiedler who wrote *Love and Death in the American Novel*.

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Several generations of violinists can be heard on recent discs—violinists from the eighty-five-year-old Fritz Kreisler, no longer active, down to the nineteen-year-old Bolivian *Wunderkind*, Jaime Laredo.

Kreisler is, by common consent of professional violinists, the greatest of the century. Heifetz, they say, might have had a technical edge, but Fritz, they hasten to add, was by no means a technical cripple. And how he made music! With what joy and elegance! What a tone! What a natural approach to the fiddle!

The Kreisler that Victor lets us hear on CAL-518 (the Camden series, selling at \$1.98) is the miniature Kreisler, the Kreisler of arranged salon pieces. He plays, with Carl Lamson at the piano, his own *Rondino on a Theme by Beethoven*, other arrangements he made of popular tidbits by Falla, Dvořák,

and Albéniz, and some Debussy.

It should not be forgotten that Kreisler was playing in public well before the turn of the century (he gave his last concert in 1947); and in those days the art of salon playing was brought to a refined pitch. The younger violinists today—most of them, at any rate—are disposed to look askance at this kind of repertory. Perhaps their attitude is that of the wallflower looking at a pretty girl surrounded by all the young men in the place.

It is, of course, granted that the pieces Kreisler plays on this disc are no great musical shakes. But he positively transfigures them with his art. No violinist of the past fifty years, it is safe to say, could begin to bring to these little pieces an equivalent degree of charm, finesse, tone, and utter loveliness. All of his characteristics—which means the characteristics of the post-Romantic Viennese school—are present: the phrasing calculated to a hair's breadth; the warm vibrato; a good deal of sliding from note to note; an incomparable "lift" to the bowing; a quality of intonation that

may not always be dead center but which suffices to the needs; and, above all, relaxation. One *knows* that Kreisler is not playing these pieces to show off his skill as a violinist. He is playing them because he believes in them and he loves them. Any listener who is too serious or too intellectual to sample this disc will be missing one of the great examples of violinistic subtlety on LP.

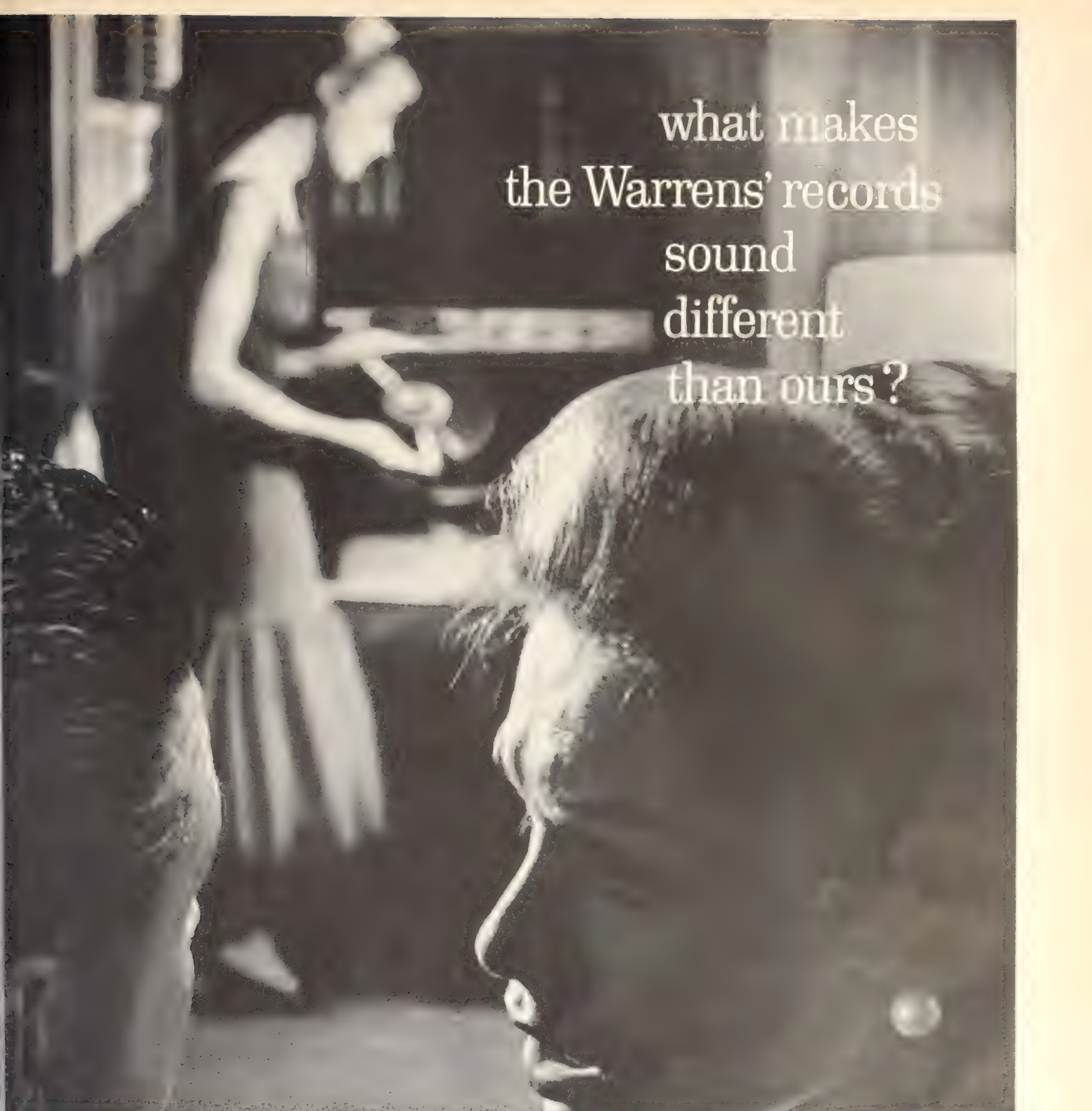
### *The Natural Approach*

His is the playing of a past generation and a vanished school. It is echoed, to a degree, in the art of Erica Morini, also Austrian-born. Morini, who has not made too many records and never has been a headliner in America, is nevertheless one of the world's greatest living violinists. She too, like Kreisler, brings to her music a cultivated style, unusual finesse, and a natural approach to the violin. By natural approach is meant the feeling that the violin is an extension of the body. Some violinists, for example—Szigeti, Menuhin, the late Busch—fight the instrument. They may make great music, but the strain is ever-present. With natural violinists like Morini, the playing is eternally silken, effortless and—here's the word again—natural.

She plays two popular concertos on a Decca disc: the Bruch *G minor* and the Glazunov *A minor*. Ferenc Fricsay, a very able man, leads the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra (Decca 12029, mono; 712029, stereo). Morini does not use a heavy bow, trying to make big virtuoso vehicles. What she has, to a degree that leaves most of her competition far behind, is poise and elegance. She is above all an aristocratic player: never passionate, always lyrical and in the best of taste. Her bow arm, like Kreisler's, is capable of infinite nuance; she can make all kinds of dynamic inflections in a single bow. Her finger shifts never show signs of strain. In her repertory—she specializes in the Romantics, with some occasional excursions into modern music—she is unparalleled.

Two of the younger international heroes of the violin are Isaac Stern and Yehudi Menuhin. The latter was, of course, the most formidable prodigy of the century. He reached his peak as a youth; lately he has been having troubles. Stern de-






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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

veloped more slowly, and it is only recently that he has been accepted as one of the half-dozen or so greatest living violinists.

Both have recently recorded the Franck *A major Sonata*. Menuhin, with his sister Hephzibah at the piano, also plays the Brahms *D minor Sonata* on his disc (Capitol G 7215, mono; SG 7215, stereo), while Stern's choice for a partner to the Franck is the Debussy *Sonata*. Alexander Zakin is his pianist (Columbia ML 5470, mono; MS 6139, stereo).

Stern gives the better performance of the Franck, though it is not one of his more distinguished efforts. He presses a little too hard, and the results are over-romantic and even heavy. He is, of course, a complete technician: too good a workman ever to give a bad performance. But the Franck *Sonata* surely need not sound so determined. He seems happier, however, in the Debussy *Sonata*, a gracious work that grows on one. The opening theme of this score is one of Debussy's loveliest conceptions (and since the *Sonata* has its cyclic aspects, that theme is heard in subsequent movements). Stern sounds brilliant and assured.

If Stern presses too hard in the Franck, Menuhin sometimes sounds desperate. His musical conception is noble, but these days he has trouble putting his ideas into effect. Something has happened to his bow arm; and the big, juicy tone he draws comes out, as often as not, in a tremulous manner. Is it a form of compensation that he slides much more than formerly, and that his vibrato is much heavier? Menuhin remains worth hearing for the interest of his musical ideas, but the listening experience is apt to prove unnerving, with Menuhin teetering often on the brink of disaster and the listener sweating it out with him.

### Testament to Duty

Jaime Laredo, on the other hand, has no perceptible technical problems. Last year, when he was eighteen, he won the important Queen Elizabeth of Belgium musical competition; and shortly after, the young Bolivian violinist impressed the New York critics with his flair for the instrument. Victor snapped him up for a recording contract, and his present disc contains the Brahms

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Plus a short story by Nobel Prize winner, Johannes V. Jensen.

## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

*D minor Sonata*—the one recorded by Menuhin—and Bach's unaccompanied *Partita in E*. Vladimir Sokoloff is the pianist in the Brahms (Victor LM 2414, mono; LSC 2414, stereo).

This is a big talent. The Brahms is honestly and accurately played, with secure musicianship and complete technical know-how. Laredo does not have to scramble and scratch out the double stops at the end of the third movement; he has an unusual degree of control. It is in the slow movement that his lack of experience shows up. Here he is a shade too slow and over-respectful. Eventually he will get the knack that all great interpreters have—the knack of surrounding a phrase with air space instead of pressing doggedly on. And he is a little too immature to be recording unaccompanied Bach.

Obviously, in this performance, he is determined not to show off, and he takes the E major prelude of the *Partita* at a sensible tempo. But he misses the point, for if ever a violin piece had exhilaration and *brio*, it is this. There is a happy medium between his too-sober approach and the crazy *prestissimo* that the great Sarasate recorded around 1905. Laredo has not as yet found it. And elsewhere in the work his playing is a testament to duty rather than to love. Why do young violinists feel it obligatory to jump into unaccompanied Bach? They are doing neither themselves nor the public a service.

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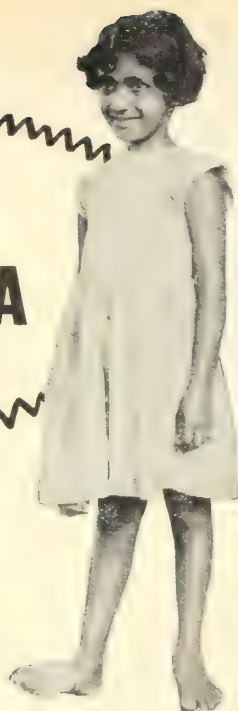
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# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

## IMPRESARIO

Someday, if there is any moral order in the universe, John Hammond will write his memoirs. They will be well worth reading. Here is a man who has almost single-handedly been responsible for the emergence of several major jazz styles, for bringing to public attention literally dozens of first-rank artists, and for seeing to it that as much as possible of their work was preserved. If there is such a thing as an ideal patron of the arts, this is it. If he won't write his memoirs, then someone might at least build him a monument—equestrian, in bronze, with palms.

Hammond long ago settled on a life's work of constructively exercising taste. He went to the trouble of acquiring it, and then of putting it to use. He listened widely, and learned, and when he found talents in obscurity he saw to it that they did not remain obscure for long. If he were remembered only for urging forward Count Basie, Billie Holiday, and Benny Goodman, his place in jazz history would be secure—but they are only the beginning. "The list of musicians discovered, sponsored, and recorded by this remarkable man," writes Nat Shapiro in *The Jazz Makers*, "reads like a *Who's Who* of jazz."

In 1938-39 John Hammond put on two Christmastide concerts at Carnegie Hall, under the title "Spirituals to Swing." They were remarkable, if only for the number of uncelebrated musicians they made known to a metropolitan audience. Now that they have been reconstructed on records, from a set of acetates Mr. Hammond had nearly worn out for the delectation of himself and his friends, we can see that they were remarkable too for their freshness and vigor. They are another of the rare glimpses into the primeval past. Listening to them, as Whitney Balliett has said, is like getting up in the morning, looking out the window, and seeing a dinosaur walk around the corner.

This would be a prize package anyhow. There are enough memorable solos in it by Charlie Christian and Lester Young alone, if you ignore the competition from the likes of Big Bill Broonzy and Oran "Lips" Page, to lift it above the category of today's over-promoted and under-powered "festivals." This was a program made up by someone who knew quality when he heard it, and there has never been much question who that someone was.

John Hammond's *Spirituals to Swing*. The Legendary Carnegie Hall Concerts of 1938-39. Vanguard VRS 8523/4.

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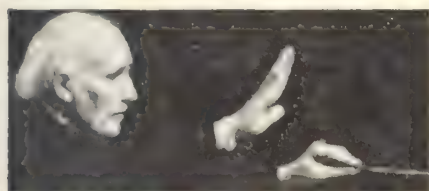
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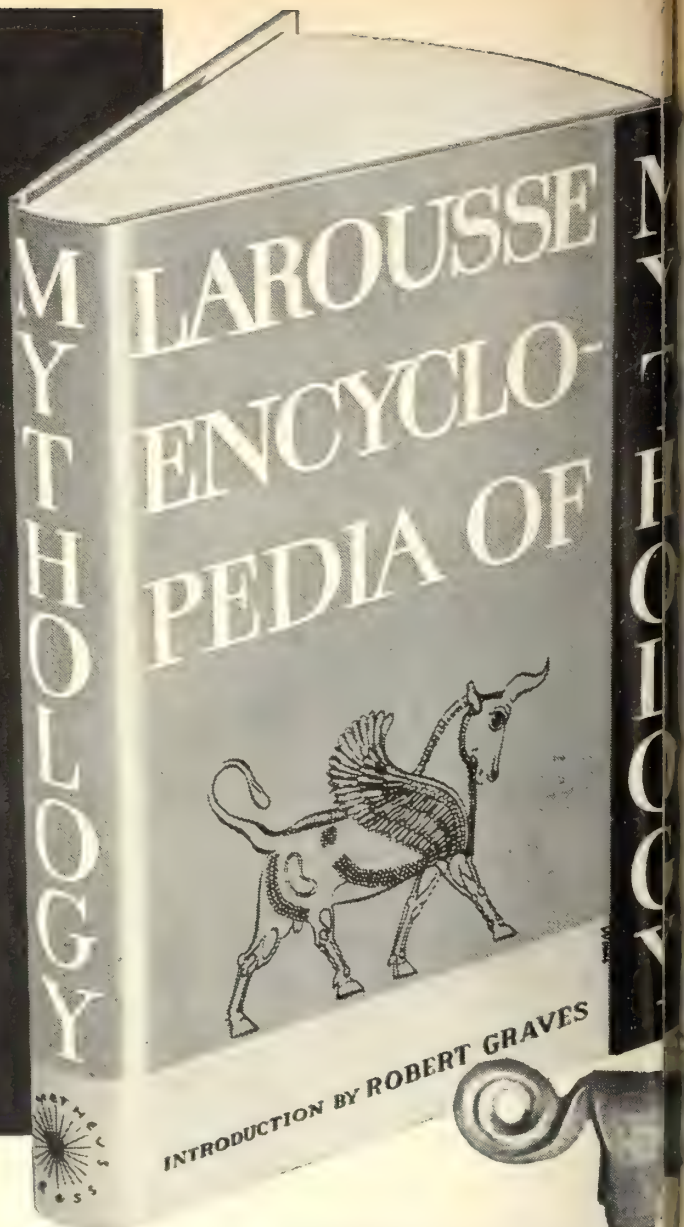
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Since the problem of providing for yourself after 65 is still pretty much up to you, the sooner you start preparing for those years, the better off you are likely to be in the end. Certainly you don't want the fullness of time to find you with emptiness of purse.

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# LETTERS

## Christians and Communism

TO THE EDITORS:

Milton Mayer is to be commended for his thorough study—on a personalized, eye-witness basis—on the life of the Christian Church in Eastern Europe ["Christ Under Communism," August]. I hope that Americans, in particular those of the Christian faith, will give serious heed to the problems our brothers behind the Curtain are facing. Articles such as this will make people realize that all is not pure black and white, and that hard choices have to be made by clergy and laity alike. . . . What Mayer presents confirms what I found in my visits to Europe and in talking with Church leaders who had contacts with Eastern Europe. . . .

REV. CARL ARMIN VIEHE

St. Stephen's United Church of Christ  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Mayer tells us that a Hungarian pastor claimed that because of the social structure in Communist Europe, crime, cultural vulgarity, and juvenile delinquency have been checked. Mr. Mayer thought of our slums, discrimination, venal newspapers, and expensive medicine. What did that same Communist social structure in Russia do to check the crimes of Stalin? Did it cure Mr. Khrushchev of cultural vulgarity? Has it been able to make anything of that juvenile, the son of Stalin? What has it done about the slums of Moscow? Has it eliminated discrimination against the Jews or improved the holier-than-thou tone of the Communist press? How long must a Communist woman street sweeper work to buy a dozen aspirin? . . .

Mr. Mayer's insinuation that the Christian Church has not been concerned with the plight of the poor is disproved by his quotation from Thomas Cranmer. . . . The trouble is that the Church gets indigestion from trying to make saints out of heathens. . . .

GEORGE F. WALD  
West Park, N. Y.

Mr. Mayer says: "In Communist Europe the Party militant and triumphant and the Church stripped and humiliated stand face to face. They are alone in the arena." How strangely reminiscent of another arena in another era when a militant and triumphant Roman legion

stood face to face with a stripped and humiliated Man. . . .

This makes your cover picture (the sickle's hammer poised over the Cross) more significant, calling to mind the words of Christ: "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner . . . and whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." (Matthew 21:42,44.)

MAJOR ROBERT W. WILLIAMS  
Chaplain, U. S. Army  
Fort Campbell, Ky.

It is a sad commentary on the depths to which American morality has sunk when a highly respected publication, as *Harper's*, places on its August issue a colorful and striking design of outright blasphemy. . . .

WILLIAM P. SNYDER  
Rogers, Ark.

## Privileged Americanos

TO THE EDITORS:

It was a pleasure to read a down-to-earth assessment of "The Double Image of American Business Abroad" (Thomas Aitken Jr., August). . . . A cause of much more unhappiness than Mr. Aitken indicates is the payment of lesser salaries to local executives than to their American colleagues—differences which enable the American to live in a better part of town, in a better house (paid for by a house allowance), with more servants, to dress better . . . and play golf at a club whose dues the company pays.

And then the petty privileges! I have seen local men gathered about a desk where a voucher of \$3.25 for school-books for the children of a \$15,000 American sales manager was being discussed. This tuition allowance may have gained the company the good will of its American employees but it was dynamite for its local industrial relations. . . .

HENRY H. WEST  
San Angel, Mexico, D. F.

In general, Mr. Aitken's points are well taken, but with respect to the operations of the American & Foreign Power Company Inc., some clarification is needed, in the interest of improved relations with Latin America.

(1) The statement that this company can "pull the switch" on most of the light and power supply to a half-dozen countries is unfortunate. "Pulling the switch" on an essential public service not only would be unthinkable on the



## Should a gifted child grow up to be a housewife?

**E**ducational experts estimate that the gift of high intelligence is bestowed upon only 1 out of every 50 children in our nation. When that gifted child is a girl, one question is inevitably asked: "Will this rare gift be wasted if she becomes a housewife?"

Let these gifted girls answer that question themselves. Over 90% of them marry, and the majority find the job of being a housewife challenging and rewarding enough to make full use of all their intelligence, time and energy.

**But what of the average American wife?** How well equipped is she to meet the ever-increasing range of responsibilities placed on her today?

If education is a guide, then America's women have the best qualifications for the job. Over 80% of the nation's young women have attended high school, 3 out of 5 graduate, and over twice as many receive high school diplomas today as did their mothers back in 1930. This fall alone, 1,228,500 young women will attend college, and by 1970 this figure will be up 73% when nearly 1 out of every 3 students graduating from college will be a woman.

This rising educational level among American women is reflected not only in their intellectual, social and political activities. It also is seen in the prudent way today's wife conducts the affairs of her family. In her daily roles of nurse, educator, economist and just plain housewife, she is constantly seeking ways to improve her family's life.

**Your own wife** has probably brought many improvements into your home. Millions of women—shopping for half the families in America—do so by saving S&H Green Stamps. Perhaps your wife is among them. If she is, you know how she feels about her S&H Green Stamps.

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**GOV. R. LETCHER**—A scholar uncovered an 1849 letter advising Orlando Brown, "Never open your mouth unless it is to swallow a 'leettle' drop of the Old Crow."

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## LETTERS

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(2) American & Foreign Power has been a pioneer in inviting local investors into partnership. Since World War II, upwards of \$54 million in bonds, debentures, and common stocks have been purchased by local investors in Brazil, Cuba, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Ecuador, Panama, and Venezuela; and securities will continue to be offered. . .

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JOHN T. KIMBALL

Exec. Vice Pres., American &  
Foreign Power Company Inc.  
New York, N. Y.

## Flying Small Planes

### TO THE EDITORS:

Wolfgang Langewiesche's "The Revolution in Small Plane Flying" [August] is enough to encourage idiots and Sunday drivers to take to the air and slaughter themselves *en masse*. Fortunately it is not quite as easy as he seems to think for unco-ordinated morons to obtain licenses to breeze happily around the airways without sweat or strain. . . . The modern business airplane is easier to fly than the old barnstorming Stearman and Waacs, but the pilot who doesn't know what to do when things go wrong . . . is letting himself in for an untimely death when he runs into trouble or his electronic marvel blows a tube.

If you ask a modern pilot he'll say that the old-timers were well off. Their planes may not have been as stable but they didn't . . . get involved in complex air traffic and communications . . . or have to go through three or four different controllers to get clearance to land at a big airport. . . . His landing was unhampered by pitch, power, and flap settings. His landing gear was down and stayed down. . . .

Many of the fast executive aircraft . . . pick up speed fast in a dive, their landing characteristics are severe because of greater speed and when the engine quits they drop like a stone. Let's encourage more people to fly, but don't kid them into thinking it's child's play.

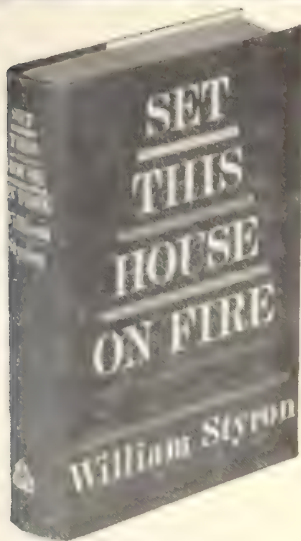
NEIL L. FRASER  
Atlanta, Ga.

The average person using things mechanical tends to know less and less about the device he is using. This in itself is not bad, except when the device stops working. . . . Even with co-ordinated controls in the plane, it still can and will get into departure or arrival



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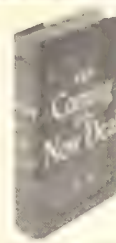
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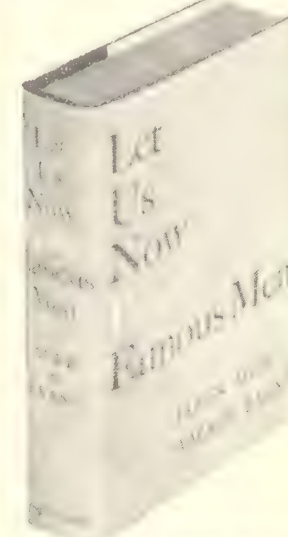
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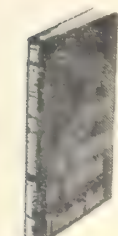
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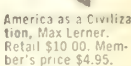
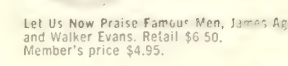
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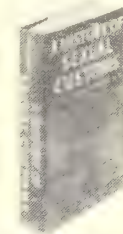
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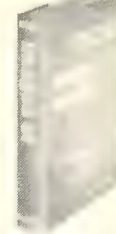
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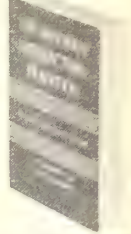
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## LETTERS

stalls or other non-flying attitudes. The practice which the FAA requires [of the student-pilot] is not to enable him to show off but rather to prevent him—when he finds himself adrift in a non-flying state—from becoming a pilot who is no longer living with a plane which is no longer flyable. I suggest that although there is a revolution in small plane flying, future pilots disregard Mr. Langewiesche and make the revolution bloodless.

WILLIAM FINBERG  
Great Neck, N. Y.

## Conservation vs. Population

TO THE EDITORS:

Charlton Ogburn, Jr. ["America the Expendable," August] would be a mighty long-winded toastmaster! Seven pages on the importance of conserving national shrines and woodlands (with which I most heartily agree) to introduce his real theme—a patched up page and a-half of propaganda for birth prevention by means of "social pressure that will restrain parents from heedless multiplication." . . .

Please permit me to explain that we Catholics and others who recognize a personal God as the Creator of all things . . . cannot in conscience accept the use of artificial contraceptive devices . . . because to use such devices in the act of creation is to attempt to frustrate the will of God. . . .

MARY C. RUSSELL  
Boston, Mass.

It is entirely possible that Charlton Ogburn's hypothetical 2.2 children will grow up to deface more parks, kill more wildlife, and toss more beer cans than my six will.

PATRICIA R. IVERSON  
Denver, Col.

Mr. Ogburn has done a real service in calling attention to the threat to our open space. We feel that, without discussing the merits of his long-range proposal, immediate action is needed by every thoughtful citizen. The National Recreation Association is always ready to help any local group faced with the problem of encroachment. . . .

ANNE I. NEW  
National Recreation Association  
New York, N. Y.

## Cool Politics

TO THE EDITORS:

Peter F. Drucker, in "Politics for a New Generation, Part III" [August], says that for people under thirty-five [the New Deal] slogans "are as topical as 'Remember the Maine!'" . . .

I was born in 1930. The New Deal

slogans are dated all right but they are forgotten only by the mind. The viscera will never forget. The mere mention of Roosevelt's name brings memories of arguments, arguments which left the fathers and uncles, the grandfathers and great-uncles pale and shaking with the fervor of their feelings. . . . Scabrous stories about him, his wife, and his children were whispered behind adult hands, then brought into the open bit by bit and woven into the dark childhood folklore of my contemporaries. . . . We who were born in the 'thirties grew up in the midst of adult talk about the depression and the impending world war. . . . We were all ready to fight Germans and Japs and everywhere we saw pictures of FDR, Winnie, and Joe.

By the time we were drafted . . . there was another enemy, the "Uncle Joe" of our high-school days. Franco was being mentioned as a valuable man to toady up to. . . .

Our parents, teachers, preachers told us that our country had come through the depression with values intact and was fighting alongside other nations with the same values against peoples who had forfeited their claim to civilization. Then we had to learn the hard way that what is believed in the enthusiasm of one decade isn't necessarily so in the next. . . .

[So] we've learned how to "fit in," to avoid taking a stand, and we've learned well. Although we may want to unlearn, we don't find it easy. For we must unlearn with our minds what we learned with our guts. . . . Underneath the narrow lapel of the next young man Mr. Drucker sees there may beat the heart of a genuinely skeptical man who is not astonished at anything. He will read the papers and vote intelligently (with a tolerant shrug at the campaign speeches). He will work as hard as necessary . . . take his pleasure where he can, and he will, if asked, fight against Communists or other-ists. But he probably won't get excited in print over any crusades. They have been too frequent. . . .

Now it just might be that a President will come along some day and ask us to do something—something real, something besides singing in the ranks of still another crusade. Then we shall see.

ROBERT C. SMITH  
Roselle, Ill.

In July *Harper's* Peter F. Drucker says that I propose to raise federal expenditures to \$110 billion but that I "forget" what is being spent by state and local governments. . . . In a study which I wrote, *The Federal Budget and the "General Welfare,"* I advocated that federal outlays be lifted . . . to \$102.4 billion by 1961. But this study also . . . sets forth in some detail that



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## LETTERS

the states and localities have been assuming a far heavier burden than the federal government measured against their respective resources. . . .

LEON H. KEYSERLING  
Washington, D. C.

Deep gratitude to Mr. Drucker for the vision, without which a people could perish, of the last article in his series. Since, regrettably, nothing of this capacity of mind came from the rostra of our national conventions, could any greater service be rendered to all voters—particularly the third under thirty-five—than to make his thoughtful essay widely available in reprint form?

NOEL P. CONLON  
Providence, R. I.

## Anti-power

TO THE EDITORS:

Bravo to William S. White for his writings on Power [Public and Personal: "The Long Retreat," August]. This is long overdue and I hope it will be widely read . . .

CHARLES R. EDSON  
Berkeley, Calif.

Speaking for the anti-power elite, let me invite Mr. White's examination of our position.

Unrestricted wielding of nuclear weaponry grows increasingly dangerous as irresponsible governments become nuclear powers. China cannot be trusted to show rational restraint in deciding whether to launch missiles against Formosa, nor can Egypt be counted upon to refrain from dropping a 20-megaton bomb on Israel. Reduction of delivery time from fifteen minutes to five will soon place in the hands of the Soviet military elite (and our own) a nerve-wracking temptation to cast the first pre-emptive strike.

Strong-man rulers, faithful to power, have become our unquestioning allies while the democracies—Britain, India, and the Scandinavian countries—seek leadership for a disengagement policy. Hence we are losing the ideological war. Moreover, one serious accident or miscalculation—which must be considered probable over a long period—can cause a nuclear war. We say that complete multilateral disarmament is a necessity. We ask Mr. White which point seems irrational?

As to the clothing, what good did the suit of armor—the greatest this world has ever known—do for the U. S. as we lost the battles of Japan, Cuba, and the Summit? While the generals call for power (bigger boots) they conceal from themselves a shaking in their booties which betrays a fear that their services are extinct. Yet, to appease them, the

U. S. presented a disarmament proposal which postpones all arms reduction to the indefinite future. Many groups—from social and physical scientists to religious leaders—are warning that fear and hatred may cause us to defend ourselves to death. New ideas for effective negotiation are a *must* and these are the garments of the anti-power elite. It is a fine suit this emperor has on—but lacking brass buttons it is, perhaps, one that a fool cannot see. MARC PILISUK  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

## Arsenal for Catastrophe

TO THE EDITORS:

Joseph Kraft's "RAND: Arsenal for Ideas" [July] . . . would have been more pertinent if he had explained that an increased number of men at RAND and other military research centers are losing confidence in their own proposals for military security. Their own findings refute their conclusions.

They strive for what is called deterrence, not defense. "Deterrence" is increasingly unreliable and may more accurately be termed provocation. The need is not to provide deterrence but to find a way back down the hill rather than jump off the cliff, as RAND's own Amrom Katz has graphically explained.

But there is virtually no research and planning to accomplish the desperate need for reduction and control of weapons. . . . The real enemy is war . . . and the existence of modern weapons, not the Soviet Union. But preventive war has on several occasions been recommended or accepted as conceivable by the men of RAND and other such institutions. . . . They are pursuing a policy of ultimate catastrophe.

ROBERT H. SOLLEN  
Oxnard, Calif.

## Eager Beavers

TO THE EDITORS:

I read James Poling's "That Dam Situation in Hampden" [July] and I think the beavers should stay. I think the beavers have a right to live like you and I. If they keep insisting on staying, let them.

JUDITH HAGERTY  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Since I am a girl scout of Troop 152, I would request you leave the beavers be.

LAURAMAE ANNE WINDNAGEL  
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE AUTHOR COMMENTS:

Troop 152 has honored me with several other letters. Industrious little beavers, those girls! JAMES W. POLING  
New York, N. Y.



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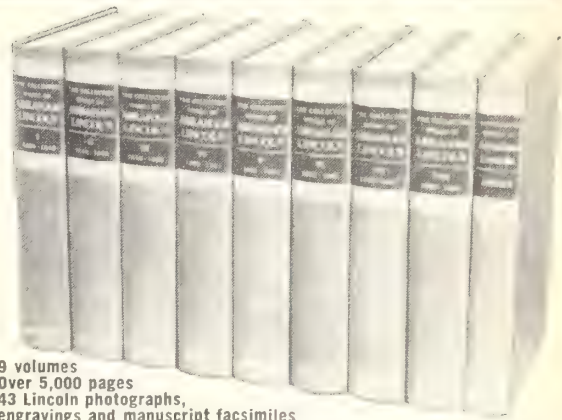
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# THE EDITOR'S

## EASY CHAIR

### The Choice

**I**F YOU have been taking the more impassioned campaign speakers seriously, you might expect Armageddon to arrive on November 8. As usual, the extreme partisans on both sides are trying to make this look like the final battle between Good and Evil, with sure doom awaiting the Republic if the wrong man wins.

In sober fact, it seems to me that our prospects are a good deal more cheerful than that. No matter who wins, we ought to be a lot better off than we are now. For it looks certain—as certain as any bet on the future can be—that either Nixon or Kennedy would make a far more successful President than Eisenhower.

Both of them have eight qualifications—all essential for a contemporary President—that Ike has lacked:

1. They are young and healthy enough to carry a bone-cracking load of work. (The argument that one or the other is *too* young isn't very convincing. After all, they are only four years apart in age; and by the time a man passes forty, he is generally as grown-up as he is ever going to be. Besides, both have had a great deal of experience, of the kind which ages a man fast. As a result, they are probably as mature in character as most White House occupants have been.)

2. They take the job seriously; neither would try to run the country from a putting green.\*

\*The whole blame for the flaccid complacency which has blanketed America for the last eight years cannot, however, be placed on the Eisenhower Administration. It is true that the White House inevitably sets the tone for the country, that national leadership (if any) can come only from there. But it is probably equally true that Ike's brand of non-leadership was exactly what the country wanted during the era now drawing to a close.

For modern American politics seems to run in fairly regular cycles, with alternating periods of weak and strong government. The Gilded Age, following the Civil War, was a typical weak period. Worn out

3. They are informed. Not only do they read the papers (as Eisenhower, by his own admission, seldom does) but each of them has worked hard to find out in precise detail what is going on in the country, and the world.

4. They are willing to make decisions. Neither is in the habit of asking his staff people to bring

by the strain of the war and Reconstruction, most people desperately wanted a breathing space; so they elected Presidents who would demand little, leaving the country free to relax, frolic, and put on a little fat. During these years, naturally, a backlog of neglected public needs steadily piled up—while more and more people began to worry about the smugness and corruption that were seeping into the fiber of American life.

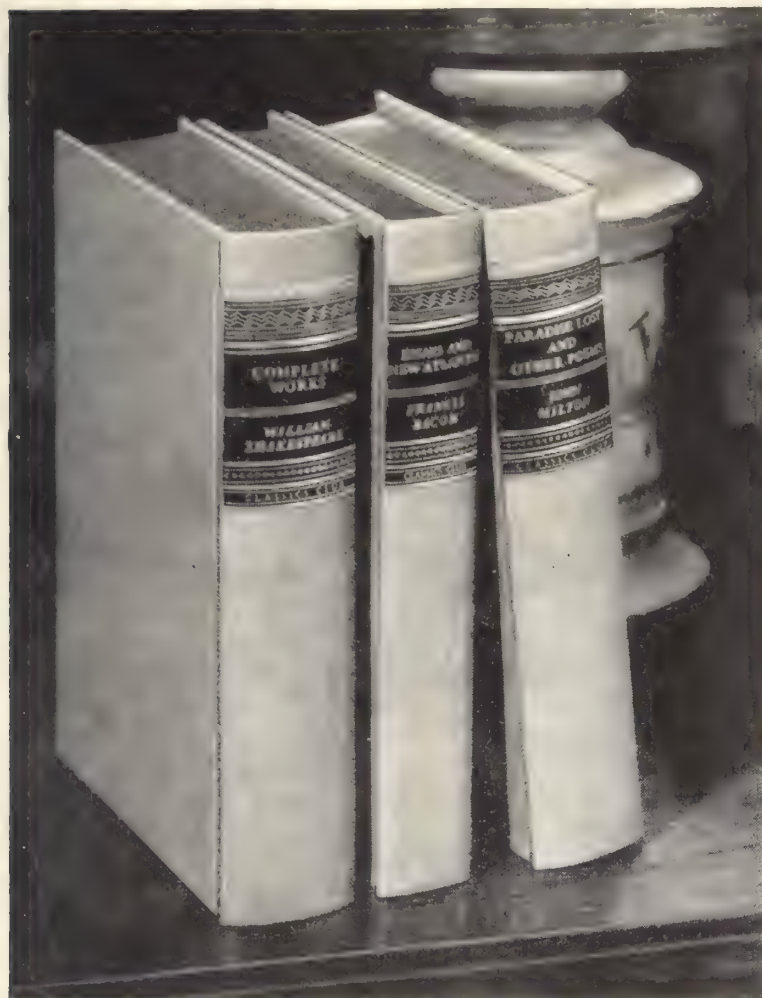
By the turn of the century, the voters were ready for a cleanup, for a government of action, austerity, and reform. The result was a series of strong Administrations under Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. But the forward surge of those years (plus World War I) again seemed to exhaust the moral energies of the nation; and in 1920 it slumped gratefully into the "normalcy" of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era.

Another burst of governmental vigor was clearly necessary by 1932. And here, as in Wilson's time, a strong Administration had to turn aside from its still incomplete domestic undertakings to fight a foreign war and then to rebuild a shattered Europe. By 1952 the country was hungry for just the things Eisenhower offered: a chance to forget public responsibilities, to leave everything to Papa, and to doze awhile in the private featherbeds of The Affluent Society.

The parallel with our first Gilded Age is almost uncanny. The general in the White House, an undemanding, decent old gentleman quite unaware of what is happening around him . . . the postwar crumbling of morals . . . the universal preoccupation with money-chasing . . . the piling up of urgent tasks which the government is unwilling to tackle . . . and finally, the rising murmurs of public alarm. If history offers any guide at all, the next Administration (whether Nixon's or Kennedy's) will have to be a strong one, simply because that is what the times demand.

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in an agreed recommendation, which he can then endorse. They realize that while such a method may work in a military organization, it is no way to run a government—for reasons which Peter F. Drucker noted in the August issue of this magazine. Their past performances indicate that both Nixon and Kennedy prefer the sounder (though more painful and laborious) method of listening to the arguments on both sides, and then making a clear-cut choice.

5. They are articulate. Every great President—Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, and the two Roosevelts, for example—has been able to explain his decisions, and his proposed course of action, to the country in clear and persuasive language. Those who lacked this talent, however brilliant in other ways, never became effective leaders.

6. They are skillful organizers, on the evidence of the present campaign and their earlier ones. Putting together a smooth-working, nation-spanning organization in the space of a few months is a major test for any executive; and by August of this year both candidates had their machinery in better shape than either Eisenhower or Stevenson did even at the end of the two previous campaigns. (At this writing there is some indication that Kennedy might have a slight edge here: Nixon may be trying to control everything a bit too tightly for maximum efficiency. But it is too early to be sure about this.)

7. Both belong to a new political generation. They grew up in a world as different from the world of Ike's boyhood as the Jazz Age was different from the Victorian Era. Their generation (as both Drucker and James Reston have pointed out) represents a quantum jump in American history—a liberating leap away from traditions, assumptions, and passions which have now become irrelevant. There is at least a chance, then, that they will have the freshness and flexibility to deal with the towering problems which lie just beyond the horizon. (To cite only one instance, when Red China equips itself with atomic weapons, perhaps three years from now, the troubles we've had with Korea, Cuba, Berlin, and the Congo may begin to look like schoolyard squabbles.)

8. They are professional politicians. This is a bedrock requirement. The art of government—most subtle and demanding of all the arts—can be learned only by long, disciplined, intensive practice. An amateur politician, like an amateur brain surgeon, is seldom satisfactory: witness Grant, Hoover, and Eisenhower.

The two young men share certain other qualities which some people find less reassuring.

Their public personalities are often said to be too slick, too gleamy with a hand-rubbed Madison Avenue gloss. Maybe so. But perhaps that is unavoidable in an age of Total Show Biz.

Neither is an ideologue. This disappoints both simon-pure Liberals and brass-collar Con-

servatives; but to those of us who are pragmatists it is a comfort. Lack of an ideology does not necessarily mean that a man lacks conviction or principle. It merely means that he is intellectually free to act in accordance with the facts presented in any given situation, rather than according to the theological doctrines of either Left or Right.

Finally, each has been accused of being a hard man—cold-eyed, unemotional, calculating, and ruthless. These are not engaging characteristics; but at this point in history they may be useful ones. The enemies our next President will confront in Russia and China are no warm-hearted bumbler.

THOUGH the two candidates do resemble each other in many ways, this does not mean that there is nothing to choose between them. I cannot go along with some of my friends who argue that this is a contest between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, so that it makes no real difference how we vote, or whether we vote at all. While I am not persuaded that either disaster or Utopia hinges on this election—and therefore can't whip myself into any partisan lather—I do believe that the choice is an important one. After considerable mulling, I have decided to vote for Kennedy, for four reasons which seem to me compelling.

The first is pretty prosaic, and has nothing to do with the character of the candidates. The next Congress will almost certainly be Democratic. The Republicans have no chance of capturing the Senate, and their prospects for winning a majority in the House appear microscopic. Consequently a Democratic President becomes highly desirable.

For during the next four years we can't afford a deadlock between the White House and Congress. We can't even afford the sort of muted, amiable tug of war that has gone on for most of the last eight years. The coming Administration probably will have to deal with the worst series of crises since Lincoln. It will need to move fast and decisively—and this is possible only when both branches of government are in the hands of the same party.

Moreover, Kennedy will be in a better position than Nixon to act promptly and with imagination. Nixon is no Old Guard Republican, but he does carry the Republican incubus on his shoulders. He cannot repudiate completely the precedents and policies of the Eisenhower Administration; nor can he ignore the men who provide the financing and the organizational backbone of his party. With a few exceptions, these are backward-looking men—Joe Pew and George Humphrey types, who dread any change and yield to it reluctantly and with suspicion.

In the third place, Kennedy seems to me somewhat better equipped for the job. This is



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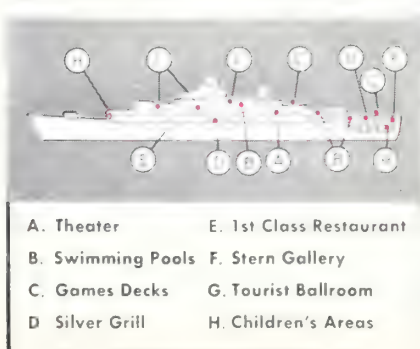
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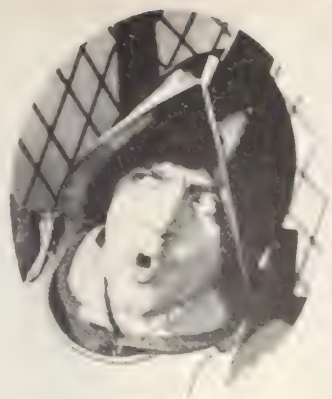


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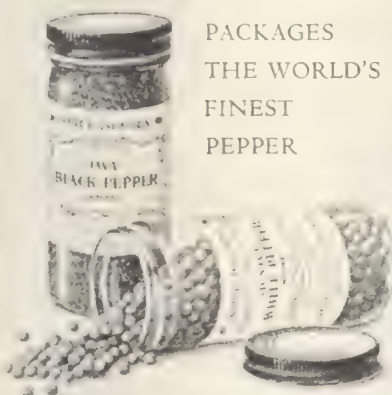




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necessarily a subjective judgment, and it may well be wrong. Indeed, two of my Washington friends, whose wisdom I respect, insist that it is wrong. Both of them have worked closely with Nixon for several years, one on defense matters, the other in the field of economics. They have gradually, and independently of each other, acquired a deep admiration for his intelligence, industry, and ability to grasp the nub of a problem quickly. Nevertheless, on the basis of Kennedy's Senate record, his speeches and writings, and his experience abroad, it seems to me that he has demonstrated a broader understanding of the upheavals now shaking the world, and the steps necessary to cope with them. (The fact that Nixon once shook his finger in Khrushchev's face is irrelevant; "standing up to the Russians" isn't that easy. It has to be done with hardware, infantry divisions, economic warfare, and wise diplomacy—not by swapping insults.)

Kennedy has outlined his program in unusually specific detail—notably in his book on foreign policy, *The Strategy of Peace*, and in his early campaign talks. It can be fairly described, I think, as a program of moderate, responsible liberalism; and the group of able young men he has gathered around him apparently has been selected with an eye to putting such a program into prompt operation after he takes office.

At this writing Mr. Nixon has not set forth his program in comparable detail. Neither has he yet demonstrated that he can enlist such a broad array of talent—a point of some consequence, since the corporals in a Presidential campaign often become the captains of the winner's Administration.

THE remaining question is one of character.

Here again any judgment is necessarily subjective and fallible. It must, moreover, be made in shades of gray, rather than clear blacks and whites. No politician's heart is as pure as Galahad's. (Neither is yours or mine; anyone who has never compromised, told a white lie, or evaded a painful issue in his personal or business life is welcome to cast the first stone.) Indeed, it is a politician's

duty to compromise, to find accommodations which somehow reconcile the demands of his constituents, the national interest, and his private convictions. In this process—never an easy one—he is sometimes compelled to say things he doesn't altogether believe, or to keep silent on issues too hot to handle.

For example, neither Nixon nor Kennedy is being entirely candid about agriculture. Both are proposing programs which are not really in the national interest, which cannot possibly end the farm-subsidy scandal, and which evade the only honest solution—namely, to move a lot of people out of agriculture and into more useful work. They can't help themselves. Any candidate with the faintest hope of winning has to woo the farmers with promises which must make him wince, because our voting system is stacked to give rural people far more than their fair share of political power. Until the voters themselves insist on an honest system of representation, they can't expect to get politicians who are completely honest on this issue.

AGAIN, Kennedy has been criticized because he did not speak out loud and early against McCarthy. His friends usually reply that when McCarthy's depredations were at their peak, Kennedy was critically ill in Florida, following an operation on an old war injury. This is true. It is also true that many of his Massachusetts constituents were ardent McCarthyites. That seems to me reason enough for discretion. After all, nearly every other Senator was equally silent, usually with less justification.

If Nixon had maintained a similar silence, that too would be understandable. But he did not. On the contrary, he exploited the McCarthy hysteria right up to the bloody hilt. He repeatedly endorsed McCarthy, and McCarthy in turn supported him. His associates now insist that Nixon never openly accused his Democratic opponents of treason, as McCarthy did; but they do not deny that he used every trick of innuendo and insinuation to make his opponents look like Communist sympathizers. Furthermore, he used these tactics against men whom he knew to be staunch anti-Communists—for



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## THE EASY CHAIR

instance, Jerry Voorhis and Adlai Stevenson. As late as 1954 Nixon accused Stevenson of "spreading Communist propaganda" when he warned that Russia might outstrip us in economic growth; yet four years later Nixon himself was speaking of "the sober fact [that] the Soviet economy is growing faster than ours."\*

There is a clear moral distinction, it seems to me, between silence and deliberate distortion of facts. Nixon misled the voters, knowingly and in cold blood—not just once, but repeatedly over a ten-year period. He imputed disloyalty to decent men, when he knew this imputation was untrue. Such behavior seems to go well beyond the limits of intellectual honesty, even when those limits are defined with the full tolerance we ought to allow to any politician.

**BUT** perhaps he has now reformed? His partisans claim that he is a new man, and up to this writing he has indeed shunned the smears and innuendoes which characterized his earlier campaigns. As a believer in the Christian doctrine of repentance and redemption, I hope his transformation is permanent. If he has uttered any word of repentance, however, it has escaped my attention.

It could also be argued that men often change for the better once they enter the White House. Their first concern then becomes the judgment of history, and many a President (including Truman) has performed with more courage, dedication, and responsibility than anyone thought he had in him. If Richard Nixon is elected, maybe that will happen to him too.

But I am not eager to gamble on it. For, as Walter Lippmann has put it, Nixon's record raises a serious doubt whether he has "within his conscience those scruples which the country has a right to expect in the President of the United States."

\*A full documentation on Nixon's campaign tactics is given in one of the more sympathetic biographies, *Richard Nixon*, by Earl Mazo, a political reporter for the leading Republican newspaper, the New York *Herald Tribune*. A more hostile account of the same events is given in *The Facts About Nixon*, by William Costello.

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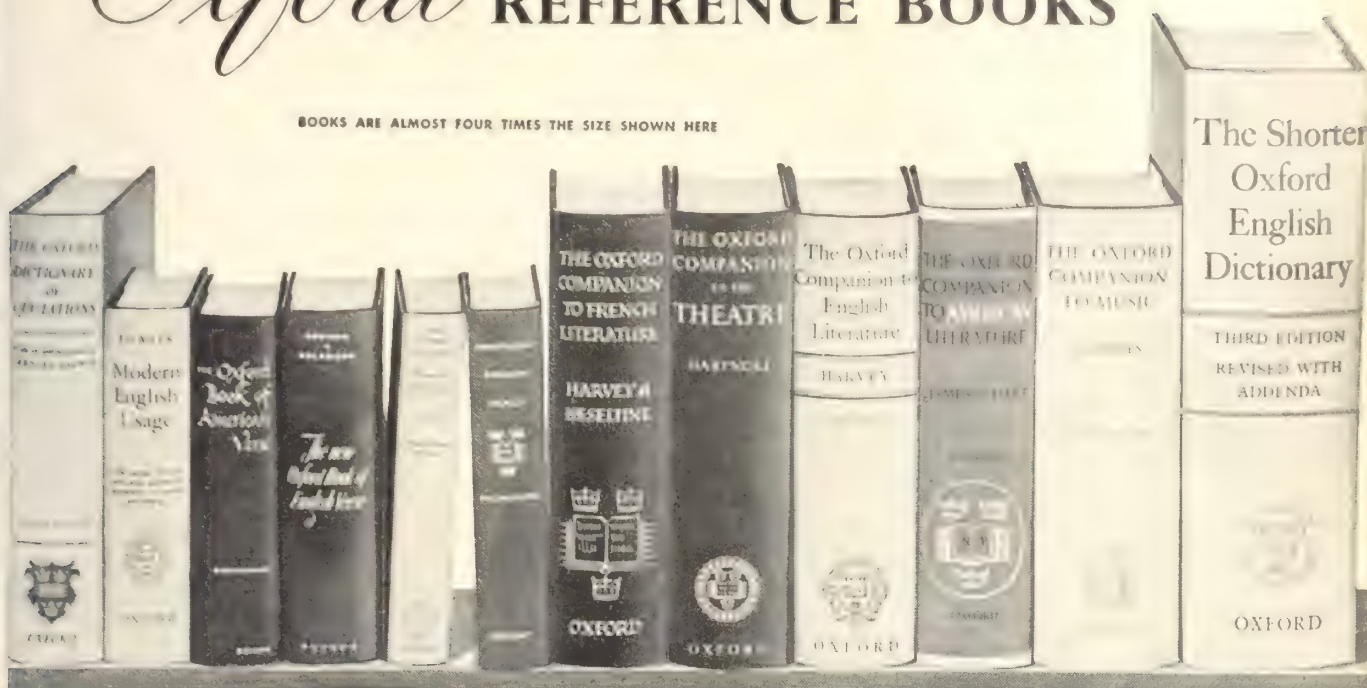
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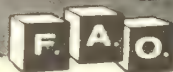
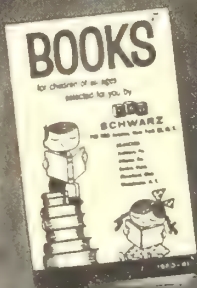
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# AFTER HOURS



## REVEALING RUBBLE

**R**ECENTLY my eye fell on a headline in the real-estate section of the New York *World-Telegram & Sun* which read, "Your Fallout Shelter Can Be Darkroom, Too." This glimpse into the future is the dream of the Tile Council of America, Inc., an organization ever alert for new ways of using tile. On the same page another short article described a new project on Long Island for a "beachfront co-operative apartment colony called Dolphin House . . . the colony to comprise 148 apartments, two private swimming pools, and a six-hundred-foot ocean beach." The apartments are strung together to make a shape somewhat like an enormous keyhole, open at the bottom, or beach-front, end. The court made by the top part of the keyhole contains the two pools. The apartments sit on stilts and will be "a combination of glass and treated wood, in stark white and pastel shades."

On another page in the same section there was a description of a "New Home Colony on L. I. South Shore." This, when finished, will be a development of 105 houses, eighteen of which will have private beaches and the others "waterview and inland settings." Most of them will be ten-room split-levels but some will be a "new raised-ranch-style model," whatever that is. But the gimmick is that these houses, "designed for year-round living,"

provide "vacation-time pleasures of swimming, boating, and fishing." As if this weren't enough, there is "a sliding glass wall arrangement permitting easy access from both the dining-room and kitchen to a raised deck-terrace for outdoor dining in the warmer weather." Sliding glass doors also lead from the recreation room to a patio; together they are called a "casual entertainment area."

In some respects there is no section of a newspaper that tells us as much about the national mood as the real-estate pages. They reflect not just the mood of the moment but the longer view of our concepts of the "good life." They tell us not only what we long for but what we are worried about, and they join the past with the future. When an archaeologist wants to reconstruct the life of a vanished civilization, he examines the rubble which marks the floor plans of its ruined dwellings and the artifacts that were used in them. The real-estate pages are equally revealing rubble (though the artifacts are found elsewhere in the paper), and they afford the basis for anyone to partake of one of the popular pastimes of our day, playing amateur sociologist.

For example, in the few items mentioned above from the *World-Telegram & Sun*, several moods are evident. Our attitude toward the military future can be said to be optimistic, or at least complacent. We don't believe that we are going to have to take fallout seriously, or we wouldn't toy with the idea of

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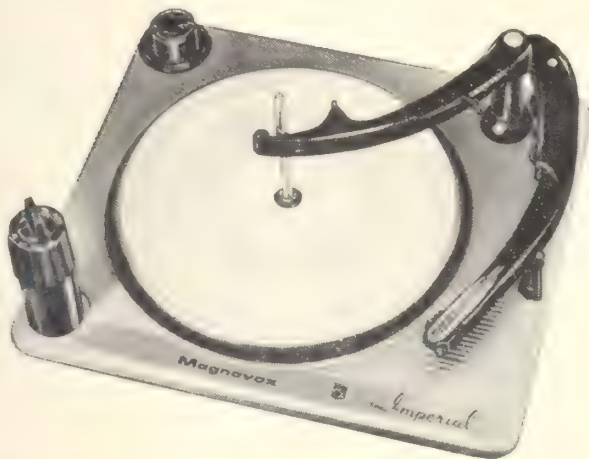
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*Magnavox announces*

## THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN RECORD PLAYING SINCE THE INVENTION OF THE DISC...

### YOUR TREASURED RECORDS CAN NOW LAST A LIFETIME

Here is the final achievement engineers have been striving for, and music lovers have been longing for, ever since the disc record was introduced over fifty years ago. This is the perfect precision mechanism that will play your records without distortion — play them automatically with greater care than human hands — without wear of either record or stylus — and always plays them on true pitch.



**Why this new Magnavox Imperial Automatic Record Player is so important to music lovers.** The fidelity of reproduced music, stereo or otherwise, starts with the precision of the record player. Imperfections in the mechanism that cause "flutter," "wow" and speed-variation are devastating to any music. For example, they reduce the magnificence of a Stradivarius to the sound of an amateur fiddle. They can make a grand piano sound like an old-time barroom player. The most exacting sound equipment will only magnify this distortion.

**True Pitch.** Turntable speed is certified to be within plus or minus 1% of absolute, regardless of number of records stacked or power line variations.

**Feather Touch Pick-up.** A new Diamond stylus pick-up and a dynamically balanced friction-free tone arm bears only 1/10-ounce stylus pressure, thus reducing record and stylus wear to insignificance. It will play a record 1000 times in normal use, and virtually eliminates surface noise. A delicate sable brush cleans the record as it is played.

**Changes records in seven seconds** regardless of their size or speed. Tone arm seeks out record size, gently lowers stylus to starting groove. This is the only record player with these precision features.

**Simple Jam-Proof Operation.** Single control for speed selection, start and "reject." Mechanism cannot be jammed through carelessness, cannot damage records.

**Precision Performance . . . Magnavox Quality.** Here, indeed, in the Magnavox Imperial Automatic Record Player, is the precision performance of a professional turntable plus the finest automatic action ever designed. It is another advance that gives Magnavox instruments their superiority in tonal fidelity. It is available only in stereophonic high fidelity instruments by Magnavox.

You will find Magnavox stereo high fidelity phonographs in the widest range of beautiful styles, fine woods, and hand-rubbed finishes to enhance any room setting—prices from \$149.50 to \$1,250. Visit your Magnavox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages. He will be happy to demonstrate and prove that Magnavox is the finest . . . and your best buy on *any* basis of comparison.



**THE IMPERIAL STEREO THEATRE 24** is one example of the many beautiful models at your Magnavox dealer. Complete home entertainment center—big picture chromatic TV, stereophonic high fidelity phonograph, FM/AM radio in fine woods—\$750.00.

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Pakomas (stoles), 12.95 to 32.50  
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NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO  
CLEVELAND • DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • SAN  
FRANCISCO • TORONTO • MONTREAL • VANCOUVER

## AFTER HOURS

cluttering up a room meant for sitting out a catastrophe with photographic enlargers, sinks, timers, developing tanks, and bottles of hypo.

On the other hand we are very much concerned about the future of our leisure. Now that almost no one works longer than a forty-hour week (except young housewives and people in the professions), we have our eyes on the dreadful prospect of the twenty-hour week. Most people are going to be hard put to it to know what to do with themselves. One of the things we are going to do is build houses that are self-contained country clubs. We are not going to think of our homes as retreats from the world but as little worlds in themselves with every recreation facility we can contrive (short of bowling alleys and trout streams) built right into our split-levels. And we are going to make the indoors and outdoors so indistinguishable that birds will fly against our sliding glass walls and break their poor little necks. But we are not going to take nature as it comes. We are going to build pools to swim in just a few yards away from the ocean or the bay. Indeed, we can't take anything as it comes; we are busy-bodies and always have to *do* something about it.

We should not, however, overlook the possibility that there may be some significance in the fact that what not so long ago was called the "rumpus" room is now referred to on plans as the "recreation" room. This may mean that we are beginning to get used to our leisure and no longer feel the need to make quite such a fuss about it; we don't have to kick up our heels, we can just relax. Furthermore, we want to create the illusion of Old World elegance at the same time that we maintain our characteristic American casualness. In the waterview split-levels, for example, a little downstairs room in which to take off your wet bathing suit is called on the plan the "cabana room."

One can go on indefinitely with this sort of tea-leaf reading of the American character from the real-estate pages. It suggests, however, that the next time you need a piece of newspaper to start a fire with you use the financial or society section. The real-estate pages will tell you a



## AFTER HOURS

great deal more about society than the society page, and more about the financial mood of the country than the financial pages. Or so, anyway, it seems to me. —Russell Lynes

## MONOCLE LOCATED

EVER SINCE Marvin Kitman's August "After Hours" report on the life and times of *Monocle*, inquiries have flooded in. *Monocle* is edited, published, and printed by people scattered throughout the country, with the main office located in Post Office Box 1204 in New Haven, Conn. Don't write us. Write them.

## FM ON WHEELS

**D**URING June and July I had the enjoyable experience of driving over four thousand miles—in ten states and one Canadian province—in a veritable FM set on wheels. For once in a summer's driving I escaped the inanities of normal AM broadcasting and almost all of my mileage was accomplished to the accompaniment of "good music."

Perhaps I should make clear what I mean by "good music." There are now over seven hundred FM stations in this country. Most of them duplicate AM programs. But there is an increasing number of good music stations, whose daily fare was summed up for me by Ronald Schmidt, Director of Programming of KHGM in Houston, Texas:

"Our daytime programming is popular music (as opposed to classical), but what is generally known as 'standard' popular music—Kern, Porter, Gershwin, and such being the basic diet. In the afternoon we mix in some light classics. In early evening we offer bright, relaxing music until seven, and then dinner music. Our late evening music is mostly on the sweet, quiet side during the week."

On Saturdays KHGM is entirely popular; Sundays there is an afternoon opera and an evening program called "Esoterica," which offers "Music for the Musical Intellectual," featuring Bach, Purcell, Locatelli, and the like.

In addition, in such large urban centers as New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, there are stations offering all

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New 5-seater  
Sports Sedan  
for '61



COMPETITIVE WITH \$1,600 CARS BECAUSE THE COMPLETE PRICE OF \$1,895\* INCLUDES SPECIAL EQUIPMENT AND FEATURES NOT FOUND IN OTHER CARS.

## Now more than ever— the greatest small car on the road!

From its more powerful engine to a new wrap-around rear window with more than twice the area, Saab for '61 offers many noteworthy advancements. A wider back seat holds three passengers comfortably. There's 23% more room in the huge new luggage compartment. Ingenious new air vents and side-opening windows in back provide ideal ventilation throughout the car for all-weather comfort. A beautiful new instrument panel and double-size glove compartment are set into the modern safety-padded dashboard.

And remember, Saab is still the *only* car in the world to combine all four basic advantages of *Wind Tunnel Design*, *Front Wheel Safety Drive*, *Armored Fuselage Body* and *Convertible Seating*. Your nearby dealer invites you to test-drive the great new 1961 SAAB now.

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\*Suggested Price, East Coast P.O.E.



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 Fine Cotton Oxford Tattersalls. Navy and Marine Checks on White or Black and Red Checks on White. ....\$7.50  
 Hairline Striped Combed Cotton Madralyte. Pale Blue, Gray or Tan on White. ....\$7.50  
 Candy Striped Combed Cotton Madralyte. Blue or Gray on White. ....\$7.50  
 End and End Madras. Light Blue only. ....\$7.50

Direct Mail Orders to Box A, 262 York St., New Haven, Conn.  
 State collar and sleeve size. Add 60c mailing cost.  
 Send for Illustrated Color Brochure.



### CURRENT EXHIBITS

#### Birmingham

Dinscher-Tutwiler Hotel  
 October 3rd & 4th

#### Detroit

Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel  
 October 10th & 11th

#### Memphis

Peabody Hotel  
 October 5th & 6th

#### Pittsburgh

Penn Sheraton Hotel  
 Sept. 28th, 29th & 30th

#### Portland, Oregon

The Benson Hotel  
 October 3rd & 4th

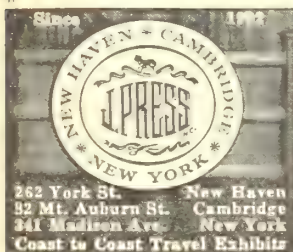
#### San Francisco

St. Francis Hotel  
 Sept. 29, 30 - Oct. 1

#### Toledo

Commodore Perry Hotel  
 October 7th & 8th

Exhibit Dates For 31  
 Other Cities On Request.



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## AFTER HOURS

lay long only genuinely classical music, full-length plays, and book reviews and other discussion programs.

To get this kind of listening on the road, I had installed in my car a Blaupunkt radio. This German-made set, which is distributed by the Robert Bosch Corporation of Long Island City, New York, with agencies all over the country, has AM, FM, and Marine radio bands, with push-button selection and tone control. I am no hi-fi expert, merely an average listener, but I have seldom heard, even on good home sets, reproduction any better than I got on this car radio. Other good car FM sets available include those made by Becker, which is also German, and Motorola, with still more brands coming on the market in the near future. Some models have FM reception only.



My radio performed best in urban areas. In southern Connecticut, where I live, the driver hardly needs an AM radio at all, since all major types of radio fare—except the Yankee ball games—are available on FM from New York City. More than forty miles away from a broadcasting center, however, certain problems face the car FM owner, problems that arise more from the distribution of FM stations than from the radio itself.

The receiving area of an FM station is around fifty miles. The driver heading northeast or south from New York City has no trouble. Driving north, he can listen to the Concert Network, following WNCN in Manhattan to Bridgeport and then switching to Hartford's WNCH. At appropriate times thereafter (I didn't test these myself) he can presumably pick up the network's outlets in Providence, Boston, and Mt. Washington. Going south and west, he can hear any New York station until he gets in the range of Philadelphia's WFLN and then Harrisburg's WHP. West of Harrisburg, however, there is no satisfactory music until the mountains are

AFTER HOURS

crossed and WKJF in Pittsburgh is reached.

Similarly, driving back from the Midwest, I found it possible to get good music uninterruptedly for almost 350 miles from Manitowoc, Wisconsin, where I tuned in WBKV (West Bend, Wisconsin), through the Milwaukee and Chicago areas to LaPorte, Indiana, where I finally lost Chicago's WFMT. Thereafter, until the welcome sound of Toledo's WTLN came in, the only music available was the country-style tunes of WSTR in Sturgis, Michigan, and they didn't sound any better on FM than they did on AM.

Crossing Canada on the Trans Canada Highway, I found the FM set useless from Ottawa until I was well back into Michigan. In two vacation areas, Wisconsin's Door County and the Berkshires of Massachusetts, there were no satisfactory FM stations. In fact, the only sound I could get clearly in both places was the audio portion of local television. The driver who wants good music in either of these sections will have to hope for the best on AM or attend the Peninsula Music Festival in Fish Creek, Wisconsin, or Tanglewood in the East.

One significant development in the FM field—though obviously of more interest to the local listener than to the driver passing through—is the number of first-rate program guides, giving daily schedules. These guides, most of which are sold on an annual subscription basis, vary from mimeographed sheets to an elaborate sixty-page booklet issued monthly by WFMR in Milwaukee, containing information on local events in all the arts, and full-color reproductions of paintings on display in the Art Center. In New York the weekly magazine *Cue* and in Los Angeles the monthly *FM & Arts Guide* list all serious FM programs in their areas.

A brief glance at any of these programs will give an idea of the really fine listening now available to the car FM owner. In addition to the good programs and the static-free FM reproduction, he will find that FM eliminates interference from bridges and underpasses. He will also be delighted by the nature—and the infrequency—of the commercials. In Chicago I heard over WFMT an

The more you know  
about Scotch, the more  
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Christmas catalogues from some of America's  
finest stores*

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Once again in 1960 Harper's can arrange to send you catalogues which will make your selection of Christmas gifts easy and enjoyable. Simply fill out the single coupon on the facing page and you will receive the catalogues of the stores listed. In addition you will note that it is possible to request catalogues covering twelve other types of Christmas gifts. We have omitted specific store names in this section as some of the stores specializing in these fields do not have unlimited supplies of catalogues. Requests will therefore be filled in order of receipt.

The results of our Christmas catalogue service which we offered last November were so staggering that we were convinced this service filled a genuine need for thousands of Harper's

readers. Indeed the response was so great that several of the stores exhausted their supplies of catalogues and thus were unable to fill all requests.

That is why we are offering you this service in *October*. All we ask is that you mail your coupon before the expiration date of October 31st. This one coupon will serve as your guide for Christmas shopping that can be done comfortably and easily from your own home.

By sending the coupon in now you can give yourself ample time in which to study the catalogues and make your choices accordingly.

Your only obligation to Harper's is to have a Merry Christmas.

Reader Shopping Service  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

## F. A. O. SCHWARZ

In 1862 "the world's greatest toy store" was born and it has remained that ever since.

More than one thousand toys are shown in the 1960 Schwarz Christmas Catalogue. These toys are simply and accurately displayed so that you will know exactly what is offered. Many have been imported from foreign countries.

## THAIBOK FABRICS LTD.

Thaibok brings to Americans magnificent hand-woven Siamese silks, famous for their color and design. The Christmas brochure shows a delightful collection of gifts—Pakomas (stoles), large silk squares, blouses and evening bags for ladies . . . neckties, bow ties, cummerbunds, scarves and shirts for gentlemen. For the home, place mats and napkins (in sets of four and eight) . . . and pillows which can add a glorious spot of color to any room. The silks are also available by the yard.

## J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

J. E. Caldwell & Co., famous Philadelphia jewelers, have been in business on Chestnut Street for 121 continuous years.

The Caldwell Gift Book displays a superb selection of watches, rings, bracelets, charms, pure gold men's jewelry, sterling silver, glassware, china and stationery as well as a host of other attractive gifts.

## AMERICA HOUSE

America House has long been recognized as a showcase for the creations of some of America's finest craftsmen and designers. All of the gifts on display have been approved by a Selection Board comprised of leading designers—and rigid standards of quality and workmanship are assured. Highly individual gifts in ceramics, silver, leather, jewelry, glassware and fabrics make America House an unusual and valuable addition to your list of Christmas stores.

## OTHER CATALOGUES AVAILABLE:

Here are additional categories of gifts carried by nationally known stores whose catalogues offer you a wide and varied choice.

- Men's clothing, outerwear, sportswear, furnishings and accessories.
- Sporting, hunting and fishing clothes and gear. Camping equipment—rifles, shotguns and fishing tackle.
- Records, hi-fidelity, stereophonic and tape equipment.
- Ready-to-wear, furnishings, accessories and gifts for infants, children and young people.
- Women's wear, sportswear, accessories and gifts.
- Antiques, memorabilia and objets d'art.
- Gourmet foods, spices and delicacies—both imported and domestic.
- Books—comprising a selection of over 200 from leading publishers.
- Cosmetics, toiletries and perfumes.
- Luggage and travel accessories—leather goods and gifts for men, women, the home and office.
- Housewares, home furnishings and furniture for town and country houses.
- Gardening equipment, seeds and bulbs (spring catalogue available in January).

### READER SHOPPING SERVICE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 EAST 33rd STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Dear Sirs: Please send me the 1960 Christmas catalogues for the stores whose names I have checked below:

- ☐ F. A. O. Schwarz  
☐ Thaibok Fabrics Ltd.

- ☐ J. E. Caldwell & Co.  
☐ America House

I would also be interested in receiving—if available—catalogues covering these types of merchandise:

- ☐ Men's wear & furnishings  
☐ Sporting & camping goods  
☐ Records, hi-fi & stereo equipment  
☐ Ready-to-wear for infants, children, young people  
☐ Women's wear & accessories  
☐ Antiques & objets d'art

- ☐ Gourmet foods & delicacies  
☐ Books  
☐ Cosmetics & perfumes  
☐ Luggage & leather goods  
☐ Housewares  
☐ Gardening equipment, seeds & bulbs

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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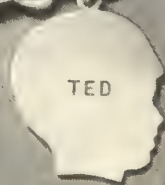
Wilmington, Del.

### Grandmother's or Mother's Bracelet

Grandmother's wedding gift to the children, names and wedding date of the parents on the little key, girl or mother charm, with name and birth date, is added for each child.

AV34.17.00M

Actual size



Bracelet, \$23

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Calendar with key, \$20

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IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.



### THE LIGHTER SCOTCH... WITH GENUINE HIGHLAND CHARACTER

Lighter, drier and smoother, VAT 69 combines all three classic qualities that distinguish a Scotch of genuine Highland character. ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT... in its slimmer, trimmer bottle

### AFTER HOURS

ad for a new book of verse published by the University of Chicago Press (whose commercials I have also heard in New York); over Cleveland's WJW ("the station of beautiful music") 35-cent paperbacks were being sold by a local drug store. In both cases the commercials were infinitely superior to the monotonous hard sell heard over AM.

The prospective purchaser of a car FM radio has already been warned that he will not find good music wherever he goes. Furthermore, the faster he goes in open areas away from towns, the less he will hear. At turnpike speeds of over fifty miles an hour, the wind noise tends to drown out the radio, and there is a fading as the listener is carried away from the station. My other reservation about the Blaupunkt FM set is that it is not always easy, particularly in an area with many stations, to locate immediately a particular station on the dial.

The buyer will also have to consider his own automobile. The technician who installed the radio in my Lark VI suggested apologetically I would have done better with a Lark VIII or almost any other car, since the electrical system of the VI is not easily adaptable to FM radios. Moreover, all Larks have the speaker on the right of the dashboard instead of in the center, bringing about a constant, subtle struggle between the driver and his companion to attain a satisfactory volume. But even with these drawbacks I can recommend car FM. Indications are that before too long it will be standard equipment on many new cars. In the meantime I can safely predict that suitability for FM radio will become a major factor in the selection of a new car by anyone who cares about good music. —Pyke Johnson, Jr.

### REPRESENTATIVE GOOD MUSIC STATIONS (FM)

(Keep this list in your car.)

#### Stations With Program Guides:

|                       |         |       |
|-----------------------|---------|-------|
| Berkeley, Calif.      | KPFA*   | 94.1  |
| Beverly Hills, Calif. | KCBH    | 98.7  |
| Los Angeles, Calif.   | KPFK*   | 90.7  |
| Washington, D. C.     | WGMS-FM | 103.5 |
| Atlanta, Georgia      | WGKA-FM | 92.9  |
| Chicago, Illinois     | WFMT    | 98.7  |



## AFTER HOURS

|                      |           |       |
|----------------------|-----------|-------|
| Indianapolis, Ind.   | WFMS      | 95.5  |
| Baltimore, Md.       | WBAL-FM   | 97.9  |
| Minneapolis-         | WIOL-FM   | 99.5  |
| St. Paul, Minn.      | KWEM      | 97.1  |
| Paterson, N. J.      | WPAI-FM   | 93.1  |
| New York, N. Y.      | WABC-FM   | 95.5  |
|                      | WBAL*     | 99.5  |
|                      | WQXR-FM   | 96.3  |
|                      | WRIM      | 105.1 |
| Niagara Falls, N. Y. | WILD-FM** | 98.5  |
| Charlotte, N. C.     | WMHT      | 106.9 |
| Oklahoma City,       |           |       |
| Okla.                | KLFM      | 94.7  |
| Philadelphia, Pa.    | WFLN-FM   | 95.7  |
| Houston, Texas       | KHGM      | 99.1  |
| Milwaukee, Wis.      | WFMR      | 96.5  |

\*A Pacifica Foundation, listener-supported station

\*\*One of 17 Eastern stations affiliated with the QXR Network

## The Concert Network:

|                   |         |       |
|-------------------|---------|-------|
| Boston, Mass.     | WBCN    | 101.1 |
| Mt. Washington,   |         |       |
| N. H.             | WMTW-FM | 94.9  |
| Providence, R. I. | WNCN    | 101.5 |
| Hartford, Conn.   | WHCN    | 105.9 |
| New York, N. Y.   | WNCN    | 104.3 |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | WDAS-FM | 105.3 |
| Washington, D. C. | WBVA    | 105.9 |

## Stations Without Program Guides:

|                  |         |       |
|------------------|---------|-------|
| Detroit, Mich.   | WLDN    | 95.5  |
| St. Louis, Mo.   | KCFM    | 93.7  |
| New York, N. Y.  | WNIA-FM | 94.7  |
| Cincinnati, O.   | WKRC-FM | 101.9 |
| Pittsburgh, Pa.  | WKJF    | 93.7  |
| Nashville, Tenn. | WFMB    | 105.9 |
| Seattle, Wash.   | KMCS    | 98.9  |
| Milwaukee, Wis.  | WQFM    | 93.3  |

Also available to FM listeners are a number of educational broadcasting stations. Affiliated in many instances with universities, they have no commercials. Many of them, however, are on the air for limited periods daily. Among them are:

|                    |         |      |
|--------------------|---------|------|
| Ames, Iowa         | WOIF-FM | 90.1 |
| Iowa City, Iowa    | KSUI    | 91.7 |
| Boston, Mass.      | WGBH-FM | 89.7 |
| New York, N. Y.    | WFUV    | 90.7 |
|                    | WNYC-FM | 93.9 |
| Chapel Hill, N. C. | WUNC    | 91.5 |
| Seattle, Wash.     | KUOW    | 94.9 |
| Madison, Wis.      | WHA-FM  | 88.7 |

The letters "FM" at the end of the call letters indicate that the station also broadcasts over AM, although, as in the case of New York City's WABC-FM, the programs do not necessarily duplicate. The driver in unfamiliar territory will almost always find good music on those stations having the letters "FM" or "GM" within the call letters.

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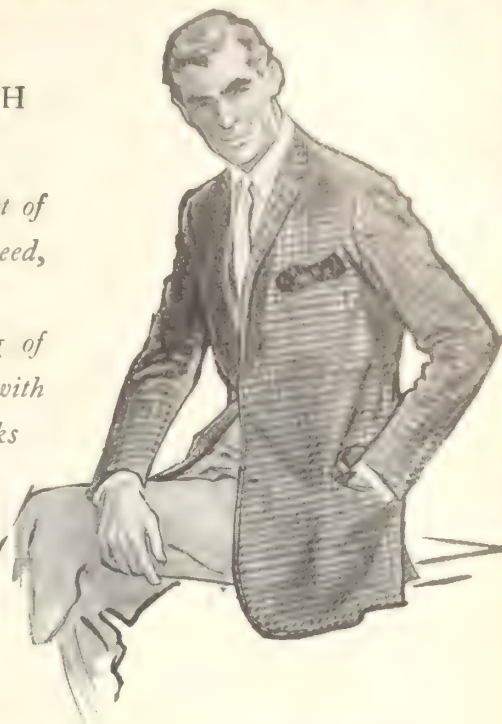
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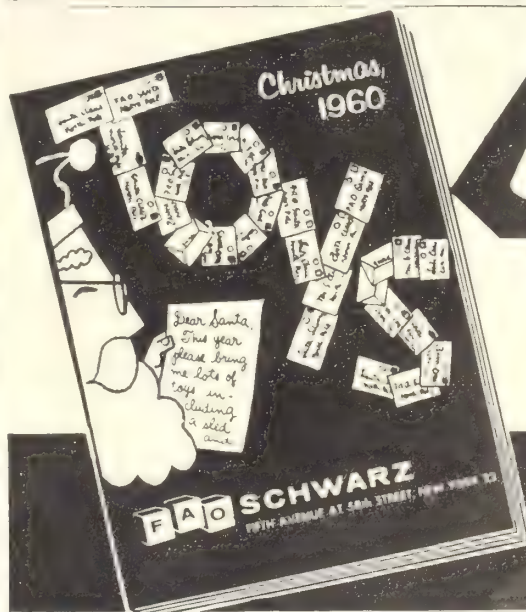
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## HOW AN ELECTION WAS BOUGHT AND SOLD

By a Kentucky Legislator

*In his district—and some others throughout the country—it isn't rascally politicians who corrupt democracy . . . it's the citizens who are more than eager to sell their votes.*

LAST year I was elected to the Kentucky legislature after paying off many of the citizens of my district with the money and whiskey they demanded in return for their votes. Many of the men who sit with me as legislators were elected in the same way.

This is nothing new in Kentucky but I think it is time that some politician, somewhere, tell the straight—and embarrassing—story of how a candidate may be compelled to pay for votes in this country if he is to be elected. It may be that the political customs of my Kentucky county are very much more decadent and corrupt than those of the nation at large, but after talking frankly with other politicians, I strongly doubt it. I believe that the appalling practices I am about to describe could be uncovered—with local modifications and many refinements, to be sure—in all

of the states and in most of their precincts.\*

The district which elected me—and in which I have spent most of my life—lies in the Kentucky coal fields. Some of the country's largest coal producers conduct large-scale mining operations here. In addition, a number of small "truck mines" have plants within the district. Practically the entire population depends in some way on the coal industry.

The area was originally settled at the beginning of the nineteenth century by frontiersmen from North Carolina and Virginia. Most of them were of Scotch, Irish, English, and German extraction. Their descendants lived as hunters and farmers until the coming of large-scale mining developments just before the first world war. Then the coal corporations imported large numbers of immigrants from south and southeastern Europe and a small horde of Alabama and Mississippi Negroes. Other workers flocked into the region from different parts of the United States. In the ten years between 1910 and 1920 the population increased immensely.

The coal companies built "camps" or company-owned towns to house this large new labor force. Company ownership ended, in most in-

\*But there is considerable evidence that they happen most in areas—whether Republican or Democratic—of low income and education, such as city slums and depressed rural communities.—*The Editors*



stances, about a decade ago and the towns are now "free." The county contains a number of towns, and the rural areas between them are dotted with houses and farms. Its precincts have long been a battleground between the local Democratic and Republican party organizations with the Democrats enjoying a decisive edge for the last several years.

A desire to "do something about" the state's dismal public roads and schools led me into the race for the state legislature in 1959 as a Democrat. The extent to which bribery of the voters can figure importantly in an election became clear to me only during the five hectic days before November 3.

#### HELP FROM THE CLANS

**I**N MY state, as in most Southern states, a long list of state officials run for office simultaneously with the governor and lieutenant-governor, and so do all the one hundred state representatives and half the state senators. Each of these many candidates usually has an assortment of relatives, friends, and followers who hope to get a political job or other benefit from his election. Campaigns are usually long and bitterly contested. The candidates become more and more desperate and inventive. The only question asked about an election maneuver is, "Will it work?"; few people wonder, "Is it right?"

On Thursday morning—the fifth day before the election—I passed the courthouse and saw intense little clusters of people waving their arms and shaking their heads. Spokesmen for individual candidates, or for their "straight tickets," were appealing for votes and loudly denouncing the opposition.

Soon after I arrived at my campaign headquarters the telephone rang and the voice of a woman in a nearby precinct assured me she would like to work for me "on election day." She pointed out that there were five voters in her household that she could "handle," besides the fact that she had many friends whom she could influence. She thought she should have \$10 for her work plus \$10 for gasoline with which to "haul them to the polls." She named several successful candidates whom she had helped in previous elections and who, she averred, had only praise for her. She needed a little money right now because her husband was out of work.

The fiction of buying votes by pretending to hire precinct workers has now become routine. The candidate or his political supporters either shell out the sum required or risk losing the

household in question to the enemy. In a single precinct a candidate will sometimes find himself with a half-dozen "hired workers"—generally women or disabled and unemployed men. This blackmail is sometimes brought by the same person against several candidates so that money is extorted from two or three on the same slate. The "work" consists of "lining up" members of the family and other relatives, and handing out a few cards near the polling places or in the precinct.

And now such calls, some similar, some with variations, came thick and fast and from all parts of the district. One woman said she preferred to be for me but that my opponent had just left her home. He had offered her \$10 to work for him and she was going to accept it unless I brought her the same sum that very day. Another had been promised \$20 to work for the straight Democratic ticket but her two daughters had got "out of line" and were threatening to vote against me and my running mate for the other legislative chamber unless they received \$10 each to work for us. Still a third had received a \$20 bill and some political cards from my opponent and she had agreed to work for him. However, if I would give her the same sum she would "throw his cards away" and work for me because after all, though she was a registered Republican, she was a Democrat at heart.

At last came a short respite from these demands for cash but my ordeal had just begun. From then until the polls were closed, I was subjected to unremitting pleas for money and barely disguised threats of retaliation in the voting booths unless it were promptly forthcoming.

As I turned from the telephone three smiling ladies from a local PTA entered the room. They were the finance committee of their chapter and were engaged in a fund-raising drive. The money was to be spent for library books and other needed equipment and they were sure each of the candidates would be delighted to donate to such a good cause. Then, too, the names of all contributors would be read to the assembled members that night while special pains would be taken to mention those who had "refused to help the school." These busybodies had no sooner departed in triumph with my check when the bland face of a Protestant lay preacher appeared at my door. He declared his whole-hearted support for me and piously declared I was the "best man for the office." He had talked to his flock, of whom there were more than seventy adult members, and they were "just about all" for me. Then he came to the point.

His church had undertaken to enlarge its building and, with God's help, he was soliciting funds for that purpose. He and his entire congregation (and the Almighty, too) would be extremely grateful for any assistance I could render them in this righteous cause. While my nerveless fingers signed the check he predicted a fine majority for me in his precinct.

Next came a man whose house had burned some three weeks before, destroying all his household effects. He was destitute and was "doing all he could" for me. If I could help him with a little donation he and all his close relatives would be at the polls "at the break of day" to vote for me and the straight ticket.

Meanwhile my wife had arrived and was receiving callers. In Kentucky citizens can vote at eighteen and a high-school girl had come to demand a bit of election cash. She had become interested in politics in her civics class and was "just dying" to work for me, and for the small sum of ten bucks! When my wife sweetly explained that I had already spent all my money, she inquired where my opponent might be found and left.

#### THE PRICE OF FIDELITY

AT LAST I managed to escape the gougers to attend a finance committee meeting scheduled for that afternoon. Present were the Democratic managers of the county campaign, some of the candidates, several local Democratic officeholders, and a number of influential and seasoned politicians. The purpose of the meeting was to determine how best to parcel out the "war chest" to the several precincts.

A considerable sum had been cleared at a fund-raising dinner at which a prominent and distinguished party member had appeared as the principal speaker. The greater part, however, had been contributed by those whose personal interests were at stake in the election: the candidates and their supporters; job seekers; politicians looking ahead to future local elections; coal operators anxious to obtain fuel orders for state buildings and institutions; and contractors and others who did business with the state and had found it beneficial to be on "the inside of the track."

The money collected had been sorted and stacked on a table in the center of the room. A considerable portion was in \$10 and \$20 bills which had been made ready for the "workers," "haulers," and "leaders." Most of it, though, was in crisp new \$1 bills, and the total heaped

together amounted to nearly a ~~mill~~ ~~million~~ English peck.

The treasurer, who had been responsible for the safekeeping of the money, read a list of contributors and of itemized disbursements he had made for telephone calls, printing, and ~~for~~ for the county campaign headquarters. The balance was carefully counted and was the "net available for the organization." A sigh swept round the room when it became clear that the money available was wholly inadequate for the demands sure to be made upon it.

An old politician cleared his throat and started the discussion:

"Now, men, let's start with the colored. We all know what it takes to get the nigger vote and if we don't fork it over the Republicans will get every damn one of them. They've got at least ten leaders who have to have a \$20 bill apiece, and each voter has to have two dollars. Then they ought to have about three gallons of liquor for the ones that want a drink. If we come across like I say, and handle everything just right we'll get 'em all and that's at least two hundred straight-ticket votes. I say \$650 for the niggers to start off with."

The wisdom of this pronouncement was recognized and after discussion two gentlemen were agreed upon as the ones to take the "sweetening" to the Negro communities for distribution on the eve of the election. The infidelity of the "nigger voters" was duly discussed and certain safeguards were agreed upon to make sure they would vote as they had been paid to do. For instance, it was believed that in some precincts an election officer could arrange to vote for them under a pretense of showing the voters how to work the machines.

Someone recalled that in the days before voting machines the best solution to this problem was the "chain ballot"—a scheme by which the voter dropped a folded blank piece of paper into the ballot box in lieu of the ballot, concealed the unmarked ballot, and brought it to the precinct captain waiting outside the polls. The voter was paid for the blank ballot and the precinct captain would mark it as desired and deliver it to a second voter. The latter would enter the polling place, receive his own ballot from the officials, enter the booth, hide the unmarked ballot on his person, and emerge to deposit the marked ballot in the box before the eyes of the election officers. This process could be repeated all day long.

However, though the chain ballot was no longer possible, if the precinct election officials would co-operate the situation could still be



handled and one's money's worth received.

This discussion largely took care of two precincts and consideration was then given to a third. Two "good men" were agreed upon "to haul out the voters" and sums were allocated to pay them and a number of workers. Then a tricky problem was presented. The precinct chairman reported "Old Lady Blank is bad out of line. She's got forty-seven votes in her family—children, grandchildren, and their wives and husbands—that she can absolutely handle. I promised her fifty to work for our side and she laughed at me. She said that unless she gets \$150 she's goin' to vote every one of 'em under the Log Cabin!"

These tidings plunged the group into gloom. The extra \$100 would strain the funds but all agreed that Old Lady Blank was "mean as hell" and would carry her threat into execution unless her demands were promptly met. A bundle of 150 crisp new dollar bills was sadly set aside for her benefit.

In another precinct the head of a large clan had to be mollified. The vote might be close in his precinct and if he tried hard he could probably bring in a total of seventeen votes. So it was decided that one of the chairmen should visit him on the following day and assure him that if and when a Democratic administration got into office, one of his sons would be slipped onto the public assistance rolls "as soon as possible." This son was reported to be "pretty sick and not able to work." In addition, he was to be handed a \$20 bill "to get out his vote with." This sum appeared ample in view of the fact that he and all his following lived within easy walking distance of the polling place.

By this means the county was gone over precinct by precinct. The money allotted each was placed in a suitably marked envelope and dispatched by a trusted courier to the designated precinct chairman or other workers. When the last precinct had been dealt with, the stacks of cash had vanished and it was discovered that \$600 were still needed. To fill this gap one of the gentlemen took it upon himself to visit a quarry operator and assure him the local big-wigs would help him to get some profitable road-gravel contracts "after the first of the year if he would chip in and help out."

The next three days were spent in frantic campaigning. I made last-minute appearances before teachers' groups to pledge support for their projected legislative program. I was compelled to



scurry about from one local union hall to another to squelch a rumor planted by my opponent among members of the United Mine Workers that I was anti-union and had expressed sentiments not wholly critical of the Taft-Hartley Act. I also found time to donate to a couple of charities I had never heard of, and to buy raffle tickets of doubtful legality from a half-dozen or more patriotic and fraternal organizations. Time also had to be found to visit the general managers of the coal companies and to state that I was sane, sound, sensible, and conservative and to implore them to "line up their office workers" for me. And through it all I was beset—singly and in murderous packs—by bushwhackers who demanded money: (a) to compensate them for past labors in my behalf and for the electioneering they proposed to do on election day, (b) to hire persons to carry voters to the polls (apparently few people any longer walk there or drive their own cars), or (c) to appease those who were offended because they did not receive a share of the "campaign pot."

Of course, the Grand Old Party was far from quiet during this critical interval. A few days before the election one of their party leaders spoke to a crowd in the county circuit courtroom. His listeners showed small interest in his speech until he got down to business and declared that the National Committee was going to

be able to send some money down to Kentucky "to help put over the ticket." At this splendid passage the crowd cheered up and applauded fervently.

About 7:00 P.M. on election eve a messenger came flying all wild with haste and fear to inform me that "the Republicans have got in amongst the niggers with money and liquor and are trying to tear things all to hell!" He and I sped to the trouble spot and found a large group of Negroes assembled in the local grade-school building listening while a Republican orator talked to them about Abraham Lincoln, Chief Justice Warren, and the "great school-integration decision of the Supreme Court." Many of his listeners had been comforted with 100-proof cordials. However, we were consoled when, a few minutes later, one of the Negro leaders spied our parked car and came out to talk to us. He assured us the Negroes were only being courteous to the Republican "white folks" and intended only to get a little whiskey and money from them and then vote the Democratic ticket. "That Abraham Lincoln stuff is all right," he said, "but we ain't forgot about Franklin D. either." He also took advantage of the occasion to request an extra \$20 with which to keep some waverers in line.

#### "THE DAMN SCHOOLS"

THE morning dawned bright and clear and the sovereign people began flowing to the polls, most of them in automobiles which the party organizations had rented for them. As I ate breakfast before dashing off to one of the precincts, I reflected upon a conversation I had had a few years ago with an aged kinsman. This ninety-year old patriarch recalled that when he cast his first vote nearly seventy years before, the entire electorate voted *viva voce* at the county courthouse. Nearly every adult male had taken the trouble to walk or ride over abominable roads and trails to the county seat. Some of them had been compelled to travel as much as thirty miles and to sleep around campfires on the edge of the poor little village. Now, after three-quarters of a century of "progress," candidates must impoverish themselves to provide comfortable transportation to voters who, in most instances, need travel no more than a mile or so over good hard-surfaced roads in order to vote in private booths. I wondered what manner of men will eventually grasp the power which year by year is slipping out of the hands of a greedy and corrupt electorate.

When I reached the largest of the two predominantly Negro precincts I was assured that most of them had arrived early "in a black cloud" and each had voted the Democratic ticket with the pull of a single lever. This was "proved" by the fact that the voters had remained in the booth so short a time that the "curtains hadn't even quit shaking" when they came out.

A bit later, at another precinct, I spent a few moments with voters on the outside of the polling place, and was assured by our workers that everything was going fine. The United Mine Workers had sent field workers into the region to urge miners and their families to "vote it straight" and, as a result, the "turnout" was heavy. However, a minor crisis arose a few moments later when a long, lean, cadaverous-looking white man and four others arrived. His companions were a pasty-faced boy of about eighteen and three slatternly women. They sat in their rattletrap car about fifty feet from the door of the building, their spokesman in animated conversation with the precinct chairman. Presently the chairman went off to a nearby house and returned with a friend who was custodian of the precinct's money. This group of citizens, it seems, had been promised \$2 each for their votes, but they were now insisting on an additional \$5 for "gas money." The gentleman who was acting as their self-appointed leader was directed to "take his gang and vote 'em" and "I'll see that you get an extra five." This satisfied them and they filed into the polls.

But the orgy of money grabbing was not directed solely at the party organizations, their candidates, and contributors. An even more massive assault was being made officially and formally upon the state treasury.

Kentucky spends less money per capita for support of its schools than does any other state.\* Thousands of children attend school in dismal shacks presided over by teachers who, in many instances have had only a year of college study. Roads in much of the state are narrow and winding and poorly maintained. Few public facilities are really adequate. Yet despite these glaring shortcomings, the state legislature had put before the people a proposal to amend the constitution in order to pay a cash bonus of up to \$500 to each veteran of the Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II, and the Korean conflict, and to their heirs and next of kin. This

\*Since this was written Kentucky has greatly improved its school financing. The 1960 legislature levied a general retail sales tax and increased school appropriations by 50 per cent.



gratuity was to be financed by an issue of bonds, none of which could be retired in less than thirty years. Incredibly enough the arriving voters were vociferous in their support of this marvelous proposition and it was immediately apparent that, if the precinct were typical, our country's heroes were soon to receive "a little liquor money" at the expense of even more poorly-paid teachers and semi-literate young citizens.

For example one voter nudged me in the ribs and informed me that he was for the bonus "'cause they're agoin' to tax us anyway, and besides, I ain't goin' to be here long enough to have to pay much on it myself!" Another, an old lady, favored the proposal because she had three sons living in Detroit and, between them, they could collect a total of \$1,500 "without being out a red cent" in taxes to help pay for it.

However, an even more cynical explanation came from a youthful veteran of Korea. I knew him to be an ardent member of one of the major veterans' organizations and a dedicated "patriot." He had left his job long enough to vote, and as he prepared to discharge this primary duty of good citizenship he declared, "I'm sure as hell for the bonus. After all, if we veterans don't get the money the teachers are makin' such a fuss they'll probably spend it on the damn schools."

In the twenty months since the legislature adjourned few people had spoken out in opposition to the bonus grab, despite the fact that the estimated \$500 million required to finance it was coincidentally the amount which the state Department of Education had calculated was necessary to decently house the state's schoolchildren!

#### THE TRASH VOTE

**A**BOUT 4:00 P.M. I reached my precinct and after voting, inquired of a group of men loitering some fifty yards from the polls whether they had yet voted. With all the candidate's geniality I could muster I urged them to go in and vote and, of course, to be sure to vote for me. They were a ruffianly bunch and one of them, a one-eyed villainous-looking soul, declared that they would "be damned if we vote unless we get a little whiskey first." Another summed it up: "No liquor, no votes."

A few moments later one of the Democratic precinct workers took them to his parked automobile and drove off with them. In a short time they came back and when I left, these reluctant voters were lined up before the door of the polls. The man who had chauffeured them told

#### Things Are Tough All Over . . .

**O**n the eve of Quebec's provincial election, an occasional news source of mine who lives on the fringes of the underworld telephoned me. He asked if I would like to make \$25. "It's simple," he said. "All you have to do is vote." . . .

Before the election was over I had voted twenty times—nineteen times for the Union Nationale, who paid me to break the law, and once for the candidate of my choice.

This was my part in what the Montreal police described as a quiet election day—a day on which police and journalists later reported that 71 ballot boxes were stolen from polling stations; 4 campaign workers went to hospital with injuries suffered in brawls; the police made 158 arrests in raids on committee-rooms and seized 2 revolvers, 12 lengths of lead pipe, 2 knives, and 19 baseball bats. My role earned me \$25, with which I bought a new dress and had my hair done.

—Cathie Breslin in *Maclean's Magazine*, August 13, 1960

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me, "This damn trash vote is enough to drive a body crazy. I'd promised them a pint apiece but they wouldn't vote until I showed 'em the stuff. I gave 'em half of it and they'll get the rest as soon as they vote."

As I drove away I remembered the words of an old, hardened and eminently practical Kentucky politician: "The 'good' people will generally divide about fifty-fifty between two candidates. That's the reason the one who gets the god-damn trash is nearly sure to win."

We spent that evening by the television and radio listening to returns from the county and from the entire state. By eight o'clock enough precincts had been tabulated to make it clear that I'd won a handsome majority. And by ten we knew that the entire Democratic ticket had won in a landslide.

As for the veterans' bonus, two-thirds of the counties voted overwhelmingly for it and it was ratified by a majority of more than 40,000 votes.

After midnight, when the Republican state campaign manager had conceded the election, his opposite number came on the air and thanked the people of the state. He said the campaign had been hard-fought, but clean, and in the very finest American tradition.

KENNETH TYNAN

# COMMAND PERFORMANCE

## *A British Critic's Report on his Interrogation by a Senate Committee*

ON MAY fifth of this year I paid my first visit to Washington, D. C. It was long overdue; I remember chiding myself as I stepped off the early plane from New York, for although I had been working as an English journalist in America for more than eighteen months, I had somehow never found time for a trip to the Capital. I was glad of a chance to repair the omission, the more so because I planned to return to my London home at the month's end, and the opportunity might not repeat itself. The day was hot and blue, and the city looked green and gracious through the windows of the airport taxi. Fairer weather could not be imagined for sight-seeing; and, my wits contentedly numbed by a tranquilizing tablet, I had almost forgotten the purpose of my journey when my lawyer, who had traveled with me from New York, leaned forward and told the driver to pull up at the main entrance of an imposing, characterless office block that lay just ahead of us.

"That's the new Senate Office Building," he said. We entered it together. I straightened my tie and buttoned my jacket, in the breast pocket of which was a subpoena I had received, about eight days before, instructing me to present myself for questioning before the Internal Security Subcommittee of the United States Senate.

Since November 1958 I had been employed as the Broadway drama critic of *The New Yorker*—a post that had been offered me, to my flattered amazement, shortly after the lamented death of its former occupant, Wolcott Gibbs. At that time I was reviewing plays for the London *Observer*,

whose editor generously allowed me to accept the offer and spend two theatre seasons in New York. I was no stranger to America; annually, since 1951, I had crossed the Atlantic to inspect the current Broadway crop and report on its merits in the English press.

When I responded to *The New Yorker's* summons, I brought with me to Manhattan a profound and sympathetic curiosity about America, an American wife, and a small daughter bearing an American passport. Also, and inevitably, I brought with me a bundle of convictions about life in general, and the chances of its continued existence on this endangered planet. I was (and am) a supporter of the British Labour party; I endorsed (and endorse) the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament; and I took part in the inaugural trudge of protest to the Atomic Weapons Establishment at Aldermaston. Half-way across the Atlantic, aboard the *Ile de France*, a Midwesterner who was one of my table companions asked me almost rhetorically whether I believed in "socialized medicine"; and, when I said I did, inquired much less rhetorically whether I had told that to the editor of *The New Yorker*, and whether I didn't think somebody ought to inform him. He was not smiling; but I am afraid I smiled, rightly judging that the editor would consider my private opinions none of his business. During my stay with the magazine, many minor changes in my copy were suggested. Nearly all of them had to do with grammar, syntax, and redundancies; none was political.



To turn out a weekly theatre piece is not, unless you are Flaubert, a full-time job; and I was delighted when Associated Television—one of the largest organizations in British commercial TV—invited me to produce for them a program on the general topic of American nonconformity. What especially allured me about the project was that it might enable me to crack, if not splinter, a fallacious image of American life that had become rooted in many good English minds during the McCarthy era—namely, the idea that America was a monolithic stronghold of sameness, peopled by faceless organization men. My own experience had taught me that this notion was absurd; I knew that the country abounded in dissidents of all kinds; and this was as it should be in a nation that was founded, after all, on the right to dissent.

Hence I embraced the job, and flew to London in the summer of 1959 to compile, after exhausting debates with my employers, a list of articulate and representative American nonconformists. The program was filmed that fall—in New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles—with an exiguous budget, a crippling schedule, and a cast necessarily restricted to people who were both willing and available at the time of shooting. In January of this year, the show was transmitted in England under the title of "We Dissent"; a late-night, ninety-minute cultural gesture, it consisted of statements made by twenty-odd lively American mavericks on the state of nonconformity in general and the nature of their own nonconformity in particular.

#### "WE DISSENT"

**D**ISSENT in the arts was supported by Norman Mailer, Jules Feiffer, Alexander King, Mort Sahl, and a clutch of Beat Generation boys, including Allen Ginsberg, Bob Kaufman, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Norman Cousins excoriated the nuclear arms race; Kenneth Galbraith summarized his qualms about the affluent society; the Reverend Maurice McCrackin explained why he chose imprisonment rather than pay income tax for military purposes; and there were cogent contributions from Norman Thomas, Robert Hutchins, and C. Wright Mills.

America being by definition the greatest capitalist country on earth, it followed that Socialism and dissent would frequently be allied. Accordingly, I also included one admitted member of the Communist party (Arnold Johnson); and four speakers reputedly linked with the

extreme Left—Clinton Jencks, of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union; the Reverend Stephen Fritchman of the Unitarian Church; Dalton Trumbo, the Hollywood screen writer; and Alger Hiss, to demonstrate that even a man who had been imprisoned for giving perjured testimony about alleged espionage activities could still speak his mind freely in America. Apart from Mr. Trumbo, none of them came out with any specifically Socialist opinions, unless you count Mr. Jencks' suggestion that the formation of a labor party, on the English model, would be a good thing for American politics. After lengthy discussions with the production staff of Associated Television, we decided to exclude American dissenters of the extreme right, such as Senator Barry Goldwater, William F. Buckley, Jr., and the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. Their participation, it was felt, might have caused British viewers to construe the program as a slanted piece of anti-American propaganda.

The British press reaction to the show was generally enthusiastic, though a few critics animadverted on the camera work, and several more expressed their amazement at the distressing mildness of American dissent. The response in America, where the show had not been seen, was much more emphatic. A number of Southern newspapers dubbed it subversive, and the *New York Daily News*, in an editorial headed "Here are Your Hats, Gentlemen," charged the participants with fouling their own nests, and urged them to hop aboard the next boat to England, Russia, or China. Immediately afterward, the Messrs. Cousins, Hutchins, and Thomas wrote to me, protesting against the context in which I had placed them; and I received a letter from Benjamin Mandel, formerly the business manager of the *Daily Worker* and now the research director of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, asking for a full transcript of the program.

I told Mr. Mandel that the transcript belonged to Associated Television, whither I advised him to direct his request. I assume that it was granted, because on February 25, 1960, a

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*Kenneth Tynan, drama critic of the London "Observer," was guest critic for "The New Yorker" during the last two theatre seasons. He was born in Birmingham and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. His second collection of theatre pieces, "Curtains," will be brought out this winter by Atheneum. He has directed plays for the English stage and for television and has written books about bullfighting and acting.*

fully documented attack on the program was delivered on the floor of the Senate by Senator Thomas J. Dodd, the Vice-Chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee and an ex-employee of the FBI. To say that the Senator spoke with feeling would be to do him less than justice; he spoke with the fiercest sort of retributory zeal. He described "We Dissent" as "a fraud" and "a prime example of the kind of irresponsible criticism that undermines the Western alliance"; he also condemned its "outrageously one-sided nature," and a condensed version of the script was reprinted, at his petition, in the Congressional Record. A copy of his speech was sent to me (by whom I know not), and I foolishly consigned it, duly read, to the wastepaper basket. It nettled me, of course, but I took it in a spirit of fair comment, and assumed that there the subject would end. I could not, as it turned out, have been wronger.

Later in the spring of 1960 I received a letter from a fledgling organization called "The Fair Play for Cuba Committee," asking me whether I would lend my name to a forthcoming advertisement in the *New York Times* that was intended as a rebuttal of the incomplete and frequently inaccurate accounts of the Cuban revolution that were then appearing in the American press. (I had written, for the January issue of a national magazine, an article about Havana that mentioned Fidel Castro sympathetically; hence, I imagine, the appeal for my signature.) The ad cited, and factually disputed, a number of tendentious remarks about Castro's regime that had been printed in *Newsweek*, *U. S. News and World Report*, and the *New York Journal-American*. It went on to state that Castro's purpose was "to give Cuba back to the Cubans," and concluded by emphasizing the need for full and unbiased reportage. Having assured myself that the factual points made in the ad were valid, I appended my autograph to the list, which included Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Truman Capote, Norman Mailer, James Baldwin, and half-a-dozen others, of whom I had not heard.

Soon afterward the ad hit print. I do not think it gave much aid or comfort to America's enemies, although I have no doubt that it offended a great many American companies whose Cuban interests were being imperiled by Castro's social upheaval. *Time* magazine took a swift and lofty swipe at the signatories; but I noted with pleasure a quotation in the same publication from a speech by Herbert L. Matthews, a senior member of the *New York Times'*

editorial board. "I have never," said Mr. Matthews, "seen a big story so misunderstood, misinterpreted, and badly handled as the Cuban revolution." Consoled by Mr. Matthews, I stopped fretting and returned to my domestic task of explaining to the readers of *The New Yorker* the nature and quality of the live entertainment available in the immediate neighborhood of Times Square.

#### EIGHT SHAKY DAYS

I WAS leaving my apartment en route for the theatre (the date was April 27) when a little man emerged from the elevator and thrust into my hand an envelope containing a subpoena from the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. It commanded me to appear in Washington about forty hours later, and it was blank in the section that called for a statement of the subject matter with which the investigation was concerned.

My first response was bewilderment, and my second dread—the kind of nebulous chill that besets all of us when the finger of officialdom points straight in our direction. Economic fears swelled up; supposing I was publicly smeared, would my American earnings be jeopardized? And how could I answer the committee's questions without fatally compromising my integrity? I canceled the theatre and phoned a lawyer, who wired the committee and successfully demanded a postponement of eight days. They were, without question, the strangest and shakiest eight days of my life. I put through a call to the British Embassy in Washington, and asked whether a Senate committee was entitled to subpoena a visiting foreign journalist; I was told that anyone—of whatever nationality—could be summoned to Washington as soon as he set foot on American soil. It was just my bad luck, I gathered, that I happened to be the first non-resident alien ever to have been Congressionally subpoenaed. I then called an English correspondent, stationed in Washington. He was scarcely more encouraging.

"They've never done this to a European journalist before," he said, "but there's no reason why they shouldn't. They could subpoena the *Pravda* man if they wanted to. And frankly, old chap, it's hard enough to be liberal out here without people like you coming along and sticking your necks out."

Had I been, perhaps, prematurely international in my approach? I talked to the editor of *The New Yorker*, who was superficially un-



perturbed, though below the surface he was clearly a little rattled, as I gathered from his pleasure when I told him that my hearing was to be held *in camera*. Private interrogations are like auditions; if the performer shows signs of star quality (*i.e.*, if his leanings toward Communism are distinct and provable), he is usually recalled for a public session. Finally, I telephoned Norman Mailer to find out if he had received a subpoena. He hadn't, and was somewhat irked that he hadn't. At his request, I asked my lawyer why he had been overlooked. "Well, for one thing," he replied, "Mailer isn't employed by anyone." In other words, he had no job to lose.

On May third, two days before my appearance in Washington, George Sokolsky of the *Journal-American* devoted his whole column to excerpts from my television show, linked by comments expressive of his puzzlement and disgust. He did not mention me by name; nor have I any idea how he gained access to the transcript. Twenty-four hours later he returned to the assault, quoting from C. Wright Mills and Alger Hiss, and professing never to have heard of Jules Feiffer. His last sentence was: "Whoever picked this gang did not know America, but I shall give you more of this." But he never did. The next day was May fifth, the date of my trip to Washington. Instead of naming and blasting me, as I had anticipated, he wrote a piece about college girls and their place in society. I cannot escape the suspicion that, in some crucial, irreparable way, I let Mr. Sokolsky down.

#### CURVE BALLS

**B**EFORE I ventured into the room in which I was to be quizzed, I had learned a little about the habits, procedures, and history of the Internal Security Subcommittee. I knew that it was ten years old, that its anti-Leftism was virulent, and that it had been prominent in the abortive investigations of Owen Lattimore and the Institute for Pacific Relations. I also knew that it accepted only the Fifth (or self-incrimination) Amendment as a legitimate excuse for refusing to answer its questions; to be mum for any other reason could lead to a citation for contempt of Congress. Not at all idly, I wondered if any other Western democracy had ever entrusted such extraordinary powers to the politicians in its legislature. This subcommittee can call anyone in America to question without stating in advance what the questions are to be about. It can punish lies with charges

of perjury, and silence with the threat of imprisonment, unless the witness is willing to declare that, by answering, he might be branding himself a criminal. That such authority should exist outside a court of law struck me at the time (and strikes me still) as highly unconstitutional. Throughout the session, I had to keep reminding myself that I was not in England. The task was not overwhelmingly difficult.

The room in Washington was cool and oblong, abutting onto the resonant public chamber. A slim table ran down its midst. When I arrived, with my lawyer, there were assembled the subcommittee's attorney, a florid, genial man named Jules Sourwine; a couple of secretaries; a records clerk; an official stenographer; and the research expert, Mr. Mandel. Senator Dodd had not yet arrived, and there were some jocular conversational preliminaries, mainly concerned with the wonderful efficiency of the Senate Office Building's new inter-com system. "The only people we have trouble hearing," said Mr. Sourwine slyly, "are the witnesses."

Finally, with no apology, and the most perfunctory greeting, Senator Dodd turned up thirty minutes late and took his place as acting chairman, flushed, frowning, and silver-haired. I identified myself, and was duly sworn in; whereupon, the hearing began. The questioning was done mainly by Mr. Sourwine, beaming with encouragement, though Senator Dodd leaped in from time to time with supplementaries of his own. We started off on my TV show: Was it not, said Mr. Sourwine, expressly designed to hold the United States up to ridicule and contempt? (I should like to quote verbatim, but since I have been forbidden access to the transcript, I must resort to *oratio obliqua*.) I explained that that was not the aim of the program; that it had been intended to combat the false idea, common in Europe, that America was a land of intellectual conformity. I was then asked how I had contacted such people as Arnold Johnson, Clinton Jencks, and Dalton Trumbo, all of whom, Mr. Sourwine said, had been named by sworn witnesses as past or present members of the Communist party (Jencks in testimony before this subcommittee, Trumbo in testimony before the House Committee on un-American Activities). By means of the telephone, I said, and by means of addresses supplied in England. With whom, in England, had I discussed the program?

This stunned me; it had not occurred to me that the authority of an American committee might extend to England. I replied that I had discussed it with the production staff that had

been assigned to me by Associated Television. But what were their names? (Thus Mr. Sourwine.) Their names, I pointed out, were listed on the credit titles. In consequence, every one of them was entered into the record; even the cutter of the show may have some very rough questions to answer should he ever apply for an American visa. Again, I was asked to confirm that the show had been slanted in the direction of anti-Americanism. I replied by drawing the subcommittee's attention to the testimony of Professor Eugene Rostow of the Yale Law School, who had been present in the studio throughout the transmission. When it was over, the narrator had asked him whether he thought America should demand a right to reply.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," he had told the viewers. "I don't think this program was unfavorable to America. Of course, it doesn't present the whole story, but it didn't purport to do that. It presented a very interesting and very significant part of the story of American life. . . ."

At this point Senator Dodd broke in, and inquired how I had got on to "Gene Rostow," who was a friend of his. As untriumphantly as I could, I said that we had telephoned the U. S. Embassy in London and asked them if they could recommend to us a visiting American intellectual whose comments on the show would be informed and impartial. Professor Rostow had been their first choice.

We then moved on to the Cuba advertisement. Hilarity, hereabouts, began to displace dread; such was the caliber of the inquisition that astonished amusement became the only possible response. Had I received money for signing the ad? No. Was it paid for by Cuban gold? No. Did I know any of the other signatories? Sartre and de Beauvoir by reputation; Mailer, Baldwin, and Capote, socially. Was I—and it was here that my fear melted into a deep intestinal chuckle—was I aware that President Eisenhower had made a speech in which he stated that the Castro regime was a menace to the stability of the Western hemisphere? No, I was not. And did I think myself justified in holding opinions that openly defied those of the President of the United States? I brooded over this for a long, incredulous moment, and then replied that I was English, and that I had been forming opinions all my life without worrying for a second whether or not they coincided with those of the President of the United States. (Had my wits been active enough, I might have pointed out that Senator Dodd himself, as a Democrat, must

sometimes have found himself in the heretical position of having to defy President Eisenhower.)

Utterly unperturbed, Mr. Sourwine then flung me a curve ball. Had I or had I not contributed an article to a certain quarterly magazine (which he named, though to avoid libel I had better not)? I said I had. Was I aware that it was notorious as a Communist-front publication? I was not. How had I come to write for it? The editor had called me up, told me that he ran a small-circulation organ of culture and liberal opinion, and invited me to contribute; ever ready to assist embattled little magazines at no inconvenience to myself, I had offered him a thousand words on the current Broadway season. They had previously appeared, I added, in the impeccably non-Communist pages of the *London Observer*; nor had I received (or demanded) any payment for the reprint.

#### UNSPENT PASSION

HERE, I think, the session would have ended, had I not urged my lawyer to request that there be entered into the record a statement that I had prepared the night before. It ran as follows:

As an English journalist, I have paid regular annual visits to the United States for the past nine years. I have spent the past two winters here as guest drama critic of *The New Yorker*; during this period I have also been employed by the *Observer*, a London weekly newspaper. I am a visitor to the United States, not an immigrant or a resident alien; nor have I done anything during my stay to belie the statement I made when my visa was first granted—namely, that I am not and never have been a member of the Communist party or of any affiliated organization. It may be worth adding that the only organizations to which I pay dues are the Royal Society of Literature, the Critics' Circle, and the Diners' Club. In answering the questions that the committee may put to me, I am perfectly willing to reply to any queries about my activities in the United States; and I have no intention of invoking any of the Amendments to the Constitution. I should like, however, to express my regret that the committee should have seen fit to employ its authority to subpoena a visiting journalist. It has not done so before, to the best of my knowledge; and I respectfully suggest that there may be better ways of demonstrating to the world this country's traditional regard for freedom of speech. Constitutionally, of course, it is within the committee's power to subpoena whom it



chooses; I merely submit that governmental grilling of foreign newspapermen is not a practice that one instinctively associates with the workings of Western democracy. It is true that the Soviet government has frequently censured—and sometimes expelled—visiting journalists with whose opinions it disagrees. I can think of several American correspondents to whom this has happened. I leave it to the committee to decide whether this is a wholly desirable precedent.

As I understand it, the function of a Congressional committee is to gather information on the basis of which new legislation may be recommended. I cannot help finding it anomalous that a foreign visitor should be compelled to contribute to the legislative processes of a country not his own. I am profoundly interested in the making of English law; but I am modest enough to feel that the making of American law is none of my business.

After that, I was allowed to quit the chamber. A clerk trotted after me, and asked me to sign a form that would entitle me to claim a witness fee of twelve dollars. His pen contained bright

red ink—"No political connotation, of course," he said tactfully, and was gone. I left the building and lunched with a peppery liberal journalist who has been covering the Washington scene since the 'thirties. He told me that things had loosened up a lot since McCarthy died, and I think he wondered why I looked so quizzical.

I flew back to New York and to a new hazard, not unconnected (I somehow suspect) with the subcommittee's investigation. The Immigration authorities had discovered a technical oversight in my passport; my permit to work in the United States had accidentally been allowed to expire, and there was a distinct chance that I might be deported. After a lot of effort, inconvenience, and legal consultation, I managed to leave New York in my own time, on my own terms, and of my own volition. I even contrived to pay my lawyer's bill, which amounted to close on \$1,500. On the credit side, I had twelve dollars, plus what Milton called a "new acquist of true experience from this great event." I am not sure, however—to pursue the quotation—that I had "calm of mind"; nor can I say, with any truth, that all my passion was spent.

## ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES

**R**ICHARD ARENS, staff director of the House Committee on un-American Activities, gave an astounding speech in Des Moines before the National Conference of Police Associations. It reinforced our belief that this committee, which is now headed by Representative Francis E. Walter (Dem., Penn.), should be abolished and whatever useful duties it performs turned over to the House Judiciary Committee.

Arens said that President Eisenhower's patriotism was somewhat questionable because Mr. Eisenhower introduced his grandchildren to Nikita Khrushchev. . . . He was critical of the Supreme Court for its opinions in several security and passport cases which upheld the rights of individuals against arbitrary government rulings. . . .

Arens's suspicions, fears, and undocumented charges would not be worthy of mention if they represented only his personal viewpoint. But unfortunately this isn't the case. This is the approach which the un-American activities committee has taken generally in its investigation of subversive activities. . . . The committee acts, as a member of Congress pointed out recently, as a "roving police and prosecuting agency." And also as a court, without the fairness and impartiality of courts. It attempts to punish people, who it decides under its own peculiar standards are un-American, by intimidation and exposure. It shows little or no respect for constitutional rights of free speech, freedom of assembly, or due process of law.

We hope the law enforcement officers after hearing Arens's message, didn't return home convinced that every organization which speaks out for human rights is subversive, or start looking for Communists under every bed.

We trust that the officers have a better understanding of the American way of life than Arens. . . . The Committee on un-American Activities engages in un-American activities itself.—Editorial in the *Des Moines Register*, July 25, 1960

# HIEROSULEM

BY HILARY CORKE

IN a fourth-floor flat in Hierosulem  
A rabbi and the rabbi's rabbi son  
Sit in their black hats at the breakfast table.  
They nibble matzos. Underneath their elbows  
The plywood surface sadly bends and creaks.  
The rabbi looks towards his son and speaks:

"This world, an onion, is a holy bulb  
That may be peeled to Hierosulem;  
And in that skin called Hierosulem  
Lie smaller tighter skins that may be peeled;  
And we shall find when the last peeling's done  
Myself (a rabbi), you (a rabbi's son).

It is an onion or a clock with wheels,  
Wheel within wheel or sphere within glaseous sphere,"  
The rabbi says. "Within His brooding will  
We are the crystal pinion. It is so.  
If we should nod, the whole thing's down the sink:  
We are God's watchspring, making the round world go."

The rabbi hands his rabbi son a cup:  
The young man looks into the cup and sees  
All the poor pelting villages of Pripet,  
Dumb walls of Spanish ghettos, Lombard Street,  
Shylock at 'change, a pawnshop in Odessa,  
And Rothschild with a mink rug over his knees.

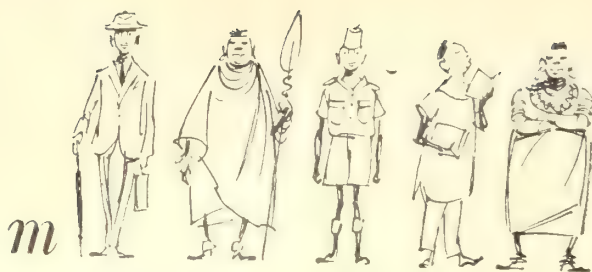
The room is dark, the curtains being drawn,  
The window closed behind them. It has never  
Been opened, that window. The rabbi sighs and rises:  
"You were never like the others, Reb Yisroel:  
Ephraim and Menachem never cared.  
No doubt the One prepares them dark surprises."

A dying fly prays in the window-frame.  
He puts the matzos on the German sideboard,  
Which also serves as Ark. Safe lodged within  
His tattered tallith and phylacteries;  
The holy Torah in its bag of silk  
Burns in that darkness like a mildewed flame.

\* \* \*

Outside in the damned hot streets of Jerusalem  
Yisroel's uncle sweats and wipes his warts;  
Young Ephraim and Menachem twirl their racquets  
Discussing likely favorites for the sports;  
And cousin Aaron on his bicycle  
Whistles at Goyim girls in shirts and shorts.





# The Mathematics of Polygamy

By HERBERT PASSIN

*Drawing by Frederick E. Banbery*

*One of the great unsolved mysteries of Africa is this: Where do all those extra women come from?*

MAX EASTMAN once said that the dilemma of modern man was to have a polygamous gristle in a monogamous society. This dilemma, to put it mildly, does not exist in Africa as I saw it last year.

There are many societies in the world that practice polygamy, and its very existence, on however small a scale, will always be a challenge to European morality to realize that life can be organized in an entirely different way. But what impresses in Africa is the sheer scale of it, the exuberance. It is not only the rich and the powerful who wear their harems like a string of jewels, to dazzle the world with their glory. That the Ataoja of Oshogbo has sixteen wives, that the Oni of Ife has an uncountable number, that great chiefs have ten, fifteen, or twenty wives, or that the twenty-three-year-old junior sheik of a Hausa settlement has seven (in spite of the Koranic limitation of four), seems normal. The impressive thing is that the ordinary farmer may have five wives, living in their separate huts, that your Nigerian taxi driver may have three living in a

one-room apartment in Ibadan, that the railway clerk has three squabbling with each other in their two-room flat.

Nor is it only pagans and Muslims who are polygamists. The Church may forbid it, educated Westernized Africans may deplore it, but any Christian missionary will be obliged to admit, albeit shame-facedly, that his congregation is full of them. I remember the fine-featured Irishman, a parish priest I met over lunch one day in Nigeria, who was explaining, with a great deal of tolerance for human weakness, the problems of a parish priest in Africa. "What proportion of your parishioners are polygamists, Father?" I ventured. His reddish face turned redder still, "More than 25 per cent, I'm afraid," he answered. "And what do you do about it?" I asked. "Nothing much," he said. "Of course, we deny them certain sacraments—we don't let them take communion—but otherwise we let them take part. We are more tolerant than the Protestants."

My very first day in Ibadan, I read in the *Daily Times*:

So-and-so, Minister of \_\_\_\_\_, died suddenly yesterday, leaving three wives and five children. He will be buried in the Methodist cemetery.

"How come?" I asked my Christian friends. "Oh," they answered embarrassedly, "only one is his real wife; the others are mistresses."

The next day, the *Daily Times* carried a slight correction:

So and so, Minister of \_\_\_\_\_, died suddenly yesterday, and is survived by wife and children. He will be buried in the Methodist cemetery.

The wife of my friend, herself an ardent Christian and a Cambridge M.A., explained to me: "You see, only uneducated women put up with polygamy. No educated woman, certainly not a Christian, would stand for it." The next day I was in another city in Nigeria talking to a prominent young man about town. A Muslim. I discovered that not only did he have two wives, but that they were both educated women and that his second wife was a Catholic girl, whose father was a deacon of the Catholic Church there.

"How come?" I demanded of my friend's wife. "I thought you told me that educated girls would never accept polygamy, and now I discover that the second Mrs. X is one of your closest friends." "Well, it's a special case," she said. "You see, he is a very promising young man."

But polygamy in Africa does not mean the kind of suppression of women that normally comes to mind when we think of polygamy. African women have a great deal of freedom, as even educated women have to acknowledge. Unlike the Arab woman locked away in her harem, the African woman is free to come and go. Although it is true that some of the great kings and chiefs maintain establishments on the order of an Arab harem, for most men this would defeat one of the important purposes of polygamy. For most men, wives are an economic advantage. The more wives a farmer has, the more labor to till his fields. The non-farmer often puts his wife in income-producing work. If he can, he gives her a small stake and sets her up in business as a trader. The result is that the markets of Africa are run entirely by women. The women therefore support themselves and their children and often make a contribution to the general household as well. While in prestige-polygamy only a rich man can support many wives, in Africa the more wives one has the richer one can be.

Since "man is by nature polygamous," as everybody will tell you, for males the system is ideal. Not only does he have many women, but he usually does not even have to support them. Which does not mean that he has no responsibility whatever for them. A rich man may, as a

matter of prestige, support his wives; and any man will in case of necessity look after them. As one young Muslim said in a furious diatribe against me one day when he had misunderstood a question I had asked, "You Europeans are all hypocrites. You have your girl friends and your mistresses and your concubines, just as we do. The difference is that you abandon them when you are tired of them, but we take responsibility for them. You're the immoral ones."

It's all very well for the men, a Western woman would argue, but what about the women? I cannot claim to be able to give a full answer, but my impression is that the distribution of satisfaction and dissatisfaction would not be far different from that of Western marriage. If anything, the advantage may just conceivably lie with the African woman. For a woman who really lives within her traditional world, certainly there is no dissatisfaction with the system as such. Conceiving of herself as a mother rather than as an object of sexual love, she finds her happiness in her home and in her children; the husband is quite unimportant. Even some quite non-traditional women have explained to me that polygamy is much better: the more wives, the less you have to bother with the husband. There are some, certainly, like the young girl in Lomé who left her railway-clerk husband because she could not stand living in the same house with her two rivals, but this may be the rarer case.

The woman is always free to leave her husband; all she has to do is repay the bride price. Although this may sometimes be difficult because her family, who has received the bride price, may be reluctant to have to return it, if she works, she can often raise or borrow the money herself, and after she has had several children she may not have to repay any of it. In theory she is not quite as free to have relations with other men as her husband is to have relations with other women, but in practice it is not very different. As for adultery, she is perhaps not as free as her husband, but she is certainly not the purdahed woman of the Arab harems.

#### THOSE "EXTRA" WOMEN

**B**UT the really puzzling question is: where do the extra women come from? In order for some men to have several wives, it is necessary either that some men go without wives or that there be an excess of women.

To get some idea of the nature of the problem, let us take the case of Ilobu, a town of some 30,000 population in Western Nigeria. A wise

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*Herbert Passin, a member of the Department of Far Eastern Studies at the University of Washington, traveled in Africa under the auspices of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.*



European friend of mine who has lived in Nigeria for ten years tells me that 90 per cent of the men either have more than one wife or will have one as soon as they are able. Furthermore, there are no unmarried men of marriageable age. If we take these two statements as approximately correct, we are forced to conclude that there are two women for every man.

Now, every African I have raised this question with takes this for granted: "We have far more women than men." The King of Oshogbo explained to me with patient authority: "We have eight women for every man. You see, our women produce more girls than boys." The only difficulty with this claim, which every African I know takes for granted, is that there is not one scrap of evidence for it. I have carefully examined census and vital statistics records and do not find that the African populations differ in any important way from populations in other parts of the world; that is, there are roughly 101 females born for every 100 males. When I pointed this out to the King of Oshogbo, he said flatly, "The census is wrong."

"Well, what about your children?" I asked him. "How many are boys and how many are girls?" He thought for a moment and then said, "I guess they're equal." (He has seventy-two children.) "Yes, I have noticed these days that our women are producing a lot more boys than before. Maybe it will change. My oldest son, who is an engineer, has only one wife. And my second son, a doctor, is planning to marry the European way too." (Perhaps the new African dilemma will be the monogamous gristle in a polygamous society.)

In Togoland I had the same argument. "Where do the extra women come from?" I asked my companions, three young Juvento party organizers who were guiding me on a trip up-country in a battered Deux-Chevaux. The leader patiently explained to me. "You see, we have four women to every man. Take my own case. There are seventeen children in my family, thirteen sisters and four brothers. That's the way it is here." I then turned to the other two in the car and asked them how many brothers and sisters they had. The driver had four brothers and seven sisters. ("You see?" said the group leader.) But the third member of our party had twelve brothers and two sisters. Total score: twenty males and twenty-two females. Surely no great disproportion there.

"Let me show you some figures," I said, drawing an extract from the 1958 *UN Demographic Yearbook*. For Togoland: 549,900 males; 534,100

females. For the relevant age group of 20-59 years: 278,400 males; 268,800 females. The group leader was stunned. "I can't believe it. I *know* we have more women than men. I have some friends who work in a hospital. They tell me that more girls are born there than boys." "Let's go and see," I proposed, and we immediately went to the hospital. We talked to doctors and nurses, and we checked records. It wasn't true.

#### THE MARRIAGE MARKET

NOR is there any reason there should be such a great difference in mortality between males and females. In some countries of Europe or Asia you will find a marked shortage of males in certain age groups because of the war. But Africa has not had any serious wars for a long time. She did not lose the flower of her youth in the world wars, and she has not had large-scale tribal wars or slaving for at least seventy years.

Another line of argument is this: If women begin marrying at the age of fifteen, and men only at the age of twenty-five, then there is a ten-year backlog of women to be drawn upon. The difficulty with this argument can be shown arithmetically but, stated very simply, it is this: The marriageable age for women is roughly between fifteen and thirty-five (very few men will marry an older woman because they are primarily interested in having children). Now, a man, even if he starts marrying late, remains in the marriage market at least until the age of forty-five, if not beyond. Therefore in the marriageable years, that is from fifteen to thirty-five for women and from twenty-five to forty-five and beyond for men, there are still equal numbers of men and women.

One is driven to look for large numbers of unmarried men. But unless they have been carefully hidden away, they are certainly not noticeable in numbers large enough to account for the large amount of polygamy. My African friends explain to me that bachelorhood is considered such a disgraceful condition that it is only a transitory and exceptional thing. And I certainly could find no evidence of much of it when I made a private census of the extended family group of one of my friends in Ibadan.

The problem, therefore, is very simple, and I submit it to actuaries, statisticians, and mathematicians: If you have equal numbers of men and women, and all men have wives, how can it be that a large number of men can have more (and often much more) than one wife?

AARON COPLAND

# NADIA BOULANGER

## An Affectionate Portrait

*Around Nadia Boulanger, unique as a great teacher of composers, have gathered the foremost creative musicians of our time. Aaron Copland, who is one of them, has written musical works that have been played and praised around the world. This article will be included in "Copland on Music," which is to be published by Doubleday on his sixtieth birthday, November 14, 1960.*

IT IS almost forty years since first I rang the bell at Nadia Boulanger's Paris apartment and asked her to accept me as her composition pupil. Any young musician may do the same thing today, for Mlle. Boulanger lives at the same address in the same apartment and teaches with the same formidable energy. The only difference is that she was then comparatively little known outside the Paris music world and today there are few musicians anywhere who would not concede her to be the most famous of living composition teachers.

Our initial meeting had taken place in the Palace of Fontainebleau several months before that first Paris visit. Through the initiative of Walter Damrosch, a summer music school for American students was established in a wing of the Palace in 1921 and Nadia Boulanger was on the staff as teacher of harmony. I arrived, fresh out of Brooklyn, aged twenty, and all agog at the prospect of studying composition in the country that had produced Debussy and Ravel. A fellow student told me about Mlle. Boulanger and convinced me that a look-in on her harmony class would be worth my while. I needed convincing—after all, I had already completed my harmonic studies in New York and couldn't see how a harmony teacher could be of any help to me. What I had not foreseen was the power of Mlle. Boulanger's personality and the special

glow that informs her every discussion of music whether on the simplest or the most exalted plane.

The teaching of harmony is one thing; the teaching of advanced composition is something else again. The reason they differ so much is that harmonic procedures are deduced from known common practice while free composition implies a subtle mixing of knowledge and instinct for the purpose of guiding the young composer toward a goal that can only be dimly perceived by both student and teacher. Béla Bartók used to claim that teaching composition was impossible to do well; he himself would have no truck with it. Mlle. Boulanger would undoubtedly agree that it is difficult to do well—and then go right on trying.

Actually Nadia Boulanger was quite aware that as a composition teacher she labored under two further disadvantages: she was not herself a regularly practicing composer and insofar as she composed at all she must of necessity be listed in that unenviable category of the woman composer. Everyone knows that the high achievement of women musicians as vocalists and instrumentalists has no counterpart in the field of musical composition. This historically poor showing has puzzled more than one observer. It is even more inexplicable when one considers the reputation of women novelists and poets, of painters and designers. Is it possible that there is a mysterious element in the nature of musical creativity that runs counter to the nature of the feminine mind? And yet there are more women composers than ever writing today, writing, moreover, music worth playing. The future may very well have a different tale to tell; for the present, however, no woman's name will be found on the list of world-famous composers.

To what extent Mlle. Boulanger had serious ambitions as composer has never been entirely established. She has published a few short pieces,



and once told me that she had aided the pianist and composer Raoul Pugno in the orchestration of an opera of his. Mainly she was credited with the training of her gifted younger sister Lili, whose composing talent gained her the first Grand Prix de Rome ever accorded a woman composer in more than a century of prize-giving. It was an agonizing blow when Lili fell seriously ill and died in 1918 at the age of twenty-four.\* It was then that Nadia established the pattern of life that I found her living with her Russian-born mother in the Paris of the 'twenties.

Curiously enough I have no memory of discussing the role of women in music with Mademoiselle. Whatever her attitude may have been, she herself was clearly a phenomenon for which there was no precedent. In my own mind she was a continuing link in that long tradition of the French intellectual woman in whose salon philosophy was expounded and political history made. In similar fashion Nadia Boulanger had her own salon where musical aesthetics were argued and the musical future engendered. It was there that I saw, and sometimes even met, the musical great of Paris: Maurice Ravel, Igor Stravinsky, Albert Roussel, Darius Milhaud, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc, Georges Auric. She was the friend of Paul Valéry and Paul Claudel, and liked to discuss the latest works of Thomas Mann, of Proust and André Gide. Her intellectual interests and wide acquaintanceship among artists in all fields were an important stimulus to her American students: through these interests she whetted and broadened their cultural appetites.

#### ART WITHOUT SECRETS

IT WOULD be easy to sketch a portrait of Mlle. Boulanger as a personality in her own right. Those who meet her or hear her talk are unlikely to forget her physical presence. Of medium height and pleasant features, she gave off, even as a young woman, a kind of objective warmth. She had none of the ascetic intensity of a Martha Graham nor the toughness of a Gertrude Stein. On the contrary, in those early days she possessed an almost old-fashioned womanliness—a womanliness that seemed quite unaware of its own charm. Her low-heeled shoes and long black skirts and pince-nez glasses contrasted strangely with her bright intelligence and lively temperament. In more recent years she has become smaller and thinner, quasi nun-like

in appearance. But her low-pitched voice is as resonant as ever and her manner has lost none of its decisiveness.

My purpose here, however, is to concentrate on her principal attribute, her gift as teacher. As her reputation spread students came to her not only from America but also from Turkey, Poland, Chile, Japan, England, Norway, and many other countries. How, I wonder, would each one of them describe what Mademoiselle gave them as teacher? How indeed does anyone describe adequately what is learned from a powerful teacher? I myself have never read a convincing account of the progress from student stage to that of creative maturity through a teacher's ministrations. And yet it happens: some kind of magic does indubitably rub off on the pupil. It begins, perhaps, with the conviction that one is in the presence of an exceptional musical mentality. By a process of osmosis one soaks up attitudes, principles, reflections, knowledge. That last is a key word: it is literally exhilarating to be with a teacher for whom the art one loves has no secrets.

Nadia Boulanger knew everything there was to know about music: she knew the oldest and the latest music, pre-Bach and post-Stravinsky, and knew it cold. All technical know-how was at her finger tips: harmonic transposition, the figured bass, score reading, organ registration, instrumental techniques, structural analysis, the school fugue and the free fugue, the Greek modes and Gregorian chant. Needless to say, this list is far from exhaustive. She was particularly intrigued by new musical developments. I can still remember the eagerness of her curiosity concerning my jazz-derived rhythms of the early 'twenties, a corner of music that had somehow escaped her. Before long we were exploring polyrhythmic devices together—their cross-pulsations, their notation, and especially their difficulty of execution intrigued her. This was typical, nothing under the heading of music could possibly be thought of as foreign. I am not saying that she liked or even approved of all kinds of musical expression—far from it. But she had the teacher's consuming need to know how all music functions, and it was that kind of inquiring attitude that registered on the minds of her students.

More important to the budding composer than Mlle. Boulanger's technical knowledge was her way of surrounding him with an air of confidence. (The reverse—her disapproval—I am told, was annihilating in its effect.) In my own case she was able to extract from a composer of two-

\**Musee at Lili Boulanger*, performed by the Orchestre Lamoureux, is a recent recording issued by Everest Records.

page songs and three-page piano pieces, a full-sized ballet lasting thirty-five minutes. True, no one has ever offered to perform the completed ballet, but the composing of it proved her point—I was capable of more than I myself thought possible. This mark of confidence was again demonstrated when, at the end of my three years of study, Mlle. Boulanger asked me to write an organ concerto for her first American tour, knowing full well that I had only a nodding acquaintance with the king of instruments and that I had never heard a note of my own orchestration.

"Do you really think I can do it?" I asked hopefully.

"*Mais oui*" was the firm reply—and so I did.

As organ soloist, Mademoiselle gave the world première of the work—a Symphony for Organ and Orchestra—on January 11, 1925, in New York, under the baton of Walter Damrosch. My parents, beaming, sat with me in a box. Imagine our surprise when the conductor, just before beginning the next work on the program, turned to his audience and said: "If a young man, at the age of twenty-three, can write a symphony like that, in five years he will be ready to commit murder!" The asperities of my harmonies had been too much for the conductor who felt that his faithful subscribers needed reassurance that he was on their side. Mlle. Boulanger, however, was not to be swayed; despite her affection for Mr. Damrosch she wavered not in the slightest degree in her favorable estimate of my Symphony.

#### HOW SHE DID IT

ALL musicians, like the lay music lover, must in the end fall back upon their own sensibilities for value judgments. I am convinced that it is Mlle. Boulanger's perceptivity as musician that is at the core of her teaching. She is able to grasp the still uncertain contours of an incomplete sketch, examine it, and foretell the probable and possible ways in which it may be developed. She is expert in picking flaws in any work in progress, and knowing why they are flaws. At the period when I was her pupil she had but one all-embracing principle, namely, the desirability of aiming first and foremost at the creation of what she called "*la grande ligne*"—the long line in music. Much was included in that phrase: the sense of forward motion, of flow and continuity in the musical discourse; the feeling for inevitability, for the creating of an entire piece that could be thought of as a functioning entity.

These generalizations were so ingrained in application: her eye, for instance, was always trained upon the movement of the bass line as controlling agent for the skeletal frame of the harmony's progressive action. Her sense of contrast was acute; she was quick to detect *longue* and any lack of balance. Her teaching, I suppose, was French in that she always stressed clarity of conception and elegance in proportion. It was her broadness of sympathy that made it possible for her to apply these general principles to the music of young men and women from so many different nationalities.

Many of these observations are based, of course, on experiences of a good many years ago. Much has happened to music since that time. The last decade, in particular, cannot have been an easy time for the teacher of composition, and especially for any teacher of the older generation. The youngest composers have taken to worshipping at strange shrines. Their attempt to find new constructive principles through the serialization of the chromatic scale has taken music in a direction for which Mademoiselle showed little sympathy in former years. The abandonment of tonality and the adoption of Webernian twelve-tone methods by many of the younger Frenchmen and even by Igor Stravinsky in his later years cannot have been a cause for rejoicing on the rue Ballu. And yet, I have heard Mlle. Boulanger speak warmly of the music of the leader of the new movement, Pierre Boulez. Knowing the musician she is, I feel certain that she will find it possible to absorb the best of the newer ideas into her present-day thinking.

In the meantime it must be a cause for profound satisfaction to Mlle. Boulanger that she has guided the musical destiny of so many gifted musicians: Igor Markevitch, Jean Françaix, and Marcelle de Manziarly in France; Americans like Walter Piston, Virgil Thomson, Roy Harris, Marc Blitzstein among the older men, Elliott Carter, David Diamond, Irving Fine, Harold Shapero, Arthur Berger among the middle generation, and youngsters like Easley Blackwood during the 'fifties.

In 1959, when Harvard University conferred an honorary degree on Nadia Boulanger, a modest gesture was made toward recognition of her standing as teacher and musician. America, unfortunately, has no reward commensurate with what Nadia Boulanger has contributed to our musical development. But, in the end, the only reward she would want is the one she already has: the deep affection of her many pupils everywhere.



CLANCY SIGAL

# OUR EXILED AIRMEN IN ENGLAND

*An unofficial report on a new kind of GI—unglamorized, non-swashbuckling, and career-minded . . . what he really thinks about his Service, his British hosts, his women, and his nuclear bombing mission.*

**B**EFORE I began looking at servicemen and their families in Britain I expected to be dealing with an unrepresentative and narrow spectrum of Americans—with “Service types” and not microcosms. But it was the GIs themselves, and their wives and friends, who insisted that indeed they reflected—and were refugees from—the normalcy in “the big PX”—the United States. Or, as a Red Cross official in Oxfordshire said, “Sure, we’re a mirror of the United States. A cracked and distorted mirror.”

By itself, of course, this proves nothing. Americans have traditionally entertained a distaste for military life and values, and I ran into many servicemen who are still slightly ashamed of where they are and what they are doing, and who undoubtedly dislike seeing themselves as out of the main stream. But if what they suggest is true, then the GIs as a group stand as a critique (admittedly, often inarticulate) of certain apparently dominant values and stresses in the United States.

The “GIs” in Britain are chiefly men of the United States Air Force, and belong to the tactical Third Air Force, which is NATO-committed, or to Strategic Air Command, which takes its orders straight from the Joint Chiefs of Staff in

Washington and has its command-post at Offutt Air Base near Omaha, Nebraska, site of the famous red telephone. (Other American service branches maintain only token units in the United Kingdom.) In all, there are today about 30,000 Air Force men, all volunteers, half with families, making 75,000 to 80,000 Americans, isolated at (mainly) bomber bases spread out roughly in the triangle between the east Norfolk coast, Lancashire, and south of London. There are fewer GIs in England today—and they live less conspicuously—than at any time since the Berlin Blockade. Nevertheless, they seem imprisoned and cut off from English life by their own stereotyped images of how they should think and behave. At the same time they serve as a focus for some deep and ambivalent emotions on the part of their English hosts.

The bases, technically speaking, are commanded by RAF wing commanders who are rarely in evidence. For all practical purposes these bases are enclaves of strictly American life. The Americans living on them tend to come from the small-town and rural areas of the South, Southwest, and Middle West. Also, they are a different sort from the GIs of the 1940s. For better or worse, the day of the young, swashbuckling, open-handed GI is drawing to a rapid close. It’s an industrialized, volunteer, career-minded Air Force, with deep affinities in organization and ethos to the American business corporation, staffed by fliers who look (and behave) like business executives, sergeant-technicians, and young airmen who, as like as not, are slightly disillusioned with how unglamorous all of it has become.

Most of the officers are in the thirty-to-forty age bracket, the enlisted airmen in their late twenties, with few teen-agers. Crime and juvenile delinquency rates are low, re-enlistment high.

*“It is a good feeling. You’re never alone in the Air Force.”*

—Sergeant, Sculthorpe Air Base, Norfolk

*“I like it in the Air Force. You don’t have to keep up with the Joneses.”*

—Airman’s wife, Burtonwood Air Base, Lancashire

*“The mission is everything. I am nothing.”*

—Pilot captain, Burtonwood

The first thing that strikes an outsider about the American bases in England is their almost caricatured *Americanness*. The kids keep up with the latest Stateside fad, the adult women dress like schoolgirls, and the atmosphere is unbelievably domestic. Launderettes and baby

carriages, and airmen, dutifully carrying mountainous bags of groceries, compete against the improbably streaking whine of jet bombers. There is a dominant note of family as against military activity, and also an enforced youthfulness which, like everything else on the base, is an amplification and distortion of Stateside civilian patterns.

Virtually all the GIs and their wives, even those who are out in the villages ("on the economy"), make the Base the center of their lives in England. The officers and non-coms who are in the low-rent, ultra-modern "tobacco" houses—American-style dwellings built on the bases by British contractors as part of a complicated barter deal involving surplus tobacco—consider themselves lucky and rarely venture off the base, particularly in winter which (especially for Americans) is ten months out of the year. Contact with the surrounding English is minimal. It is not unfair to say that the vast majority of the inhabitants are living in something like a social vacuum.

The largest colony of GIs in England is at the Third Air Force base near Sculthorpe, Norfolk, a farming area. Ten thousand Americans live at Sculthorpe. On this huge B66 NATO base, the air crews live with their families in an official state of combat readiness termed "Blast Off."

#### THE LONELIEST PEOPLE

FARTHER south, on a covey of bases in the Oxfordshire area, Strategic Air Command maintains what is probably the greatest concentration in the world of what it calls "nuclear deterrent power" (atom bombs). In its mission, and the way it has been taught to think about itself, it is different. Unlike the Third Air Force, SAC performs under an operational concept, known as "Reflex" in which combat crews do not live with their families but are rotated to England in their B-47s for only a few weeks at a time. "Reflex" involves the use of only a small number of bombers, dispersed on the ground, and instantly prepared to take off against pre-selected targets in the event of an alert.

The three-man SAC bomber crews are usually composed of mature family men with much flying experience and a low kindling-point temperament. Some are grandfathers, many look like suburban businessmen, and they are a hand-picked elite. On stand-by status, they never leave each other's company. They live and eat together, attend the cinema together,

even go to formal dances *ensemble* in their green flying suits with pistols at their hips. On stand-by duty, they are treated like samurai, and their status and privileges tend to be resented by non-flying base personnel. From talks with them, I found the members of these crews resolutely positive that they never thought about the consequences of flying with hydrogen weapons, and some insisted they saw little difference between conventional and nuclear weapons.

*"No, sir, I don't think much about what you call the consequences. No, not very often; in fact, seldom at all. You're too busy up there. . . . We know that we would never drop a weapon on the Russians unless they started a war first. Also, we've practiced so many times it's a routine. Just like carrying this Coke bottle across the room and bringing it back. . . . Well, yes if someone told me to I'd press the button. . . ."*

*"You have to remember, bombing now, it's a lot more efficient than in the last war. . . . This time when we deliver a bomb we know it's going to knock out the factory or whatever is our target. It may be five miles off the mark, but we know we'll have struck our target anyway. I know it sounds a little, well, you know, crude, but when you knock out everything you knock out something. I guess it does sound a little crude, put that way."*

—B-47 crew member, Lancashire

It is tempting, but I think not accurate, to ascribe certain incidents—an occasional fight or run-in with a British civilian—which tend to recur on the bases to "atom jitters." This used to be a favorite ploy of the British popular press. But physical isolation, the hugeness and impersonality of a large base, the bleakness of the wintry rural landscape, probably have as much to do with sparking off these affairs as any other factor. It may be, however, that the undercurrent of rumor-mongering you hear about suicides and mental breakdowns is symptomatic of worry driven underground.

*"Look, mister. Let's not talk crap. If that whistle ever blows for real, do you think I think I'm coming back alive?"*

—Pilot officer, Brize Norton Air Base, Oxford

But, in the main, the bomber bases radiate nothing so much as a heavy absence of emergency or crisis atmosphere. Away from operations, off the flight line, the bases seem more blanketed in domestic phlegm than jumped up by atomic nerves.

Viewed as a social organism, the GI Air Force community stands apart, a lonely colony of nomadic strangers, in a perpetual state of indecision about its own identity.



In fact, the GI community in England is a "company town," whose inhabitants seem decent and friendly. They may be morally and emotionally disenfranchised, but are materially secure in a way that relatively few are in the United States.

*"We came in for security, for a Welfare State, and got more than we bargained for. It smothers us, without meaning to. The Air Force isn't to blame, the government isn't to blame. I don't know. Maybe it is a good life."*

—Sergeant's wife, Eastcote, Middlesex

*"No, you've got it wrong. The Air Force isn't like Big Daddy. It's Big Mamma."*

—Air Force psychiatrist

By and large, the Air Force in England is composed of those who find themselves in the service as a career almost by accident and who rarely planned it that way. Many of the young low-rankers came in to escape an Army draft, a surprising number of older non-coms were business failures in civilian life, and a large number of World War II reserve officers reluctantly elected to remain in, after abrupt call-backs during Korea, when they saw they had lost their hold on the civilian ladder of status. Today, most have settled down to putting their time in toward the minimum twenty-year retirement which, more than promotion, is the almost hallowed goal. They live and eat exceedingly well, surrounded by expensive duplicates of virtually every facility in the civilian world of the United States (from barbecue pit to PTA) which the Air Force can reasonably provide. Subsidized by cost-of-living allowances, a sergeant with a family can enjoy an Air Force standard of life which a Manchester board director might envy. Very few married GIs to whom I spoke could tell me exactly how much money they made. After laborious computations with paper and pencil, most gave up with a sheepish grin and said I would have to find out from the Finance Officer.

Everything in these communities *manqués* is more American than anything I can remember

in America, except that phenomenon which they most nearly resemble: the brand-new suburban housing developments which you can see on the outskirts of growing cities from Levittown, Pennsylvania, to San Fernando, California.

*"These Americans. They're the loneliest people I've ever dealt with. They just don't know how to be alone."*

—Community Relations officer, Oxfordshire

Contributing to this impression of hyperbolic Americanism is, paradoxically, the geographically unrepresentative nature of the GI himself. He's a small-town and rural American. Largely absent is the urbanized, second-generation immigrant, the Jew or Italo- or Slavo-American, the "melting pot" boy from New York or Chicago. You can actually see this in the cast of the GI faces, which fail to reflect that diversity in genetic strain that is the trademark of America's great city streets and was so recognizable in the conscript forces in England during the last war. (The exception is the Negro GI: formal integration in the Air Force has worked out well.)

Which means that on these bases you seldom meet up with "pepper," that characteristically American streak of free-wheeling, urban critical skepticism. As in the United States itself, the evidences of a passionate demand on life are not as visible as they once were. I had a haunting sense that for these people "the great American dream," the secular utopia, has been, at least temporarily, jettisoned.

The churches play no important role. Like the PXs, they exist to dispense a commodity and satisfy a need but are not a significant influence on the community. The chaplains officiate at religious ceremonies, try to help in personal tangles, and organize Little League baseball games.

*"If they ask me, I tell them they're on the right side, that there is a just war. But nobody ever comes in to seek guidance on that sort of thing."*

—Chaplain, Brize Norton

This lack of community introspection is heightened by a marked absence of any important body of informed or liberal opinion. Air Force "intellectuals" are as rare as hen's teeth. All ranks eschew politics with a fierce boredom: they simply won't be drawn out. Critical periodicals, such as *The Nation*, *New Republic*, *Progressive*, etc., are not, as far as I could see, sold on any of the newsstands.

Thus, despite a variety of clothes, regional accents, and former social positions, there is an impression of extraordinary *sameness* to these

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bases, an outward show of conformity which earns a visitor, regardless of where he is or to whom he's talking, the same response, over and over again, to his questions—sometimes in exactly the same words. Involved less in present worries than future anxieties, the Air Force people seem uneasily, vaguely aware of the forces making for change in the world and in their own country, but want very much to disregard them.

*"When I get back home, after my enlistment, maybe I'll talk about Karl Marx. But you won't catch me talking about the National Health Service. I've got a career to think about, mister."*

—Sergeant, Lancashire

The Americans at the air bases present a picture of themselves as being in a state of conscious flight from the competitiveness and anxiety of American life. Family heads speak of the Air Force as a heaven-sent refuge against the disintegration of family solidarity in the States. True, there is a nagging suspicion, among both air crews and non-fliers, that the new military science of missilery may put them out of business (and some men are already switching over). But the others insist that, in one way or another, the Air Force won't forget them.

By its members, the Air Force is often seen as placing an artificial but none the less reassuring limit on the degree to which they can compete with one another. Though there is constant gossip about promotions and ceaseless fears of "Riffing" (Reduction in Force), it is quietly known that, particularly with non-officers, a man does not get bounced unless he is considerably below the efficiency line.

#### WONDERFUL TIME

**I**T IS in the home, however, that there is still very much the American pattern of competition—between husband and wife (though on a muted scale) and with again the Air Force acting as arbiter of tensions. The adult women wear bobby socks and teen-age skirts, and their husbands drink too much and boast of their sexual exploits far more than they would dare in an American civilian community. (The Air Force is quite permissive about alcoholism and promiscuity, and very punitive on homosexuality.)

The GI children are healthy, well-dressed, and outgoing, displaying an even balance which, according to their teachers, contrasts with State-side adolescent behavior.

*"The GI marriage is more stable than a civilian marriage. They're protected here, so there's less tension. Also, here in England, far less adultery."*

—Red Cross official, Base X

*"If I had the time I could do marriage counseling all day, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year."*

—Chaplain, same base

The airman and his wife make the base the focus of their lives, and except on holidays rarely venture off it. Unlike the young bachelor GI, who tends to swing between the extremes of rhapsodizing England and denigrating it, the mature Air Force couple stubbornly tell themselves they are "having a wonderful time in Europe." When you ask them, they admit they are not quite sure where along the line they decided to "stick it out in the Service"; probably, the husband tells you, during his last furlough back to his home town where he became frightened at the steep rise in civilian prices and how rapidly the small businessman was being pushed to the wall. The wife often is worried about her husband forming a dangerous dependence on the Service, but even she is forced to concede that the family is doing better than it would in the U. S.

*"They idealize what they're doing here, and they idealize their retirement. But when it comes to the point, they either re-enlist or crack up, or both."*

—Former Air Force doctor

*"I'll tell you what it is with these people. At bottom it is a failure of identification."*

—Chaplain, Sculthorpe

Perhaps the husband drinks too much, and he may have an English girl friend "stashed away" in one of the nearby villages, but otherwise he leads a quiet family life. More often than not, his wife is bored but resigned, and spends much time in local villages shopping for antiques. They may run, at considerable expense, a Detroit-made car, which is clumsy on the narrow English roads; but they keep it because it makes them feel less homesick, more "on top" of a strange country.

As a rule, they take it as it comes. Theirs is a live-and-let-live attitude. If they have contrary opinions, they either do not develop or express them, except as the careful "gripping" formula of the Air Force community allows. No sense, they say, in rocking the boat. This is not to say that some do not feel, in a vague and partial fashion, identified with "the mission." Especially in the officer ranks they can and do feel toward the Air Force a proud, deep, and sentimental loyalty, and are, in fact, not as emotionally uninvolved as they themselves often pretend.



Part of this process of keeping a leg stuck firmly in both camps—of drawing security and a kind of high purpose from the Service while maintaining a civilian guise and outlook—seems to involve a wholesale but semi-conscious agreement not to recognize the full implications of the military function of the Air Force. For the airmen and their wives to whom I spoke—including atom-bomber pilots—the meaning of what they are doing overseas is as abstract and impersonal as it is to the average Englishman.

*"No, of course there won't be a war. How can there be? All these bases, in England and everywhere, it's just a way for Washington to pay out a lot of money to keep the economy running. Like the WPA in the depression."*

—Pilot, jet tanker

It requires almost a physical effort of imagination to remember that many of these families live in an official state of combat readiness. Practice alerts are common. It is generally assumed by the GIs, their wives, and children that stored somewhere on their base is an atomic or hydrogen bomb, which they call by its familiar name, "The Weapon," "The Item," or simply "The Thing." But if they feel a special anxiety about cohabiting with nuclear bombs and bombers, they do not, in any measurable way, show it. Questions about the rights and wrongs of their job they meet with sincere blankness or else dismiss as inspired anti-Americanism.

But at what cost has the GI community purchased its security and balance?

#### THE MALE MENOPAUSE

AS IN any small town, a silent conspiracy directed to mutual- and self-deception exists. (The new literature of "anti-conformism"—*The Organization Man*, *The Lonely Crowd*, *White Collar*, *The Status Seekers*, etc.—has not touched the GI community.) The members are accustomed to projecting themselves as, if not happy, at least well contented.

But what lies behind the gregarious gaiety, the back-slapping, the spontaneous, almost compulsive overtures of friendship made to each other and outsiders?

I put this to a number of Air Force people—base doctors, teachers, former Service psychiatrists, education and community-relations officers, chaplains, Red Cross workers, and civilian employees. None of them would agree on any single generalized characterization for the Air Force community in England. But if I had to condense the main line of their observa-

### Where Did You Go?

### What Did You Do?

We're hoping to compile a report by and for *Harper's* readers which would be especially useful to *Harper's* travelers.

If you think your recent travel experiences might be valuable to other readers, would you like to send us a note? It might be merely a few lines about something which you found especially interesting, and which is not covered in the standard guides—or a word about a hotel, restaurant, place, or route which turned out to be unexpectedly good (or bad).

—The Editors

tions into a single statement I think it would run something like this:

"Theoretically, the American air base is the ideal community: a place where a group of people bracketed by the same allegiance live in close proximity and also work together.

"But it doesn't happen this way. A certain vital spark—exactly what is uncertain—is missing. Perhaps it has to do with the absence of genuine status symbols. Aside from the obvious differences in rank, there is really nothing in the Service for a man to respect. He does not really respect higher rank, even when he says he does, because he knows that, with few exceptions, all a man has to do to be promoted is wait, put out a good minimum of work, and keep his nose clean. The men who fly the aircraft and plan the operations are an obvious exception. But the run-of-the-mill GI isn't even sure he's necessary. He does not truly participate, and what responsibility he has is negative. . . .

"The GI operates in a psychological and moral vacuum. He is neither happy nor unhappy; putting the question that way doesn't make sense. He is very capable of having a hell of a good time, but he is at odds with himself when he isn't having this good time. He is not representative of American life because in many ways he is not a genuine citizen. . . .

"Unlike the average American, the GI has no democratic say in how his community is run. It is all handed down to him from on high. Life in the military service permits of indefinite postponement of adult responsibilities and even of the 'male menopause.' The GI feels no responsibility to the community and therefore has a strong tendency to regress to adolescent patterns. If he does not already have a personality which is permissive, pliable, and dependent

when he joins the Air Force he gradually acquires one. He is often dominated by his wife, who runs to anxiety, not least precisely because of this dominance. . . .

"The migratory GI feels no serious commitment, except perhaps to his family. But even here the major decisions are out of his hands. The women often suffer from sexual frigidity; they are a lot franker, and potentially more rebellious than the men, and this often causes trouble in the home, trouble which is not solved but compensated for by the GI when he goes off elsewhere for temporary duty. . . .

"The GI is rather lonely and sad, like an orphan. He is not in touch with either the joy or tragedy of life, only the emptiness of it."

#### ANGLO-AMERICAN ANXIETY

*"The British never gave a damn what the natives thought about them. But you Americans, you want to be loved, poor sods."*

—British civilian employee, Sculthorpe

*"A man who can't defend himself is not going to like the man sent in to defend him, now is he?"*

—Farmer, Oxfordshire

The United States Air Force in England spends considerable money, time, and energy on its "Anglo-American relations" program, much of it designed to hide its light under a bushel. Patrol and training operations are conducted as discreetly as possible, and GIs are strongly advised not to wear their uniforms off the base and to avoid political arguments. Unobtrusiveness in every respect is encouraged.

*"You will NOT, repeat NOT, pull a weapon on a British national. They don't play by our rules."*

—Base security briefing officer, Sculthorpe

This program, insofar as it intended to help achieve a level of congeniality conducive to the continued existence of foreign air bases on British territory, must be marked a success. In so far as it wished—if indeed that was one of its aims—to promote close and mutually comprehending associations between the English and Americans, it has failed.

At the present time, in fact, "Anglo-American relations" is a bit of a euphemism. Despite protestations and pretenses to the contrary, there is not very much the British and Americans have to do with each other. Relations are correct, even amiable, certainly improved—and superficial in the extreme.

It does not help matters much that, in effect, the GI is told not to relax from the moment

he lands in the United Kingdom. At his very first briefing, he is told he is an ambassador, an emissary of the Free World, and that he stands out like a sore thumb. He is instructed about traffic laws and currency regulations and left in the dark about other realities of British life, about the real and deep differences in social systems and outlooks.

Instead, there is an extraordinary emphasis on not cracking wise about the Royal Family, which is compared in sacredness to the American flag. Indeed, many GIs and their wives seem to feel that having successfully avoided the subject of the Royal Family they are therefore and in perpetuity immune to the sins of tactlessness.

*"Remember, you are all ambassadors. As Americans you stick out like a sore thumb. Don't criticize them and don't compare their way of life with ours. We're guests here and don't you forget it."*

—Briefing officer to new arrivals at American air base in Norfolkshire

*"That's another thing we don't like about the Yanks. You feel they're ordered to be nice to you."*

—Young laborer, Bury St. Edmunds

GIs of the Air Force are not expatriates (although to some private extent they may be self-exiled). Nor, despite much traveling, are they especially cosmopolitan. They identify their interests entirely with the United States. It is in this context, and for a number of complicated reasons, that the GI soon develops an attitude, often amounting to superiority, which he finds difficult to shake off, even when he wants to.

Partly this is in response to the absence in England of what he is used to (or says he is), partly to the different and more conservative patterns of acceptance, particularly in the smaller villages. In this, as in other respects, the GI compares the Englishman unfavorably with the German.

*"Damn right I prefer the Germans. They snap to."*

—Lieutenant, Sculthorpe

But also this insularity could be taken as his defensive reaction to the implied rebuke to him, and his way of life, by an ordered, structured society such as he believes Britain to represent.

A subtle but deep difference, I think, appears in this disinclination of the American and the Englishman to be at ease in each other's company. The ordinary GI, coming as he does from a fluctuating, unsure society, nostalgic for something steady to hold on to, but constantly provoked to worship the new, is often ill-equipped to make the leap. The Briton can, but for reasons of pride or shyness or sheer chauvinism—



won't. There are many reasons for this, not the least that strong undercurrent of traditionalism (or anti-Americanism, which is one of its forms) which seriously suspects the Americans of transmitting a cheapened and debased popular culture into the essentially sound body of England.

Leaving aside the question of just how pernicious this culture is, I think that Britons who take this view are overestimating the long-term effect of American GIs living in their communities. (A GI rarely visits in a British home; BBC-TV and commercial-TV do.) They are neglecting two of the more real (if unspoken) irritants in "Anglo-American relations"—class and sex.

*"These English are funny about some things. One night we went out pubbing with good old Sir Harry, and the next night with the man who delivers our coal and his wife. We couldn't care less. But, oh, we found out, they do. They do."*

—Lieutenant's wife, Hunstanton

Myself, I suspect that the GI's astonishment at the English deference to class is somewhat put on. I kept running into Americans who privately complained that the trouble with the Air Force was that it is "too democratic," and in my travels around the bases I found that the GI himself is not untouched by hunger for authority and awe of social position.

It may be of a different and milder sort. But it is there. Which is not to say that the GI's flaunting of anti-class prejudice is purely synthetic. Though he is most easy with working-class Britons—whose acceptance of him is far less tinged with that complicated series of emotions, not excluding a slight shame, which I found many middle-class Englishmen suffer on approaching an American—the GI really does have no compunction about mixing (and marrying) on any level of British society. This "couldn't-care-less" attitude by GIs in the matter of social class is something which (quietly) drives many proper Englishmen up a wall with irritation.

*"I'm a traditional Englishman, and I don't mind telling you the Americans are an affront to me. I come on to a base and say, 'Maybe the Yanks have something there.' But deep down I reject it. You can never tell what he is from the way he dresses or talks, what class he's from. What kind of country can you have where the officers and other ranks have this so-called friendship?"*

—Journalist, Oxfordshire

In its way, probably the most poignant relationship I found was that between the GI and the middle-class Englishman. Between these two there is often absolutely nothing in common ex-

cepting language, an eagerness on the part of the American to prove he can make friends anywhere, and a kind of horrified fascination by the Englishman, for whom there seems to be something about the American which repels while it mesmerizes. Yet they will *work* at it.

Unfortunately, any accidental area of shared interest is fatally narrowed by the interdiction Americans live under not to discuss "controversial" topics. (The Air Force imposed a "gag" at the time of Suez.) The U-2 and RB-47 incidents, perhaps not surprisingly, have barely shaken this rule. The affair of the RB-47, which took off from Brize Norton, has died away from British public view more quickly than one would have supposed.

#### WHY THEY MARRY

**J**UST as it is on the level of sex that the Negro and white GIs have the greatest difficulty in finding an honest accommodation, so it is with the American GI and the Englishman who often feels threatened by the presence in his midst of so many affluent, sexually aggressive foreigners.

*"Yanks, plain as the nose on your face. They corrupt our girls with their money; it's nothing else but that. Well, I say any girl who likes it can keep it."*

—Pub-keeper, Lakenheath

The girls say otherwise. The plain fact is that annually three thousand GIs marry English girls. This is an extraordinary percentage of the available Air Force bachelors.

*"Look, you and I both know that as a lover, the American male is no great shakes. I can't answer for the Englishman—never having made love to one. But our boys put on a better show. And they start out with one terrific advantage. They like women."*

—Flight surgeon, Oxfordshire

I talked to them, girls in the industrial towns of Lancashire, the rural villages of Norfolk, in Oxfordshire, and around London, the girls who went out with the GIs. They said they like the American because, sometimes for the first time in their lives, they are treated "as women," with a gallantry and a sexual open-mindedness which they declared they missed in the English boy. Most of them said that now it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to marry an English boy. They preferred Americans. (A girl's emphatic preference may be influenced by a slight feeling of having burned her bridges. Especially in some of the smaller towns, a girl in the American dating orbit is given a blunt social

ultimatum: either the Yanks or us.) Why do GI marry British girls? On all sides—in the towns and on the bases—I was led to believe that it was because the GI is far from home and the girl wants a one-way ticket to the States.

Maybe. I wonder. It isn't the reasons given by the young men and women themselves:

*"They don't compete."*

—Sergeant married to Kent girl

*"They're a bit more lively, aren't they?"*

—St. Helen's (Lancs) girl married to a GI

*"These English girls, they're not like the ones back home. They appreciate you more."*

—GI bridegroom-to-be, Burtonwood

*"Any man who marries an American woman must be plumb out of his head. All they ever do is wait for you to put them in their place and then jump at you."*

—Married sergeant, Sculthorpe

*"How do I know what he'll be like in a few years' time? All I know is what he is now. He opens the door for me and takes me places. He likes me. He's sweet to me. He doesn't go around with a long face and thinking I'm undignified if I want to say something. A woman likes that."*

—GI's girl-friend, Oxford

I don't know what finally happens to these marriages. But when an English girl marries a GI because she believes he is an emancipated lover and husband—and when a GI marries an English girl because she knows her place and won't challenge him—it is interesting to speculate what happens when the truth of these first idealizations begins to crystallize.

### "NO SWEAT"

**T**HUS, although flowers of (non-sexual) friendship may not be wildly blooming, formal relations may be said definitely to have improved over the hectic period of the D-Day and Berlin Blockade days. Military-police jeep patrols are a thing of the past (except in isolated areas). "Yanks Go Home" signs are weather-beaten and illegible: the politics of the Cold War have grown familiar and institutionalized. The troublesome bachelor GI, if he has not exactly disappeared, is certainly on the decline. He makes a local girl pregnant; the family holds a hurried conference; the chaplain is called in; something is worked out. As the GIs say: "No sweat." Over-all, things are very, very quiet.

Time has done its work. Property owners no longer refuse to pay their tax rates because of jet noise, and whole towns no longer threaten to march on Downing Street to have the Ameri-

cans out. Local political flurries, as when the Oxford Town Council protested against H-bomb flights over the area, are short-lived. Anti-nuclear marchers periodically demonstrate at the bases, politely present their petitions which are politely accepted, and go home.

*"I'm not happy they're there. I mean as soldiers not as people. But I'm not alarmed any more. I am at first, especially after the bomber crashing in America [near Mars Bluff, Georgia]. I suppose I just got into the habit of not thinking about it."*

—Housewife, Witney, Oxfordshire

*"We don't carry weapons over England any more. We do when we fly in the States. The people back home are a lot less sensitive."*

—Operations officer, B-66 squadron

The GIs are now such a normal and routine part of the English social scene that they largely go unnoticed. They have not so much settled in as settled back. Perfunctory tea parties and official exchange visits take place at regular intervals. But only in connection with children, the lame, and the old, do the air-base Americans find it within themselves to "break out" with displays, often touching, often fabulous, of pent-up good feeling and generosity. The GIs throw Christmas parties for the nearby children's hospital and wish someone would ask them to do it more often.

Unable, unwilling, perhaps unfitted to "make connection," the GI tends to lash out, among his own, and blame his isolation on the British—their standoffishness, their inertia, even their (relative) honesty in money matters which, to the moody, befuddled American, appears as an almost inhuman indifference to "going after the buck." (Here, again, the GI may contrast the Englishman unfavorably with the German.) This resentment can take curious forms. Many GIs, for example, complain they are "sitting ducks" in the matter of traffic violations and are punitively fined in English courts. They take belligerent pride in pointing out (or letting it be known) that certain English towns and villages would economically collapse were it not for Air Force patronage. Some insist that the English bobbies are more (*sic*) brutal than American policemen. And always, of course, unceasingly, profoundly, the "climate," the attitude toward which (especially by the Air Force wife) verges on the obsessive.

Somewhere there may well be Americans who have made the kind of legendary true friendships with the English I heard about. But I didn't meet any. It was always over in the next village.



# THE MASK

A Story by MIRA MICHAL



**I**T WAS hot. When I asked the waiter for a siphon of soda water with my pressed lemon he brought it to the table and practically dropped it onto the marble top. I said something about ice in an uncertain voice, but he didn't even answer and looked over my head into the distance, squirted a little water into my glass without so much as moving his neck, and shuffled away in the unhurried, flat-footed way of French waiters, hugging the siphon to his breast.

There I sat, limp and tired from the short jet flight which had brought me to Paris from Manhattan some hours earlier. I had not yet telephoned any of my friends, and nobody knew I had arrived in town. I liked those hours of complete anonymity before the first telephone call which automatically would make me part of some sort of human activity. On my yearly trips to Europe for my New York dress shop I enjoyed

these brief periods between people and places most. This one was to be of very short duration. As a matter of fact I was going to get up in half an hour to put a call through, and to make a dinner appointment for that very night, and I was now trying to put together enough energy to do it. The heat was unbearable, humid and oppressive, very much like New York in September. The fact that it was July and Paris only made it worse, because who would sit on an afternoon like that in New York on a tiny chair in the middle of Broadway and pretend to enjoy it?

On my way to the café I had bought a stack of current Paris magazines and newspapers, and I now started absent-mindedly looking through the pages of some talkative weekly. I skipped a number of long articles on the state of the world in general, and the state of France in particular, promising myself to read them on a cooler day,

and proceeded to look at the small items used by every newspaper in the world as fillers. On the bottom of page eight, I read:

A spokesman of the Paris fur trade announces fur-lined fur coats for the winter. A few of those shown at the press fashion show last week included a beaver coat lined with white mink, and a three-quarter-length broadtail coat lined with leopard skin.

On page 12, there was an item which ran:

The elephant population of Central Africa is diminishing at the rate of 10 per cent per year.

And on page 25, I read:

In Warsaw, Poland, a man named Jan Karossa has been wearing a rubber mask over his entire face for over fifteen years. M. Karossa held a press conference in his apartment, which he also uses as a chemical laboratory, last week.

That was all. The editor must have cut the rest for the simple reason that he only needed a five-line filler.

The waiter shuffled past my table and dropped a small piece of paper on it, which I recognized as my check. So Janek Karossa was alive, wearing his mask for good now, and giving press conferences, I thought. I picked up my check, pushed it, with a note, under my glass, and left the café.

I walked slowly and laboriously in the direction of my hotel. It was on the Seine embankment in an old and decrepit house, but its walls were lined with early Picassos, Juan Gris, and Matisse, and from its windows one could see the most beautiful man-made view in the world. My room was on the fifth and top floor, and it took me a long time to walk up the steep stairs. On each landing I stopped, panting, and stood for a good two minutes admiring the paintings.

Once in my room I sat exhausted on the broad window sill and looked out. Beneath me, the stream of traffic made a steady and deafening noise which would have been bearable except for the hysterics of the motorcycles and Lambrettas. In my field of vision were Notre Dame, the tower of the Sainte Chapelle, the dark walls of the Conciergerie, the river itself, and two of its bridges. On the opposite side of the em-

bankment somebody had written in enormous letters: "GIRAUDOUX AU POTEAU." The inscription went on for half a city block. I hoped they meant some politician and not the writer, who was dead anyhow. But there was no immediate way of finding out.

So Jan Karossa was wearing his mask, and the world's press was now writing about him. It didn't seem possible.

... I met him first in the summer which preceded the end of the war. I had been sent by the boss to a pharmacy in a side street just off Main, to pick up some drugs. I was told to join the line in front of the prescription counter, wait until my turn, and then hand the attendant a blank piece of paper. He would in turn give me a parcel containing some pills, which I was to take back to the boss. I had a pretty good suspicion that it was to be some sort of poison meant for the more important people in the underground movement. They carried such pills on their persons to swallow in case of arrest. I was at that time an errand girl for one of the leaders, and his policy was to give me very accurate and simple orders and instructions, but never to say more than it was absolutely essential for me to know. I was given a very detailed description of the pharmacist. He was, I was told, tall, very blond, with brown eyes, aged about thirty, with a tendency to stoop and a habit of not looking at the person to whom he spoke.

I got to the pharmacy on time, and joined a long line of tired and nervous people, all with prescriptions in their hands. Behind the counter a young girl worked swiftly. She would take the prescription from the client's hand, register it in a book, hand him a slip of pink paper, and disappear for a moment behind a partition of milky glass. The customer then stepped aside and sat down in a row of chairs along the wall.

Every so often a man, my man obviously, emerged from behind the glass partition, approached the line of waiting people and handed each a small parcel in exchange for the pink slip. I stood for a long time in line, wondering how to accomplish my mission. Somebody had muddled the instructions, that was obvious. I couldn't possibly hand the girl an empty piece of paper. I tried to look at my man significantly each time he came out, but he never lifted his eyes for a minute. He fitted the description I had been given of him perfectly except for one detail: half his face was covered by a white surgical gauze mask. . . .

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*Mira Michal is the pen name of a Polish newspaperwoman and novelist who lives in New York. Two of her humorous sketches about London diplomatic circles have appeared in this magazine: "The Almost Perfect Cook" and "Royal Ascot."*



I GOT up from the window sill, and went into the bathroom, where I let the cold water run into the tub. Back in the room I threw my clothes on the red-covered triple bed. Right by it, on the wall, hung an archaic telephone, which tinkled occasionally like a weak canary. I would soak in the cold water for a little while, I decided, and call my friends afterwards. It was already five o'clock, but the heat was as bad as before. I slipped into the narrow, chipped, white-enameled tub with a sigh. The water was tepid but it felt good. Instantly the phone began to ring, producing an amazingly strong sound. I let it ring. It could only be the desk or a wrong number. It went on and on, interminably, but stopped eventually and started whimpering again.

*. . . I left the pharmacy, having accomplished nothing, and went to report to the boss. He sent me back the next morning with instructions to give the slip of paper to the girl. This time everything went well, and I got my pills and returned to the boss. That afternoon, he and I sat at his desk, wrapped each white pellet in a piece of tin foil, and put it into a match box full of matches. There were twenty-five boxes, and I knew that it meant twenty-five errands for me, twenty-five addresses to memorize and promptly forget.*

I remember that summer so well. It was lovely, with high blue skies and balmy winds and tiny white clouds sailing above the old trees of the city. I walked for hours from quarter to quarter, crisscrossing the town which I loved so much, and which soon was to go up in smoke, ringing doorbells, with my heart beating strongly and quickly, and delivered my deadly little parcels to unsuspecting wives, daughters, or housekeepers. . . .

THE telephone started ringing again, and that was the end of my bath. Relaxing in a tub while the phone is ringing requires stronger nerves than mine. The bathroom held no bathrobe, only several small and rather shabby hand-towels. I draped myself in two of them and walked, dripping, to the bed. I wasn't going to answer that phone anyway. I put a towel on the bed and stretched out on it. It sagged cozily in the middle as was to be expected, and in the middle of it I lay thinking that all these outsize Paris hotel beds were fit for only one person to sleep in, and that Janek Karossa was alive after all and probably still sleeping on that narrow cot of his.

*. . . There is an old park in Warsaw, and along it runs one of the most beautiful streets in Europe. It has double rows of chestnut and linden trees on both sides, is straight and broad, and has on the park side a long row of comfortable benches. There during the balmy evenings of that summer the young walked hand in hand, the old sat and watched the young walk by, children played, and dogs were being exercised. It would have looked like an ordinary and rather uneventful summer, but for the fact that by eight o'clock in the evening all these pleasant and commonplace activities had to stop. Curfew rang at that hour.*

It was the middle of July. I had accomplished my mission, referred to by the boss and myself as "Operation Pills," and was waiting for a new assignment. The boss had gone to Cracow for a few days, and had instructed me to do nothing, and to try and have a good and restful time. That particular evening I was on my way home from the house of a school friend with whom I was trying to pursue my interrupted law studies. I lived in a side street off the park, and I was in a great hurry because time was running out on me.

Suddenly I saw a familiar figure; it was my pharmacist. In spite of the warm weather he wore a hat pushed low on his forehead, the collar of his summer coat turned up as if he had a toothache. He was holding a small mongrel dog on a leash. The dog, fascinated by all the wonderful trees, was straining on the leash, and my friend was dragging him along forcibly, although the dog seemed strong and very determined. They had a very good and very funny struggle, but there really was no time for games. It was five past eight, and the streets were heavily patrolled. When I reached my house I briefly turned around only to see my pharmacist dragging his dog into the house next to mine. We were obviously neighbors. . . .

I LAY in the depression of my bed, and the towel beneath me was getting as hot as a compress. I was thirsty again and hotter than ever. I stretched out my hand to get hold of the phone. But it was naturally a good ten inches too far to be reached from the bed, so I gave up the idea of calling room service.

*. . . For two weeks I waited for the boss to return from Cracow. Every day I walked at a certain hour past a certain café, but he never showed up at the table just inside the window on the corner, and there was no other sign from*

him. I sat a lot in the park reading my law books; I saw some friends, went swimming in the Vistula, and in the afternoons sat around in cafés, worrying. By eight I had to rush home in order to avoid being caught outside by the curfew, and to ask my landlady for messages. There were none. Practically every night I now saw my pharmacist and his funny dog struggling along the street, but he never lifted his eyes from the pavement, never looked at me, never once. I wished I could tell him that by hiding his face like that he was making himself only more conspicuous, but I didn't dare.

And then the day came when I finally admitted to myself that something must have gone wrong in Cracow, and that I should probably never see the boss again. That day I stayed in bed, telling my landlady that I was suffering from a very bad headache, and wanted to be left alone. I had to figure out a way of getting back into some sort of underground work again. I had no contacts, the boss never let me deal with anybody else. He claimed that what one didn't know had never hurt anybody yet, and now he was, of course, beyond realizing how wrong that is. I figured that I was probably safe from arrest already—enough time had passed since the boss's planned return date. He had either managed to swallow his pill before they began to interrogate him or else had managed to keep his mouth shut. Otherwise they would have got hold of me days ago.

Toward evening I got out of bed, went into a café, where I ordered coffee and poppy-seed cake, and on my way back home—there was the pharmacist again. I suddenly realized that here was my contact. I stopped in front of his house, and when he came I started making dog conversation. He lifted his eyes from the ground, and looked at me for the first time. Those clear brown eyes with the long feminine lashes recognized me beyond doubt. I smiled,

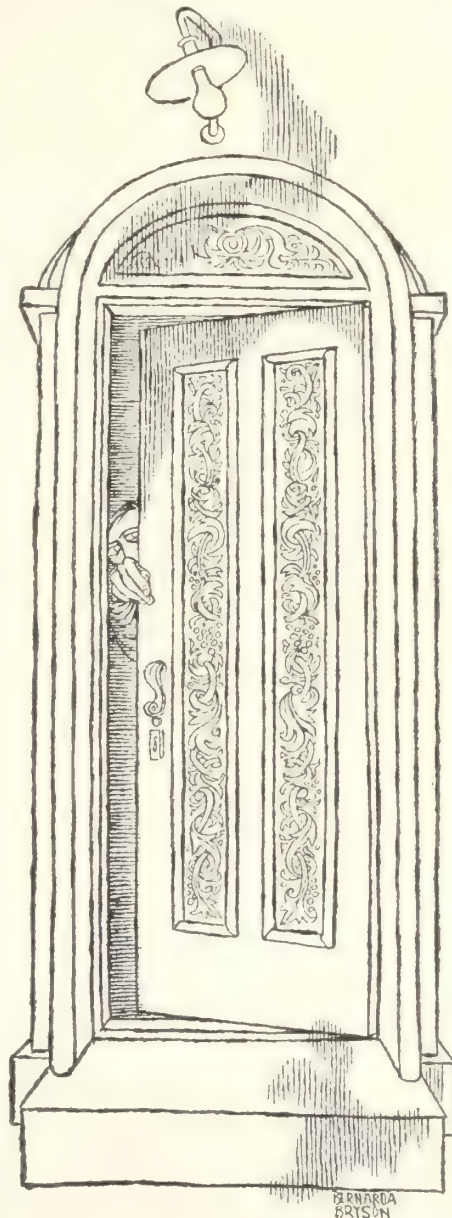
and asked him what the dog's name was; the three of us stood for a moment in front of the house; we heard military steps approaching and, without a word or hesitation, all three of us, dog first, stepped inside.

He lived on the third and last floor in a small bachelor apartment. There was one large room, and a kitchen which he had turned into a laboratory. A narrow field-bed, covered with a striped hand-loomed blanket stood under the window. In the middle of the room stood a large table, covered with books and magazines, and one wall was lined from floor to ceiling with overflowing bookshelves. The pharmacist invited me to sit down, took the dog off the leash, and disappeared into the kitchen. He had asked no questions, and had not even told me that he had recognized me. He called out twice. Once

to ask me if I wanted tea, which I accepted; and again to say something about certain tests which he had to finish and which would take no more than ten minutes. Then there was silence.

I sat and looked through a medical magazine; the dog was under the table on a small rug and already asleep. It was quiet and peaceful, the window must have been on an alley. No street noises penetrated the little apartment, but then there was the curfew, and the nights were very still indeed. I picked up a book, and began to read it, and after a while I was startled by light footsteps. The pharmacist had returned from the kitchen. He carried a tray with some glasses, a tea-kettle, and a sugar bowl; he had changed into a white laboratory coat, and on his face was that gauze mask again. . . .

THE phone rang again, three times only, and stopped. I looked at it and thought that it was high time to get in touch with Jacques and Irene. They must have come home already, and they would be waiting for me to





call as I had promised in my cable. They had probably arranged a party at home or would drive me into the cool of the Bois de Boulogne for supper. I had presents for them in my as yet unpacked bags. I should pull myself together, clear my throat and adjust myself to that first French sentence which would release a stream of quick, witty, and unaccustomed conversation. Pull out of my memory names—names of people, places, of restaurants, theatres, authors, and streets. But I wasn't ready to swim in French waters yet.

Outside, the traffic noise was getting steadily worse. The sun was down, *bateaux mouches* were sailing down the river with music and a chatter of hundreds of voices. A maid tried my door with her passkey, but found it locked from the inside and gratefully gave up the idea of turning my bed down for the night and checking the towels in the bathroom.

. . . I drank my tea slowly, noticing that it was good, real stuff; the pharmacist sat opposite me by the table, mixing some white powder rhythmically in a small white mortar. I asked him whether he knew the boss, and if he had access to the group. He said that he didn't, that he only acted as a supplier of drugs and medications, that he did this at the request of an old school friend, who, as a matter of fact, had vanished about two weeks ago. The only chance was to wait for the friend, who might turn up again, if he was not under arrest. I told him about the disappearance of the boss, and we sat there in his quiet room in silence, thinking our thoughts, I sipping my tea, he mixing his white powder, and suddenly it seemed to me that the city around us had receded like an outgoing tide, that we were alone in the world, and for the first time in years I felt secure and at peace and out of danger. My limbs became limp and heavy and relaxed, I dropped my hands into my lap and let my thoughts run loose. The dog sighed deeply and happily once in a while.

I stayed with him that night and told him only months afterwards that he had been the first. We lay on the narrow cot for the rest of the night, stretched out and rigid, with our bodies touching full length, feeling very long and slim like a marble couple on an Etruscan sarcophagus. We never once broke the silence of the room with our voices. When dawn came I turned my eyes toward him, and saw his profile clearly outlined against the background of the wall. It was a good profile with a strong chin and a shapely masculine nose and mouth. I scrutinized the

lower part of his face, looking for a scar or some other disfigurement, but there was nothing, only the thin, handsome face of a very blond man, and I let the fingers of my right hand slide slowly and carefully over it, and he turned to me full-face, smiled, and we were lovers.

That summer I stayed most nights in his room. We spent many hours studying for our post-war examinations, I poring over law books, he over his chemistry and medicine. In the daytime I had now taken a job. I worked for a friend of my family, a well-known actress, who, in order to make a living during the Occupation, had turned her kitchen into a bakery and produced delicious pancakes which she sold at restaurants and cafés. It was a good business, and she needed somebody to mix the dough and then watch it while it rose in the warmth of the small and cozy kitchen. I liked the money she paid me, I liked her and the smell of yeast, vanilla, and powdered sugar which permeated the apartment. Each pancake had to be filled with jam before it was thrown into a pot of boiling fat, then fished out, rolled in confectioners' sugar, and stacked on trays. The trays would be picked up late in the afternoon by two small boys and delivered to their destination. While we worked away in the kitchen the actress practiced lines from Shakespeare and Chekhov, from Shaw and Molière, and in the evening I would take a few pancake rejects and return to Jan's place. We cooked some soup on his small stove and then sat around the table, studying, reading. Sometimes he had laboratory work to do and I helped him with the mixing and weighing.

Sometimes we talked, but never very much or for very long. We told each other slowly the stories of our short and uneventful lives. After the first night he had stopped wearing his gauze mask, and I had no way of knowing if he still ran around the streets with his coat collar hiding his face, and his hat low over his forehead. I never dared to meet him outside. And then one night we were celebrating my nineteenth birthday. He had brought over from the pharmacy a small bottle of pure alcohol and mixed it with raspberry syrup, making a drink which was very popular all through the Occupation, and which for some reason was called "mama and papa."

We drank this strange concoction, and suddenly I asked him about the mask, and said how I had suspected him of hiding some hideous scars behind it. He sat in silence for a long time, and then got up and went into the kitchen, and my heart started beating madly, and I fully

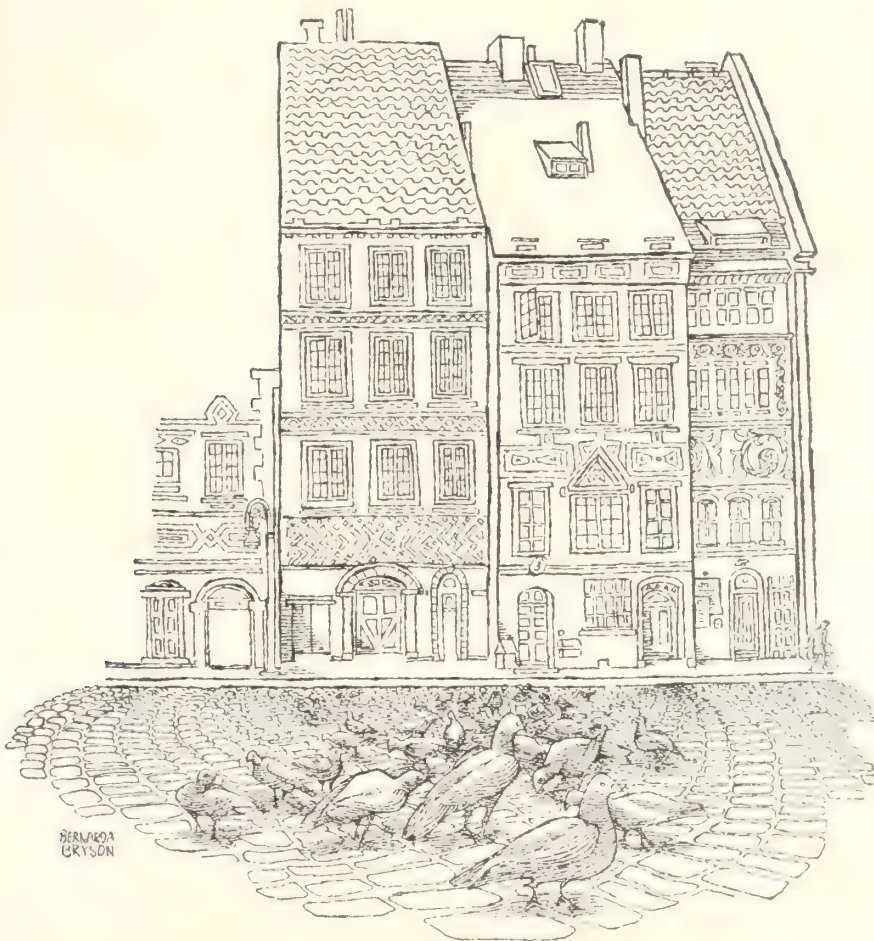
expected him to come out with the mask again. But after a while he reappeared and put out the ceiling lights, thus making his face dissolve in the darkness, and started telling me about it. . . .

**I**F WAS getting dark now but the heat remained, stationary, merciless and oppressive. I found it difficult to breathe while lying down, and got up and put on the light to look at my watch. It was nearing seven. I sat on the window sill and watched the Quai, the traffic beneath me, the opposite side of the river where some men were still sitting with their fishing rods. Two men presently noticed me, and started shouting something and waving, and when I realized that I was sitting there, with nothing on, with the lit room as my background, blood rushed to my cheeks; I felt sick with embarrassment; a wave of nausea flooded my insides, but I got up slowly and carelessly, pretending not to have noticed anything, and backed into the bathroom, where I let myself slide into the lukewarm water again. This is how the pharmacist, Jan Karossa, must have felt about the nakedness of his face.

Why should people cover their bodies, he asked, and leave the most vulnerable, the most exposed part of it open for all eyes to feast on? The only part which is capable of registering an expression, the most giveaway, the most indecent, the most crowded part. No wonder, he said, that the Gestapo was catching people here and right all over the country. Those idiots were walking around with their faces exposed, giving themselves away. They covered their arms carefully, he laughed ironically, their arms and their legs, and even their hands and fingernails were hidden behind gloves, while their faces, their mouths, their eyes and noses, their chins and foreheads, their ears and their hair, all that was left uncovered!

It was a joke to him, a farce, and totally incomprehensible. At first I thought that it might have been the effect of the drink, the first I had ever seen him take.

He talked on and on, trying desperately to make me see his point. He looked into my eyes to see whether there was in them a spark of recognition, and talked on. From the time he





was a young boy he could not face a mirror without shuddering. He had avoided looking into other people's faces since he was twelve. He had kept it as a strict secret from everybody, including his parents and his best friend. He did not want to be known as different, and he managed to hide his feelings very well. Maybe he had to be reminded more often than other boys to keep his back straight and not to stoop so much. He kept his eyes mostly on the ground, and therefore was not good at games, and considered shy, but was rather well liked by everybody in his home town. When he finished high school he went to Warsaw, studied pharmacology, graduated, found a job, and went on studying medicine, when the war broke out and interrupted everything.

At one point he shouted that the time would come when people would see his point and cover their faces as women did in Moslem countries, that special masks would be produced to clothe the human face, and he suddenly ran into the kitchen, and emerged with a piece of flesh-colored latex shaped like a full face-mask. He made me look at it closely. He had sketched in with a pencil the outline of a pair of eyes, two holes for the nose, and another one for the mouth. This, he said excitedly, this was what he was working on in his spare time. An individual rubber mask for himself, a comfortable efficient mask that people could wear without any inconvenience, and that he certainly would wear when he had to go out; a mask that would fit well, feel well, and that would let him keep his head high. He intended to perfect it, and when the war was over and the Occupation at an end he would be able to walk around town with a mask on his face without arousing the curiosity of the Gestapo.

The next day I asked my employer whether she could let me move in with her, claiming that the Germans were after me. She said I could sleep on a folding bed in the kitchen, and that very afternoon I moved my small suitcase with all my belongings into my new quarters. I never saw Jan Karossa again.

My search for a contact with the underground came to an abrupt end with the outbreak of the Warsaw uprising, which caught me in the street while I was on my way home with a large supply of sugar and yeast. I joined a hospital unit, was slightly wounded in the fifth week of the fighting, and when the end came I was sent with the remnants of the city's population to the camp in Pruszkow, and later to a concentration camp in Germany. . . .

**L**YING there in that terrible, tepid water I suddenly felt a chill and started shivering. I jumped out, dried myself energetically with those damp hand towels, quickly unpacked a light-colored silk suit, some underwear, stockings, shoes, and gloves, making a mess of the room in the process. I plugged in my electric iron and pressed my suit.

I then went to the bathroom, shut the door, and carefully started preparing myself to face the world. I put a tinted powder base on my cheeks, rouged them, powdered them, put mascara on my eyelashes, eye shadow on my lids, brushed my eyebrows with a tiny brush, with another one outlined my mouth, trying unsuccessfully as usual to make it look smaller, and smiled into the mirror as my face slowly disappeared under its mask.

I was ready for Paris now. I put on my clothes, took out a little red address book, found the number, and lifted the receiver from the hook. It took a little while before the operator answered and another one before she got through. I put on my new Italian shoes and when the phone rang again, I was ready and full of expectancy. Irene's excited voice came over the phone. What had happened? Was my plane delayed? Was I all right? I was, of course. Jacques would fetch me in a minute if I only told them where I was.

I waited for a chance to answer, and as I was looking out the wide-open window, I saw that those men were still sitting there and waving at me again. I didn't care now. I waved back casually and laughed happily into the phone.

The plans for the evening were all made, for the evening and for the next day, Irene went on and on. She had fixed me up to see all the collections; the clothes were ghastly this year and terribly difficult to copy as well. We could eat at home, oh, nothing special, only a cold soup, *langouste*, and some salad, as it was too hot to go out before midnight. The Copains were coming, and a new young sculptor, who had just begun to sell.

I said that I would be over right away in a taxi which was waiting for me, and began at last to tingle with excitement. Finally I managed to get off the phone, lifted the receiver right back again, and stood there stamping my feet and banging on the hook. The girl at the other end finally said "hello" in a rude voice, and I demanded a taxi, dug up my presents from the bottom of the two suitcases, and rushed down the crooked stairs.





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Reconstructed from illustrations in "Excavations at Olynthus" Part V by David M. Robinson, Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1933

## A blend of nature and legend inspired an unknown artist

About thirty years ago a delighted archaeologist uncovered this masterpiece on the site of the town of Olynthus on the peninsula of Chalcidice at the north end of the Aegean Sea. It had lain there for more than two thousand years awaiting the sunlight of discovery and acclaim. The Hellenic craftsman who fashioned it looked to nature and pre-history for a decorative motif and, in the legend of Aphrodite's birth from a seashell, he found his inspiration.

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JACQUES BARZUN

# The Cults of "Research" and "Creativity"

*Why they have become so fashionable—both on the campus and in the business world—and how they have become a refuge for the phonies.*

IF anyone attending a university today happens to mention to someone outside that he is engaged in research, the chances are that the immediate reaction will be "How wonderful!" or at least "How interesting!" Then possibly he may be asked what the research is about.

By now this familiar dialogue no doubt sounds perfectly natural; but a little reflection will suggest that it is, on the contrary, quite unnatural. Fifty, or even thirty years ago, the idea that doing research is in itself a wonderful or interesting thing was not the commonplace it has now become, nor would the question "Research into what?" have then come as an afterthought or been overlooked altogether.

To put it differently, the bare word "research" has in the last two decades become the symbol of an activity at once mysterious and sacred. And the popularization of the idea and of the practice has been accompanied by a universal confidence in the value of the results.

History contains no parallel to this extraordinary state of affairs—unless it be the medieval attitude toward pilgrimages. In those times, I imagine, one who was impelled to save his soul by going to a distant shrine was seldom dissuaded. He would take off his shoes, pick up a stick, and go off with everyone's blessing—just as today he abandons his occupation, picks up a

box of index cards, and is on his way with shining eyes, or a research grant, or both, amid general admiration. The very way in which we use the phrase "do research" implies that it is the act, not the goal, that matters; and although few think of research as a pilgrimage for saving their souls, modern society does believe there is salvation in it.

Research, one concludes, is no longer a neutral term descriptive of an activity that should be gauged exclusively by its fruits. Rather it has become a badge of honor, an excuse for the flight from teaching—and a sign that despite all our lip service to liberal, enlightening, and philosophical learning, we find individual and general security only in the trappings of specialization. And this wholesale mania for research as a self-justifying activity, without regard to its need or its object, has produced a corresponding folly in our culture-at-large—the no less deplorable cult of creativity. Creativity, which has come to be equated with happiness, is seen as the counterpart and complement of research, the complete article as against the fragmentary, the source of private pleasure as against the mere industry that is required for earning one's daily bread. Together, these two oddly related purposes, research and creativity, encourage or excuse the repeated act of omission that is having an insidiously weakening effect on our entire intellectual life: the unwillingness to judge.

For it is obvious to all that the righteousness of research is no longer confined to the academic world. Business respects the magic name fully as much. Let me quote from a recent newspaper advertisement which is headed like a news story: "Credit for Kent's Sales Leadership Goes to Research." In the body of the article we learn that "For many years, Lorillard research scientists have been experimenting in order to create a cigarette of such excellent taste quality that it would appeal to all smokers, yet with a lower tar and nicotine content than all other leading brands. In 1957, the years of research were crowned by the development of the new Kent."

The drama that emerges from this report is, of course, patterned after what we have come to accept as the story of all scientific endeavors: an heroic struggle with nature yielding at last the secret and the power.

But advertisers are not the only imitators of the scientific researchers. Corporations and public bodies carry on paperwork called research and help sustain the prestige to which the activity has risen. Research may be simply a search through documents; it may be tabulating



answers to questionnaires; it may be interviewing strangers and combining their replies; it may be mailing out three different styles of flyers and meditating on the reasons why one "drew" better than the rest.

Students in all branches of learning outside the physical sciences have also caught the spirit of titanic battle with the unknown, so that what used to be called Scholarship (formerly regarded as a quiet and self-indulgent occupation) is now Research, and it is deemed heroic and self-dedicated. In short, "finding out" defines research, regardless of the manner and occasion. The word has been so worn down by common use that people in doubt about a spelling tell you that they "did a little research in the dictionary."

#### CORRUPTION OF TEACHING

THIS confusion of ideas and purposes would be merely laughable if the endless praise of research had not deeply corrupted certain of our indispensable institutions. Perhaps the most important of these is the educational system. We have all become familiar with the frivolous make-believe indulged in by our lower schools under the pretense that children of ten can "do research," in such forms as collecting travel folders and pasting them attractively in "research reports" about foreign lands.

But one may fail to see how harmful the mania for research has become in the centers of higher learning, where it now produces symptoms of some gravity. I refer to the invidious system of academic promotion, the perversion of the undergraduate curriculum, and (most recent) the professional teacher's contempt of teaching. These three are related to one another and to a rather vicious habit, which used to be absent from scholarship when the phrase "a gentleman and a scholar" still had meaning. The habit I have in mind is self-praise. Today, it is no longer forbidden to parade oneself as "a research scholar" and to look down on those fallen creatures who "do not publish"; it is no longer improper for university departments to boast of their greatness, due to So-and-so and So-and-so, mighty "pro-ducers" in the sight of men. A golden glow is diffused over an entire academic community from the individual halos earned by research. When one of these halos is extinguished by retirement or death or—worst of all blows—by removal to another institution, there is no peace of mind until a replacement is found.

I should not have said "found," but *bought*, for the way to build or recoup "strength" in the

world of learning is to seduce a great scholar from his university and his teaching. He is offered a larger salary, the promise of immunity from students and other burdens, and the facilities of research, which means defraying the expense of travel, documents, and helpers.

Why does research bring so much prestige in our century and why is it—unlike the pilgrimage—a collective rather than an individual merit? The most likely answer is that we associate research with social benefits—progress, increased production, new means of defense, better ways of coping with poverty, disease, and other common ills. In a democratic age, no greater good is recognized than that bestowed upon society, and society has learned to connect its comforts and happy surprises—from penicillin to supermarkets—with the frequently obscure or remote enterprise of research.

This being so, one begins to understand not only the prestige but also the self-praise of the researcher. As a member of an inquisitive and demanding society of equals, he feels compelled to justify his existence and his work. He can find no surer way than to point to his chosen occupation. Even if his subject is pure humanistic scholarship, he is "in research" and can find admirers. Though only the little money of university advancement will reward his labors, this, coupled with the satisfactions of prestige, suffices to keep the system going and to multiply the products of research.

Meanwhile, certain unpleasant side effects are noticeable. The requirement that every young college teacher shall "produce" is arousing discontent in young teachers and in their students, while tempting some in each group to a premature cynicism. "Neglect your teaching and you will rise; attend to it and you will be fired." Teaching continues to be honored on all pious occasions, such as commencement. In reality it is considered a fool's way of mismanaging a career.

It is not as if the system required one to be a great scholar, or a good scholar, or even a scholar at all: it only requires that one *produce research*, which being translated means publish papers. Their contents should be in a certain form and

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*This article grew out of a speech that Jacques Barzun gave last year at the University of California. It will, in substance, be part of his next book (scheduled for the spring), which will continue the analysis he began in "The House of Intellect." Mr. Barzun is Dean of Faculties and Provost of Columbia University, as well as a distinguished critic and historian.*

they should be documented and if possible accurate—that is all. Thought, relevance to the interests of any other human being, engaging exposition or lucidity of prose are not mentioned among the specifications. The papers are merely asked for as evidence of professional discipline justifying one's existence—and promotion. And at the same time, "research" can be given as an excuse for neglecting the interests of students or of the university. The modern teacher flees to the library and cries "research" as the medieval thief fled to the church and cried "sanctuary!" Thereafter both are untouchable by law or society.

To equate scholarship with publication might be reasonable if the impulse to publish were spontaneous. If one *is* moved by curiosity and skilled in the act of discovery, then it is both generous and modest to tell one's peers what one has learned, for their edification and their criticism. But when filling a block of print is done at regular intervals under tacit compulsion, and a judicious silence greets each successive teasing of the obvious or the trivial, the idea of scholarship itself is compromised. Indeed, the cynicism and discontent of the young are justified, and the observer of the academic scene is at last brought to think that there may be something wrong with a system in which Lord Acton could never have become an assistant professor.

Nor is this the worst effect of the potent principle. In the undergraduate college, which cannot afford to have anything but active, full-time teachers, the devouring ideal reappears in the form of the Honors program, which requires juniors and seniors to "do research" in the form of an "important paper" or a "senior thesis." Those who take and those who teach this part of the curriculum are esteemed the happy few. To prepare or supervise a dubious imitation of scholarship is considered "real work," whereas to teach or learn the fundamentals of great subjects is accounted an inferior task.

In the overriding determination to share in the prestige of research it often happens that freshman-sophomore courses are taught as if every member of the class were to become a professional scholar in the subject. This malpractice is not considered incompatible with the designation: liberal arts college.

Looking upon these antics in a comic spirit, one is led to ask what whimsical or mad forces have been at work. The natural and legitimate bent of great talents toward specialization cannot explain this universal passion for taking the pose of the researcher, aloof from the world and its

cares, incubating the new knowledge which shall make us free. Visibly, a more common influence has entered the academy within the last twenty years and turned all the heads there.

#### AN INFLUX OF MONEY

**T**HAT influence is undoubtedly money, which has come in sudden abundance from three sources—the foundations, business, and government. Though with different aims, these institutions have all put a premium on research. The foundations thought they could not discharge their obligation to society if they did not insist on the production of *new* knowledge. Their grants have gone chiefly to projects which otherwise could not have been undertaken or even conceived. Business at first offered its subsidies solely for studies of recognized commercial interest. But by now it too has begun to relish what is entirely novel. And government has divided its funds, largely for scientific purposes, between fundamental and immediate research.

This distinction, desirable in itself, scarcely matters when compared with the transformation of university life. Under the threefold influence, academic men have been lifted out of the even tenor of their ways and made aware of tempting new prizes. The award of a grant is tantamount to a patent of nobility, coupled with a higher standard of living. In short, the influx of private and public funds for new enterprises has turned the university inside out like an umbrella in a storm, taking the holder by surprise and letting him see much that his former shelter hid from view.

By another twist of fortune's wheel, the great subsidies have academicized the non-academic world which provides the funds. This was inevitable. The results of the research enterprises necessarily take the form of papers and reports, which have taught businessmen, civil servants, and foundation officials the tone and language of the academy. Yet this unexpected conquest of the world by the professors, and the insidious corruption of their conscience and judgment by the world, would not have been so rapid and complete if research at large had not been generally equated with *scientific* research.

In nearly everyone's mind, physical science has been the model that inspired and gave reassurance. Scientific research is unquestionably useful; scientific research is solid and certain; scientific research is never a waste. If the results of experimentation are negative, so much is gained for other workers; if the facts ascertained



are at the moment unconnected with any line of thought, they will nevertheless play their role at a later time. For science is gradually compiling the great dictionary of nature, in which ultimately we can read our fate.

The humanities and so-called social sciences have drawn on these points a literal analogy with science and relied upon it as if it were self-evident. Newness, certainty, applicability are their confident expectations from all the projects in educational research, opinion research, psychological and behavioral research, as well as from certain studies in literature and art, which range from measuring physical elements in paintings to counting images and themes in poems and novels. Almost alone, history has so far adhered to its traditional descriptive role.

All this is taken as a matter of course, not to say as a sign of modern enlightenment. And yet within the last few years a kind of unease has overtaken the most able and thoughtful workers in this great mill which grinds ceaselessly day and night. The disquiet was voiced by a distinguished American scientist addressing the Fourth International Congress of Biochemistry:

A unified and consistent vision of nature has become impossible in our day, at any rate for working scientists. Ironically enough, the only universal scientists left are the publishers of scientific books and the writers of science fiction. Each science protects itself from its neighbors by a cordon of slogans and catchwords; and fashion dictates whether this year we are featuring enzymes or proteins or nucleic acids, and whether we wear the molecules long or short. New journals are born every day by Caesarean section performed by skillful publishers; and as new disciplines are formed, so are new and mutually unintelligible languages; a Tower of Babel made of paper.

#### TO BE A POET

**I**T does not take much imagination to respond to this somewhat disenchanted view of the scientific adventure. But since at present no obvious steps suggest themselves for checking its momentum and reversing its tendency, what does the newborn discontent produce in the culture at large? Every strong feeling generates an act or a gesture to express it, and the new stance that I detect as the first sign of skepticism about the cult of research is its complement, the cult of creativity.

What "creative" means in common usage is hardly clear—it seems to correspond to the

#### *As the Drunken Crow Flies*

**B**raniff Airways opens direct jet service between New York and Rio de Janeiro today by way of Miami, Panama, Lima, and São Paulo, with Eastern flying the New York-Miami leg.

—N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, August 2, 1960

idea of fullness, to the completion of effort, a synthesis of parts, while it also conveys, like "research," the notion of something new and unexpectedly good. Some months ago, an article appeared in *Coronet* on "The Greatest Problem in Marriage"—the word "problem" there betrays the scientific outlook—and we could read how a couple had achieved the desired solution: "If they look out and see it is raining and decide to stay home and have fun reading, they have creativity, the highest state of good marriage adjustment."

Perhaps we are meant to infer that in popular speech creativity has come to mean knowing enough to stay out of the rain, but the word covers other purposes—so many as to become a virtual synonym for happiness. What emerges is that creativity in the meaning of happiness suggests to the modern American the making of something expressive of his whole being—something intimate and joyful and which does not have to be justified by its utility to others.

It was inevitable that a quality so rare in our time should be immediately annexed by those who want to show that their workaday occupations are also capable of being transfigured. We find, for instance, that the behavioral scientists use the word creative to dignify the small innovations needed in business. They accordingly study what in one recent report, emanating from Ann Arbor, is called "Creativity and Conformity: a problem for organizations." We are never told why conformity turns out to be the opposite of creation. But we note that academic committees in general are fond of applying to themselves the epithet "creative." In the proposals for a Ph.D. program in economics at a respectable university, one finds under General Objectives this typical statement: "The program should be imaginative. It should stimulate creative, imaginative scholarship among participating students and faculty. Although traditional approaches can serve as its guides, we should be prepared to innovate."

The yearning here is not hard to understand.

The desire is to have brilliant men make great discoveries and thereby produce an atmosphere of high intellectual joy in the department of economics. One sympathizes with the repeated call for imagination as the source of this creativity and suddenly one perceives what all these people—from the advertiser to the business manager and from the stay-at-home couple to the professor of economics—really want. They want the blessedness of feeling like poets. Nor would they refuse to be known as poets, as artists, if at the same time they could share the credit and prestige of researchers, of scientists.

We may say, then, that the professional man in our day, whether in academic life or outside, is hypnotized by two figures of commanding prestige—the scientific investigator and the maker of works of art. Being neither, he wants to be both. To say this without qualification would suggest more disapproval than I intend. Many academicians, businessmen, and free-lance experts of all kinds are perfectly sincere in their attachment to the ideals of science and of art. They often understand the ways and appreciate the masterpieces of each. What is more, artists and men of science themselves frequently lay claim to the virtues of their counterparts. I have heard Nobel prize-winners in physics boast that their work is “creative” in the same sense as that of the poet, painter, or musician. And I have heard poets, painters, and musicians declare that their productions are born only after the most rigorous research into fundamental laws.

But while I can recognize and can partly reproduce in myself the feelings that lead to such utterances, I confess to a still stronger feeling of impatience at what strikes me as childish boasts. Just as I see no reason why doing research should make one self-righteous and imbue others with a sense of awe-struck gratitude, so I see no reason why artists and scientists should all remind themselves of Leonardo da Vinci. The very popularity of that great man seems to me suspect: he is not so much admired for what he was as for what too many people think they are near to being.

My general reason for objecting to the joint cult of research and creativity is that like most cults it is not sober, and soberness—it seems to me—is the very definition of the competent professional. Lack of sobriety is the great corrupter. Once again, I point to the situation in the academy, where so much of our intellectual life is reflected.

Thanks to the cult of creativity, most colleges and universities now offer courses in

creative writing. Students enjoy them, if only because the name has something liberating about it. But what is the result? Another opportunity for avoiding the discipline of words and—through words—the responsibilities of feeling and thought. You may object that since the work is to be “creative,” it should indeed express any thoughts and feelings dear to the individual and in whatever form he chooses. Granted. The only question is whether that self-expression should be made easy, should be solicited and encouraged, instead of being forged and tempered by the application of resistance and criticism. The motives at work that are appealed to in “creativity” do not strike me as resembling those that have presided over the birth of genuine creations. Here is what an instructor in one such course says in the campus paper about these motives: “If you want to write, write! Only practice will bring excellence. Write for your own pleasure; then, having written, try and see if some editor won’t pay you for it. The chances are he won’t, but you’re only out a few cents’ postage, some paper, and a number of hours spent in doing something you wanted to do anyway. It’s cheaper than drinking beer, and who knows? You might hit the jackpot anyway.”

#### FUN AND CASH

FROM this program, one enterprise at least may be seen for what it is—a pastime, of which the by-product might conceivably be cash. As such, it is entirely acceptable. But to give it the name of creation is *not* acceptable. For with the one word creative we destroy the whole effort presumably made by the departments of English, fine arts, music, and history in trying to explain to their students what it was that Milton and Mozart and Gibbon and Michelangelo miraculously performed with the common materials available to all men. That is properly creation. Creation is rare, sometimes difficult to do and always difficult to understand. And it follows that the inexpert aping of ordinary professional work, whether commercial or highbrow, bears no relation to the thing we dignify by comparing it with the act of a god.

In the writing classes, then, creativity means, on the student’s part, evasion of standards of performance; and on the instructor’s part, abdication of judgment. If the student were truly creative, no one would be capable of judging him, and certainly no one would like or approve what he did. If, contrariwise, the instructor keeps his hands off some ordinary or perverse



production, he is shirking his duty. He seems to imply that existing standards must be waived when someone says, "Lo! I am about to create!" or again he implies that there is value and merit in repeating forms and ideas already well worn. To put this more generally, creativity cannot be a goal in education, for it means that formal instruction is pointless.

By the same token, creation is the opposite of research. This does not mean that research is necessarily pedestrian or lacking in opportunities to display ingenuity and original views. But ingenuity is a common talent that we should not confuse with genius; and original views in research—like what we mistakenly call imagination—should be strictly subordinated to the evidence of facts. None of what is the proper business of the scholar, teacher, researcher, or student is creative.

Am I then arguing about a word? I do not think so; but if I am, then I say the consequences of using that word are so grave as to justify the argument. For what I clearly see in the use of the word creativity is a device by which we give ourselves easy satisfactions while avoiding necessary judgments. That the faculty of judgment is at stake can be shown from a simple enumeration:

—Creative may mean the neglect of technical competence—witness a great deal of so-called new writing, new painting, and new art generally.

—Creative may falsely dignify certain ordinary virtues—quickness of mind, sense of order and relevance and skill in using words—all of which can be resumed under intelligence and intellectual training.

—Creative may suggest modern, fresh, or unshackled by convention or tradition. In that sense it can be used to justify waste of time, as when students analyze contemporary writers and attribute to them as innovations literary devices that are found in Homer and Virgil.

—Creative may also stand for a conscious or unconscious denial of the tremendous range of human ability. If a child in kindergarten is called creative for the finger-painting he produces, the distance between him and Rembrandt has somehow been shortened. Through a likening of potential and actual, a kind of democratic equality has been restored.

And with this thought we are back at the position research occupies in our culture, and especially our academic culture. For we found that a good deal of research—too much of it—merely filled a ritual need. The products are used to satisfy requirements rather than one's

curiosity or that of other men. And it is a sense of the futility of these products that leads scholars, teachers, and researchers to sit up suddenly and call themselves creative.

Here, then, are the two halves of one great act of omission we are all more or less guilty of: the unwillingness to judge that springs from our desire to maintain the democratic tone of life. If small talents are creative, then since everybody has them, everybody has a Leonardo-like mind. If research is to publish papers and nothing more, then we are all worthy and all safe—in the name of creativity. Thou shalt not judge my research, and I swear I will not judge thine. Unfortunately, as a result of this agreement, we may come to think too little of ourselves. So we restore our spirits by murmuring, "Creative!" To cry, "Hands off! Creativity is going on!" is the right of every man, just as doing research which none will question is the duty of every academic man. And to make every man both academic and creative is the manifest goal of evolution.

BUT what else, someone is sure to ask, are we to do? As to any general, collective answer, I have none. But a particular, individual one seems to me obviously to follow from everything I have said: Let each man who is persuaded of the futilities I have tried to describe, rouse himself from his waking dream of magic by research and glory by creativity and let him get to work—plain, solid, sober work. There is plenty to do—teaching, not only some specialty, but the three R's. In his specialty, let him organize and consolidate knowledge; reflect and deduce principles. When opportunity permits or spontaneous curiosity dictates, then one may add his small bit of fact that is needed and that fits onto what we know, or yet again one may worthily keep the public informed of these advances, thus preventing the existence of an unbridgeable gap between learned and laity.

If even a few should do this faithfully, quietly, and with good judgment, they will earn the thanks of their contemporaries and posterity alike. And when a creative man, properly so-called, comes into our midst, perhaps our work will have prepared us for accepting his. We shall then not be made uncomfortable and hostile by his short cuts or other unprofessional ways, nor shall we hamper him in *his* work, because we shall know the distance that separates us and the need for every degree of excellence. And that too will be counted to our credit, as no amount of mechanical research and assumed creativity could possibly do.

ARTHUR H. CARHART

## SHELTERBELTS: a "failure" that didn't happen

**T**HIS modest report is offered as an antidote for election year stomach-ache. It is both a footnote to history and a current news story which the national press has overlooked. It may provide some comfort for those people who already are fed up with politics and politicians—with scandals, accusations, and view-with-alarm campaign oratory.

It has two morals:

(1) The bad things which politicians do make headlines. The good are often forgotten, even by the politicians themselves.

(2) The American people—who are being scolded so fiercely these days for their shortcomings—sometimes do things right. In fact, they occasionally do a lot better than they themselves suspect.

Perhaps the most ridiculed project of the New Deal was The Shelterbelt. It was Franklin D. Roosevelt's own idea—or, as some said, whim. It got off to a bad start because he announced it in 1934 in terms which were both overdramatic and oversimplified. As a result, millions of people got the impression that the President wanted to plant a solid forest—a thousand miles long and a hundred miles wide—right down the middle of the Great Plains from Canada to Texas, where trees had never grown before.

Editorial writers all over the country spat on their hands and started to pound out sarcasm by the column. They pointed out that only God can make a tree . . . that if He had wanted a forest on the wind-scoured prairies of Nebraska and Kansas, He would have put it there . . . and that for FDR to rush in where The Almighty had feared to tread was not only silly, but possibly blasphemous.

To make matters worse, both Congress and the Comptroller General balked at giving the President the \$75 million he wanted to plant the trees. So the project straggled along with whatever money he could scrape up from various relief and emergency funds: about \$15 million in all, a sum that would hardly buy the postage stamps for one of today's missile projects. Critics periodically announced its failure. *Time* magazine, for example, reported in 1936 that 80 per cent of the trees planted in the previous year had "perished."

When World War II came along, The Shelterbelt—like many New Deal undertakings—was dropped for more urgent matters. Probably most people who remember it at all think of it as a fiasco: a harebrained, hastily conceived make-work scheme that flopped, after wasting a potful of the taxpayer's money.

In fact, that isn't what happened. During the eight years—1934 to 1942—while the U. S. Forest Service had charge of the project, it supervised the planting of more than 217 million trees and shrubs. They were not set out to form a solid forest; that never was the idea. They were planted in strips along the windward—usually the west and south—sides of fields and farmsteads. A typical strip was made up of ten rows of trees and shrubs, with the tall, fast-growing kinds in the middle and the shorter varieties on each side. Their main purpose was to break the wind, which can often blow away hundreds of tons of precious topsoil from any plowed field in the Great Plains. Such storms during the drought years of the early 'thirties sometimes swept dust clouds as far east as New York, and gave to the worst stricken areas of the West a much-resented nickname: The Dust Bowl.

The shelterbelts—for actually there were many of them, planted on more than 30,000 farms—worked far better than even some New Dealers had expected. The first surprise was that most of the trees lived. It is obviously true that tree seeds will not sprout naturally in the Great Plains, when they are scattered on the ground by wind, birds, or other "normal" methods; but if a sapling is planted by hand or machine, and given a reasonable amount of care, its chances are good. Many did not get such care; often,

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for example, they were not protected from grazing livestock. Nevertheless, when the Forest Service checked up on its windbreaks in 1954, twenty years after they were first planted, it found that 73 per cent of them were still in condition rated from fair to good.

A second surprise was how effective the plantings proved to be in slowing down the wind. The process doesn't work in just the way you might expect. When a high-velocity wind hits a belt of trees, it "stacks up" on the windward side; as a result, as much as 40 per cent of its force may be neutralized for a distance up-wind roughly five times the height of the trees. On the down-wind side the effect is even greater. For a few hundred feet, the speed of the wind will be slowed by about 70 per cent—and the braking effect continues, at a gradually declining rate, for a distance forty-five times the height of the trees.\*

In addition to saving the topsoil, well-established shelterbelts also trap snow, piling it up in drifts which eventually add a good deal of moisture to the land; this may indeed be their greatest value throughout much of the dry country west of the hundredth meridian. How much value? There is no way to tell, in precise tables of dollars-per-acre, because wind, soil, and terrain differ so much from one farm to another. But a few individual reports, out of thousands available, give a pretty clear idea.

R. J. Tucker, of Paducah, Texas, for example, credits his windbreak with raising his output of cotton by half a bale per acre. Before he had it, he said, spring winds often "blew the young cotton plants right out of the ground."

A potato farmer near Craig, Nebraska—I. J. Lydick—harvests two hundred bushels of potatoes an acre more than his neighbors do; and other crops on his tree-sheltered fields yield about twice as much as unprotected farms nearby.

A field check in North Dakota indicated that windbreaks increase the yield of corn by more than six bushels an acre, and of oats nearly as much. When planted around the farm buildings, a shelterbelt will reduce winter heating costs by an average of 25 per cent, and in extreme cases by 40 per cent.

Certain incidental benefits have been almost

as welcome as the cash savings. Quail and many other kinds of birds—some of which had almost disappeared from the Great Plains—thrive in the shelter of these man-made groves. Besides providing a pleasant variety for the family table, they keep down grasshoppers and other insect pests. A mature shelterbelt yields an annual harvest of fence posts and stove wood. Above all, as one critic of the program eventually admitted, the trees make the prairie country "a little more fit for the habitation of civilized man." Only those who have lived on a Western farm can appreciate what a little shade, greenery, and surcease from the wind can mean.

THE final verdict on the shelterbelts is being delivered by the farmers themselves. They are now planting windbreaks—on their own initiative, and largely with their own money—on a bigger scale than ever. In North Dakota, for instance, they planted 2,800 miles of shelterbelts last year, or about twice as much as was planted in any one year of the New Deal program.

Such work is now encouraged and directed by the Soil Conservation Service; but it also is being sponsored, increasingly, by the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., which represents the nation's wood-using industries.

Much has been learned from the experience of the 'thirties. One major finding is that a strip of five to seven rows of trees will serve as well, in most locations, as the original ten-row plantings. Another is that tougher, slower-growing varieties—honey locust, green ash, Russian olive—usually serve better than the brittle, fast-growing Chinese elms and cottonwoods which were widely used in the original windbreaks. Trial-and-error also has demonstrated which kinds of trees and shrubs are likely to do best in each climate and type of soil. And the Department of Agriculture's observations indicate that a well-planned shelterbelt can be expected to repay its planting costs—\$50 to \$60 per acre—within a few years.

But perhaps the most surprising fact about The Shelterbelt is that this once violently political subject now seems entirely forgotten, for partisan purposes. At least none of the current crop of politicians have bothered to claim credit for a program which turned out not to be a failure after all.

\* These findings are based on tests lasting five and a half hours with a wind velocity of 38 miles per hour.

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Cinzano — symbol of gracious living for over 200 years . . . the best loved, most honored . . .  
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# What have you heard about METRECAL\* the new concept of weight control?

*Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.*

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

## What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

## What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

## What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

## Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that

they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

## What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrecal powder is now available in the 3½-pound economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid is packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides a convenient individual meal.

## How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

\*Metrecal is Mead Johnson & Company's brand of dietary for weight control.



Mead Johnson  
Symbol of service in medicine

# What the Press has done to BOSTON and vice versa

*Flushing into the open the little-known facts of newspaper control, conflict, and conceit in Boston, a first-rate reporter examines the failure of a declining city's press to serve its public.*

IF ANY American city needs an active, crusading "public service" press, in the best newspaper tradition, it is Boston. But, unhappily, it would be hard to find any large American city that has been less adequately served by its daily papers. This situation is ominous, because it seems clear that Boston must somehow be aroused if it is to reverse its present decline into municipal shabbiness and impotence.

"Many cities have large slum areas and a history of corruption," Professor George Blackwood of Boston University wrote last April. "Boston, however, leaves one with the feeling that these problems are beyond control."

The elementary facts of Boston life seem to bear Professor Blackwood out. Boston's property tax and per-capita cost of government are the highest of any large city in America. Its so-called urban-renewal program has produced exactly one new building—a newspaper plant—in the last ten years. Its government, after fifty years of scandals and fumbling efforts at reform, remains inept and tinged with petty corruption on the lower levels. The population has dropped 15 per cent since 1950; the number of registered voters in municipal elections has declined by 15 per cent over the last eight years. Even the genteel façades of the city—Beacon Hill and Back Bay—have been eroded by conversion to student dormitories and rooming houses. One third of Boston is slum or near-slum.

Other old American cities, from New Haven to San Francisco, have made determined efforts to reform and rebuild. But they have had energetic local leadership. Certainly very little leadership in local affairs has been forthcoming from the three Boston morning and evening newspaper combines: the Republican *Herald-Traveler*, the neutral *Globe*, and the Hearst *Record-American*. Nevertheless, the more one examines the other forces in Boston life, and their potential, the more apparent it is that consistent and aggressive press leadership is urgently needed.

In other cities, for example, the business community has sometimes become deeply involved in constructive solutions to metropolitan problems. But this would seem too much to hope for in Boston, where the leading business firms are the conservative fiduciary institutions on State Street—banks, insurance companies, investment houses. These corporations invest heavily in industry—outside Boston. They are, for the most part, small, competing, cost-conscious employers. They hold the bulk of downtown real estate. In their published speeches their executives are concerned less with Boston's reform and growth than with cutting the property tax.

"What we need and don't have," a civic organization leader told me, "are the new-style executives, the factory-management boys, who think in terms of expansion and opportunity and 'people. Instead, we have businessmen, scared of politics, and thinking in terms of holding onto what they've got."

State Street, in short, has produced no equivalent of Pittsburgh's millionaire Richard Mellon, Detroit's auto executives, St. Louis's public-spirited bankers, or New York's Rockefellers to goad the old Protestant Republican business



community into public action. Instead Boston businessmen gather periodically at "seminars" and luncheons to call, as Filene's chairman of the board recently did, for "full-time citizens." These

## THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

AN INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER

gatherings are essentially prayer meetings which produce little except an ego-warming splash of publicity in the next day's papers. If a businessman is really concerned about his community, it is not likely to be Boston proper but one of the prosperous outlying suburbs where he lives—Dover, Wellesley, etc. Like other cities, Boston has been hit hard by the migration to the suburbs, and its suburbs have a long-established tradition of antipathy to the "wicked" and "corrupt" city proper.

Largely barred from big jobs on State Street are the Boston Irish who, since 1910, have controlled Boston's overwhelmingly Democratic, officially "non-partisan" politics. Except during the heyday of the late James Michael Curley, the city's politics have consisted of shifting personal alliances among the squabbling chieftains of various Irish and, lately, Italian clans—with the minority Republican businessmen throwing their support to the most complaisant Democrat.

This chaotic mélange, devoid of party discipline or public responsibility, has encouraged neither enthusiasm among the voters nor strong men in City Hall. Boston's periodic scandals and tolerance of ineptitude have only reinforced the antagonisms of the mainly Protestant-dominated Republican suburbs and the hinterland. The suspicious state legislature—where Boston's internal feuds further complicate the normal state *vs.* city antipathies—even denies City Hall control of the police force. It also taxes Boston for a disproportionate share of the cost of services—county courts, transit, water, sewers—used by the entire metropolitan area.

Like the businessmen and politicians, Boston's

glittering constellation of educational and religious institutions has contributed little toward a solution of city problems. Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, looking out at the world from Cambridge, would just as soon forget the drab Gaelic city across the Charles.

Under the energetic Richard Cardinal Cushing, the Boston Archdiocese stays collar-deep in its own affairs—fund-raising, building schools and churches, charity, propagation of the Faith. Although perhaps 70 per cent of Boston's population is Catholic, the Church has yet to formulate a community-wide position for itself, and most of its top men agree that such a delicate and unfamiliar role will be long in coming.

In short, Boston is the victim of deeply etched boundaries, hostilities, and parochial traditions. Only the press—which is not tightly bound by any of them—seems to offer much hope of expressing broad public interest forcefully. Why then has the press done so little?

### THE IMMUNE MONITOR

FOR the men who run Boston newspapers, the possibility of exerting strong public influence has long seemed too risky and uncertain. They see themselves in a declining market, already riddled with uncertainties. Not since the pre-World-War-II heyday of the late, crusading *Post* (d. 1956) has a Boston newspaper won a Pulitzer Prize for "public service." No Boston newspaper has ever won a Pulitzer for reporting of any kind. Indeed, as a *Herald* editor observes, "there is no consistent reporting in the public interest here." Instead, the Boston press operates on the rule that "you live with it" and takes extreme care not to offend readers or advertisers. The realities of Boston's plight are privately deplored but publicly skirted or ignored.

Perhaps the best way to show what the Boston commercial press is *not* is to examine the *Christian Science Monitor*, published in a cathedral at One Norway Street near Back Bay. The *Monitor* (circulation: 156,267),\* properly speaking, is not a Boston newspaper at all, although it is by far the best paper published in the city. It depends on Boston for neither its audience nor its advertising. It is a church-supported, internationally-read, evening daily, aimed at an educated "class"

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*Peter Braestrup adapted this article from an extended study he made for the Joint Center for Urban Studies while he was a Nieman Fellow in Journalism at Harvard in 1959-60. He interviewed more than sixty newsmen, publishers, and politicians. A Yale graduate and a Marine (2nd lieutenant) during the Korean war, he has worked for "Time" and the "Herald Tribune" in the Midwest and New York. He recently went to Washington as a correspondent for the "New York Times."*

\*Circulation figures throughout are from the 1960 *Editor & Publisher International Yearbook*, based on Audit Bureau of Circulation totals as of September 30, 1959.

# ONE WORKABLE WAY TO EARN A RAISE

The only economically sound way that wages can be increased is through increased productivity.

There are several ways to increase productivity. One is by the installation of new, more efficient machines, which management is free to do whenever it is economically possible.

However, when improved machines are introduced, the employee has the responsibility to use the new equipment to its best advantage. If this is done, the employee may then deserve a *share*, certainly not all, of the results of the increased productivity.

Why a share? Because it should be remembered that without shareholders' investment of their money to *buy* the new machines, the employee would not even have the opportunity to *earn a share* of the benefits. Shareholders, too, earn their share.

## REPUBLIC STEEL

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improved equipment  
to increase efficiency

Wherever and whenever possible, the installation of new, improved machines to help increase the efficiency of employees, is a basic policy of Republic Steel.

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As boiler tubes and hydraulic fluid line tubing, this electrically welded steel tubing is used to withstand internal pressure. For mechanical applications, millions and millions of feet go into everything from furniture to automobile drive shafts and rear axle housings. It is easily shaped—expanded, reduced, turned, flared, flattened, flanged, depressed, and specially formed in innumerable ways for practically endless uses.

As raceways for electrical wiring, it is vital to the building industry.

Republic Steel is one of the world's largest suppliers of electrically welded steel tubing.



readership. Its conservative publisher, John Hoagland, and its editor, Erwin ("Spike") Canham, are thus free from many of the inhibitions that fetter their commercial counterparts. (Granted, the *Monitor* has well-known inhibitions of its own. Its reporters are discouraged

news combined. The remaining content is largely a smorgasbord of syndicated punditry, advice to the lovelorn, free publicity for local advertisers, Hollywood gossip, and crime and disaster news.

"When I make up Page One," a *Globe* editor explained, "I try to find a story for everybody. A crime story for Joe Blow. A women's fea-

## THE BOSTON HERALD

ture, something for the businessman, something for the kids maybe. Sometimes we have to stretch to come up with something, but this is the formula we generally follow."

Despite its international orientation, the *Monitor's* "Atlantic" or Boston edition contains three or more full columns of penetrating analysis and reportage of Boston's municipal problems and politics. Its City Hall reporter, Mike Liuzzi, after only a year on the job, is already the best in Boston. He is only one of ten local reporters who explore the troubled and neglected areas of city life: the sloppy police department, housing, hospitals, schools, parks, urban renewal, tax abatements. These are precisely the subjects which are given inadequate space in the commercial press when they are covered at all.

Rival editors point out that the *Monitor*—although limited by its religious coloration, lack of features, and a certain fuzzy optimism—is able to ignore the local taboos to which the commercial press is supersensitive. Immune from the hostility of Catholics, it supported abolition of Massachusetts' anti-birth-control laws in 1948 (when only the *Herald*, so the story goes, dared accept the advertising of the birth-control faction). It has needled horse racing, pinball machines, and gambling. It is strong on civil liberties and conservative on fiscal matters. It printed the names of those downtown firms seeking tax abatements. It ignores the doings of Catholic prelates.

For its pains, as its rivals also point out, the *Monitor* sells less than 20,000 papers in the Boston area. Yet the newspaper is widely read by the rest of the trade. The ultimate tribute came from a top *Globe* editor: "The only way I know what's going on in Boston is by reading the *Monitor*."

### A LOW-PROTEIN NEWS DIET

**B**Y CONTRAST with the *Monitor*, the Boston commercial press has adopted as flabby a diet of news as can be found in any large American city. Sports and comics get more space than all Washington, international, and Boston

news combined. The remaining content is largely a smorgasbord of syndicated punditry, advice to the lovelorn, free publicity for local advertisers, Hollywood gossip, and crime and disaster news.

At the same time, the newspapers' executives feel that competitive pressure compels them to spend more time and money on circulation-building gimmicks than on stronger coverage of the news. For example, during a recent twelve-month period, the *Herald-Traveler* spent \$35,000 and the faltering Hearst *Record-American* spent \$100,000 on puzzle contests and the like to pull readers. The *Globe* stuck to low-cost insurance for subscribers and scored, ironically, the only circulation gained—three thousand—for the period.

The standard explanation for the puerile content of Boston papers is the "competitive situation" and the diffusion of the "Boston market." To a unique degree, the circulation of Boston papers is larger in the environs and the hinterland than in the city itself—despite strong competition from new suburban dailies. Since the death of the old Yankee *Transcript* in 1931, no single area, no single interest-group is large enough or homogeneous enough to support a Boston paper aimed at it alone.

Thus, like the major television networks, the Boston papers are, essentially, competing for shares of the same mass audience. Lacking a secure "class" market, each paper feels it must scramble to reach the lowest common denominator of readership. Consequently, no publisher reckons there is much room for maneuver, for risking offense to any sizable group, for experiment with crusade—in short, for "leadership."

Constantly pressing in on the publishers are worries about money: two of the papers are in debt to large financial institutions and all must compete strenuously to woo an inadequate number of advertisers. Thus, more than most big city papers, the Boston press takes up its limited space with "puffery"—advertising passed off as news. (Sample: "Only two days remain in which to win a complete Easter outfit . . . at your nearby Pontiac dealer. . .") Stories that might offend

# Trouble-maker

*He is the silent one.* He never speaks up on issues. He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper. He never writes his Congressman. He is quiet as a clam. And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy. How could Democracy succeed...if all of us, like this one, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticisms? Voting on election day is only part of a citizen's duty. Active, day-by-day participation in government, in society, in business associations, is a responsibility for each and every one of us. The *silent* trouble-maker fails to understand this. In his worship of "law and order," he never dares to question an oppressive law, never distinguishes "order" from stagnation. He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy.



P.S. *Democracy begins at home.* NATIONWIDE, in a unique experiment in economic democracy, seeks the counsel of its many policyholder-citizens by bringing them together with top management each Spring for a round-table discussion on personal, financial and insurance affairs. For more information on NATIONWIDE's Advisory Committee of Policyholders, ask your neighborhood NATIONWIDE agent.



Nationwide Mutual Insurance Co.,/Nationwide Life Insurance Co.,/Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Co., /Home Office: Columbus, Ohio



advertisers are hard to find if they appear at all. Recently, for example, the scores of collegians who picketed the Boston Woolworth stores in support of Southern "sit-ins" were barely mentioned in the Boston papers, although similar demonstrations in Wisconsin were given considerable play.

Although all three newspaper combines share the same limitations, there are nevertheless sharp and significant differences in their policies, audiences, and degree of involvement in Boston affairs.

#### THE IRON-HANDED CHOATE

THE most aggressive, in a sporadic way, is the *Herald-Traveler* combine. The morning *Herald* (circulation: daily 175,076, Sunday 289,111) is customarily labeled the "Old Yankee, Republican businessman's paper." It has a large following in the Republican enclaves of Brookline, Wellesley, and Dover, and it competes with the *Globe* for readers everywhere in the suburban "bedroom belt." At the same time its identification with conservative Republican Boston seems to have hurt it, especially in heavily Irish districts—it has the lowest city circulation of any Boston paper.

The *Herald's* board of directors is closely tied to State Street. It includes Carl J. Gilbert, head of Gillette (razor blades), and three executives of United Shoe Machinery, one of New England's dominant corporations. Its new \$7 million plant—in a subsidized urban-renewal area—was financed by a loan from the Prudential Insurance Company. But the driving force at the *Herald* is President Robert B. Choate, a stocky, well-tailored man of sixty-two who has published the paper since 1940. Choate has all the proper Bostonian credentials—St. Mark's, Harvard, Somers Club, *et al.* But he is no character out of *The Late George Apley*. Quite the contrary, he is Boston's most iron-handed, politically-active publisher, and his critics and enmities are many and bipartisan.

Under Choate, the *Herald*, as even *Globe* executives concede, is Boston's best commercial newspaper, its business and editorial policies aside. Thanks to his purchase of the *New York Times* news service, Choate can appeal to suburban readers with three or four articles on Page One signed by such writers as James Reston, Arthur Krock, and C. L. Sulzberger. The luster of these imported names is somewhat dimmed, however, by the *Herald's* customary format of front-page advertising. In the midst of the break-

down of the pre-Summit talks in May 1960, for example, the *Herald's* black Page One headlines were offset by a quarter-page ad for frozen orange juice, in a blaze of appropriate color.

Along with Reston and Krock, Choate serves up roughly the usual Boston ration of "human interest" stories, sports, and "disaster news." As the leading Republican voice in Boston, the paper plays up "Dinners with Ike" and other GOP activities, while stressing the political setbacks suffered by Massachusetts' Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo. Little space remains for coverage of "hard" local news.

Under Editor Alden Hoag, the paper's proudest ornament is the editorial page, which reflects the publisher's interests even more than does Page One. (Choate conducts the daily editorial conferences himself.) *Herald* editorials have won four Pulitzer Prizes, a record no other U. S. newspaper can match. A typical and favorite target for attack has been the "spenders" in either party. The *Herald* gave Dwight Eisenhower early endorsement for the 1952 Republican nomination—less because Choate preferred the General to Senator Taft than because he thought that Ike could win and Taft couldn't.

One word you often hear applied to Choate and his papers in Boston is "opportunism." The *Herald* endorsed Senator Kennedy in 1958 and (according to James MacGregor Burns's biography of the Senator) Kennedy gave Choate's argument for a *Herald-Traveler* Boston television channel his personal attention in Washington. Meanwhile, Choate bitterly criticized the Democratic state administration. In the 1959 mayoralty elections, the *Herald* joined most Republican businesses in backing the favorite, State Senator John Powers. But since then the paper has supported the upset winner, John F. Collins ("Four cheers for Mayor Collins!"), especially when, early in 1960, the new Mayor announced city budget cuts.

Opportunistic as the *Herald* may be, its editorials can, on occasion, take a bold stand. For example, when Mayor Curley went to prison in 1946, after a federal conviction for fraud, only the *Herald* ventured to comment on the incongruity of a city of over 700,000 population being run from a jail. Indeed, the *Herald* editorial writers commonly display far greater initiative in unraveling Boston's knotted civic life than does the City Room, whose deskmen are more inclined to boast of the fact that the *Herald* was the first paper in Boston to send out its reporters to wait for crime and disaster in radio-equipped automobiles.

More energetic than most of his own staff, Choate has not hesitated, on occasion, to back up his editorial page with personal intervention. Early in 1958, for example, he suddenly started campaigning for construction of three long-delayed Boston projects: (1) a new state office building in downtown Boston, (2) a parking garage under the Boston Common, and (3) a second vehicular tunnel under Boston harbor. Before he was through, Choate had allied himself with a powerful Democratic political enemy, exposed readers to a good many *Herald* editorials and news stories about the projects, and engaged in a series of controversies and maneuverings that are still hotly discussed in Boston. But the projects were finally approved by the legislature. To criticism of his methods, Mr. Choate replied: "I think something is better than nothing."

Democrats, rival newspapermen, and others opposed to Choate talk about his alleged "self-interest" as a participant in local affairs. Most civic association officials—and this writer—give Choate credit for higher motives, but the suspicions persist. In any event, the *Herald's* surface coverage of local public affairs, even of Choate's favorite projects, has been so slim that it seems doubtful if it could alone effectively rally groups of people behind particular projects or issues.

Choate's *Traveler* (circulation: 178,037) is the gaudy afternoon sister of the *Herald* ("Greatest Newspaper in New England"). Aimed directly

and a strong proponent of more aggressive city coverage. His City Hall reporter, Rod McDonald, and editorial cartoonist, Jim Dobbin, are the best the commercial press in Boston can boast. Besides following up Choate projects, the *Traveler* has sought out government malfeasance and waste more vigorously than any other Boston newspaper. Unfortunately, most of the *Traveler's* aggressiveness has been devoted to the more obvious fringes of Boston's municipal problems and malpractice. A tight City Room budget and the higher priorities assigned to other news have frustrated both Clancy and his best reporters.

#### THE WITHDRAWN NECK

CHOATE'S arch rivals are the editors of the *Globe* papers (circulation: daily 339,996, Sunday 416,486) who, as one Boston reporter put it, "tend to think twice before printing the weather report." This is no recent phenomenon. On taking over the *Globe* in 1874 General (Hon.) Charles H. Taylor said he wanted "... a cheerful, attractive, and useful newspaper that would enter the home as a kindly helpful member of the family. My temperament has always led me to dwell on the virtues of men and institutions rather than upon their faults and limitations."

And over the years, this vague but inoffensive policy has been followed by the General and his heirs, who still hold control. The *Globe* has become known as a "solid," low-turnover, somewhat paternalistic organization—in marked contrast to the tight-fisted Choate papers. One-fourth of the *Globe's* employees, including Editor Laurence I. Winship and Managing Editor Victor O. Jones are veterans of twenty-five years' service or more.

The top management is of postwar vintage. The current publisher is General Taylor's hard-working grandson, William Davis Taylor (Harvard '33), who came up through the business side. A lean, crewcut sailing enthusiast and Boys Club backer, Mr. Taylor wrote in his Harvard class's twenty-five-year history: "My social, political (independent), and religious convictions [are] normal, I hope, for a Harvard man. . . ." His great concerns are the *Globe's* indebtedness to the John Hancock Life Insurance Company, incurred in building a new \$12 million plant, and the competition with Choate for advertising.

His more sophisticated younger brother, John I. Taylor (Harvard '37), vice-president and treasurer, came up through the news room, serves as "front-office" liaison (continued on page 90)



at a "mass audience," it competes not only with the evening *Globe* and the Hearst *American* but also with the powerful suburban papers surrounding Boston. Like most American afternoon papers, the *Traveler* depends on big black headlines and slap-dash sensationalism to sell on newsstands. But *Traveler* headlines are bigger and blacker than most.

Hal Clancy of the *Traveler*, at thirty-nine, is Boston's youngest managing editor, and a former award-winning investigative reporter. He is an off-stage confidant of Boston politicians, notably Choate's 1959 choice for Mayor, John Powers,



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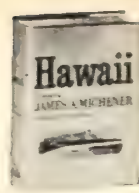
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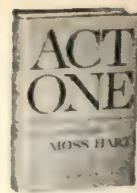
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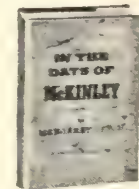
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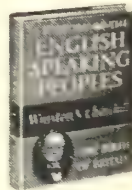
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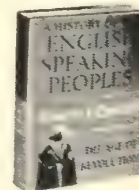
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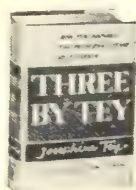
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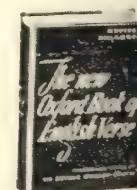
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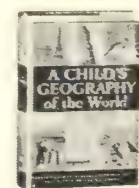
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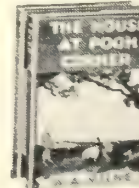
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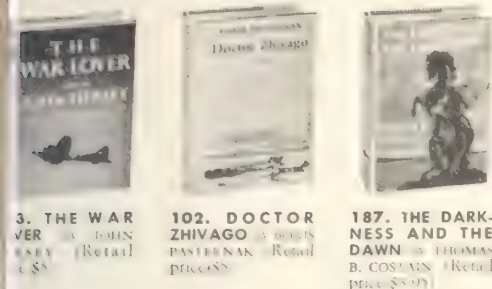


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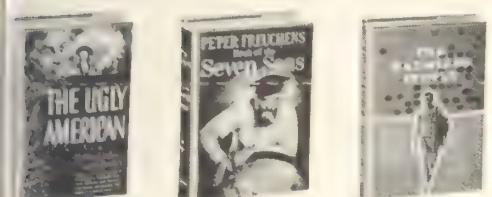




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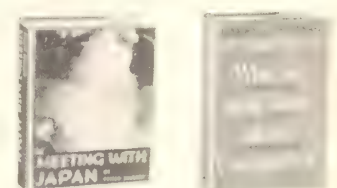
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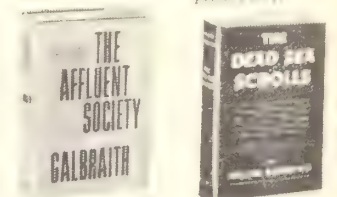
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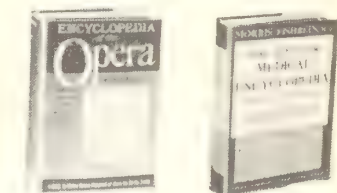
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with the editorial departments, and takes a keen interest in Boston affairs and national politics. Yet, faced with what the elder Taylor called "these years of uncertainty" in the Boston newspaper struggle, both Taylors concentrate their time and effort on finances rather than on editorial policy.

As a result, the *Globe* still embodies the "family newspaper" concept, with faintly Democratic overtones. "We're putting out a paper for the bottom half of the upper class, the middle class, and the top half of the lower class," explained a *Globe* executive. "We try to give everyone a chance to be heard in our pages."

Like its competition, the *Globe* relies heavily on outside sources to fill up its slender allotment of news space. Behind its Page One formula of advertising and chaotic "circus" make-up, the *Globe* dishes up the city's fattest menu of canned goods: Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Alsop, Clementine Paddleford, Doris Fleeson can be found, often heavily edited, in the *Globe*. All told, such syndicated features—although kept out of Choate's hands—add up to considerable outlay of money and a considerable cramp on local news. To cement this broad, "exclusive" appeal, the *Globe* spends lavishly on its own coverage of specialized news and national politics. But it does not seriously explore its own back yard, despite the fact that two-thirds of its readers are in Boston or its immediate environs. Less than one-twentieth of its reading matter is devoted to Boston affairs.

"We don't go in for crusading or exposés," said a top *Globe* editor. "Maybe we should do more. But if the District Attorney or someone else launches an investigation, we cover it in full. Of course, if a DA is crooked, or if law enforcement officers don't move in, there's a problem. . . ."

The problem is, essentially, that the *Globe* hates sticking its neck out. During Curley's regime, for example, the *Globe* refused to take sides; management on occasion even chided staffers for writing critical pieces on Curley in outside magazines. Under the guise of "impartiality," the *Globe* endorses no candidates, local or national. Editorials—many folksily signed "Uncle Dudley"—are written after a consensus has been reached among five veteran editorial writers under Editor Winship.

Almost in spite of itself, the *Globe* lately has shown increased energy. The initiative has come not from reluctant management, but from a handful of specialized young reporters and their supporters outside the cobwebbed City Desk.

Perhaps their most striking accomplishment was the *Globe's* campaign for a highly-controversial University of Massachusetts faculty pay raise. During the summer of 1959 a science writer and an education reporter pressed for, and obtained, approval of a continuing series of reports on the university's plight. Fourteen editorials were written in support of a score of major articles. Despite the opposition of the *Herald* and its hand-picked candidate for Mayor, the state legislature reversed itself and the university teachers got their money. As yet, no such effort has been made over any city issue.

"The *Globe* is a sleeping giant," said one of the paper's best reporters. "We just have to wake up to our potential."

#### POOR HEARSTLINGS

ONLY a few words need be said concerning Boston's third newspaper combination, the Hearst *Record-American-Advertiser*, which lacks even the spurious excitement peddled by its counterparts in New York and San Francisco. Leading in circulation (daily 549,525, Sunday 453,664), with a firm grip on the New England tabloid market, these papers dish up the usual Hearst fare, with no pretensions—sports, dog-racing, comics, lovelorn columnists, priest-heroes, J. Edgar Hoover, crime, and girls. There is less fleshly display here than elsewhere in the Hearst empire—a tribute to what one editor calls Boston's "heavy Church influence." But the *Record* prints the daily Treasury number; it is the pay-off sheet for the betting crowd in a state that loves to bet. The deep thinking comes from William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and the usual Hearstlings are heard from: Jim Bishop, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Dorothy Kilgallen, Bob Considine, and George Sokolsky. Very little space is left, and less is used, for serious national, international, or Boston news.

The Hearst press operates with the smallest editorial staff in Boston. The Sunday *Advertiser* is put out by two men, and lacks even an editorial page. Yet the *Record's* city editor, C. Edward Holland, is widely respected as one of Boston's most knowledgeable newspapermen. Time after time, he has brought the *Record* behind important issues, such as a state sales tax and the Massachusetts pay raise, while the other papers got the credit. But, over all, the dearth of manpower, absentee ownership, and traditional tabloid priorities have stripped the Hearst papers of any broad influence over the Boston scene.

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In sum, the Boston newspapers are more alike than different. The failure of their managements to take a strong interest in local public issues is intensified by the bitter commercial rivalry between the *Globe* and the *Herald*. Hostility between the Taylors and Choate reached a peak during the 1958-59 Congressional investigations of the FCC when the *Globe* management fought to reverse an FCC decision granting Boston's television Channel 5 to the Herald-Traveler Corporation. The *Globe* charged that Choate was trying to force it out of business. The bitterness lingers on in the editorial columns of both newspapers.

When the *Globe* ventured to support revision of the antiquated Massachusetts state constitution earlier this year, the *Herald* played up testimony of those opposed to the measure, and labeled the whole idea "Constitutional Confusion." In return, the *Globe* ignores or tries to knock down *Herald-Traveler* exclusives. This rivalry tends to cripple and discredit whatever slender influence the papers may have as advocates.

"When both the papers are together on something, City Hall generally tries to move in their direction," noted a civic association expert. "But when the *Herald* and *Globe* are on opposite sides, they tend to cancel each other out. Then usually nothing happens."

#### UNHALLOWED TRADITION

THESE newspaper policies and rivalries have other effects on public-service reporting. For example the manpower shortages are unnecessarily aggravated by a peculiar local phenomenon. Unlike New York or Chicago newspapers, the Boston press has no local Associated Press or City News bureau which can handle routine court, police, and accident news, leaving the individual newspaper staffs free to concentrate on more important stories. A proposal several years ago to create such a joint news service in Boston was rejected because, as a *Globe* editor put it, "nobody felt he could trust the others." As a result, the basic soldier of Boston newspapering is still the police reporter, tied down in police stations, radio cars, or courts, waiting for "news" to happen. And from the ranks of these reporters come the men who man the City Room desks where the day's news is evaluated and the unhallowed tradition of Boston newspapering is perpetuated.

Another failure of Boston journalism can be located in the third-floor press room at City

Hall: "The Combine," an informal agreement by most City Hall reporters not to compete for news. Many areas of inquiry, by common consent, are left uncovered. A press conference with Boston's new Mayor Collins is a study in friendly chit-chat. Tough questions simply are not asked. The Mayor effortlessly dominates the meeting. Some reporters have been heard to complain when the Mayor "didn't give us a story today."

A *Monitor* alumnus of City Hall observes: "The editors don't want what the eager beavers turn up. So after a while they stop being eager beavers."

But the shabbiest heritage of Boston reporting is the pay-off. In May 1954, the *Providence Journal* ran a series of articles telling how ten reporters covering the Massachusetts State House had been paid \$60,000 over a four-year period "for services ranging from issuing publicity releases to work on politically-appointed legislative committees."

All three Boston newspaper combines were represented, as well as the State House News Service, a news-gathering pool on Beacon Hill financed by Massachusetts newspapers. The *Journal* went on to show even bigger pay-offs from race tracks to Boston sports writers. "The problem," as one reporter told me, "is that the newspaper managements would rather have the reporter earning extra money on the outside than pay him above scale." Every newspaper executive I talked to confessed that "conflict of interest" continues to plague Boston newspapers—with resulting loss of prestige and self-esteem (if nothing worse) for the reporters and their papers.

#### YOUNG TURKS

IN part, the conflict of interest can be blamed on the fact that Boston remains, as Henry Villard of *The Nation* reportedly put it years ago, "the poor farm of American journalism." Boston's competing, cost-conscious managements refrain from paying more than the Newspaper Guild scale, even while they complain about the talent they get. The Hearst papers do not have a single reporter earning more than the \$134.50 minimum. The *Herald-Traveler* is not much better off. Not surprisingly, in view of news-play priorities, sports writers earn more than general assignment reporters. Ad salesmen do better than both.

What, then, will become of the Boston press? Only New York City, with ten times Boston's population, boasts more—one more—daily news-



*New York Newspaper Reveals  
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# Vitamins

Recently a leading New York evening newspaper published a public service study of Patent Medicines. The VITAMIN installment uncovered the wide variance in the prices of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

The following three paragraphs taken from the series, as it appeared, are of particular concern to everyone buying Vitamins.

*"Any particular vitamin bottled under one label is, for all practical and therapeutic purposes, the same as if it is bottled under another label. The fact is, most of the Vitamin concentrates consumed in America are produced by only a few companies.*

*"The list of ingredients in a Vitamin compound is one thing the consumer can almost always depend on to be correct. Any company which fails to label the bottle with the exact formula and amount (or unit strength) of each ingredient risks a seizure by the U. S. Government.*

*"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."*

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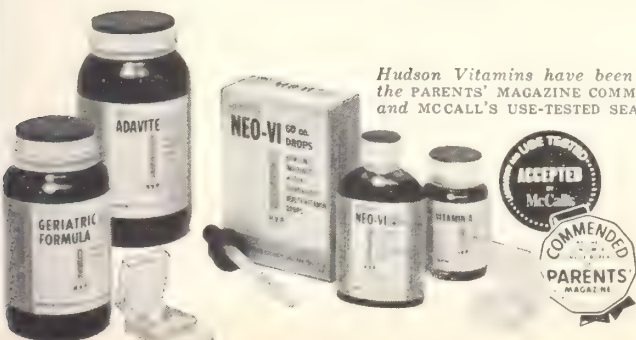
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papers. "Diversity," wrote A. J. Liebling in a recent *New Yorker* "Wayward Press" piece, "and the competition that it causes, does not insure good news coverage or a fair champion for every point of view, but it increases the chances. . . ." Boston's case—unmentioned by Liebling—seems to challenge this apparently plausible conclusion. Boston's three newspaper combinations constitute a special case of what John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard calls "extreme competition." They are marginal firms trying to survive in a contracting market by frantic economic and the use of gimmicks.

Some think the only way to make Boston's press turn to its responsibilities—and opportunities—is to relieve the competitive obsession by merger or sale. "What we need," said one newspaper executive, "is one good morning paper and one good afternoon paper instead of what we've got." A Darwinian solution may eventually come, but there are no immediate signs of it. No newspaper is now weak enough—or strong enough—to make merger or sale sufficiently attractive.

I do not think, however, that one or more newspapers must fold before the Boston press becomes active in relation to the city's problems; on the contrary, the elimination of competition

might have no effect at all. Ultimately, the performance of a newspaper depends on the courage and resourcefulness of its management. The most important change that could take place in Boston journalism—and perhaps in Boston itself—would be a determined effort by newspaper management to show that consistent public leadership and "public appeal" are not mutually exclusive. Newspapers in other cities—in Washington, New York, and Chicago, among others—have discovered this, to their profit.

Certainly the time is ripe. With a new and promising Mayor in City Hall, and at least a tentative feeling in the air that change might after all be possible, the Boston press is missing opportunities every day to prod and explain and expose. And fortunately, each of the three combines has on its staff a few skilled professionals who do understand Boston's plight and the kind of leadership the press could provide if it dared. The Boston publisher can, if he wants, find at least a nucleus of Young Turks capable of restoring life to his paper just by walking down the hall. If he encouraged, and built upon, that nucleus, he might well be able to revive a city that is now in an advanced state of stagnation. The question is: Does he really want to walk down the hall?

JAMES WRIGHT

## TO SOME UNCERTAIN BIRDS

I KNEW already  
That every feather would fall,  
However slowly,  
Out of the gold hair of the trees.

The blood of a wing burns in the ground.

Why, then, this morning,  
Do I look out the window  
To my spare garden,  
And find the air still dark with birds?  
That whole grove of green women  
Dances no more now.  
Longing for death,  
They turn toward the dark.

Sparrow, robin, crow,  
This is a place where only  
Men are allowed now.  
The milkman, humming to himself,  
Swims through the great tear of morning.  
And he does not like to be stared at long.  
And you should be gone.

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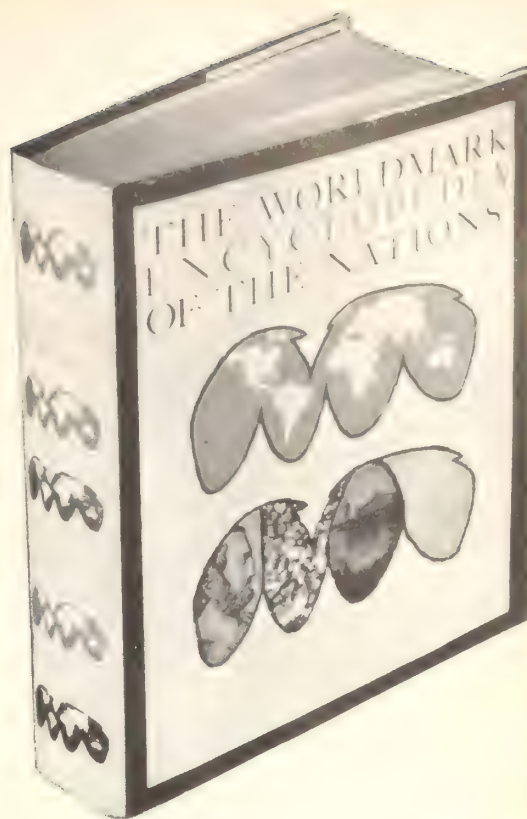
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# PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



## A Better Way to Run Our Political Conventions

*Too long and too late and too irresponsible . . . the national conventions have become (under the TV lights) a solemn farce which even a "cynic" in politics wants to reform.*

WASHINGTON—Though time has brought some merciful release from the shabby memories of our national political conventions, the Presidential campaign is still moving under the shadow of an antiquated and phony nominating system.

It is a system inferior in every way to the two sets of candidates it offered the country. It is a system which still, after these healing months, raises in my mind (and in the minds of many of my colleagues) a sense of stale distaste.

It is a system we ought to tolerate no longer. It is a system which this correspondent (who is no party-waist and indeed is regarded by at least one reader as "surely a pragmatist and possibly even a cynic") finds intellectually and morally insupportable. I should like never again to have to attend another Democratic Los Angeles, another Republican Chicago. Fun is fun; but too much is too damn much.

Why these gentle reproaches toward an old American institution? Taking a deep breath, one begins. Nearly everything that happens in national political conventions is wrongly done or cheaply done or irresponsibly done. We cozen the American people by a tasteless, endlessly repetitive melodrama. We put the worst possible foot forward before our friends abroad—and our enemies—in a grimy spectacle which is the beginning of the grand and solemn task of choosing a new President of the United States.

We run the thing far too long—until even the actors in it are reeling with fatigue and stupefied by boredom. Five days for one of these affairs is unbelievable nonsense. But five days it must be, under present arrangements, because "the host city" has got to have the crowds roped long enough (and so spending enough) to collect a profit on its dubious hospitality.

But far worse than running the thing too long, we also run it backwards. What is trivial, therefore, overmasters what is important. And the mere personalities and quirks of men become more vital than the profoundest issues confronting a nation.

The root evil of all the many evils in the system, as it seems to me, lies

in the staggering irrationality of the "platform committee." What happens is this: A collection of party characters of the greatest possible diversity—a few of them able, sensible, and responsible, but more of them hacks for this or that pressure group or interest—gathers days ahead of time in some metallically echoing hotel "grand ballroom."

Nine times out of ten, the majority of them have at best a parochial view of the national interest. Nine times out of ten, a majority of them have never been elected to anything and will never have the slightest means or even the slightest desire to help carry out the pronouncements they are so solemnly "hammering out." (This is the unconsciously apt cliché by which these "deliberations" are often journalistically described.) Platform committees get selected, in short, primarily by the paid party employee called a national chairman—a man who may or may not have the smallest real influence in the country or the smallest real representative function within his own party.

They sweat and they strain. They huff and they puff. They pile stereotype upon stereotype. And at length they bring forth a turgid document which is alleged—with brazen disregard of reality—to represent the whole mind of a great party. What they produce is intended to suit just any old candidate; though of course it should be plain beyond dispute that no scrambled-eggs platform of this sort could possibly suit even two rival Presidential candidates, let alone the three or four who may still be hoping to get nominated.

### WHAT THE GOP DID RIGHT

AN exception might be urged as to Chicago's GOP platform, since the only real Presidential aspirant was Mr. Nixon. Even this, however, is a point more apparent than real. And what reality it has more supports than hurts my central argument. For the platform in this special case was not really prepared by the platform committee; but largely in a tug of war between Mr. Nixon and Governor Rockefeller. It was, in this sense at any rate, a better platform than that of the Demo-

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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

crats; it had some measure of responsibility in it.

When one recalls the Democratic platform however—and I speak here more of how it was made than specifically what it said—one finds conclusive evidence as to what is wrong with the platform committee method. For here was a case in which a whole cast of would-be Presidential characters—four in this case—was waiting in the wings for the critical nominating session while a polyglot group of other men was committing each of them in advance—to what? To a paper with which at least three of them—Johnson, Symington, Stevenson—had had almost nothing to do.

The point is not that the platform did not say a great deal; the question is this: For whom did it say it, and on what real authority? Now it is true, probably, that Kennedy, the convention victor, did have some real hand in this manifesto. But the very most that could be said of his participation was that it was distant and distracted. At the time, naturally, he was hunting not planks but live and voting delegates.

Very well, a "platform" is thus prepared. Then what? It is "taken before the convention," where not one-twentieth of the delegates will hear it or read it, then or later—or ever give it the slightest heed. To be sure we have had a long and amiable, though less than honest, tradition by which candidates after their nomination cheerfully disregard all that fine print. And this has not been confined to the bad old "reactionary" and "boss-controlled" nominees. One gentleman who threw a platform overboard so that it sank without the slightest trace was Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. It was a good thing he did, at that. For it was a perfectly ridiculous platform amid the somber facts of life in 1932 and had been produced by the usual irrational convention system.

### HOW TO SAVE TWO DAYS

IF all this is perhaps enough to suggest that there is something wrong with that system; then, watchman, what of the night? What ought to be done? My own view, after some reflection and after attending eight

national conventions, is that sensible reforms are not only required but are easily available.

First and foremost, we ought to make fundamental revisions in the scheduling so as to cut convention time to a maximum of three days—and to use this time, moreover, in such a way as *not* to keep the spectacle on the air until three and four o'clock in the morning. I strongly question, in most cases, the sober, clear-sighted, prudent judgment of either convention or spectators when the clock hands move along to, say, 2:00 A.M.

The best way to slim down these fat and futile proceedings is to get at the central obesity—that is, "the platform committee." This absurd anachronism should be junked forthwith, as incompetent, immaterial, and irrelevant; and as a dreary fraud upon the public.

I suggest the following: Let the convention itself appoint a subcommittee of fifty voting delegates, one representing—and truly representative of—each state delegation. Let this subcommittee meet, always in public, in serious and businesslike session to hear *before the nomination* each serious Presidential candidate. Let each candidate come forward with a plain statement of where he stands on every important issue of the day. Let him be interrogated, not in some television press conference but by the delegates themselves before the whole United States of America. Let this subcommittee satisfy itself fully and completely on every point with every candidate.

Then let the convention itself proceed to the business of nominating, with no further chit-chat—and no horseplay whatever. Let us be done with so-called nominating speeches and seconding speeches and speeches seconding seconding speeches. Let there be an end to witless floor "demonstrations" which are as spontaneous as the idiot's card held before a TV performer.

Finally, let the successful candidate *at once* address convention and country, without the aid of ghost writers, without time to think out clever explanations and elaborations of what he had said before. Let him stand to it, then and there, and restate and solemnly reaffirm those attitudes and policies that in the



## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

campaign and in the Presidency are going to be *his* attitudes and policies, not those of a faceless, irresponsible, and transient body of men nobody really knows. (Who can name even five of the members of either platform committee in the conventions of last July? How many, indeed, can now remember offhand the names of *both* chairmen?)

By temperament I distrust reform, and I take a dim view of reformers. It does seem to me, however, that what is proposed here is not so far-reaching as to cause to tremble the foundation stones of the Republic—or even unduly to shake up the traditional structures of the party organizations. And this is by no means an “anti-boss” plan. On the contrary it is an appeal for *more* of a boss, in platform terms, than we now have.

For surely it is not possible to argue logically that the present method of getting it for the candidate wholesale—that is, catching votes for him in every part of society and from every conceivable pressure group, in a single document—is quite ideal. And surely it is not a good idea to do it this way long before the platform committee, or the convention itself, knows for sure *who* is going to be the nominee. When you prepare and announce and gravely adopt a candidate's platform before you have got a candidate, how silly can you get?

## BEHIND THE PLATFORM

THIS, for one illustration, is how silly you can get: This year's Democratic platform was, in plain fact, forced upon (or, more exactly, simply handed to) a large and diverse convention by two groups which, while entirely legal groups, formed only tiny fractions of the whole. One group was characterized by, though by no means wholly made up of, the organization called Americans for Democratic Action. ADA is hardly more than an earnest—and to my mind a boring—letterhead organization whose voice speaks a thousand times larger than its true political power and a hundred times louder than its genuine representative function.

The other dominant group was made up of the labor leaders. Their



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### PUBLIC & PERSONAL

constitutional right to function as spokesmen for organized labor I do not for a moment question. But their sensitive and total understanding of the whole political and economic necessities of this entire vast, mixed country I do make bold to query. Since the ultimate function of a convention is to put a man forward for the highest elective office, I cannot rid myself of the notion that those party men who are in elected office or must run again for office ought to have a major part in preparing a party's views for a political campaign.

I have no doubt that Mr. George Meany is a devoted and excellent spokesman for organized labor—and in that enterprise I wish him well. The same goes for Mr. Walter Reuther. But I remember that Mr. Meany, at least, at Los Angeles was going around laying down personal—and successful—ultimatums as to what the Democratic platform should contain, at some points at any rate. What should we all be saying—indeed yelling in deepest outrage—if the heads of the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce had been putting down ultimatums at the Republican convention?

I am not saying that the Republicans conducted a "good" convention and so ought to be elected in November and that the Democrats conducted a "bad" one and so ought to be defeated. I am saying only that the Republican convention—by the accident of being subject to relatively more responsible leadership because it had only one true candidate—was comparatively less open to the inherent disorder and irresponsibility of the present system.

### WHAT DO THE PARTIES REALLY WANT?

BUT the GOP platform can be regarded as a satisfactory statement of the aims of a national party only if one assumes that any national party's aim is singular—simply to win an election. Cynic I may be; but not this cynical. And, incidentally, I don't believe that Richard Nixon (or John Kennedy) is either.

I think it fairer to reckon that each was to a great extent the victim of a system he never made. If the Demo-

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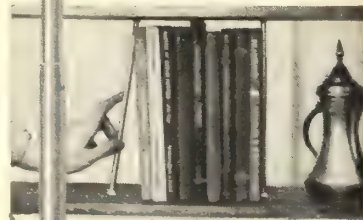
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## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

cratic (platform-committee) platform found its leadership in pressure groups on the Left, the Nixon-Rockefeller (*non* platform-committee) platform produced only an accommodation that does not really express the essential view of a single one of the significant factions of the GOP, let alone the whole party.

For illustration, whose civil-rights plank did the Republicans adopt? Not Rockefeller's certainly; because it fell far short of what he had been demanding. Not Nixon's either; because I strongly suspect that it went well beyond what Nixon really felt was either wise or attainable.

Now, I am aware that this could be interpreted as denying the whole theory of reasonable compromise in politics which this correspondent, among others, has long supported. But this, I suggest, would be a most superficial interpretation. There is no harm in accommodations; indeed, mostly there is only good. But the vital points are who makes the accommodations, in what way, and what, at the very end, is the substance of the accommodation.

HOW ROCKEFELLER  
COULD HAVE WORKED

THE GOP platform thus can be described as part-Nixon, part-Rockefeller; but not coherently representative of either. The platform is unfair, moreover, to Nixon as the undoubted leader of his party—with a leadership long earned. It is true that since Rockefeller had said he was not a candidate he could not have addressed my proposed convention subcommittee. He could, however, have participated fully, as the chief delegate from New York, in the cross-examining device which I have here put forward. Here his ideas could have been presented to a responsible forum. Beyond the slightest doubt they would have been rejected, for it was in basic power a Nixon convention all the way.

All the same, the end result would have been a plus for responsible politics; we should at the end have had a straight-out *Nixon* platform, as we should have had a straight-out *Kennedy* platform had the Democrats followed a like procedure.

So, to the old-style convention—one hopes—a last, *unfond* farewell.

Hine,  
le cognac  
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# *the new* BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The Rich: They Are Nearly Always with Us

AMERICANS in general and American writers in particular seem to be fascinated by F. Scott Fitzgerald's celebrated proposition that the rich are different from the rest of us. It is not a proposition that I find of the slightest interest—if the rich are different from me, they can take whatever action they regard as necessary and appropriate to overcome the gap. I have always admired the old lady's remark to her friends who were deploring the prevalence and virulence of social-climbing in their circle: "If people care to know one," she gently rebuked them, "one tries to be polite."

But behind the American dream of creating a society based upon equality (usually understood as sameness) there lies a yearning for difference and a deep-seated conviction that difference exists. To take a trivial example: nowhere else in the world has the notion that Shakespeare was not the author of the plays that go by his name won such widespread, enthusiastic, and even bitter support. And the argument usually boils down to this: the Shakespeare who came from the country town of Stratford was too poor and ill-bred and ill-educated to write masterpieces—only an aristocrat with a fancy education and powerful friends could have done that. Ironically enough, Mark Twain, who entranced a nation though he started out from another and no grander river town, was among those who were convinced that Shakespeare was only the mask of some loftier personage.

The American faith in difference comes out in various ways at various times. At one time one social or economic class will be sentimentalized; at another time, another. The poor had their turn in the 1930s; now perhaps it is the turn of the rich. Has not Riesman Himself told us that the rich, too, are a minority? Of course everyone in American society belongs to at least one minority, and most of us to several, but once your status as a minority-member is recognized by eminent sociologists you have a right to every-

body's pity, not excluding (it goes without saying) your own.

The rich have a particular usefulness to novelists, because novelists are primarily concerned with the life of feeling, with how people feel about each other and themselves. Feelings can be expressed only symbolically, and of all the systems of symbolism available to men, money is the most universally and readily understood. Money is used to express feelings that we are too shy or too inarticulate to utter; lack of money is called upon to explain our failures and hesitations and doubts. This is not to suggest that money is simply a figment of our imagination; my favorite economist is still Sophie Tucker ("I've been rich and I've been poor," she is reported to have said, "and believe me, rich is best"). But it is to suggest that money provides a kind of shorthand for the novelist who is concerned with depicting the adjustment between the inner life of feeling and the outer social reality.

The rich are useful to the novelist too because, if they simply *have* their money instead of having to earn it, they are free to follow their feelings on a full-time scale the way most of us are not. One of the pleasures of a Henry James novel, or for that matter a Jane Austen novel, is that the characters have money (not always enough) and so can spend their days creating the relationships with one another that their feelings lead them to create.

### OLD LADY'S HOME

AMONG the younger American novelists particularly interested in the rich, one of the best is Louis Auchincloss, and his new book, **The House of Five Talents** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50), is his most successful so far.

The title of the book does not indicate that Auchincloss is writing about talented people; rather it is an allusion to the parable of the talents. The man with five talents—the rich man—in the book is one Julius Millinder. But he



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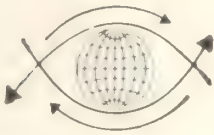
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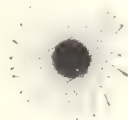
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dies early in the novel, which is told by his granddaughter, Miss Augusta Millinder, now an old lady in her seventies; and she is less interested in the dubious means by which her grandfather amassed his immense fortune than in its effect on his numerous descendants.

At bottom Auchincloss is fascinated by family tyranny, and while family tyranny can and does exist without money, a few million dollars to be disposed of, by dowry or will, certainly help to make it more dramatic. *The House of Five Talents* depicts a series of characters who seem to be too weak and passive to oppose the tyrannizing of their elders but who, when the gates are about to be closed upon them forever, show a sudden and surprising courage that scatters the forces of the tyrant and opens up before them their own freedom. The repetition of this pattern may be a weakness in the book, but Auchincloss manages to give it a good deal of variety nevertheless.

One of the most appealing of the victims of tyranny is the narrator's older sister, Cora, a girl whose great physical beauty seems to mask an almost apathy of character. Her ambitious mother hawks her on the marriage market in New York and Newport for several seasons, but finally Cora takes her marriage in her own hands and even refuses, successfully, to let her mother attend her wedding. Another worm that turns is the narrator's cousin Lucius, who seems to be a young Keats in his asthmatic isolation but is actually mastering the kind of knowledge of financial affairs that he will need, and in time uses, to overcome his absurd, self-righteous, high-handed father.

Auchincloss has tried less for dramatic effect in this than in some of his books. His choice of an old lady as narrator is a happy one, because there is something old-fashioned in his writing, some sympathy with the past, that makes him more at ease in looking at the world through the eyes of an older character. Then too he is at his best not so much when he is trying for the big scenes as when his work is more essayistic—a brooding description of a family portrait by Sargent or the list of an old aunt's favorite topics of conversation. In some of his novels his presentation of characters is so much better than their actions that a reader who believes in them hardly believes in what they do, but in *The House of the Five Talents* they do not have to do very much.

Auchincloss has wit and intelligence and good taste, not necessary attributes of a novelist but nevertheless helpful. He is not overimpressed by the rich; I would guess that he knows people who have money and how they behave a good deal better than most writers who tackle the subject.

He even seems to know that people cannot squabble with each other much more over a hundred million dollars than they can over a

thousand-dollar life-insurance policy, though of course they can hire better lawyers to give their squabbling tone.

#### ANOTHER HOUSE. ANOTHER TIME

**Timothy Dexter Revisited** (Little, Brown, \$6.50) is presumably the last work of the late John P. Marquand. It is not a novel but a rambling set of recollections of his native town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, centered on the career of one Timothy Dexter, a late-eighteenth-century eccentric who started out in life as a poor tanner but became rich and lived in great style in a fantastically ornamented house on the high street and even styled himself "Lord Timothy Dexter."

Marquand had long been interested in Dexter (he published a little book about him thirty-five years ago); and he was obviously a devoted student of Newburyport's past. "Environment," he writes, "is more interesting than the man"; and whether or not he is right in most cases (I think he isn't) it is curious how the environment of the town in which he was born and grew up dominated Marquand's imagination. Like the main character in one of his novels, Newburyport had a "golden past" full of promise; at one time its future looked more brilliant than Boston's, and there are still those who argue that its harbor is superior. Great houses were built there, witnesses to its opulence and hope. But something went out of the town; it became a sleepy sort of place, one of many vaguely north of Boston, a delight to the sociologist (as W. Lloyd Warner's six-volume *Yankee City* series testifies) and to the antiquarian (as shown by the books of Marquand and less distinguished local historians). But where did it all go—the splendor and the promise? That is the question Marquand's novels ask; that is the question Newburyport, or at least Marquand's Newburyport, asks.

Marquand approached the past less as an historian than as an antiquarian. He was not (on the evidence of *Timothy Dexter Revisited*) greatly interested in the reasons for social change; he deplored the split-level development and the heavy traffic that obscured his Newburyport; though he explicitly denies that his book is a "lament for the good old days" that is exactly what it in fact is. He brought to his study of the past a passion for minute details, especially at the grander levels of society, and a vast nostalgia. Like a great many people, he identified himself with the rich and powerful in preceding generations, but he had some good family reasons for doing so.

*Timothy Dexter Revisited* is a very handsome book, illustrated with graceful pen-and-ink drawings by Philip Kappel. The account sometimes verges on the obvious ("death cuts down on continuity," "a dollar . . . went further in Dexter's day than now"), but it will be welcome to readers

## THE NEW BOOKS

of local history and to that very numerous public that looked forward to each of Mr. Marquand's books.

### ABSENCE ELSEWHERE

ABRAM TERTZ is the pseudonym of an otherwise unidentified young Russian writer, and *The Trial Begins* (Pantheon, \$2.95) is his novel about the Russian ruling class in the last year of Stalin's life. It has been smuggled out of Russia where it has not been published.

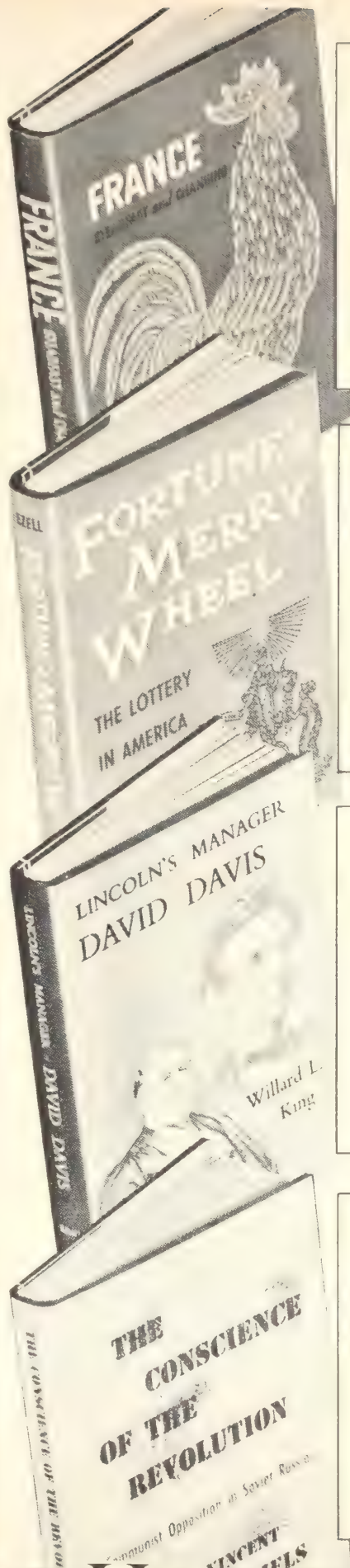
This is a book that will be very highly praised on political grounds, but it is really very thin stuff, not because the author lacks talent (obviously he is very gifted) but because he is trying to write a certain kind of social novel about a society that is too primitive to provide the kind of material he needs for such a book.

One of the main situations in the novel, for instance, involves a father and son. The father is an official of some importance; the son and his girl get mixed up in a vaguely revolutionary movement and the son is arrested, tried, and condemned. Here is a classic situation in literature: a father torn between love and duty, between paternal devotion and official demands. It has often been written about, it will often be written about again, it cannot grow old as long as men are interested in both love and justice, which one would like to think would be forever.

But the father in *The Trial Begins* is nothing but an official. He is too primitive morally to give any adequate voice to the conflict, or even to feel anything over his son's condemnation. An old boar with his head in the trough would feel about as much when one of his piglet descendants was dragged off screaming to market. We need not condemn the boar for his nature, but you can't write a novel about him.

The best character in *The Trial Begins* is the official's wife, stepmother to his son. She is convincingly presented as a woman skillfully exploiting her beauty in a bureaucratic society, but she doesn't amount to much either.

But I repeat: young Tertz, whatever his real name, is a gifted writer. He mercifully condenses long ideological arguments into a few terribly familiar phrases, and he presents



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his book in a surrealist framework which is certainly accomplished, though it may seem less boldly experimental to the Western reader than it does to a Russian writer.

*The Trial Begins* recalls, if faintly, old Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. The relationship between the father of the established regime and the son with new ideas is there in both books; in both there is a fascination with women of a great physical beauty that defeats men but cannot save itself. Yet how rich the emotion that informs Turgenev's pages compared with the paltriness of *The Trial Begins*! This is not to say that good societies produce good books; many a fine novel has grown out of social injustice or indifference or cruelty. But certain kinds of books cannot come out of certain kinds of societies. What would Henry James's novels have been like if he had spent all his life in a lumber camp?

## THE LESS AFFLUENT

R. PRAWER JHABVALA is one of the very best novelists to come out of India since that country achieved independence, and if that gives her only a provincial standing, she can hold her own in any company of novelists now writing in English. Her new book, *The Householder* (Norton, \$3.95), is a very slight novel, but it is everywhere touched with delicacy of feeling, a hovering gentle humor, and tenderness.

The main character is a young man named Prem, who has recently been married to a girl selected by his parents (he had seen her only once before the wedding) and who is holding down his first job, as teacher in a "private college" (nearer to a cram school). For the first time in his life he is a householder, faced with a man's responsibilities, and he is understandably petrified.

Mrs. Jhabvala is good at everything she tries, but rarely has a novelist revealed in kindlier fashion the way in which human beings use money as a symbol to stand between them and their emotions. Young Prem, at the outset of the novel, is terrified at the smallness of the salary and the largeness of his rent, and he devotes a great deal of frustrated ingenuity to plans for increas-

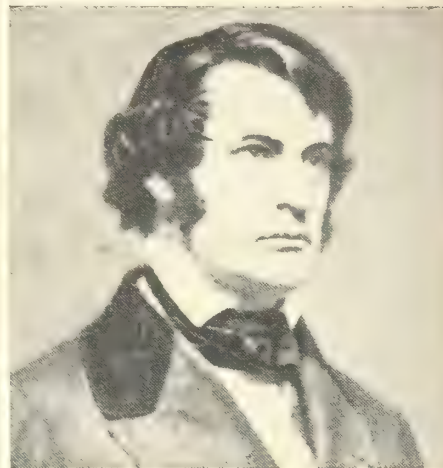
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ing the first and decreasing the second. But gradually, as he becomes better acquainted with his new wife and more accustomed to the idea of the baby that is coming, as he comes to accept his limitations as a teacher, the indifference and incompetence of the students, and the petty autocracy of the college administration, he begins to settle into his economic niche with less and less complaint.

Two sequences of events illustrate Mrs. Jhabvala's gift for loving comedy. One involves a pair of Europeans—a German and an Englishwoman—who have come to India in search of the ancient lore of the mystical East. They take up Prem on the assumption that, since he is Indian, he must be in touch with all kinds of mysteries that are closed to them as mere Westerners, when in fact his mind is occupied with getting a raise, paying the rent, holding onto a job, etc., just like their neighbors' minds back in the Western suburbs they have come from. But they will never believe that he is capable of such mundane concerns, and his most commonplace utterance is greeted as revelation.

The other sequence of events involves Prem's old mother, who comes to pay the newlyweds a visit that turns out to be a little longer than they had wished. This is certainly the classic mother-in-law visit of literature. In the best-bred way imaginable, the old lady manages to find fault with everything, to point out every failure of the young wife, and in general to make herself an unmitigated nuisance. The comedy is heightened by the fact that none of the characters has enough insight to see what is going on, though poor Prem finally catches on enough to write his sister that the oppressive heat in town is wearing poor mother down and please doesn't his sister need a visit from Mama for a while? Sister obediently writes to Mama that her help is imperative in a family crisis, and Mama moves on complacently grumbling about the heavy demands her children make of her.

*The Householder* is a very ingratiating novel.

**The Luck of Ginger Coffey** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$1) is the third novel of the gifted Irish-Canadian

# The Swivel Chair



October 1960 is the iceberg season. And for all the glittering peaks of rhetoric visible on the horizons of newspaper and TV screen there are hidden depths of information well submerged — and more significant. For charting of political straits four new books are essential.

Two are by distinguished historians. **The Politics of Upheaval** by **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.** is the third volume of **The Age of Roosevelt**, a series that has been attracting the most treasured superlatives in the critics' book. *The Saturday Review* said of Volume I, *The Crisis of the Old Order*, "This book clearly launches one of the important historical enterprises of our time." Of *The Coming of the New Deal* Justice William O. Douglas said: "I predict that it will be a classic. It is beautifully written; and the analysis is close and cutting." And an advance reader, John Morton Blum, has said of **The Politics of Upheaval** "The third volume carries forward the great historical project already so well begun. This book commands the complexity, the contradictions, the vibrancy of the New Deal years. His astute judgments and his skillful organization clarify those years. His literary talents, unsurpassed among historians, recreate the richness and the vitality of the period. He is the master of the vignette. Here are incisive portraits of Father Coughlin, Huey Long, Alf Landon, and the New Dealers, too. Here, above all, Franklin Roosevelt moves through history, now indecisive, now grandly constructive, always marvelously alive. This is an indispensable book for all Americans, not just for historians. It is a book no reader will put down before he finishes it. In a grand manner, it recounts a wonderful chapter of the endless adventure of governing men."

History is made, too, by the man at the side of the headliner. Henry Lewis Stimson in the terms of the world he lived for in **Turmoil and Tradition** by historian **Elting Morison**. Stimson served under seven of the eight Presidents from Theodore Roosevelt to

Harry S. Truman. He was Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Governor General of the Philippines, ultimately a



world statesman. His career spanned an extraordinary half century in our political development. His biography is a wise and subtle exploration of American life and society. A prepublication review calls it the "definitive portrait . . . A great man, a 'fort and a foundation stone,' is portrayed with understanding, humor and an immense knowledge."



For several years New Englanders have finished *The Hour's* first martini to turn to one of the most provocative programs on the radio, "**It's Your Business**" by **John Harriman**, financial commentator of the *Boston Globe* and CBS outlet WEEI. He talks about the men behind the shifting tides of world economic power, about the exportation of American jobs, about the new political basis of protectionism; and he talks so well that even the suburban housewife takes time to write him for more. This book is the answer for New England, an introduction to the national audience that he deserves.

**John Kenneth Galbraith** is as widely reviewed in editorial and political columns as he is on the book pages. *The Affluent Society* became a national byword almost as quickly as it became a bestseller, and across the sea Malcolm Muggeridge wrote: "I put it in the same category as Tawney's *The Acquisitive Society* and Keynes's *Economic Consequence of the Peace*. It is unique, witty and inescapable." Now in **The Liberal Hour**, again an immediate bestseller, the critics severally are finding all things for all men. Joseph Alsop, for instance, said of this book: "John Kenneth Galbraith is a tall, sardonic, witty Harvard professor of economics who alarms almost everybody. He alarms other economics professors because he obstinately writes the English language, which is held to be grossly immoral in every proper economics department. He alarms liberals because he is not mushily humanitarian, in the fashionable left-wing way. But above all, he alarms conservatives . . . If reading books were not becoming such an out-of-date pastime, the simplest remedy for these nightmares would be to read what Galbraith has written."

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## THE NEW BOOKS

writer Brian Moore. His first, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, remains his best, and the new book is not, I regret to say, much good.

The main character is a great big bundle of sagging middle-aged Irish charm named, as my more intelligent readers may already have guessed, Ginger Coffey. Ginger has dragged his long-suffering wife and pubescent daughter out of their native Ireland to Canada, in the hope that there his career will come closer to matching his grandiose ambitions than it did back home. It doesn't. The l.-s. wife and p. daughter have just as much to put up with as they ever did, except that the wife acquires a gentleman admirer who tries to help them. In the end Ginger has a job, but more through his creator's kindness than because of any gifts he has to offer even an economy as thriving as Canada's.

All this is very harsh. Moore writes with wit and vigor, and the incidental picture of the new Canadian immigrants and of Canadian commerce is excellent. But somehow he presents his central character as such a monument of triviality that the reader cannot feel any concern about what happens to him. This has nothing to do with his being poor and out of work; Judith Hearne in Moore's first book, was an alcoholic old maid, almost hopeless, and yet she remains a character of great pathos. Ginger Coffey just doesn't achieve that status, or anything like it. Too bad.

THOMAS MANN

RECENTLY there have appeared three small but pleasant books about Thomas Mann. One is a brief autobiography, called *A Sketch of My Life* (Knopf, \$3.50), which Mann originally wrote in 1930, on the occasion of his winning the Nobel Prize, but which has not before been available except in a very limited edition. Another is by his daughter, Monika Mann, *Past and Present* (St. Martin's Press, \$1); and the third is *Thomas Mann: Letters to Paul Amann*, edited by Herbert Wegener (Wesleyan University Press, \$3.75). All three books seem to be well translated—the *Sketch* by H. T. Lowe-Porter, *Past and Present* by Frances F. Reid and Ruth Hein, and

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the *Letters* by Richard and Clara Winston.

The three books together are a useful corrective to what is now perhaps the prevalent image of Mann, at least among younger American readers, who tend to see him as very much the public figure—as one of those men whom time turns slowly into institutions with opinions on all subjects, like G. B. Shaw or Bernard Baruch. But in these books we see something of the personal, private Mann behind the sometimes too-Goethe-like public stance.

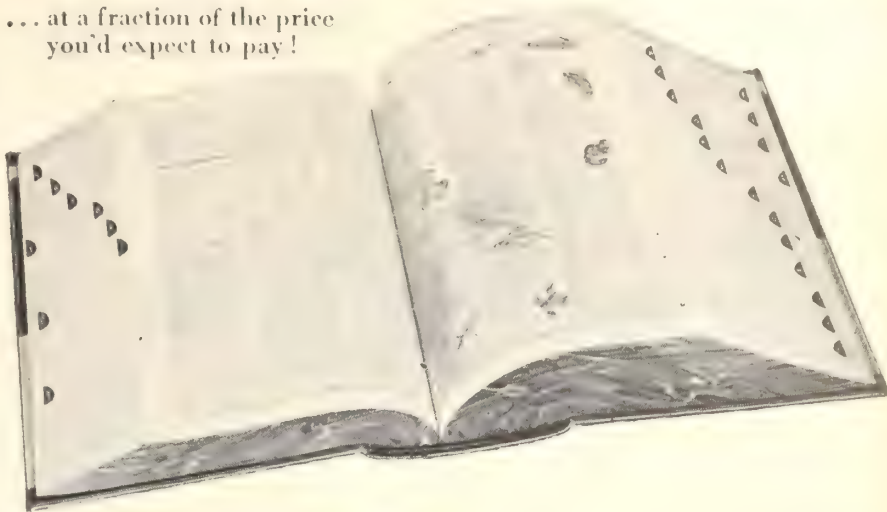
Oddly enough, the autobiographical *Sketch* is the least personal, the most official of the three. But even here there is one passage of strong private feeling, where Mann writes of the death of his sisters (both were suicides), and another of more than usual interest where he discusses the influence that Nietzsche and Schopenhauer had on him. This passage will fascinate any student of literature, because Mann discusses how earlier writers can influence a younger writer without his necessarily adopting their ideas. I am sure that such influences are common, but they are difficult for the student to grasp, and Mann makes his point with conviction and grace. In fact, all of the *Sketch* is very graceful in tone, though it does not add very much to what is generally known about Mann's life.

MONIKA MANN'S *Past and Present* is an intensely personal book, less about her father than herself, though he is frequently present as a gentle, quiet figure in the background of her childhood and since. Probably there is no new fact about him in the book, indeed there is hardly a fact of any kind in it, but there is an extraordinarily charming picture of family life, a far cry from the picture of German family life that most of us have if we have grown up on Freud, or for that matter on the works of Thomas Mann.

Miss Mann has that kind of feminine sensibility that all too often dissolves into quivering sensitivity, but happily her pages always stay safely this side of the gelatinous. Many of her best passages concern her own life, which like most people's has not been all bliss unalloyed; especially moving is an

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(\**Chicago Tribune*) \$4.50

MACMILLAN

## THE NEW BOOKS

account of how she was wrecked at sea during the second world war. In the same wreck her lover was lost.

MANN'S *Letters to Paul Amann* are personal in quite a different way. The significant ones were written during the first world war—the correspondence was resumed in the 'thirties and continued in a desultory way for the rest of Mann's life, but the later letters are little more than a famous man's gestures of politeness. But during the war the correspondence had teeth in it, because Mann was desperately trying to work out a position that reconciled his loyalty to the German state with his respect for international culture.

Amann, his correspondent, seems to have been a child of the Enlightenment (only one of his letters is printed). He served with the Austrian army and returned to the trenches again and again, but apparently he saw France as the true home of advanced ideas, of revolution, of what the world needed. Mann was more skeptical; in spite of a few aberrations in his later political utterances he must have been a profoundly conservative man,

and he was not at all sure that an eighteenth-century revolution necessarily put France in the vanguard in the twentieth century, or that revolution was what the world needed.

Mann's chief work of non-fiction in the period of the first war—a book usually referred to as *Reflections of a Nonpolitical Man*—has never, I believe, been translated into English. Therefore these *Letters* are particularly valuable in giving us an insight into the course his thought took during those years. But surely the time has come when there is enough sympathy with conservative, non-revolutionary thought, so that *The Reflections* could now be published.

The *Letters* are handsomely printed and edited with a massive pedantry usually reserved for Holy Writ. Some deletions have been made at the request of Mann's widow; such acts of misplaced conjugal piety usually lead a reader to suppose that the deleted passages contain something far more incriminating than they in fact do. It is reassuring to observe how much of the letters of the great, like those of lesser men, are made up of complaints about bad health.

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

André Gide once said about a novel of Céline's: "It is not reality which Céline paints but the hallucinations which reality provokes. I find here the accents of a remarkable sensibility." Two first novels have just appeared to which somewhat the same remarks would apply.

*The Peacock Eye*, by Lewis Lusardi.

As the book opens, sometime after the first world war and before the second, Adrienne Lescamp, seven years old, a peasant girl in the south of France, is listening at the door as her mother dies in childbirth. Her father is already dead. Her uncle

comes to live at the farm, rapes her on her sixteenth birthday, and then leaves when he finds she is pregnant. She loses the child. The only living creature with whom she can wholly identify herself is an enormous wild dog, as big as a pony, which she has raised after finding him newborn in a cave when his mother and father had been killed. The dog's place in her life after she seduces a rich young man studying for the priesthood, marries him, and takes over the management of his magnificent Poularde plum orchards, is really the heart of this Gothic tale. It is violent, mad, macabre, and evil, but there is beauty in it too, sought after by Adrienne all

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

her life and symbolized for her in the recurring image of the peacock feather from the tail of a gypsy's bird. There is also growth, and finally redemption of a sort, and I was fascinated from first to last. The young author was born and educated in England but is now a citizen of the United States.

Scribner, \$3.95

**It Had Been a Mild Delicate Night,** by Tom Kave.

Even before its English publication this book by a young Englishman now teaching educational sociology at the University of Ghana, has made history. It was bought by an English publisher but suppressed before it appeared because the editors felt that some of its "experimentations" were too daring. However it was translated into Swedish and was greeted in Sweden with exorbitant praise. Now it is being published here and in England simultaneously. Written in poetic prose and laced with bits of poetry plain, it is the story of a wholly self-centered, self-preening, rich, and beautiful London wife, and a satyr-like bum whom she first sees relieving himself in the gutter. From that moment he pursues her doggedly, gaily, surely, wherever she goes. She is an art critic too, so that her soliloquies and her conversations with her friends during the mad chase across London—it all happens in one day—are a wonderful mixture of false highbrow sophistication and dead giveaway on both intellectual and sexual levels—sheer mischief on the author's part. Well, it's quite a story and one can understand those editors' qualms. But its pace and style are distinctly memorable; its meanings subtle and worth pursuing. It seems to me there is an unusual talent at work here and that the Swedish editors and now Abelard-Schuman have made the only possible decision about the publication of what they call this "modern allegory."

Abelard-Schuman, \$2.95

**A Number of Things,** by Honor Tracy.

Some books can be swallowed in gulps, the nourishment of the plot being what one is after. In this book the delicate—or sharp—taste of



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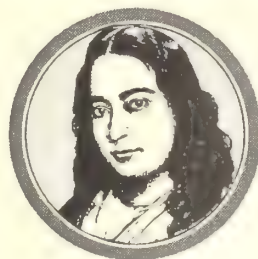
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

every sentence is the delicious satisfaction, though the plot is pretty miraculous too. A young Englishman of twenty-four writes what he thinks is a funny novel and the London critics take him seriously. He is sent by a "progressive" magazine as their correspondent to Trinidad where his adventures with the local primitive-culture-mongers are hilariously disastrous. Nor does anyone along the way escape Miss Tracy's sharp tongue and eye: do-gooders of all types, officials in Government House, big corporations, phony literary conventions and literary lights, and Americans who "distributed Life Savers to a crowd of naked boys with their national air of being permanently engaged in relief work." And it all builds up to a brilliant and satisfying climax. Good-natured but distinctly not unbarbed satire.

Random House, \$3.95

**Taps at Reveille**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

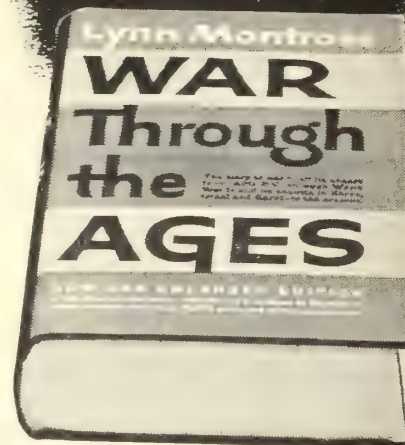
Never were "lives of quiet desperation" better understood or more tenderly revealed than in the stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Funny and heartbreaking, brilliant and sad, here is the last book of them published in his lifetime. With *Flappers and Philosophers* and *Six Tales of the Jazz Age*, this third volume makes a complete collection of all his short stories—all in pleasant and identical new format. Five of them in this book are about Basil Duke Lee (how the misery of the school-boy Basil Lee and that of Salinger's Holden Caulfield communicate across a quarter century!); three are about Josephine. These, with "Crazy Sunday" and "Babylon Revisited," make up ten of the eighteen titles included here. Their vitality is timeless.

Scribner, \$4.50

**The Faces of Blood Kindred**, by William Goyen.

*Harper's* readers will be interested in a new book of short stories by the author of the prize-winning novel, *The House of Breath*. It includes ten short stories (among them "The Armadillo Basket" which we published) and a novella called "A Tale of Inheritance." Nearly all of them are about the South even

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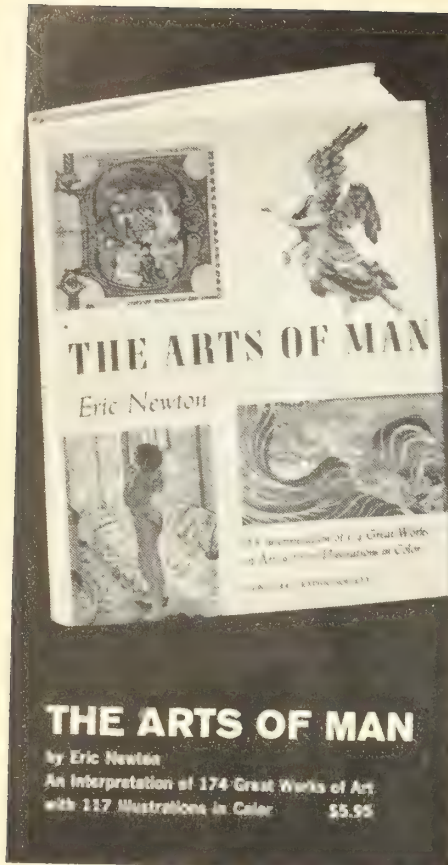
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

when the immediate setting is actually Rome ("Old Wildwood") or Third Avenue ("The Moss Rose")—tales of the South eerily remembered from time past, with an atmosphere all their own.

Little, Brown, \$3.50

## NON-FICTION

**My Royal Past: The Memoirs of Baroness Von Bülop**, as told to Cecil Beaton.

This is a glorious spoof—in pictures and text—on all royal memoirs. It was first published in 1939 and has now been revised. A few items from the chapter headings read: "A Daughter of Thunder and Lightning," "Day Dreams," "Snobbery at Court," "I am Mobbed," "I Box the Grand Duke's Ears." A formal list of Errata include such notations as:

Page 107, line 9: For "Grand Duchess" read "Grand Duke."

Page 190, line 5: For "Infanta Therese" read "Enfants Terribles."

Page 210, line 7: For "technician" read "tic nerveuse."

The photographs, which are just as light-hearted and heavy-handed, have, as one would expect from Mr. Beaton, a style and near-elegance all their own. There is much here to remind one of the spirit of Osbert Lancaster's *Lady Littlehampton*, and if I'm not greatly mistaken it's the young Osbert himself gazing out from under that plume opposite page 86. Fine nonsense.

John Day, \$5

**The Neutral Spirit: A Portrait of Alcohol**, by Berton Roueché.

This is a somewhat expanded version of the much-discussed articles which appeared recently in *The New Yorker*. Here, written by a first-class medical reporter and witty observer, are history, mythology, psychology, and the most up-to-date medical opinions on this long-standing friend and problem of the human race.

Little, Brown, \$3.50

**Viva Vamp**, by Paul Flora. Poetical Salute by Ogden Nash.

The author of the text in this book, however good, has to play a minor role, for the main attraction, willy-nilly, is the photography—photographs of the great Hollywood



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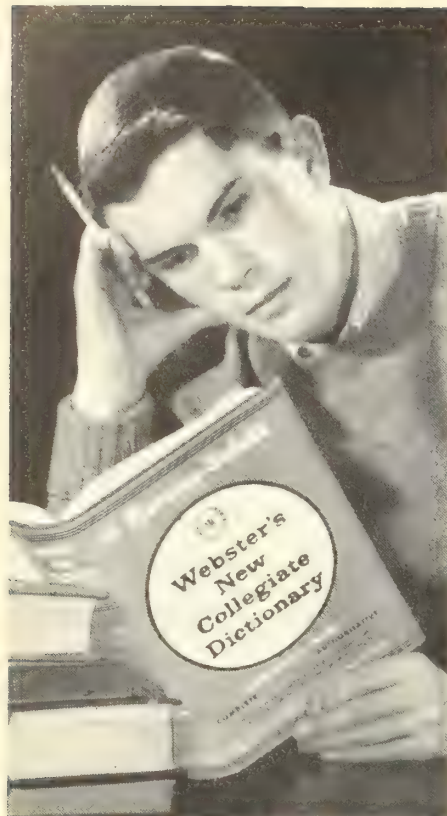
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

vamps "from Theda Bara to Marilyn Momoe." What a sultry, luscious lot those early "sireens" were—which is not to disparage the modern bevy. But as Ogden Nash indicates in his "Salute," itself a winsome thing:

The vintage vamp was serpentine.  
Was madder music and stronger wine.  
She ate her bedazzled victims whole.  
Body and bank account and soul.

McKay, \$2.95

And it's an easy matter to slide right from the history of vamps into Zsa Zsa Gabor, *My Story, Written for Me* by Gerold Frank.

World, \$3.95

**A Minority: A Report on the Life of the Male Homosexual in Great Britain**, by Gordon Westwood.

Gordon Westwood, a Cambridge Doctor of Psychology, was appointed by the British Social Biology Council to make a study of male homosexuality and its social implications in England. In this book he not only gives the results of his interviews with more than 100 homosexuals, but also describes the difficulties of carrying on the research at all because of social attitudes reflected in foundations, trusts, and even hospital committees. Sir John Wolfenden of the now well-known Wolfenden Committee says in his introduction: "On such patient work as Mr. Westwood's depends our coming to a closer understanding of the problem, and, in due time, our solving it." The sociological jargon is pretty dreadful but the fact-finding is undoubtedly as careful and valuable as Sir John says it is.

Longmans, \$7

## FORECAST

**War That Will Not Let Us Go**

Of course it's the Centennial, but even so the number of Civil War books scheduled by only a few publishers in the space of a few months is downright daunting.

A collection of stories of personalities, events, legends, and anecdotes has been put together by Burke Davis in a book called *Our Incredible Civil War* which Holt, Rinehart and Winston will publish in October. The same month will



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# Harper's

magazine

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and the Ignored Lesson of the  
Concentration Camps

A psychiatrist and former inmate of Buchenwald asks why millions of Nazi victims died passively without resisting—and gives some disturbing answers.

By Dr. Bruno Bettelheim

AMERICA AND THE THEATRE  
A Conversation with Arthur Miller

The famous playwright speaks out forcefully on a wide range of subjects from Senator McCarthy to Tennessee Williams.

By Henry Brandon

PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT  
ENOUGH

Censorship isn't as rigorously puritan as it was a few years ago, but that doesn't mean that the millennium of sexual enlightenment is at hand.

By Eric Larrabee

TEXAS PUTS ITS BRAND  
ON WASHINGTON

Not as big as Texas but gaudier and almost as expensive, the New Washington architecture is a neo-classic monument to some pretty baroque legislators.

By Karl E. Meyer

THE HUNGARIANS'  
CONQUEST OF AMERICA

A paradoxical portrait of the devious—and charming—expatriates who have turned exile into triumph, through mastery of all the fine (and useful) arts, from paprika cookery to nuclear research.

By Simon Bourgin

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

see the publication of *The Tragic Years, 1860-1865*, by Earl Schenck Miers and Paul M. Angle a "massive (1,120 pages) history of the Civil War drawn from contemporary sources" from Simon & Schuster; two from Random House—*Journey to Shiloh*, by Will Henry, and *Tales, Legends, and Folklore of the Civil War*, edited by B. A. Botkin; one from John Day, *With Sherman to the Sea, A Drummer's Story of the Civil War*, as related by Corydon Edward Foote to Olive Deane Hommel; a distinguished contribution from Knopf which Walt Whitman had intended to do for his own publisher years ago *Walt Whitman's Civil War*, a collection of his own reports of war experiences as nurse, journalist, and letter writer, edited now by Walter Lowenfels. And on the very last day of October American Heritage will publish and Doubleday will distribute *The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War*—836 pictures and a monumental 60,000-word narrative by, of course, Bruce Catton. It is not surprising that the original print order has been set at 375,000 copies.

So much for October. In November from McGraw-Hill will come *Jubal's Raid*, by Frank Vandiver whose *Mighty Stonewall* was a choice of both the History Book Club and the Civil War Book Club. And Holt, Rinehart and Winston will present the first of a three-volume narrative history, *The Civil War at Sea: January 1861-March 1862: The Blockaders*, by Virgil Carrington Jones. Obviously, the end is not yet.

### Novels Headed for Broadway?

Richard Bissell, who gave us *7½ Cents* and *Say, Darling*, has a new one coming from Little, Brown on October 18. It is called *Good Bye, Ava* (not to be confused with *Ava* by David Hanna which Putnam is publishing, also in October). And Patrick Dennis, who invented *Auntie Mame*, will start off the new year at Farrar, Straus & Cudahy under his alias "Virginia Rowans" with *Love and Mrs. Sargent*. As both new books are said to be romantic and hilarious it probably won't take them long to get out of the covers and onto the boards.

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Since its first publication in 1958, after nine years of preparation, the impact of this book on world opinion has fully justified the conviction of the authors that the need for a plan such as this must be recognized by anyone in any nation who is interested in the problem of attaining peace — which means almost everyone everywhere. In the months ahead, there will be translations of this edition into French, German, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian, and Swedish, with translations of the general Introduction into Arabic, Chinese, Italian, Japanese, and Polish.

*The authors: Grenville Clark, a lawyer since 1906, received in 1959 the Gold Medal of the American Bar Association for service to American jurisprudence, and has been engaged in the study of world peace since 1939.*

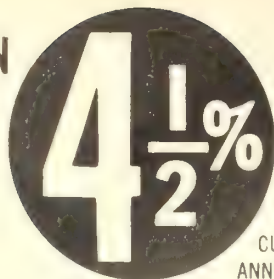
*Louis B. Sohn was a legal officer in the U.N. Secretariat, and since 1951 has been a Professor at the Harvard Law School where he gives courses in "United Nations Law" and "Problems of World Order."*

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# MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

## NEW WORLDS OF SOUND

*Now that the twelve-tone scale has stopped sounding wild (almost) . . . here comes music in particles.*

The past months have been unusually rich in recordings of twentieth-century music. Through them, any inquisitive listener can, if he wishes, trace some of the seminal forces. A very fine disc to start the survey would be Columbia MS 6'03, which contains music by the three major expressionists—Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. (It was almost inevitable that this would be a Columbia disc. Of all the major companies Columbia is by far most aware of what is going on in the world, and a good number of the discs discussed below will be Columbias.) Webern of course—and to a lesser degree Schoenberg and Berg—is the hero of the current *avant-garde* of dodecaphonists (a fancy word for twelve-tone composers). His influence today is strong enough to have swept Stravinsky into the twelve-tone orbit; and Stravinsky himself is one of the century's seminal forces. The post-Webern dodecaphonists control the international scene and have even extended their influence into electronic music.

On this disc, conducted by Robert Craft, are Schoenberg's *Five Pieces*

for Orchestra (1909); Berg's *Altenburg Lieder* for soprano and orchestra (1912), with Bethany Beardslee as soloist; and Webern's *Five Pieces for String Orchestra* (originally composed for string quartet in 1909 and revised for string orchestra in 1929). Dissonant and unconventional as all of this music is, it is surprising how much its idiom has penetrated. Many conservative listeners will regard these scores with horror; and yet music very close to it, in texture and thematic substance, is heard every day in the films and on TV programs. And there nobody lifts an eyebrow, except possibly to praise the composer for a brilliant example of "background music."

The point is that it is easier to sneer at the music of these three atonalists than it is to dismiss it. In any case, the music is not really as wild as it sounds. The roots go right back to Wagner and Mahler, especially in these three pieces, none of which is in strict twelve-tone technique. Any listener who can adjust his sights away from the nineteenth century, and listen (and re-listen) to these three significant scores, should end up with a good concept not only of the scores in question but of an important segment of music written today.

A composer who really *is* wild is Edgar Varèse. Back in the 1920s, Varèse was experimenting with a world of pure sound; and some of his most famous scores have been assembled on a Columbia disc (MS 6146) conducted by Craft. These include *Ionization* (1931) for percussion orchestra; *Density 21.5* (1936), *Intégrales* (1926), *Octandre* and *Hyperprism* (both 1924), and the *Poème électronique*, composed on magnetic tape for last year's Brussels World's Fair.

The importance of Varèse is the linkage with the electronic com-



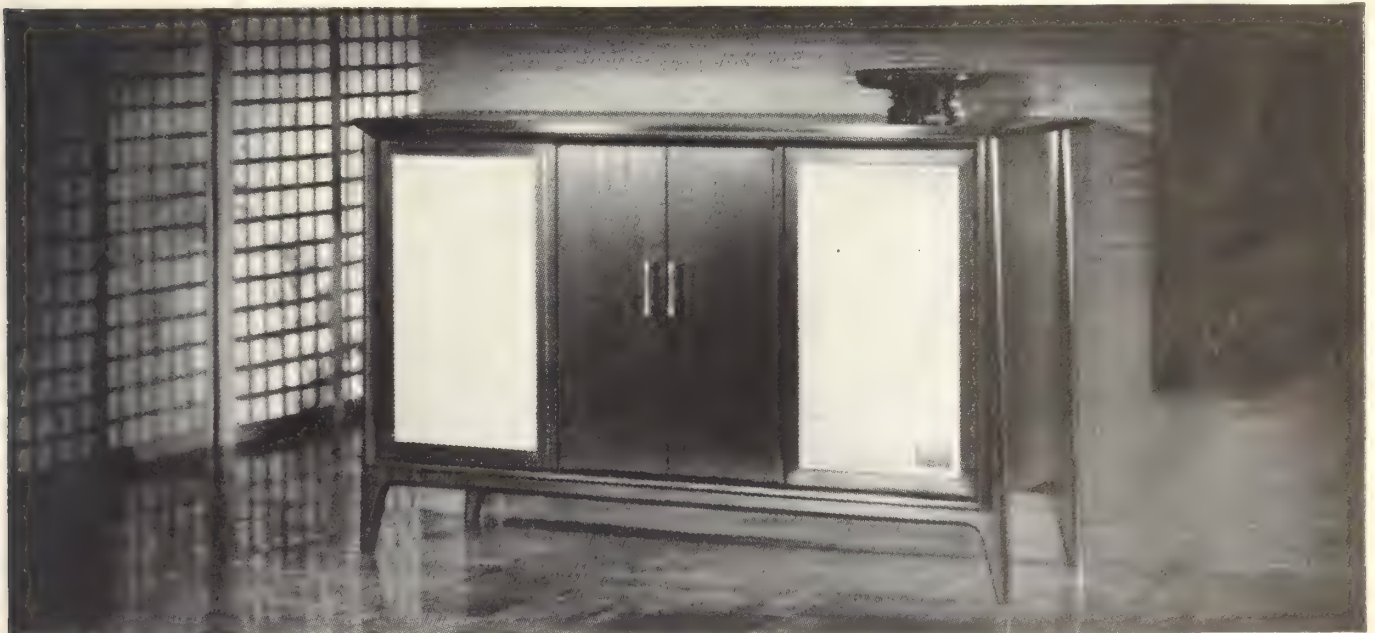
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**GOUDON:** *Faust* Nicolai Gedda, Victoria de los Angeles, Boris Christoff. André Cluytens conducting. 4 records. (S) GDR 7154

**MASSNET:** *Manon* Victoria de los Angeles, Henri Legay, Pierre Monteux conducting. 4 records. GDR 7171

**PUCCINI:** *Madame Butterfly* Victoria de los Angeles, Giuseppe di Stefano, Tito Gobbi. 3 records. GCR 7137

**PUCCINI:** *Suor Angelica* Victoria de los Angeles, Fedora Barbieri, Tullio Serafin conducting. One-act opera, complete on 1 record. G 7115

**PUCCINI:** *Gianni Schicchi* Tito Gobbi, Victoria de los Angeles, Gabriele Santini conducting. One-act opera, complete on 1 record. (S) GAR 7179

**ROSSINI:** *The Barber of Seville* Gino Bechi, Victoria de los Angeles, Nicola Monti, Tullio Serafin conducting. 3 records. GCR 7138

**VERDI:** *Simon Boccanegra* Tito Gobbi, Boris Christoff, Victoria de los Angeles, Gabriele Santini conducting. 3 records. GCR 7126

All include line-by-line bi-lingual libretto.  
Prefix S indicates stereo version available.



## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

posers, a linkage that was his own creation. With Varèse comes the breakup of music into tonal particles. Despite its air of anarchy, it really is very carefully organized music: and in the *Poème électronique* his music comes to fruition, for this is what he has been aiming at all these years. For in effect he composed electronic music in the days when there were no electronics, and now that electronics are a reality, he has taken advantage of the new science. The *Poème électronique* is music that will be exciting, amusing, or ridiculous, depending upon how you look at it. It may not even be music. But it surely is organized sound capable of creating an emotional reaction in the listener. And it is an art that is very much a part of our time.

### He Snapped His Fingers

A third seminal force is Béla Bartók, a composer who created no school as such but whose rhythmic formulae have passed into the language. Several Bartók scores have recently been recorded—the *Concerto for Orchestra*, with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia MS 6140); the *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*, in a recording by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony (Victor LSC 2374) and also one by Ernest Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London CS 6159); and the one-act opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hertha Topper, and the Berlin Radio Symphony conducted by Ferenc Fricsay (Decca Deutsche Grammophon 138030).

Bartók, who died in New York in 1945, represents Hungarian nationalism expressed in ultramodern terms. But this thin, small, aesthetic-looking man was anything but a picture-post-card nationalist. He composed some of the most savage music of the twentieth century. Chopin, referring to a late Beethoven quartet, once wrote with admiration: "He snaps his fingers at the whole world." So did Bartók, with his uncompromising, dissonant, complex music. The *Concerto for Orchestra*, a late (1943) work, is one of the few scores that does not have this quality of savagery; and conservative listeners will find that it

# HOW TO JUDGE A DEBATE

To choose between debaters, it's well to be close up front, where you'll find the American electorate this fall—close to the candidates, close to the issues—and close to their television sets.

They will sit as a jury of 90 million with no rules but their own as to how to judge the challenge and response, the claim and counterclaim, the rebuttal and surrebuttal—and all the shades of language, gesture, inflection, and stress.

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There is no more revealing test than the unrehearsed tussle of debate that places rivals in the same setting, forces commitments on the same issues, surrounds them with the same pressures. And now, through its own initiative, television brings the illumination of debate to a whole electorate, fluoroscoping character, personality, meaning, and intention.

Says James Reston of *The New York Times*: "... these unprecedented confrontations may do more than any other campaign appearances to determine the outcome of the election." And Roscoe Drummond of the *New York Herald Tribune* comments that they "should make the most vibrant, engrossing, dramatic Presidential campaign in memory (and) do more to bring voters to the polls than all the get-out-the-vote exhortation of fifty years."

**And who will win?** Principally, the American voter. He will take part in an exciting extension of the democratic process—casting his ballot with more insight and information than any voter in the past.

Today, while opening a forum to a nation, television is also theatre, lecture hall, place of worship, newsroom, museum, classroom, sports arena—for the enjoyment and self-fulfillment of unprecedented millions.



## IN OCTOBER

### A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Central A.T. Time)

#### "Love In America"

Art Carney stars in a satire on various aspects of l'amour Americain.

Sunday, October 2 (9-10 PM)

#### "The Plausible Impossible"

Walt Disney explores the way fantastic things are made rational in art and literature.

Sunday, October 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

#### "The Year of the Polaris"

The story of the nation's newest weapon, the submarine launched missile, Polaris on CBS Reports.

Tuesday, October 11 (8-9 PM)

#### "Story of Adolph Eichmann"

Dramatization of the life and capture of the notorious Nazi.

Wednesday, October 12 (10-11 PM)

#### "The Money Raisers"

A documentary on where your money goes when you donate to fund-raising campaigns, on "Closeup."

Thursday, October 13 (10:30-11 PM)

#### "The Cold Woman"

A study of frigidity; first of a series: "Special For Women."

Friday, October 14 (4-5 PM)

#### "Yellowstone Bear Country"

Disney films of the life of the black bears in our oldest and largest National Park.

Sunday, October 16 (6:30-7:30 PM)

#### "All Star Circus"

Video-taped at the famous Cirkus Schumann in Copenhagen, special telecast for children of all ages.

Friday, October 21 (9-10 PM)

#### "The Right Man"

Garry Moore is host in a historical revue of presidential campaigns told in music, dramatic vignettes and film.

Monday, October 24 (8:30-9:30 PM)

#### "John Brown's Raid"

Drama of the historic raid, taped on location at Harper's Ferry.

Tuesday, October 25 (10-11 PM)

#### "Shangri-La"

The James Hilton "Lost Horizon" story. A play with music.

Monday, October 24 (9:30-11 PM)

#### "The Thinking Machine"

Cybernetics, the relationship between men and machines. First of new series of one-hour special programs, "Tomorrow" on the Age of Technology.

Wednesday, October 26 (10-11 PM)

#### "Our American Heritage"

Story of young America with Ralph Bellamy as Thomas Jefferson.

Thursday, October 27 (7:30-8:30 PM)

#### "The Three Musketeers"

First of six two-hour dramatic specials based on the great novels—presented on successive nights in two installments.

Friday, October 28 and

Saturday, October 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

### REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays: CBS Television Workshop  
College News Conference  
Ed Newman Reporting  
Face the Nation  
Meet the Press  
Open Hearing  
The Twentieth Century

Mondays: Presidential Countdown

Thursdays: Person to Person

Fridays: Eyewitness to History

Saturdays: Campaign Roundup  
World Wide 60

Mon-Fri: Continental Classroom

**NOTE:** Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.



is a good introduction to his music.

A greater score, however, is the *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*. The opening movement is a sort of twentieth-century counterpart to the opening of Beethoven's *Quartet in C sharp Minor*, and the second movement opens a new world of sound and meter. Reiner's performance is preferred here. Not only is his conducting more precise and incisive, but he fills out the disc with another Bartók work, the *Hungarian Sketches*. This seems more reasonable as a filler than Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*, arranged for string orchestra, which Ansermet has chosen.

*Bluebeard's Castle* is a rarity. An early work and, for Bartók, quite traditional in harmony, it is intense, dark-colored, and has some exceedingly lovely sections. This disc is very much worth owning, especially in the admirable performance of Fischer-Dieskau and Topper. I do not think that America has ever seen a staged version of this opera—still another reason for obtaining the disc, for it does not appear that any production is in the offing, and this is the only way one can become familiar with the remarkable score.

### *The Shock Wears Off*

Serge Prokofieff is generally regarded as one of the major composers of the century. But one wonders how much of his work is going to survive. In the 1920s, he was the age-of-steel composer the ironic, brilliant virtuoso of the piano and of the orchestra. His music had terrific shock value, and that perhaps is its main trouble. One can be shocked just so many times, and then anesthesia sets in. Did Prokofieff have emotional warmth to support the surface brilliance of his music? His admirers say that he

did, but I am inclined to doubt it.

His *Fourth Symphony*, which has recently been recorded by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia MS 6154), is a case in point. It illustrates a composer where style has developed into mannerism. How many times has one heard the identical harmonies and melodies in other Prokofieff works! (This is ignoring the fact that much of the *Fourth Symphony* comes from the ballet *L'enfant prodigue*; for the purpose of argument, the ballet and symphony can be considered one work.) It is not his fault that all of the current crop of Soviet composers, from Shostakovich down, have aped his mannerism to a point where, when we hear a Prokofieff score, we seem to be hearing self-caricature. But the seeds were there from the very beginning.

### *Milhaud's Habit*

Another composer who was highly considered in the 1920s, but whose music probably will be out of the repertoire next generation, is Darius Milhaud. Again here was a composer whose polyrhythms and polytonalities had initial shock value. Now nobody is shocked. Milhaud continues to compose prolifically, and he gets his share of recordings. Typical of his music is *The Four Seasons*, a quartet of concertinos for various instrumental combinations dating from 1934 to 1953. On Epic BC 1069 the composer leads musicians from the Lamoureux Orchestra in this work. The music is facile, empty, and glib. Sophistication it has; but of charm, melodic inspiration, or originality of idea one looks in vain; and the prevailing impression is of a skilled composer who writes music from force of habit rather than because he has anything to say.

## AND ALSO . . .

Bartók: Piano Concertos Nos. 2 and 3. Gyorgy Sandor and Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna conducted by Michael Gielen. Vox 11490 (mono); 511490 (stereo).

No. 3 is the popular one. No. 2 is dissonant, nationalistic, bracing, with terrific rhythmic propulsion. Good performances, clear sound.

Duparc: Songs. Hélène Bouvier, soprano; Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. Pathe DIX 278 (mono).

Virtually all of Duparc's great songs, all among the treasures of the song literature, are contained on this disc. Bouvier is a stylish and sensitive singer who brings out the subtle inflections of the music. Highly recommended.

# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

## THE HARD WAY

No one particularly likes the idea of "schools" in jazz. The names are false as soon as they are applied. Later they get tangled in irrelevancies, and have to be replaced by some equally meaningless label. For the labeling is inevitable—a part of the process of self-definition that jazz involves, as necessary to it as the word "jazz" itself.

The quick turnover of terms was first accelerated by the phonograph, which made all the styles totally available, and then by the acquisition of a supposed public for jazz, which made all the musicians totally vulnerable. Now they have to behave as though the whole world were listening, though in fact it is not, and keep innovating to satisfy the assumed demand. Is there any other intellectual's art in which the performer assumes such a low threshold of boredom on the part of the consumer?

These somber thoughts are prompted by the records below, most of which could be allocated without too great injustice to the category known variously as post-bop, neo-bop, or—most durably—"hard bop," an evolution in contemporary jazz which has attempted to extend the bebop revolution while restoring to it some of the emotional power of a traditional style. The result hits the modern ear with the same lashing intensity that Parker and Gillespie had before we got used to them.

All of which can be heard in the music, though it seems a pity to saddle the musicians with the obligation to escape from another stereotype in order to be heard. Already some of the "hard boppers" have broken away and established a new name for being "warmer" or "more melodic" or whatever words are necessary to put on the package and make it recognizable. Sometimes you wonder if there isn't a simpler system.

**The Hard Swing.** The Jazz Messengers, Chet Baker Quintet, Pepper Adams Quintet, etc. World Pacific JWC-508. Chet Baker in New York. Riverside RLP 12-281. "Pretty for the People." Arranged by A. K. Salim. Savoy MG 12118. Critics' Choice. Pepper Adams Quintet. World Pacific PJM-407. **I Swing for You.** Lenny Niehaus. EmArcy MG 36118. **Hard Driving Jazz.** The Cecil Taylor Quintet. United Artists UAL 4014. **Looking Ahead!** The Cecil Taylor Quartet. Contemporary M 3562. **The Jackie McLean Quintet.** Jubilee JLP-1064. **Music from "The Connection."** Freddie Redd Quartet, with Jackie McLean. Blue Note 4027.

# The Crisis in American Medicine

*a special supplement of*

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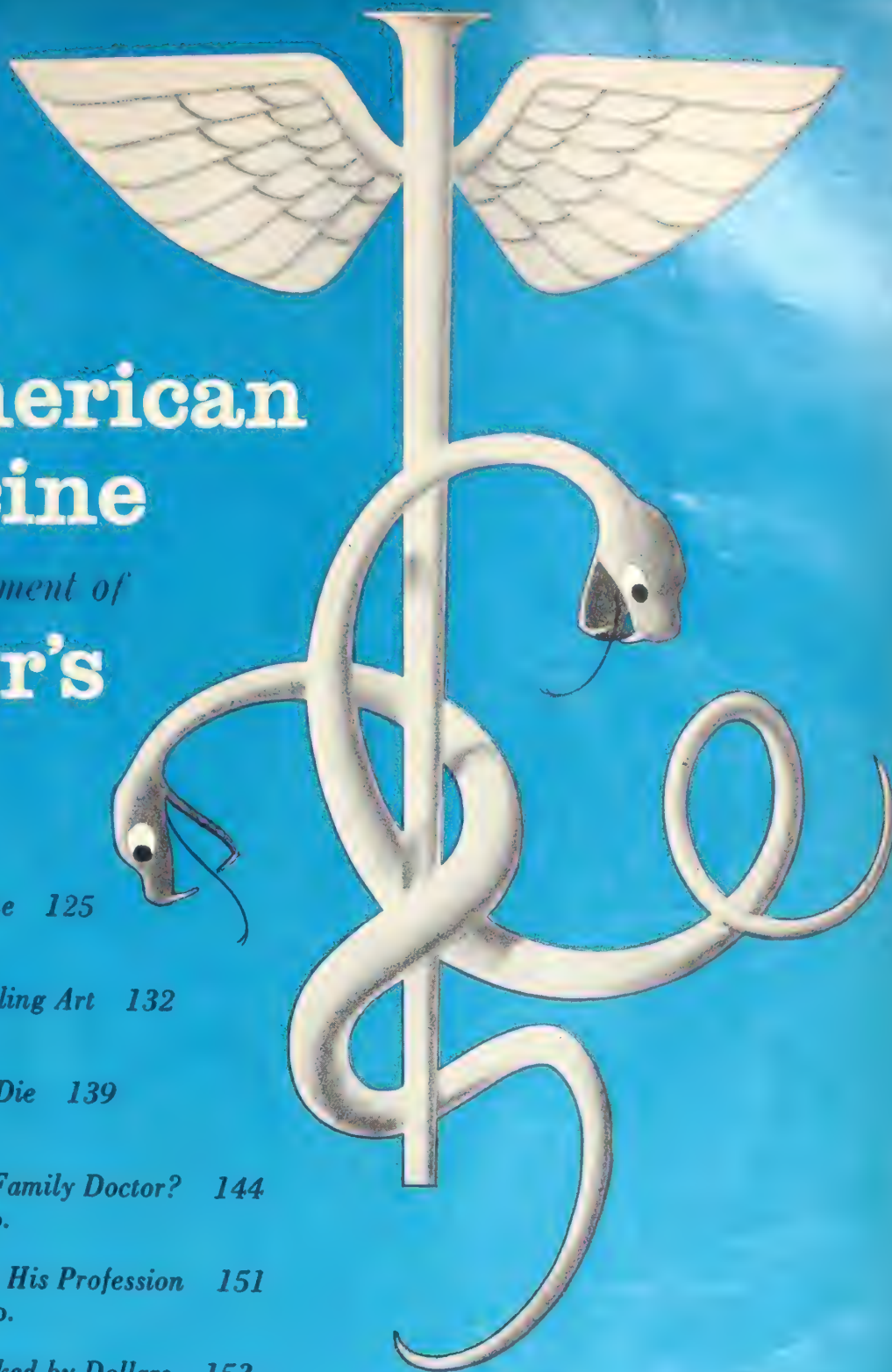
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AND SHIRLEY BURKE





Ben Shahn

**FOREWORD:** *Contradictory as they may sound, these two statements probably would be accepted by most Americans:*

- 1. American medicine is the best in the world.*
- 2. Millions of people are bitterly dissatisfied with the medical care they are getting.*

*The first proposition is hardly open to argument. Reports on new wonder drugs, new methods of life-saving surgery, Nobel Prize awards to American medical scientists are becoming almost commonplace. Eminent people from all corners of the world—including Sir Anthony Eden and Arab princes—come to America for treatment, as they once went to Berlin or Vienna.*

*The second proposition, however, has been stubbornly denied by a large part of the medical profession. Your own doctor, in all likelihood, will tell you that most Americans are perfectly satisfied with our traditional system of medical care, and that any suggestions for change are either hare-brained or subversive.*

*In recent months, this argument has begun to sound less and less convincing. Even some physicians—the more thoughtful ones—are now beginning to admit that something seems to be very wrong indeed. For example . . .*

*Why are we up against a critical shortage of doctors—with no plans to fill the gap?*

*Why is the old-fashioned family doctor in danger of becoming extinct?*

*Why—in spite of their soaring charges—are our hospitals on the verge of bankruptcy?*

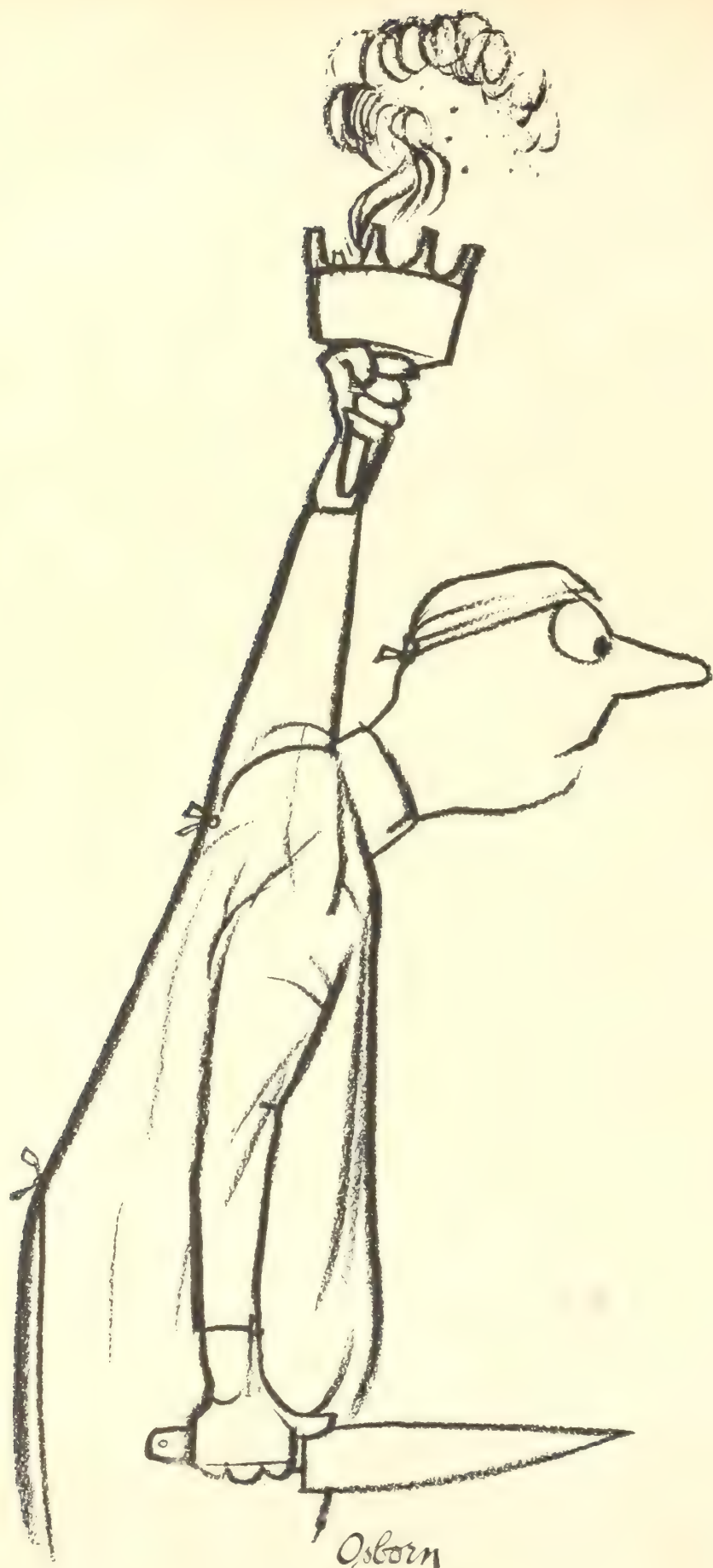
*How did both political parties become convinced that the government will have to do something about the rising costs of medical care for old people?*

*Why does organized medicine nearly always fight to the last ditch against changes that have been adopted long ago in virtually every other civilized country? And then, in the words of one observer, “fall back from one unprepared position to another”?*

*Among themselves, worried doctors frequently talk about such questions—but they seldom mention them to their patients or other laymen. Because they are matters of urgent public interest, this Supplement attempts to explore some aspects of the crisis in American medicine. It does not try to cover the whole field. And certainly nothing here pretends to be the last word on any of the issues which are discussed.*

*We hope, however, that the following articles will offer a basis for informed debate on questions which the country will have to settle before long—because they affect the health, and perhaps the lives, of all of us.—THE EDITORS*





Osborn

# THE POLITICS OF MEDICINE

EDWARD T. CHASE

*The doctor likes to picture himself as a freewheeling individualist. But from the day he enters medical school he must learn—if he wants to succeed—to play ball with a tight bureaucracy. Mr. Chase, who has reported on various aspects of medical economics in other magazines, here explores the anatomy of power in American medicine at the grass-roots level of the county medical society.*

**L**ast June a forty-one-year-old obstetrician, Dr. Joseph Garabedian, died on Staten Island, a borough of New York City which is also known as Richmond County. The cause of death was overwork, according to press reports, which stirred a considerable commotion. Dr. Garabedian practiced in a medical group affiliated with the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York (HIP). It has half a million subscribers, many of them city employees, and 24,000 of them live on Staten Island.

HIP members—with the aid of a contribution from their employers—pay by the year rather than by the visit for their medical care, which they must get from doctors in different specialties who work as partners, sharing expenses and income. Such groups—according to the demonology of organized medicine—are “closed panels”; and the prepayment system flouts the hallowed “fee-for-service” principle. For these heresies, HIP has been anathema to the general run of private practitioners. In the Richmond County Medical Society the local M.D.s found a ruthless champion.

Staten Island is one of the few uncongested areas left in metropolitan New York. Surrounded by the waters of New York harbor, it is within hailing distance of the Statue of Liberty and only a nickel ferry ride from downtown Manhattan. Its population has been growing rapidly in recent years and many of the newcomers have joined HIP. So the local medicos took corrective action. They agreed to deny any new HIP doctors the privilege of treating their patients at Staten Island's three hospitals. Pediatricians, a surgeon, and other well-qualified specialists were turned down.

For Dr. Garabedian and his HIP colleagues

this was an extremely grave matter. Unable to get hospital privileges for an assistant, Garabedian became the sole obstetrician for all HIP babies born in Staten Island hospitals. This would have been a considerable workload for a healthy man; Dr. Garabedian suffered from a bleeding ulcer.

When he died, the outrage of his patients exploded publicly. Protest meetings were staged and the situation was universally deplored by the press. The temperate and judicious *New York Times* pointed out editorially that the blackball of HIP doctors was not “in the public interest,” adding that hospitals which receive tax exemptions and other largess from government funds are scarcely private concessions.

But despite the public outcry, the hospitals showed no sign of yielding. Whereupon a committee of the New York State Legislature decided to look into the matter.

The hearing took place on a sweltering July day in an atmosphere further heated by TV lights and the passions of witnesses. For those interested in the politics of medicine it was a much more enthralling spectacle than the Democratic National Convention which was simultaneously going on in Los Angeles.

As a writer interested in medical economics I was particularly grateful for the candor of Dr. Herbert Berger, past president of the county medical society, who eloquently defended the lockout. His testimony stated in concrete terms the political philosophy of organized medicine as it operates on the grass-roots level of the county society.



At the hearings, both sides—though for opposite reasons—accused each other of obstructionism, unco-operative behavior, and monopolistic practices. An uninitiated observer might have had trouble, at the outset, in judging the merits of the case. But gradually a clear pattern emerged, as the medical society's witnesses evaded pertinent questions, set up straw men, and adopted diversionary tactics. They argued, for example, that it would be unwise to let *all* doctors treat their patients in the hospitals. But HIP had made no such requests; it was pleading merely for privileges for those with unimpeachable professional qualifications. Similarly, the island's three hospitals maintained that their facilities were over-taxed. Yet obviously their beds were the only ones available. Which particular doctors referred Staten Islanders to a hospital had no bearing on the bed supply.

Two fundamental questions were never really raised: Did HIP doctors provide good medical care? And if so, by what right could the ruling clique in their profession exclude them from the hospitals?

Soft-pedaling or side-stepping these issues blandly, Dr. Berger suggested that qualified HIP doctors could, of course, get hospital privileges. All they need do was resign from HIP. Nor did he feel that Dr. Garabedian's death was traceable to overwork, for he was not only an ulcer victim but "a person of Turkish origin." Hence "the fall of the Menderes government"—as well as a dozen other provocations—might just as well have brought on his terminal hemorrhage.

"Of all the multitudinous problems that beset him," Dr. Berger said solicitously, "the one that he could have most easily solved was his association with HIP. He could have resigned."

Certainly the medical society had done its best to drive the point home to this stubborn man. His associates were kept out of the hospitals. They were also, as Dr. Berger put it, subject to "social nonacceptance by their colleagues."

"No one denies," he added, "that this can be a devastating experience. But they have made the mistake of isolating themselves from the rest of the profession. This can be readily rectified by resigning. Many of them do just this. More than half of the [HIP] physicians who came to this community have done so." Others, it seems, moved away. The one substantive charge against HIP doctors, that they were "disputatious" and "transients," thus stood revealed as the consequence, quite intended, of the county society's campaign of ostracism.

At this writing the Staten Island controversy

appears to be approaching resolution. The repeated demands at the hearing for legislation prohibiting discrimination against doctors because they choose to practice in groups financed by prepayment will likely go unheeded. But at the instigation of the state legislative committee, the hospitals have been forced to accept three new HIP doctors. HIP has interpreted this as "an interim agreement" hopefully pointing the way to "further steps necessary for an adequate solution." In fact, it amounts to a considerable victory for HIP and one more of the increasing number of instances in which organized medicine has had to bow to public opinion.

Belatedly the county society has shifted its ground. It claims now (1) that the whole altercation could have been avoided if only city employees had a choice of alternate health-insurance plans and (2) that the Staten Island doctors were motivated all along by solicitude for them. A multiple choice may in fact be a good idea. But it is hypocrisy for the society to say at the eleventh hour that this is what's been troubling it. As Dr. Berger stated in an astonishing exchange with the legislative committee chairman, State Senator George R. Metcalf: "Sincerely, this is a personal and social matter, not a medical one. I have no question about the medical competency of these [HIP] doctors."

Senator Metcalf: "It is a medical problem."

Dr. Berger: "No sir, it is not, not in my eyes."

Senator Metcalf: "That is quite an admission."

To date the hospital spokesmen have shown no misgivings as to the propriety of their ways or the probity of their motives. Their self-righteous unction seems impermeable. Doctors, in truth, are not given to arguing it out with the laity. They have been running their own show for centuries.

#### THE MIGHTY GUILDS

**I**n ancient Greece, medical knowledge was a holy secret shared only by a few families claiming descent from Aesculapius, who became the god of medicine after his death. Hippocrates devised his oath to regulate the admission of new physicians into guilds, which the ruling families tightly controlled. These guilds of antiquity looked after the professional and economic interests of medicine. This remains the prime purpose of their successors, the medical societies. One of their chief concerns, as with business trade associations, is to help the membership make money, substantial money.

The modern guilds are run by the top prac-

tioners—in income and prestige—in each community. Like their Greek forebears they have seen to it that there are not too many doctors and that those who are admitted to the fraternity abide by the rules. In theory this is not a sinister function—it is fitting and necessary that those of highest competence set and maintain professional standards. But in practice the system controls a good deal more than medical excellence. How it operates has been perceptively analyzed by Oswald Hall, Ph.D., now professor of sociology at the University of Toronto. For his most important essay, “The Stages of a Medical Career,” he conducted confidential interviews with physicians in the United States about intern appointments, hospital department assignments, and the problem of establishing a successful practice. (This study was reprinted in 1958 in *Patients, Physicians, and Illness*, edited by E. G. Jaco and published by the Free Press.)

As Hall describes it, the “inner fraternity” of medicine uses informal but potent mechanisms to “incorporate the new doctor into the profession, to repel the intruder (*i.e.*, the ethnically undesirable or the idiosyncratic), to minimize mobility, and to control competition.” The medical bureaucracy run by this “inner fraternity” stabilizes the profession by controlling the flow of recruits and by allocating the coveted positions, especially in hospitals.

The process starts the moment a young man tells his family he is going to be a doctor and files his application with a medical school. A physician's career is constructed brick by brick, and at each level an appropriate echelon of the medical hierarchy stands guard. A hint by one of its members can be an invaluable lever in gaining admission to one of the major medical schools. The “right” medical school provides its students not only with fine training but with a label which will materially help his professional

ascent. (This is not to say that every young man's career will be blighted if he is trained at an undistinguished—or even a foreign—medical school. But he may need extraordinary ability to surmount the handicap.)

Upon leaving medical school the young M.D. takes a step which usually is decisive for his career. He must spend several years as a hospital intern and resident. The prestige of the institutions where he serves will have a crucial effect throughout his life on his associations and opportunities as a practicing doctor.

The most admired hospitals tend to pick a large proportion of their interns and residents from the “top” medical schools. Many other factors also influence their choice. Professor Hall's interviews with physicians reveal, among hospital staffs in charge of assignments, dismaying prejudice and judgment by trivia of the kind which I associate with college eating clubs and fraternities. Anti-Semitism, for example, survives in hospital administrations in many parts of the country. (Discrimination against other minority groups has been, on the whole, an academic question. Only a very few Negroes, for instance, have any hope of getting the kind of pre-medical or medical education that would qualify them professionally for first-rate internships.)

So the allocation of internships—and of medicine's other patronage plums—is determined only in part by technical distinction. A vital factor also is what Hall calls “institutional acceptability.” “The cut of a man's jib” said Dr. Berger in the course of his testimony on the Staten Island case, can make or break him, quite apart from his professional attainments. This means that those familiar yardsticks of organization life—“personableness” and evidence that a man “fits in”—weigh heavily in hospital appointments.

Hall's observations were made more than a decade ago, before the present critical scarcity of

## An Assist from the Morticians

WHEN BLUE CROSS was organized years ago the American Medical Association shrieked “socialized medicine.” It has thus denounced every forward movement since. . . . In the world today, thirty-three nations have government medical care of some sort for the elderly, but the U. S., the world's richest nation, doesn't. Anybody can see that an American system soon is inevitable. But the AMA says “No.” So does the Indiana Funeral Directors Association. The morticians gloomily told a House committee that it would “weaken the patient-physician relationship.”

—T. R. B., in *The New Republic*, April 4, 1960



doctors. But there has been little or no change, according to the many administrators I have questioned. And indeed the increasing dominance of the hospital as the center of medical practice has if anything fortified Hall's thesis. It is only in the *average* hospital that the would-be intern enjoys a seller's market for his services. For the most coveted appointments there are still about ten times as many applicants as openings.

To be sure, the applicant's competence is always pertinent. The written and the unwritten rules of the profession demand that the doctor pass muster throughout his career. Nor can a neophyte skip over the successive stages of his apprenticeship. He must climb up the ladder step by step. And on each rung he can be given an upward or a downward push by the controlling elite—department heads, hospital administrators, medical boards, outstanding specialists—and their lay allies, the hospital trustees.

His own progress within the hospital system will heavily influence not only his status but his earnings. Specialists who are on the visiting staff of the same hospital quite naturally refer private patients to each other for consultations and surgery.

"If a man gets to the top in a hospital in one of the more lucrative specialties," my own doctor said recently, "he's also got it made in his private practice."

The trappings of prestige impress not merely the doctor's peers but also the wealthiest, best-informed people in the community. It is convenient and flattering to be treated by a physician or surgeon who can always command a fine private room for his patients while others stand in line on waiting lists—or by a surgeon whose mere name inspires a magical deference from other doctors' receptionists, nurses' registries, convalescent homes, and even pharmacies. The physician's prestige, in other words, contributes materially to his success in *delivering* medical services.

As a result medicine, to a far greater degree than any other profession, imposes upon the doctor the need for endless adjustments to an intricate bureaucratic structure in which powerful political controls are strikingly prevalent. With rare exceptions, only by succeeding within "the system" can he hope to become a leader in his field, let alone a mover in its power apparatus. Success in the system is essential for either "informal" political power, wielded within the hospital, or for formal political power in the county, state, or national medical organizations. An interlocking directorate prevails, since the brass

in the hospital and the brass in the societies generally (but not always) tend to overlap.

As he works his way upward, the doctor with political interests will have his reliability tested by appointment to various committees of his county society. In due course, if he proves himself, he may sit on its governing body. From the ranks of this august and dependable group the county society chooses its presidents, in a succession tidily arranged for several years in advance. The progression upward to the state society is automatic for those with time and taste for the medical organization life. The doctor who scales these heights is well schooled in the political and economic orientation of his colleagues. Doubtless he has served on his county's two most important committees—legislation and public relations. He has been well insulated from any dissenting viewpoints, for his associates—in the hospital, in the professional building, and at the country club—are almost entirely fellow members of the same "inner fraternity." He is ready now to contribute his own wisdom—too often a peculiar brand of bumbling provincialism—to the supreme guild of his profession: The American Medical Association.

#### THE BURSTING DAM

One hundred seventy-eight thousand—or about 80 per cent of the nation's practicing physicians—are members of the AMA's 1,911 county and district societies and its fifty-three state and territorial associations. The AMA is the largest medical organization and perhaps the most powerful trade association in the world. Membership at the county level is virtually compulsory, for otherwise the doctor's license to practice is inconsequential. Without it he is unlikely to get staff privileges at most hospitals. As a result he may even have trouble in gaining the approval of the governing boards which pass on the qualifications of specialists. In his day-to-day work, too, he is dependent on his county society for many services—such as the battery of seasoned attorneys and experts it commands to defend its members in malpractice suits (a growing menace among today's litigious patients); the "grievance committee" which contrives to keep a good many customers' complaints out of court; its amiable intervention when police officers are overzealous in distributing parking tickets to doctors' cars. And for his dues he also becomes a subscriber to the chief professional journals. A large proportion of doctors, however, stay away from their societies' meetings

and conventions in droves. They trust their leaders, and with sound reason; these have shown, over the years, an unshakable belief that what's good for the doctor—financially—is good for the country.

It was not always thus. The AMA was founded in 1847 to improve medical education and combat quackery. Over the years it has been a powerful force in raising the level of practice by enforcing standards in education, specialist practice, medical ethics, and in communicating scientific knowledge to physicians through its publications, exhibits, and meetings. It has battled successfully against the commercial solicitation of patients by doctors and against such miscellaneous menaces as fake "cancer cures" and worthless patent medicines. Even today, in the realm of strictly *medical* matters, few would quarrel with the AMA. But as it has faced complex modern *social* problems, it has been an increasingly ineffective and even negative factor in meeting the nation's health needs. Its dismaying political performance has been recorded in rich—and now repetitive—detail by its critics.\*

One of the doughtiest was the late Bernard DeVoto. Thirteen years ago in this magazine he likened the attitude of the AMA toward government participation in medicine to that of a town which has learned that a dam up the valley has burst and a flood is on the way.

"The dam burst long ago," he wrote, "and year by year the AMA has prepared to meet the flood by saying that it must not get here, that the flood waters are Communistic, that we shall all be lost if they reach the city limits."

In this fashion the AMA led by Dr. Morris Fishbein (with an assist from Whitaker and Baxter, California's publicity wizards) stilled the clamor for national health insurance that was heard in the wake of the depression of the 1930s. Though Dr. Fishbein's successors in the AMA have not altered their basic position, they have been forced to yield some ground.

For times have changed. The long-forgotten Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill never had many supporters outside of liberal New Deal and labor circles. To most Americans it was a partisan—

\* For documentation, the student of AMA political history is referred to Richard Carter's *The Doctor Business*, New York, Doubleday, 1959; "The American Medical Association: Power, Purpose, and Politics," in the *Yale Law Journal*, Vol. 63, No. 7 (May 1954); James Howard Means' *Doctors, People, and Government*, Boston, Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1953; Oliver Garceau's *The Political Life of the American Medical Association*, Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1941.

even a "radical" or "foreign" notion. And the pressure then brought to bear on organized medicine was a mere spring freshet compared with the deluge it now faces.

Thanks to medicine's own triumphs, people expect great things of doctors. And with the meteoric spread of voluntary health insurance, the average American has come to rank modern medical care along with food, clothing, and shelter as a basic social right. Most insistent in their demands at the moment are the sixteen million Americans who are over sixty-five years old. So self-evident is their need that the principle of federal aid in medical care for the aged has been accepted this year for the first time by both the Republican and Democratic parties.

But the AMA fights on. Old people, it argues, are generally fussy, preoccupied with their troubles, and never lack care if they really need it. And they should get all the medical care they need simply by using up their own savings and their families' or through public assistance, the pauper's choice.

Dr. Berger of Staten Island developed this theme when he testified in Washington last year against the Forand Bill. Unwittingly he invoked the ghost of DeVoto.

"Does it not seem inconsistent," he asked the House Ways and Means Committee, "that we should be fighting Communism [abroad] while introducing legislation to support it in Washington?"

When gentle Representative Aime Forand of Rhode Island protested against this characterization of his bill, Dr. Berger retreated strategically. "Economics," he conceded, "is not my forte."

#### NO TIME TO READ

**T**he same may be said of most physicians. One expert who has been exposed to the socioeconomic opinions of doctors is Mr. John Steinle, consultant to the New York State legislative committee on health insurance. In his opinion, the doctor may be a learned man in his own field. But in general knowledge he is the worst-educated of our professional men. This widely-noted deficiency stems in part from his narrow training in the natural sciences and the all-absorbing nature of his work. Eternally busy with individuals and their private troubles, he seldom participates in civic problems. Nor does he have time to read much more than medical journals—a uniquely unenlightening brand of literature in social, economic, and political affairs. There are many publications, of course,



which stick to the job of communicating scientific information. But those that discuss political and economic matters (whether sponsored by medical societies or by the pharmaceutical houses, which need the AMA's blessing to sell their wares) are consistently AMA propaganda media. With the single exception of the *New England Journal of Medicine* there is no medical publication in this country remotely comparable to the British *Lancet* in literary quality, sophistication, or objectivity.

This deficiency was recently impressed on a young doctor's wife. Agitated by a discussion of the Forand Bill at a medical dinner party, she decided to write to her Congressman about it. Being a conscientious Radcliffe girl, she set about doing her homework first. The handiest source of information seemed to be the stack of medical periodicals on her husband's desk. Thumbing through them she found in each a banner headline and a savage editorial denouncing the bill in nearly identical words. These were embedded in tender testimonials to doctors from their blissfully aging clientele. Nowhere, however, could she discover the facts that seemed essential to her naïve mind. Just how would the bill work, who would administer it, what would it cost, what benefits would it give?

Conceivably, the editorial writers didn't know themselves. It is, in any event, a safe guess that the average physician is magnificently free of precise knowledge about government medical proposals, let alone the social and economic facts that prompt them. Ignorance is the most charitable explanation of the lag between events and organized medicine's political stance. A less benign interpretation might attribute it to the determination of a profession, corroded by the ideology of business, to hang onto lucrative privileges. After their long, penurious apprenticeship, doctors are naturally anxious about money and suffer more than most of us from great expectations. Till now, they have succeeded in maintaining their preserve largely unmodified by the lay world. But as medical care has become life's fourth social right, the doctors' archaic socio-economic philosophy has plunged the profession into intense public controversies.

In a simpler age the "inner fraternity" could manage their communities' health affairs with reasonable efficiency. The top specialists attached to the major hospitals provided a rough coordination of services. They referred cases to each other and thus saw to it that the patient was not tossed into a chaotic bazaar but was passed along until he eventually ended up in the right

hands—either as a private patient or as a charity ward case. This plan worked well enough when relatively few people expected to be treated by specialists or to be tended in hospitals.

But today a semi-private bed is regarded as a minimum prerogative by nearly everyone. The hospital is the essential workshop for the doctor who tries to dispense modern medical care, and patients in vast numbers are insisting on the quality of service that only a hospital can give.

"A huge new problem faces the medical profession," Dr. Dean Clark, Director of Massachusetts General Hospital, told me, "the distribution of medicine on a mass basis. This has never been accomplished before. The whole question is new and difficult."

Dr. Clark, who is also Clinical Professor of Preventive Medicine at Harvard Medical School, puts his students on notice that it is the public, not they, who will determine the institutional framework of medicine in the future.

"They're always surprised and indignant to hear this," he said.

Dr. Clark is a member of the medical intelligentsia which accepts political and economic realities and is far from happy with the political antics of the AMA and its component societies. With the increasing scientific complexity of medicine, the ranks of "academic medicine" and salaried doctors in research are growing. These men are relatively free from the pressures of the market place. Most of them, however, are completely absorbed in the world of teaching and research. Some observers believe that these intellectuals, while oblivious to the alarms and excursions of organized medicine, none the less by their example and by their occasional contacts with active practitioners will gradually influence medicine's policy for the better. At this juncture, though, the intellectuals seem as detached from the politics of their profession as, for instance, a legal scholar in New York is from the machinations of Tammany Hall.

#### A NEW BREED

There is, however, a new kind of doctor making his appearance within the earthy sphere of day-to-day medical practice. His changed point of view is the direct result of the enormous pressure by the public to get better mileage out of its medical dollar. Owing to the ever more expensive technology of the healing arts, the costs of medicine cannot go down. So the system for distributing medical services is undergoing a revolution to cope with this new technology and

with the new mass demand for comprehensive care. It is this pressure that is creating turmoil within the profession.

The new kind of physician may be practicing in an HIP prepayment group (there are now a thousand participating M.D.s). Or he may be affiliated with the largest group-practice plan of all with over 600,000 subscribers on the West Coast and Hawaii—sponsored by the Kaiser Foundation; it has actually built its own hospitals to avoid the discrimination HIP has encountered. Or the doctor may be a member of one of the small number of enlightened county medical society plans, in which the physicians co-operate among themselves and with the community in supervising fees and sticking to a fee schedule. (This is solo rather than group practice. The plan operated by the San Joaquin County Medical Society in Stockton, California, is the best known example.) Or he may be a salaried doctor within the Veterans Administration, practicing in one of its 170 hospitals which serve some 114,000 patients daily with medical care of a high order. Or he may be a member of the hospital chain of John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers Welfare and Retirement Fund, which has performed a miracle for the impoverished coal miners of West

Virginia, Virginia, and Kentucky by bringing them superior hospital and medical care where previously they had virtually none.

These doctors of the new breed are being exposed day in and day out to the economics of medical practice in terms far broader than their own pocketbooks. And through the boards of their organizations, they are in contact with the kinds of laymen who have, so far, coerced organized medicine into modifying its stand on a variety of issues. It also seems likely that the rising demands by labor and other consumer groups for greater participation in the policy decisions of Blue Cross and of our community hospitals will confront the doctors with facts and viewpoints from which they have hitherto been insulated.

Conceivably in the years ahead the doctors practicing in group prepayment plans or on a salary will no longer be merely intransigent minorities within their county organizations. If so, the squall on Staten Island may grow into a national tornado.

But that day is not immediately at hand. At mid-century, the politics of organized medicine must still be reckoned as a major obstacle to the reforms so urgently needed in our health services and institutions.





# THE DECLINE OF THE HEALING ART

SELIG GREENBERG

*One of the country's foremost medical reporters explains why the doctor-patient relationship is at a low ebb. Mr. Greenberg is on the staff of the Providence "Journal and Evening Bulletin" and is the author of many magazine pieces on health problems. He has received awards for distinguished medical journalism from the Lasker Foundation and the New England Associated Press News Executives Association.*

**T**he care of the patient," a wise physician once said, "begins with caring for the patient." This is still true despite the miraculous new drugs the doctor now commands. In the loneliness and terror of illness, we become helpless and childishly dependent. Above all, we need love. But this today's physician seldom has time or inclination to give. The patient's sense of unrequited love reflects a major failure of modern medicine which is an even more widespread source of discontent than its high cost. The hasty, superficial, and impersonal treatment rendered by overworked doctors is the commonest complaint in current opinion samplings.

Typical of many is the experience of a friend of mine who paid \$40 for a complete physical checkup and was assured there was nothing wrong with him. However, he still felt tired and jittery, had frequent headaches, and slept poorly. So in a few weeks he was back reiterating his doleful list of complaints. Dismissing them as "neurotic symptoms," the hurried and harried doctor asked, as an afterthought, whether anything special was troubling the patient. Although he yearned to unburden himself, the man was stopped by the doctor's preoccupied manner, his perfunctory tone, and the anteroom full of waiting patients. So he mumbled that there was really nothing terribly important on his mind, pocketed another prescription for vitamins and a tranquilizer, and left feeling frustrated and rejected. On the way out, the sight of the doctor's Cadillac parked at the curb stirred an added resentment toward a profession that—as he sees it—gets rich at the expense of other people's misery.

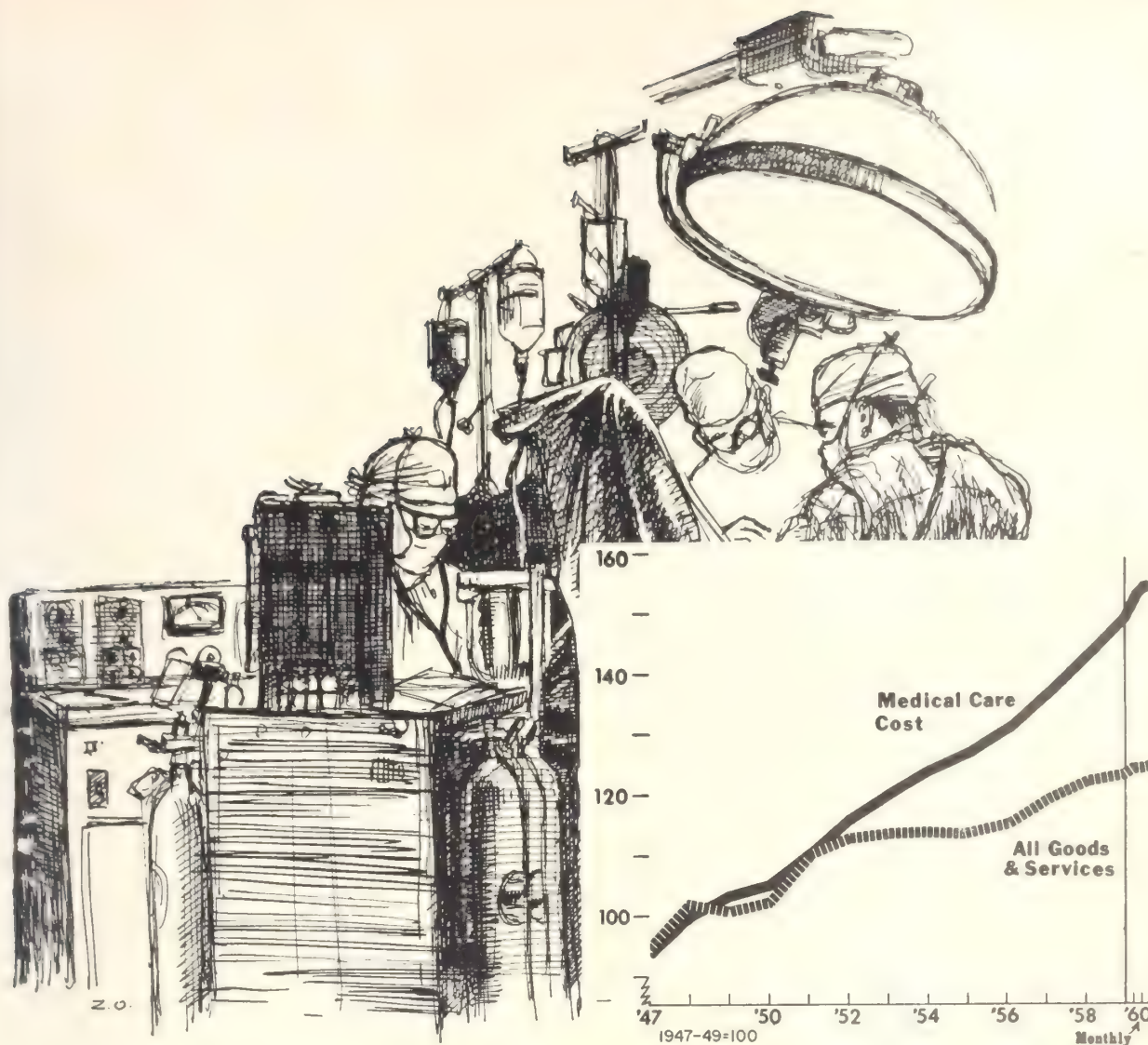
Thus money became the focal point for his

grievances although in fact—like many others—his disenchantment was largely due to the feeling that he had been treated with condescension and denied his rightful share of sympathy and affection.

Medicine, in truth, faces a crisis in human relations, a breakdown in communication between doctors and patients. This alienation has occurred at a tragic moment in human history. The stresses of living have intensified our need for understanding and guidance while, at the same time, the traditional sources of support, such as family and church, have weakened or broken down. We seek, in consequence, more rather than less personal attention from our physicians.

A third of all illness in the United States today is believed to be psychosomatic in origin. In healing such ills which afflict the body but stem from the mind, the doctor-patient relationship is the most potent tool at our command. Unfortunately, the busy physician has little time to look beyond the organic symptoms of troubled people. The result is seen in our huge consumption of sedatives and tranquilizers, in the dismal trek from specialist to specialist, in the resort to exorcism by surgery, in the crowded schedules of our all-too-few psychiatrists, and in the packed warrens of our mental hospitals.

What has gone wrong with the vaunted doctor-patient relationship which has long been the prize exhibit of organized medical standpatism? In part the trouble stems from the gap between



*The cost of medical care, according to the Department of Labor's consumer price index, has risen during much of the 1950s at a much faster rate than the total cost of living. In 1951 the total cost of living was at 111 on the 1947-49 index, and the medical care component was just about the same level of 111.1. But by March 1960, when the total cost of living was up to 125.7, medical care had jumped to 155.—Wall Street Journal, May 10, 1960.*

the mounting demand for medical care and the supply of physicians. The average doctor, according to a recent survey, works sixty hours a week and sees more than twenty patients a day. One out of every three doctors puts in a seventy-hour week, seeing more than thirty patients daily. One in seven works at least eighty hours a week and has a daily load of more than forty patients. Such an overburdened practitioner is under almost irresistible pressure to take short cuts in diagnosis and treatment.

The kind of hit-or-miss medicine that results was documented a few years ago in a detailed study of general practitioners in North Carolina. The investigators reported—along with other

appalling findings—that history-taking, among many of the doctors, was so scant as to be “almost non-existent”; that patients were “seldom undressed or laid down for examination”; that instruments were often improperly sterilized; that penicillin and other antibiotics were indiscriminately prescribed for viral infections for which they are worthless; and that patients with emotional problems were generally regarded as “hypochondriacs” to be got rid of as soon as possible.\*

There is no reason to believe that this state

\*Division of Health Affairs, University of North Carolina, *Journal of Medical Education*, December 1956.



of affairs is confined to North Carolina. Poor medicine is inevitable when crowded schedules force a doctor to get through with a patient in five or ten minutes. He is unlikely to heed the advice of Dr. Walter C. Alvarez that "if you find there is nothing wrong with the patient your job is not done but should be just beginning." Instead his watchword becomes, "When in doubt prescribe." An antibiotic or tranquilizer serves as a substitute for painstaking diagnosis and clinical judgment—and a source of relatively effortless income for the doctor.

#### MAGICIAN OR MERCENARY?

**F**inancially, it may be said, the medical profession has never had it so good. In some of the specialties, average net income now ranges from \$20,000 to \$25,000 and one doctor in eight nets \$30,000 a year or more. Physicians' earnings have more than doubled during the past decade. Their fees have not risen as steeply but most medical men have fewer bad debts and see more patients than in bygone years. The average citizen today consults a doctor about twice as often as he did in 1930. But in the face of this rising demand the ratio of physicians to population has remained static.

Clearly we have too few doctors. Our present difficulties have also been increased by the enormous complexity of modern medicine which comprises such a huge body of knowledge that no one doctor can hope to master it all. Too often, he simply stops trying and relies on drug company advertising for his postgraduate education.

At the last count there were fifty-one medical specialties and sub-specialties. This atomization of knowledge has made doctors inextricably dependent on each other and on hospitals to produce good medical care. Yet the medical profession clings to an antiquated self-image—of the dedicated individual healer going his solitary rounds armed only with a little black bag. To be sure no one can deny that the doctor has spent long and arduous years in training. He carries a heavy responsibility and is certainly entitled to substantial remuneration. But as patients grow more sophisticated, they find it increasingly difficult to reconcile his oft-proclaimed dedication to selfless service with his businesslike attitude toward money. To the patient paying his bill, the profession's disclaimers of profit motivation sound like rank hypocrisy. Ironically, some of this disillusion stems from our traditional overvaluation of the medical profession. If you conceive of your doctor as a father-magician it is

dismaying to discover a mercenary streak in him and his natural weariness at the end of a hard day looks like callousness.

Urbanization and the shift in the scene of most medical care from home to office, clinic, or hospital have aggravated the problem. A few generations ago when most people lived in smaller communities, the doctor knew many of his patients well and intuitively took account of their background in his diagnosis and treatment. Today the patient is often a total stranger. Getting a meaningful history requires that the doctor listen to what has been called "the music as well as the words in what the patient says." Only by so doing can he assemble an image of the patient's strengths and weaknesses, his family, his job, his view of the world, and his reactions to stress. But this takes time which is precisely what the average doctor lacks. And as a succession of specialists splinter the patient into separate ailments, he often finds that no one doctor regards him as a person with a unique set of problems and anxieties. Thus he is persuaded that although medicine may have new skills, doctors lack the sensibility to feel for others, and have forgotten that the person is as important as the disease.

What it all amounts to is this: We are at the same time the beneficiaries and the victims of scientific advances. Progress in medicine has improved our health and enabled us to live longer; but it also poses a threat to the "art" of medicine in which the healer's compassion and intuitive skills are fused with the scientist's power of analysis and integration.

#### NEEDED: A NEW PATTERN OF MEDICAL PRACTICE

**T**he remedy lies in altering the traditional arrangements whereby doctors serve patients. This requires, in the first instance, that the medical profession abandon its hoary slogan, "free choice." It is based on the fatuous assumption that shopping around for a doctor without competent guidance and paying him on a piecemeal basis somehow guarantees a close relationship and high-quality medical care. In fact, the individual's freedom of choice is severely limited by the number and caliber of medical men in his vicinity and his ability to pay them.

Assuming he has a choice, the average layman is in no position to make an intelligent one, for he is largely ignorant of what is good or poor medicine. (The North Carolina study found—not surprisingly—that some of the least able

doctors in the area had the highest incomes.) A license to practice permits any M.D. to prescribe for any case. He may also perform any operation (short of an illegal abortion) and few of his patients will inquire as to whether he has been certified by a specialty board or whether or not his hospital meets the standards of the AMA and the American College of Surgeons. At its best American medicine today is unsurpassed in quality; but often it is mediocre and sometimes so shoddy as to verge on incompetence.

Clearly, the only useful "free choice" for the patient is an enlightened choice. He can exercise it only within a system which safeguards the quality of care.

There is striking agreement among authorities in the health field that group practice is the most promising answer. The proponents range all the way from Dr. James Howard Means of Boston, one of medicine's most persistent gadflies, to Dr. Gunner Gunderson, last year's president of the AMA. "I am convinced," Dr. Means has said, "that group practice, of one sort or another, is indispensable in modern society if all the people are actually to get medical care as good as that which existing medical knowledge makes possible." Dr. Walter Bauer, who succeeded Dr. Means as chief of medicine at Massachusetts General Hospital upon the latter's retirement, has told me that "I don't see how we can provide good medicine without group practice." Finally, in the opinion of Dr. Gunderson, who heads the Gunderson Clinic in La Crosse, Wisconsin, "there is no question that group practice can provide better medicine."

Medical groups range all the way from small rural partnerships to such huge private enterprises as the Mayo and Lahey Clinics which are financed by patients' fees although the doctors are salaried. Prepaid insurance supports the large consumer-sponsored groups such as the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York and the



Kaiser Foundation Health Plan on the West Coast.

All these groups practice co-operative rather than competitive medicine. The advantages are obvious: teamwork makes for better care while reduced overhead makes it more economical. When varied services are available under one roof, doctor and patient save time and effort; consultation between specialists becomes a usual procedure.

In a well-run group, the patient reaps the benefits of specialization without sacrificing a durable doctor-patient relationship. When he joins, the subscriber chooses his own personal physician—usually one trained in internal medicine. His primary job is to establish an intimate relationship with the patient, to assume over-all



responsibility for him, and to provide the initial diagnosis and care. As the need arises, he calls on specialist colleagues, and correlates their findings in an integrated plan of treatment. In the experience of many successful groups, the patient's loyalties—and his sense of personal relationship—extend, in time, from his personal physician to the whole team.

As a member of a group, the individual doctor is in a position to practice better medicine. He is not tempted to do what is beyond his competence, when he can refer his patients freely to specialist colleagues in the group. He is relieved of the economic pressure to take on more work than he can handle skillfully and humanely, since his income does not depend on the number of patients sitting in his waiting-room. Frequent contacts and discussions with alert colleagues are stimulating and a powerful check against slipshod performance. At the same time, a planned schedule—including a rational work week and regular paid vacations—provide him with leisure and time to read journals and attend scientific conferences.

Not all group-practice plans have yet managed to solve the problem of combining a warm doctor-patient relationship with efficient medical care. Some of the larger plans are still struggling with a tendency toward assembly-line treatment. They also must contend with the adverse connotation of the term "clinic," still widely associated with the charity wards and free clinics of the past. Some groups are hampered by the divided loyalties of their physicians who are engaged in private practice on the side. Ideal methods of compensating group doctors so as to provide the most effective financial incentive for good care still remain to be worked out. And the hostility of county medical societies is a serious obstacle to many groups.

But on the whole, though group practice is still in the throes of experimentation, its short-

comings seem far easier to correct than those of solo practice which is rapidly becoming an anachronism with the advance of scientific knowledge and the inevitable trend toward more and more specialization.

#### ALTERNATIVES TO "SOCIALIZED MEDICINE"

There have been encouraging signs of late that the AMA now recognizes the logic of group practice which it long frowned on as unorthodox. However, on the local level, county medical societies continue to regard groups as an unfair form of competition and to obstruct their growth by denying their members hospital privileges and otherwise making their lives professionally uncomfortable. Local practitioners, on the whole, deny that professional teamwork has advantages over isolated individual practice, and are equally loath to admit that the patient's need to get well often clashes with the doctor's need to be paid.

To the mossback defenders of the status quo, comprehensive health insurance based on group practice appears an opening wedge for government control of medicine. In fact it is the surest safeguard against such an eventuality. Two decades of experience with voluntary health insurance have made it amply clear that the costs of medical care can only be kept within measurable bounds through more efficient organization which uses the potentials of advanced medical technology for greater productivity and at the same time sets up effective quality safeguards. Group practice looks like the most promising mechanism yet devised for controlling both the efficiency and quality of medical care. The importance of such control has been overshadowed in the past decade by the spectacular progress of voluntary health insurance in the United States. Nearly 130 million persons—twice as many as a dozen years ago—now have some form of health insurance and can thus get more and better medical care.

But the story behind the enrollment figures is less encouraging. What counts is not only how many people are insured but how well they are protected. On both scores, the voluntary plans face challenging obstacles. Insurance still pays less than one-third of our total medical bills and enrollment seems to be reaching a plateau that excludes about fifty million persons in the lower-income groups. More than half of those now insured have only hospital-surgical protection (often far from adequate). Less than five million

#### Before the Cure

IF WE are to deal intelligently with the medical care problem we must first understand it. We know a wise doctor who, with tongue in cheek, has said, "I often make a mistake in diagnosis, but never in therapy." In social policy, as in medicine, effective therapy depends upon the accuracy of the diagnosis.

—Herman M. and Anne R. Somers, in a paper presented to the National Conference on Social Welfare, May 27, 1959

subscribers are enrolled in plans that give comprehensive services. Largely because so few non-hospitalized illnesses are covered, the prevailing forms of insurance which exclude diagnostic and preventive services have a built-in tendency to pyramid costs, especially by encouraging excessive hospitalization.

Can medical costs be kept within the reach of the average family in the face of a mounting demand for more comprehensive benefits? On this issue the voluntary effort will ultimately prove its mettle, or founder. At present, lack of control over physicians' charges and over the volume of utilization of services and their quality is a major barrier to expanding coverage without a prohibitive rise in premium rates. In other words, home and office calls and hospital outpatient services can only be included in a prepayment plan if the methods of rendering medical care are modified. This is precisely why organized medicine is so opposed to comprehensive prepayment plans. Yet, if rising costs continue to exclude a large segment of the population from voluntary plans there will be irresistible pressure to use the government's taxing powers to spread these costs under a national system of compulsory health insurance.\*

Does this mean, then, that tax-supported medicine is the only alternative to free-enterprise practice? While this has long been the position of the American Medical Association—and some doctrinaire liberals—we fortunately have a broader solution. Only if the medical profession keeps on resisting all forms of regulation will private practice of medicine be doomed and a controlled medical economy inevitable.

The record of some of the larger group-practice prepayment plans proves that it is feasible to insure people against a large proportion of their medical bills at a cost they can afford. So does the experience of programs which have retained the fee-for-service method of payment but have induced the participating doctors to accept a high degree of self-discipline.

An outstanding example of the latter approach is the Medical Service Plan in Windsor, Ontario—across the river from Detroit—which has for years provided comprehensive care.

The Windsor plan demonstrates that the traditional fee-for-service system of compensating physicians need not necessarily stand in the way of full insurance coverage. About 175,000 subscribers, more than 85 per cent of the popula-

tion of metropolitan Windsor, are insured for the full range of medical and surgical services in the home, the doctor's office, and the hospital under premium rates which compare favorably with payments for much less comprehensive protection in the United States. The coverage includes consultations, preventive inoculations, and annual physical examinations. This Canadian plan has been able to keep its costs at a reasonable level because the participating practitioners have not only lived up conscientiously to fixed fee schedules but have accepted safeguards designed to curb excessive utilization and to maintain high standards of quality. Although physicians are allowed to charge more for patients whose earnings exceed the established income limits, such extra charges are said to be extremely rare. A recent survey showed that the average income of Windsor's doctors is generally comparable with physicians in the United States. But their patients are getting broader health insurance protection than most Americans do.

#### THE ART OF BEING HUMAN

**I**n this country the majority of doctors still have to learn that self-adulatory propaganda and publicity gimmicks are a poor substitute for a genuine devotion to the public interest. They have yet to recognize that medicine is not their private preserve but something in which we all have a vital stake. And they have yet to realize that the patient—along with everything else in medicine—has greatly changed.

Unavoidably, the growth of health insurance is profoundly affecting traditional patterns of medical practice. Some further extension of the government's role in the health picture also seems likely. But we have come a long way since the 1940s when the issue appeared to be limited to compulsory versus voluntary insurance. We are learning that the problems and issues are much more complex. We are also realizing that the future of medical care in this country can still be shaped without too great a wrench, provided the problem is approached with maturity.

Doctors should play an active role in this task. It is urgent, too, that medicine refine and enlarge its skills in the field of human relationships. This is fully as important as finding answers to the diseases still plaguing mankind and bringing good medical care financially within the reach of all those who need it. The overriding challenge is to learn the proper proportion between the art and science of medicine—between technology and understanding.

\*For a detailed discussion of the economics of health insurance, see "Can We Afford to Be Healthy?" by Donald B. Straus, *Harper's*, July 1960.







# PATIENT'S RIGHT TO DIE

JOSEPH FLETCHER

*The moral issue posed by medicine's skill in prolonging life confronts doctors and ministers daily . . . and will face all of us eventually. Professor Fletcher occupies the Robert Treat Paine chair in ethics and moral theology at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is the author of several books, including "Morals and Medicine" (which has just been reissued as a paperback by the Princeton University Press) and is at work on a volume to be called "Contemporary Conscience."*

On his way to the hospital a minister stops at a house near his church to say a word of personal sympathy to a couple sitting on the porch with their family doctor. Upstairs the man's mother is in bed, the victim of a series of small cerebral hemorrhages over the last eleven years. Her voice went two years ago and there is now no sign that she hears anything. Communication has ended. Says the son, with a complex question-asking glance at his wife, "My mother is already dead."

Listening to those telltale words, the doctor shakes his head sympathetically and helplessly. To the minister, that involuntary gesture seems almost a ritual. Earlier that day another doctor did exactly the same thing when the minister told him about his talk with a family whose twenty-year-old son has been lying in the "living death" of complete coma for four years. An auto crash hopelessly shattered his cerebral cortex. Since then only the brain stem has sustained life. All thought and feeling have been erased, and he hasn't moved a single muscle of his body since the accident. But he is in "excellent health" although he feels no stimulus of any kind, from within or without. Once an angular blond youth of sixteen, he is now a baby-faced brunette seemingly ten years old. He is fed through an indwelling nasal tube. He suffers no pain, only reacts by reflex to a needle jab. His mother says, "My son is dead."

Later, at the hospital, the minister visits a woman in her early seventies. He had last seen

her at her fiftieth wedding-anniversary party two months earlier. She has now been in the hospital for a week with what was tentatively thought to be "degenerative arthritis." But the diagnosis is bone cancer. Both legs were already fractured when she arrived at the hospital and little bits of her bones are splintering all the time; she has agonizing shaking attacks that break them off. She turns away from her clerical caller and looks at her husband. "I ought to die. Why can't I die?" It is the living that fear death, not the dying.

The minister leaves, somehow feeling guilty, and goes upstairs to Surgical. An intern and a young resident in surgery grab his arms and say, "Come on, join our council of war." They go into an empty room where two staff physicians and the chaplain are waiting. In the next room a man is dying, slowly, in spite of their ingenious attempt to save him from pneumonic suffocation by means of a "tracheotomy," a hole cut in his throat through which an artificial respirator is used. The question is: should they take away the oxygen tank, let the patient go? The chaplain is pulled two ways. One of the doctors is against it, the other joins the resident in favor. The intern says he doesn't "like" it. The visiting clergyman says, "I would." They do. The oxygen is removed, the light turned off, the door closed be-



hind them. Then they send the chaplain to comfort the widow out in the alcove at the end of the hall, saying, "We are doing everything we can."

This heartbreaking struggle over mercy death has become a standard drama in hospital novels—most recently in Richard Frede's *The Interns*. Physicians and clergymen struggle constantly in the most vital, intimate, and highly personal centers of human existence. The "primary events" of birth, procreation, and death, are their daily fare. Ultimate as well as immediate concerns tax their capacity for creative and loving decisions. Squarely and continually confronting them is death, the prospect of non-being which lurks out of sight though never wholly out of mind for most of us. Because most people cannot look it in the eye they cling to irrational, phobic, and sentimental attitudes about voluntary death and the medical control of dying. They cannot see death as experienced doctors and ministers do—in perspective, a familiar adversary. This is the case even among psychologists. For example, many aspects were discussed in a recent symposium, *The Meaning of Death*, at a convention of the American Psychological Association. But nothing whatever was said about the growing problem of dying in dignity. Bad words such as "euthanasia" were unmentioned.

We are, however, becoming somewhat less irrational than our forebears on this subject. At the level of sheer logic, one of the most curious features of the "theological era" of the past is that most people feared and sought to avoid death at any and every cost, except sometimes for honor's sake. Even though they professed to have faith in personal survival after death, it was their Worst Enemy. Nowadays, when faith is waning not only in the prospect of hell but even of heaven, there is a trend toward accepting death as a part of reality, just as "natural" as life. Churchmen, even clergymen, are dropping the traditional faith in personal survival after death, just as many unbelievers do. Curiously, it is the skeptics about immortality who appear to face death more calmly. They seem somehow less inclined to hang on desperately to life at the cost of indescribable and uncreative suffering for themselves and others.

But a painful conflict persists. For instance, not long ago a man came to me deeply depressed about his role, or lack of one, in his mother's death. She had been an invalid for years, requiring his constant care and attention. At last her illness reached a "terminal" stage and she

had to be taken to the hospital. One Saturday after work when he arrived in her semi-private room the other patient greeted him by crying out, "I think your mother has just passed away. See. Quick!" His immediate reaction was relief that her suffering, and his, were now ended; so he hesitated to act on the other patient's plea to breathe into his mother's mouth in an effort to resuscitate her. Ever since, he had been troubled by a profound sense of guilt. His "conscience" accused him. This conflict is a "lay" version of what many doctors, if not most, feel when they forgo some device that might sustain a patient's life a little longer. Some are comforted when their action, or inaction, is interpreted to them as a refusal to prolong the patient's *death*.

#### VEGETABLE OR HUMAN?

In truth, the whole problem of letting people "go" in a merciful release is a relatively new one. It is largely the result of our fabulous success in medical science and technology. Not long ago, when the point of death was reached, there was usually nothing that could be done about it. Now, due to the marvels of medicine, all kinds of things can keep people "alive" long after what used to be the final crisis. For example, there is the cardiac "pacemaker," a machine that can restart a heart that has stopped beating. Turn off the machine, the heart stops. Is the patient alive? Is he murdered if it is taken away? Does he commit suicide if he throws it out the window? Artificial respirators and kidneys, vital organ transplants, antibiotics, intravenous feeding—these and many other devices have the double effect of prolonging life and prolonging dying. The right to die in dignity is a problem raised more often by medicine's successes than by its failures. Consequently, there is a new dimension in the debate about "euthanasia." The old-fashioned question was simply this: "May we morally do anything to put people mercifully out of hopeless misery?" But the issue now takes a more troubling twist: "May we morally omit to do any of the ingenious things we *could* do to prolong people's suffering?"

For doctors, this dilemma challenges the Hippocratic oath which commits them to increasingly incompatible duties—to preserve life and to relieve suffering. This conflict of conscience is steadily magnified by the swelling numbers of elderly people. Medical genius and sanitation have resulted in greater longevity for most of our population. In consequence, the predominant

forms of illness are now degenerative—the maladies of age and physical failure—not the infectious diseases. Disorders in the metabolic group, renal problems, malignancy, cardio-vascular ills, are chronic rather than acute. Adults in middle life and beyond fill the beds of our hospitals, and the sixty-five-and-over class grows fastest of all. Under these circumstances, many people fear the prospect of senility far more than they fear death.

Unless we face up to the facts with moral sturdiness our hospitals and homes will become mausoleums where the inmates exist in a living death. In this day of "existential" outlook, in its religious and nonreligious versions, we might think twice on Nietzsche's observation, "In certain cases it is indecent to go on living." Perhaps it is a supreme lack of faith and self-respect to continue, as he put it, "to vegetate in a state of cowardly dependence upon doctors and special treatments, once the meaning of life, the right to life has been lost."

Consider an actual case, in a top-flight hospital. After a history of rheumatic heart disease a man was admitted with both mitral and aortic stenosis—a blockage of the heart valves by something like a calcium deposit. The arts and mechanics of medicine at once went into play. First open-heart surgery opened the mitral valve. Then—the patient's heart still sluggish—the operation was repeated. But the failure of blood pressure brought on kidney failure. While the doctors weighed a choice between a kidney transplant and an artificial kidney machine, staphylococcal pneumonia set in. Next antibiotics were tried and failed to bring relief, driving them to try a tracheotomy. Meanwhile the heart action flagged so much that breathing failed even through the surgical throat opening. The doctors then tried oxygen through nasal tubes, and failed; next, they hooked him into an artificial respirator. For a long time, technically speaking, the machine did his breathing. Then, in spite of all their brilliant efforts, he died.

Should they have "let him go" sooner into the Christian heaven or Lucretius' "long good night"? If so, at what point? Would it have been "playing God" to stop before the second operation? Before the tracheotomy? Before the respirator? Only the ignorant imagine that these are easy decisions. In practice they are complex even for those who favor merciful deaths in principle. Doctors as responsible ministers of medicine carry an awesome responsibility. Indeed, by their very use of surgical, chemical, and mechanical devices they are, in a fashion, playing

God. In this case from the beginning some of the doctors had little hope, but they felt obliged to do what they could. A few insisted that they had to do everything possible *even if they felt sure they would fail*. Where can we draw the line between prolonging a patient's life and prolonging his dying?

The ugly truth is that sometimes patients *in extremis* try to outwit the doctors and escape from medicine's ministrations. They swallow Kleenex to suffocate themselves, or jerk tubes out of their noses or veins, in a cat-and-mouse game of life and death which is neither merciful nor meaningful. Medical innovation makes it ever easier to drag people back to "life" in merely physiological terms. Yet when these patients succeed in outwitting their medical ministrants, can we say that they have committed suicide in any real sense of the word? Who is actually alive in these contrivances and contraptions? In such a puppetlike state most patients are, of course, too weakened and drugged to take any truly human initiative.

The classical deathbed scene, with its loving partings and solemn last words, is practically a thing of the past. In its stead is a sedated, comatose, betubed subject, manipulated and sub-conscious, if not subhuman. This is why, for example, one desperate woman is trying to guarantee herself a fatal heart attack to avoid anything like her mother's imbecile last years. It is an unnerving experience to any sensitive person to hear an intern on the terminal ward of a hospital say with defensive gallows humor that he has to "go water the vegetables" in their beds.

Families—and their emotional and economic resources—deserve some reckoning too. And finally, all of us are potential patients. Surely we need to give these questions a fresh look, even though the obligation lies heaviest on leaders in medicine and allied fields.

#### MEDICAL MORALS AND CIVIL LAW

It is an oversimplification to think of the issue any longer as "euthanasia" and decide for or against it. Euthanasia, meaning a merciful or good death, may be achieved by direct or indirect methods. If it is direct, a deliberate action or "mercy-killing" to shorten or end life, it is definitely murder as the law now stands. But indirect euthanasia is another matter, the more complicated and by far the more frequent form of the problem. There are three forms it can take: (1) administering a death-dealing pain-killer, (2) ceasing treatments that prolong the pa-



tient's life—or death, if you prefer, and (3) withholding treatment altogether.

An example of the first form is the administration of morphine in doses which are pyramided to toxic, fatal proportions. The doctor has been forced to choose between doing nothing further to alleviate suffering, or giving a merciful dose which kills both the pain and the patient. Usually he chooses the latter course. An example of the second form is the hospital scene described earlier when two doctors, a resident, an intern, a chaplain, and a visiting minister agreed to "pull the plug" and disconnect the bubbling life-prolonging oxygen tank.

To illustrate the third form of indirect euthanasia we might look at this practical problem. A poliomyelitis patient—a young woman—is struck down by an extensive paralysis of the respiratory muscles. Lacking oxygen, her brain suffers irreparable damage from suffocation. She *could* be kept "alive" for months—maybe longer—by artificial respiration through a tracheostomy. However, is there anything in moral law, either the law of nature, the law of Scripture, or the law of love, that obliges us to use such extraordinary means, such gimmicks? If we forgo their use, and let the patient die of natural asphyxiation, we have "euthanased" in the third, indirect form. Both Protestant and Catholic teachers have favored such a course. Or, to take

another case, if a patient with incurable cancer gets pneumonia may we morally withhold antibiotics that would cure the pneumonia and let the patient "go," thus escaping a protracted and pain-ridden death? Roman Catholics are not so sure about this one, but most others are agreed that the best and most loving course would be to withhold the antibiotics.

Some of those who have tried to face these issues—the Euthanasia Societies in America and England, for example—have wanted to restrict both direct and indirect euthanasia to *voluntary* situations where the patient has consented. Such a concept is applicable to people—of whom there are many—who have private understandings with doctor friends and with their families in anticipation of the end. But what of the patient who has never stated his wishes and is past making a mentally competent choice? Under this code mercy would have to be denied no matter how hideous and hopeless his suffering. Yet in modern medical practice most terminal patients are in precisely this submoral condition. Therefore, many moralists are prepared to approve even involuntary forms of indirect euthanasia. Pope Pius XII, for example, said that in deciding whether to use reanimation techniques, if life is ebbing hopelessly, doctors may cease and desist, "to permit the patient, already virtually dead, to pass on in peace." This decision could be made by the family and doctor *for* the patient. In the same vein, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Cosmo, Lord Lang) agreed that "cases arise in which some means of shortening life may be justified." Both of these church leaders of the recent past preferred to leave the decision as to *when* in the physician's hands.

This is probably the wisest policy, provided the doctors do not take a rigid or idolatrous view of their role as "life" savers. Medicine's achievements have created some tragic and tricky questions. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, in a recent lecture on medical ethics at Harvard Medical School, called for an end to the present policy of pushing the responsibility off on physicians. It is certainly unfair to saddle the doctors with all the initiative and responsibility, to create such a "role image" for them, when pastors and relatives might take it. There is some wisdom, nevertheless, in the Pope's injunction to the family of the dying to be guided by the doctors' advice as to *when* "vital functions" have ceased and only minimal organic functioning continues.

The *direct* ending of a life, with or without the patient's consent, is *euthanasia* in its simple,

## Finally

W. S. MERWIN

my dread, my ignorance, my  
Self, it is time. Your imminence  
Prowls the palms of my hands like sweat.  
Do not now, if I rise to welcome you,  
Make off like roads into the deep night.  
The dogs are dead at last, the locks toothless,  
The habits out of reach.  
I will not be false to you tonight.

Come, no longer unthinkable. Let us share  
Understanding like a family name. Bring  
Integrity as a gift, something  
Which I had lost, which you found on the way.  
I will lay it beside us, the old knife,  
While we reach our conclusions.

Come. As a man who hears a sound at the gate  
Opens the window and puts out the light  
The better to see out into the dark,  
Look, I put it out.

unsophisticated, and ethically candid form. This is opposed by many teachers, Roman Catholics, and others. They claim to see a moral difference between deciding to end a life by deliberately doing something and deciding to end a life by deliberately *not* doing something. To many others this seems a very cloudy distinction. What, morally, is the difference between doing nothing to keep the patient alive and giving a fatal dose of a pain-killing or other lethal drug? The intention is the same, either way. A decision *not* to keep a patient alive is as morally deliberate as a decision to *end* a life. As Kant said, if we will the end we will the means. Although differences persist in its application, the *principle* of mercy-death is today definitely accepted, even in religious circles where the pressures of death-fear have been strongest. Disagreements concern only the "operational" or practical question—who does what under which circumstances?

Doctors and laymen have asked lawmakers to legalize *direct* euthanasia, thus far unsuccessfully. While this writer's decision is in favor of the direct method, it may be necessary to settle temporarily for an intermediate step in the law. One distinguished jurist, Glanville Williams, has suggested that since there is little immediate hope of having the direct-method proposal adopted, it might be more practical to try for a law to safeguard the doctors in the *indirect* forms of mercy-death which *they are now practicing anyway*, and which leading moralists of all persuasions could endorse. Such a measure would provide that a medical practitioner is not guilty of any offense if he has sought to speed or ease the death of a patient suffering a painful and fatal disease. Doctors would then have protection under the law, freedom to follow their consciences. To bring this matter into the open practice of medicine would harmonize the civil law with medical morals, which must be concerned with the quality of life, not merely its quantity.

#### THE VITALIST FALLACY

**T**he biggest obstacle to a compassionate and honest understanding of this problem is a superstitious concept of "nature" inherited from an earlier, pre-scientific culture. People often feel that death should be "natural"—that is, humanly uncontrolled and uncontrived. Sometimes they say that God works through nature and therefore any "interference" with nature by controlling what happens *to* people in the way of illness and death—interferes with

God's activity. This argument has a specious aura of religious force. For example, one doctor with an eighty-three-year-old patient, paralyzed by a stroke and a half-dozen other ailments, tells the compassionate family that he will do nothing, "leave it to God." But God does not co-operate; their mother goes on gasping. Maybe the doctor needs a better and more creative theology.

For the fact is that medicine itself is an interference with nature. It freely co-operates with or counteracts and foils nature to fulfill humanly chosen ends. As Thomas Sydenham said three hundred years ago, medicine is "the support of enfeebled and the coercion of outrageous nature." Blind, brute nature imposing an agonized and prolonged death is outrageous to the limit, and to bow to it, to "leave things in God's hands" is the last word in determinism and fatalism. It is the very opposite of a morality that prizes human freedom and loving kindness.

The right of spiritual beings to use intelligent control over physical nature rather than submit beastlike to its blind workings, is the heart of many crucial questions. Birth control, artificial insemination, sterilization, and abortion are all medically discovered ways of fulfilling and protecting human values and hopes in spite of nature's failures or foolishnesses. Death control, like birth control, is a matter of human dignity. Without it persons become puppets. To perceive this is to grasp the error lurking in the notion—widespread in medical circles—that life as such is the highest good. This kind of vitalism seduces its victims into being more loyal to the physical spark of mere biological life than to the personality values of self-possession and human integrity. The beauty and spiritual depths of human stature are what should be preserved and conserved in our value system, with the flesh as the means rather than the end. The vitalist fallacy is to view life at any old level as the highest good. This betrays us into keeping "vegetables" going and dragging the dying back to brute "life" just because we have the medical know-how to do it.

Medicine, however, has a duty to relieve suffering equal to preserving life. Furthermore, it needs to re-examine its understanding of "life" as a moral and spiritual good—not merely physical. The morality of vitalism is being challenged by the morality of human freedom and dignity. Natural or physical determinism must give way to the morality of love. Doctors who will not resuscitate monsters at birth—the start of life—will not much longer have any part in turning people into monsters at the end of life.



# DO YOU REALLY WANT

DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M. D.

*Without a personal physician to ride herd on the specialists you cannot have good medical care. But in a few years it will be hard to find one unless our medical schools drastically change their ways. Dr. Rutstein is professor and head of the Department of Preventive Medicine at Harvard Medical School and a special consultant to the U. S. Public Health Service. He is a frequent contributor to technical and general magazines and the author of "Lifetime Health Record" (Harvard University Press).*

There is a legend that at about the turn of the century every American had a family doctor. He did everything. He took care of you when you were sick. He walked through snow in the middle of the night to deliver your baby at home, and he splinted your broken arm when you fell from a horse. Before the days of professional psychiatry, he treated your emotional difficulties with "common sense." He knew all about you and your family. When there was trouble, he sat down with you in the parlor, gave you wise counsel, and never betrayed a confidence. His charges were modest and he often failed to send a bill.

The legend dies hard. Unquestionably there were individual physicians who approached this ideal. Your parents probably did receive more personal attention than you would today. Their health also was more continuously supervised. Since there were then very few specialists, they called the same doctor for appendicitis or a headache. They may well have had a greater feeling of security from the doctor's visit than you do now. As Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler pointed out in *The Horse and Buggy Doctor*, "The ability of the old type doctor was enhanced because he remained at the patient's bedside until his suffering was relieved, even though it required many hours to achieve that end." He could do this because there was then a larger supply of physicians. In 1909 we had one doctor for every 568 persons. Now we have only one for every 709.

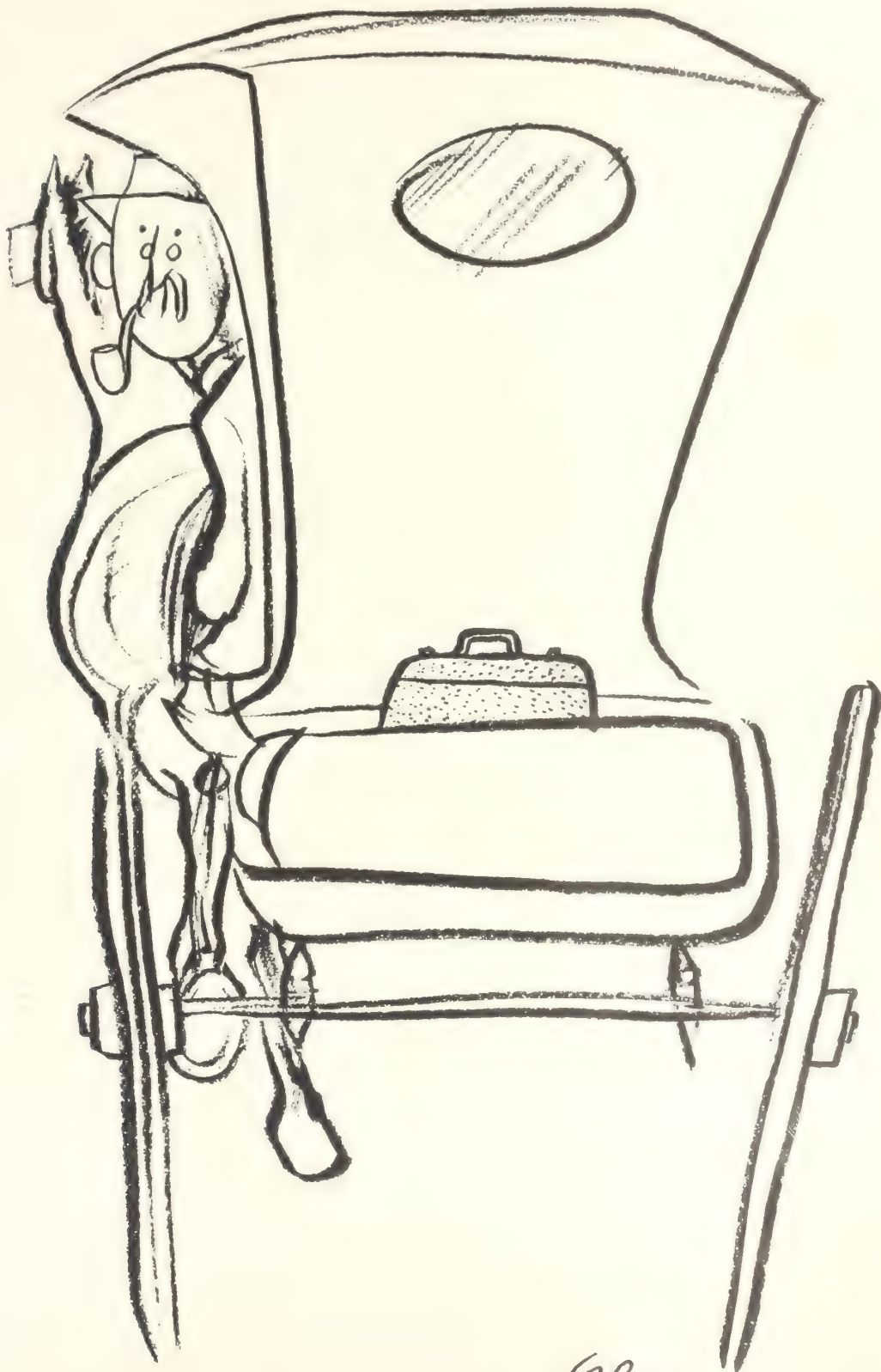
But, in spite of all this, medical care in those

times was poor. Tuberculosis was the most common cause of death. Mothers often died unnecessarily in childbirth, and far too many infants died of infection during the first few years of life. Some of the reasons were pointed out in 1910 by Abraham Flexner in his now classic report on medical education, which described "a century of reckless overproduction of cheap doctors." Only 22 of our 155 medical schools required more than a high-school certificate and most of the others had no fixed qualifications for admission.

Dr. Flexner referred to the very large number of commercial medical schools "that . . . have been persistently used for pecuniary advantage." In most of these, existing scientific knowledge was not included in the curriculum and there was little or no research in the medical sciences. So it is not surprising that most medical care was directed toward the relief of symptoms, diagnosis was neglected, and little attempt was made to control the underlying disease.

The Flexner report had an immediate impact. Many medical schools, particularly those operated for private profit, were closed. (We now have only about half as many schools.) The American Medical Association established standards of medical education. Research and teaching flowered in such basic sciences as physiology and biochemistry, which were made prerequisites to the study of clinical medicine and surgery. The concept of preventive medicine was introduced. With the help of the great founda-

# A FAMILY DOCTOR?



Osborn



tions, more and better medical research began to yield the knowledge so necessary for more effective prevention and treatment of disease.

These trends inevitably led to specialization. The research worker, using increasingly complex techniques, penetrated deeper into ever-narrowing fields of investigation. In turn, the practicing physician who wanted to take advantage of this expanding reservoir of knowledge was forced to add years to his training and to limit his scope to specific organ systems—such as the nervous system—or patterns of illness—such as, for instance, allergy. The emergence of specialists was abetted by the patients' immediate acceptance of the expert, and their willingness to pay more for his services than for those of a family doctor.

The expert knowledge and skills of the specialists were sorely needed. They provided the basis for the growing reputation of American medicine. But, as early as 1927, thoughtful physicians such as Francis Peabody recognized that the very process of specialization created new and serious gaps.

By its nature, specialist care was confined to a particular part or a special illness of the patient. Indeed, the same symptoms might fall within the purview of more than one specialist. For instance, a severe pain in your left shoulder for which you (mistakenly) consult an orthopedic surgeon might be due to heart disease and you would be referred immediately to a cardiologist. Absorbed with a mechanism of disease, the specialist sometimes neglects to relieve the very symptoms which brought the patient to his office. Drugs to ease a back pain may be forgotten as both surgeon and radiologist concentrate on that queer shadow in your X-ray pictures.

Moreover, in focusing on his particular field of interest one specialist might miss a manifestation of serious illness in the preserve of another. The cardiac consultant, in listening to the sounds coming through his stethoscope, might very well overlook that small lump in your breast which you accidentally discover four months later after it has grown a bit larger.

As specialties multiplied and narrowed, several doctors might be caring for the same patient and yet not cover all his health problems. If a single physician does not accept responsibility for all aspects of the patient's care the opposite situation may also occur; the treatment prescribed by one specialist may conflict with that of another. Indeed, co-ordination of services and continuity of treatment have become strikingly deficient even in some of our great teaching hospitals.

In the meantime what has happened to the family doctor? His prestige, particularly in urban areas of the United States, has been gradually downgraded. Examining boards created to certify specialists have established a hierarchy of practitioners above him. As the care of serious disease shifted from the home to the hospital, hospital services were gradually reshaped to conform with the trends in specialization. Better highways and more automobiles made transportation to office and to hospital relatively easy, so that home visits except in an emergency became almost unnecessary. The family physician, not qualified in a specialty, began to have an increasingly difficult time obtaining a hospital appointment. This lowered his status in the eyes of the patient who on admission to the hospital would be cared for by another physician.

#### EDUCATING SPECIALISTS

**T**he evolution of medicine into an increasingly compartmentalized science has been pioneered by the medical schools with their affiliated teaching hospitals. Their best students, hoping to become outstanding specialists, are awarded appointments on highly-specialized hospital services. Except for a dedicated few, it is now only the lower-ranking students who deliberately plan to go into family practice—though others not qualified for teaching-hospital appointments may eventually drift into it. Few teaching hospitals have family physicians on their staffs to train young men in this field and to provide continuity of medical care for patients.

The result of all this was indicated in a U. S. Public Health Service report to the Senate last May.\* It showed that the number of doctors in general practice had declined from 112,000 in 1931 to 82,000 in 1959—and in the same period the ratio of family physicians dropped from 90 for every hundred thousand people to 46. This means that fewer medical graduates are choosing to go into family practice—as the Association of American Medical Colleges' Weiskotten report pointed out in 1956.

Actually the trend away from general practice is inherent in the way medical students are selected. Preference is given to those who have done an outstanding bit of original research in college, who score high on medical school aptitude tests, and who have high college grades, particularly in the sciences. Once the medical

\**Report of Consultants in Medical Research*, Boisfeuillet Jones, Chairman. U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1960.

student is admitted, constant exposure to scientists and specialists tends to increase his own disinclination toward family practice.

This trend toward extreme specialization is documented by the qualifications of most of the recently appointed full-time professors of internal medicine. Demonstrated competence in the basic sciences—particularly in one of the sub-specialties of biochemistry—is almost a prerequisite. Ability to manipulate the gene, the hemoglobin molecule, or an enzyme system is prized far above skill in management of a patient with a complicated disease. Those whose competence is limited to clinical research and teaching are likely to be passed over. A modern Sir William Osler, for instance, could not win appointment today as head of a department of medicine in an American medical school. The large sums for research recently made available from government and other sources have furthered this trend. Since there are no important sources of funds for medical education per se, a professor who can obtain large research grants is an asset to any medical school.

Thus, we are faced with a dilemma. The highly-specialized research program of our medical schools must be stimulated and expanded. Students now being educated in ever-narrowing fields will not only contribute to research—they will also use their highly-specialized knowledge and techniques for the patient's benefit. But the gap between the training of these experts and the education of a general physician grows wider and wider. Indeed, it is becoming clear that our medical schools as presently organized cannot do *both* jobs.

The dilemma is made more acute by the fact that our existing and proposed medical schools cannot keep up with our growing over-all need for physicians. The most recent study made for the Public Health Service Surgeon General—the Bane Report\*—estimated that to maintain the present physician-patient ratio, by 1975 we will need 3,600 more medical-school graduates per year than the current output of 7,400.

This forecast appears reasonable. Americans are now averaging five visits a year to the doctor and there is no likelihood that the demand will diminish. On the contrary, with the rapidly increasing number of infants and old people in our population, it may be expected to increase.

But our present system of medical education cannot produce the physicians we need. Qualified

faculty members are scarce and we are gravely short of funds for medical education—as opposed to research. Medical schools, unfortunately, are far more expensive to build and operate than other graduate schools. The Bane Report estimates a minimum of \$8 million needed to construct a medical school—exclusive of hospital and research facilities. Annual operating expenses average about \$2 million—an inadequate sum in many respects.

For the student, medical education is the costliest professional training he can choose. More than half of all medical-school graduates in the 1959 class were in debt and 20 per cent owed nearly \$5,000. Tuition fees have been rising and four years of medical school now cost around \$11,600. Including college, internship, and residency, the doctor's training may take eleven or twelve years. During the coming year the federal government will award some 10,000 predoctoral fellowships in the physical, life, and social sciences, psychology, engineering, the arts, the humanities, and education. In contrast the federal government makes no fellowships available to medical students. Many medical schools offer some scholarship support to the neediest students after the freshman year. But only 10 per cent of medical students held scholarships at the last count; these averaged only \$500 and would not cover tuition. It is no wonder that few young men from the lower and middle economic groups contemplate a medical career today and therefore the pool of medical-school applicants is diminishing.

#### THE ROLE OF THE INTERNIST

**S**hrinking fastest of all is the supply of personal physicians. Their work is done in some upper-income urban and suburban areas by the specialist in internal medicine—the “internist.” He accepts responsibility for a complete history, physical examination, laboratory study, and continuing care of his patients. But can the internist meet the need for family doctors? The logistics of the situation dispel this hope.

If internists were to provide continuous care for all patients there should be at least one internist for every 750 persons. Actually, the ratio is less than one per 14,000, and they are not evenly distributed throughout the country. They tend instead to congregate in urban areas, with over one-quarter in New York and California. Moreover, many internists do not serve as family doctors but limit their practice to a sub-specialty, such as chest or gastro-intestinal disease. Some

\*Physicians for a Growing America, Report of the Surgeon General's Consultant Group on Medical Education, Frank Bane, Chairman. Washington, 1959.



hold full-time positions in medical schools, industry, the Armed Forces, or veterans' hospitals. Finally, the total number of internists cannot be increased rapidly as there are relatively few approved hospital appointments for their education.

Where internists act as personal physicians they are seriously overworked. Demands on them are so great that they are forced either to turn away patients or to spend most of their waking hours at work. Those who tire of this demanding responsibility frequently take additional training and limit their practice to a sub-specialty where the patients are fewer but fees are higher. Others leave private practice for a full-time salaried position.

Because he is paid by the visit rather than for the amount of time a case requires, the internist is tempted to see as many patients as possible. Conscientious internists who resist this temptation sacrifice income whenever they give a patient the extra time needed to discuss a personal problem or to assure continuity of medical care.

In less prosperous rural areas internists are few and the dwindling number of family physicians do what they can to provide service. If the local hospital is staffed by qualified specialists, the family physician seldom has hospital privileges, particularly for surgery. His income, like the internist's, depends primarily on the number of patients he can see per day. The declining popularity of family practice is demonstrated by the steadily diminishing number of such physicians and their complete absence in some areas. Even in Massachusetts, with the third-highest ratio of physicians to population in the nation, many communities are short of doctors. Eleven communities in that state—with a combined population of almost 27,000—have no resident full-time physicians whatever.

Although precise evidence on this point is lacking, the unmet need for personal physician service is apparently being filled in a variety of ways. Part of the slack is being taken up by graduates of foreign medical schools, most of them sub-standard, who now fill about one-quarter of all approved hospital internships and residencies in the United States. In 1959 there were 8,400 foreign physicians from 91 countries\*

\*More of these imported doctors are now coming from the Philippines than from any other country—with Turkey, Mexico, Iran, Korea, Greece, Japan, and India following in that order. These are all countries which can ill afford to supply physicians to us. Indeed, we ought to be producing a surplus of doctors, beyond our own needs, to send to underdeveloped areas—as the Russians are already doing.

(other than Canada) caring for patients in 846 of our hospitals. The number of foreign graduates (other than Canadian) admitted to practice in this country, following their hospital training period, has increased from 458 in 1950 to 1,316 in 1958. Many of these men probably serve as family practitioners, as do some 14,000 licensed osteopaths.

Various paramedical professions also provide services once considered the province of the family doctor. For example, the public-health visiting nurse gives personal attention and health education. By interpreting the doctor's instructions she saves his time and extends his scope. The medical social worker helps by mobilizing the community resources the physician must have for the care of his patient. Other useful auxiliaries are the general hospital and obstetrical nurses, occupational and physical therapists, clinical psychologists, nutritionists, and vocational rehabilitators.\*

#### A JOB FOR THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS

**T**hese many kinds of medical aides create a new difficulty. As the patient's care is further fragmented, there is an even greater need for co-ordination by a family doctor.

But do you really want one?

There is much evidence that you would rather do without him. You cheerfully pay the specialist hundreds and even thousands of dollars. But you become highly indignant if your family doctor doubles his fee of a few dollars when your case takes twice the usual amount of his time. You rank manual skill and dexterity far above the wisdom of the physician who may save your life without subjecting you to an operation. As your hero on the television screen, the family physician has been replaced by a surgeon repairing a child's heart. This may be understandable. But the question remains: Who is going to provide co-ordination and continuity in your medical care?

So far as I can see, only the family doctor can do the job. And eventually—if the public demand is strong enough—medical educators will accept the responsibility for training him. How can this be done?

I suggest that the medical schools set up two divergent courses of study—one for medical re-

\*For lack of a family doctor, many people are taking their problems to such advisers as Christian Science practitioners, marriage counselors, chiropractors, or naturopaths.

search workers and specialists, and another for the practicing family physician. Such a plan is not new in American education. For example, in schools such as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology physicists and engineers start off together on two diverging curricula, one leading in a theoretical and the other in a practical direction. (If a student changes his mind and has the capability, he may switch from one to the other.)

The same kind of plan could be put into effect in the medical schools. Hopefully, more and better medical research workers and specialists would be educated in the present program which includes a maximum of basic medical science. On the other hand, for the student interested primarily in providing medical care, a new curriculum would be designed to base the art of medical practice on a solid scientific foundation. This course of training would include all the basic medical sciences needed to interpret the natural history of disease, to care for minor illnesses with drugs or by simple surgical procedures, and to screen seriously-ill patients who need to be referred to specialists. Thus the new curriculum would be soundly based on medical science, in a school where the student is in close contact not only with clinical teachers but also with research workers and specialists. Above all, we must not slump back into the evils of the pre-Flexner era, where students were cut off from the scientific basis for medicine.

A faculty for the family-doctor curriculum should not be hard to find. As in the education of physicists and engineers, initial training can be provided by expanding the basic science departments of the medical school. Many skillful young clinicians in our teaching hospitals now have no academic future because they are not adept at laboratory research. They would make excellent full-time clinical professors for the family doctors in training. Practicing physicians acting as part-time teachers would supplement their efforts.

The time required to train this new kind of family doctor would be three or four years shorter—and proportionately less expensive—than the present program. After graduation from secondary school, six years in college and medical school and two years in a hospital should be adequate. Obviously this would help greatly to speed up the production of physicians to meet our growing needs.

Even when we begin to use this more economical plan, our medical school facilities still must be greatly expanded. The large sums allocated for medical research must be sup-

plemented by hundreds of millions to build new schools, to increase the capacity of existing ones, to pay additional teachers' salaries, expand libraries, and provide teaching equipment and facilities in the laboratory and at the bedside.

If we really want to draw qualified applicants from all economic and social levels into the medical profession, scholarship funds in large amounts must be provided.\* Without such aid—and with funds freely available in competing fields—the pool of medical-school applicants will continue to dwindle.

#### FINDING THE MONEY

**W**ho will provide the money? Voluntary fund-raising for medical education, praiseworthy and helpful as it has been, has yielded small sums in comparison with the need. For example, the American Medical Education Foundation collects from physicians and distributes to medical schools about one million dollars a year. The National Fund for Medical Education, which concentrates on securing contributions from corporations and organized groups, allocates only a little more than three million a year among some eighty American medical schools. Such voluntary efforts are valuable in diversifying the financial support of medical schools and should be continued.

But most of the additional financing inevitably must be provided by the federal government. Some money probably will come from the states. The lowest physician-patient ratios, however, are in the poorest states. Since the need is both nation-wide and vast, federal sources of funds clearly must be tapped.

To protect the independence of the medical schools, we could follow the pattern that has been used so successfully by the National Institutes of Health of the U. S. Public Health Service. Through them the government has allocated billions of dollars for research to medical schools without any interference in the performance of the research or in the operation of the schools. A revision of the medical-school curriculum along the lines proposed here would channel such funds to increase our supply of family doctors, as well as specialists and medical researchers.

\*A bill to provide federal assistance for scholarships to medical and dental students (HR 10255) was introduced in the second session of the 86th Congress by Representative John F. Fogarty of Rhode Island. It was referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, where it perished.



Objections will, of course, be raised. Why—it may be asked—should you receive your medical care from a doctor less well educated than the specialists who now care for you? The answer is simple. The new family-doctor curriculum would include all the knowledge required by the practicing physician. There is no point in spending years—and a great deal of money—in giving him information needed only by specialists and medical scientists. Moreover, he will be specifically educated to co-ordinate and supervise the patient's care, a task the specialist is not equipped to perform.

To be sure there is a real danger that, in individual practice, the new family doctor might slip back to the pre-Flexner level. This same danger, however, exists in our present system. There is evidence that when general physicians are isolated from specialist services, the quality of medical care is poor. Indeed, the general physician can be most effective as a member of a group-practice unit. Consequently, whenever practicable the new practitioner should be affiliated with such a unit, so that he can keep contact with the main stream of medical science and have ready access to all the specialties. A much better quality of medical care than is now usually available would thus be provided. Moreover, if some plan such as I am proposing is not adopted, millions of Americans will continue to get their medical care from foreign doctors with substandard training or from cultists of one sort or another.

Another objection is this. Who will want to be a second-class doctor? The answer is: He will not be one, if his role is clearly understood. If you really want a family physician strongly enough to give him adequate income and social status, students will again be attracted to this field.

#### AN ALTERNATE SOLUTION

**B**ut if a plan such as this fails to win acceptance, there remains one other alternative for providing personal health services. (In my opinion it is a rather poor one.) The gap might be partially filled by upgrading the public-health nurse.

Her training could be buttressed with education in the basic sciences and in social service. It would also include the principles of midwifery, the use of simple drugs, and the techniques of minor surgical procedures. This program would be similar to that evolved in Eastern European countries for the upgrading of nurses or lay

practitioners, known as "Feldshers" (field barbers). Working whenever possible under supervision of full-fledged doctors, these "Feldshers" provided a great deal of the medical care in Tsarist Russia, particularly in rural areas. After the 1917 Revolution, the training of the "Feldsher" was discouraged. But from 1929 to 1934, during the Stalin regime, schools for "Feldshers" were increased from 59 to 154. More recently, experienced "Feldshers" and nurses in the U. S. S. R. have been given preference in admission to medical schools, if they pass the qualifying examination.

The Soviet Union now has one of the highest ratios of physicians to patients in the world. Approximately three-quarters of the practicing doctors are women and some of the work they do is performed in the United States by public-health nurses or by social workers—such as health education, careful follow-through to be sure that the physician's orders are carried out, and discussion of the patient's personal problems.

Upgrading of the public-health nurse in the United States might help to rescue the nursing profession from its present plight. As routine hospital duties are increasingly assumed by practical nurses or aides, the college-educated nurse might well be elevated to true professional status. Recruitment of nurses, so difficult now, might then be easier. The end result, however, would not be nearly as good as having a family doctor specially selected and educated for his professional task.

Our medical schools are in danger of forgetting their traditional objective: to provide you with ample medical care of constantly rising quality. This requires above all a continued high standard of scientific medicine. But complete medical care means more than the sum of the services provided by specialists, no matter how highly qualified. It must include acceptance by one doctor of complete responsibility for the care of the patient and for the co-ordination of specialist, laboratory, and other services.

Within a generation, if the present situation continues, few Americans will have a personal physician do this for them. So if you are to have family doctors as well as scientific medicine, our medical schools have a double job to do . . . they are now accomplishing only one half of it . . . and they cannot possibly do it properly unless you demand and support a drastic, far-reaching change in our whole system of medical education. But, before they undertake this complicated task, the medical schools must know: Do you really want a family doctor?

# A DOCTOR PRESCRIBES FOR HIS PROFESSION

LINDSAY E. BEATON, M. D.

*When he took office as president of the Arizona Medical Association last May, Dr. Beaton spoke his mind with a candor and directness rare in official medical circles. This article is adapted from his inaugural address. A specialist in psychiatry and neurology, he is a native of Chicago, and a graduate of Dartmouth and Northwestern Medical School. For fourteen years he has lived and practiced in Tucson.*

**N**o demonstration is needed to prove that the physician has found himself in a chillier climate of national opinion in recent years. He has undergone what often seems to him like systematic and studied deprecation. We are accused of having formed a tight guild that blocks the development of new medical schools, deters the recruitment of young physicians, favors sterile specialism, and contests every advance that might offer better care to medically indigent groups, all in restrictive protection of our own vested financial interests.

What are the reasons for the currency of this grotesque public image? High among them is probably the change in the nature of medical practice from an intensely personal service to the objective and highly intellectualized approach demanded by the sophistication of modern biological theory.

Nor can we expect the old unqualified admiration from the layman. He reads the *Reader's Digest* too, and he knows about research. He no longer feels that his health has been salvaged or his life saved by the physician's personal effort alone.

Perhaps of equal importance is the growing popular expectation of medical care as an actual political due. When any social desire is viewed as a right, some citizens are quite naturally going to demur at paying individually for it.

The concept of freedom from disease is itself a dangerous social illusion. The physician becomes practically aware of the threat when

he sees himself continually menaced by malpractice litigation, the presumption for which is that failure to recover from illness must be the doctor's fault. This partly derives from our own propaganda about the "miracles" of modern medicine and the consequent anticipations of the populace. We suffer in the public eye for not being able to deliver the impossible.

Another reason may be that the physician's conventional image, drawn from the past, has become an anomaly in the twentieth century. In Victorian America, the doctor was an undisguised individual in an age that respected individuals. Now, in many ways, he no longer shares the common experience of many of his patients. His very learning has become complex and esoteric. This helps to explain the persistence of folk cures and the success of charlatans. Honey and vinegar are easier to understand than steroids. Also, the physician remains hard-working, in a culture centered on leisure.

We are, perhaps, more and more alienated from the common run of people by our altered relation to them. Instead of becoming a professional elite, drawn from and cutting across every social stratum, at the service alike of banker and beggar, we have drifted into an upper-class status identification that prevents us from recognizing the wishes and needs of the great mass of our patients.



As we seek peace with the public, there are certain measures most firmly to be avoided. We must not, with pious tongue in fat cheek, cry nostalgically for the old days and pretend that we are still nineteenth-century leeches and should be adulated as such. We cannot restore the day of the country practitioner, beloved counselor to the whole rural family. To be sure, the night watch remains in the exchange transfusion, the vigil after cardiac surgery, the use of the artificial kidney, the adjustment of a brittle diabetic, the quieting of an acutely disturbed depressive. However, for the youngster with pneumonia, antibiotics have replaced the doctor's sleepless hours. An injection of 400,000 units of penicillin in the right buttock not only stings, but understandably does not engender the same sense of gratitude.

The second negative caution is against faith in salvation by publicity through the ministrations of the mahatmas of Madison Avenue. The craft of public relations may not be outright deception, but it is certainly always guilty of the strategic ruse of omission, in the selection of facts favorable to the cause. This is at best a not very innocent game; it has no place in the serious concerns of health and illness.

Thirdly, I would have us eradicate from our official program the strident demand for the economic rights of doctors. The people have read too long our defensive special pleadings; they have become derisively aware that the most widely read medical magazine in America is said to be *Medical Economics*.

#### WHOM DO WE SERVE?

As a final prohibition, organized medicine should be bidden to stop the kind of political activity that has resulted in the common belief that doctors are the spearhead of the far right wing. There is potential disaster for the profession in identification with the ultra-conservative. Our identification is with the sick. We should want it unmistakably understood that we serve the health purposes of the public, not the political purposes of the National Association of Manufacturers. It is not a simple matter to separate a position about health from its social and economic parameters, for patently legislative proposals in many areas gravely bear on questions of disease. But we can at least discount our own socio-economic prejudices, most of us being by background and status convinced conservatives, and try to make our concerted medical stands rest on the single touchstone of

the benefits they would provide to the ill.

If we are to be relieved of the miserable necessity of going steady with our own false image, we need, above all, a set of explicit programs. They will at first be received with doubt in some circles. All the more reason to weed out of such projects any intimation of monetary self-interest or political aim.

In his guardianship of health, the physician must realize that he no longer is the sole warden of the keep. The complexity of health problems has given rise to many paramedical callings, from the university physiologist to the hospital aide. He should receive these workers as welcome recruits and fit them into the team. This is no subtraction from the scope of our practice. Rather it is an opportunity for the extension of our stewardship. As the ultimately accountable individual, the doctor insists only that final medical decisions be made by him, no matter what contribution other disciplines have made in providing information toward that decision. He should let the public know once and for all that he has no desire to pre-empt and hoard all services to the ill for his own gain.

Historically idealism is an inseparable ingredient of medicine. Medicine cannot escape its moral base for it rests on the only biologically unassailable purpose, the preservation of the members of the species. It is this origin that, psychologically, makes caring for the sick person an act of love. If it is not rendered in that emotion, it is not good treatment.

In return the physician is most repaid by his unequaled office, privileged beyond all men in his coveted and essential presence at the great crises of every life.

In 1960 it is timely for the physician to renew in his personal credo that stern promise of the Hippocratic Oath: "Into whatever houses I enter I will go into them for the benefit alone of the sick. In purity and holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art."

#### The Pretender

A TEXAS wife sued for annulment of her marriage on the grounds that her husband, while claiming to earn a comfortable living, was in fact impoverished. "He pretended to be a bricklayer," she charged, "when actually he was only a hospital resident."

—Shirley Jo Bennett, in *Medical Economics* (Edition for Residents, Interns, and Senior Students), March 1960

# MEDICAL RESEARCH: CHOKED BY DOLLARS

JOHN M. RUSSELL

*When he made a survey of American and Canadian medical colleges fifteen years ago, John Russell was amazed to find that there was more money available for medical research than men to use it effectively. Since then the Markle Foundation, of which he is president, has devoted its resources to keeping outstanding young physicians in the field of academic medicine. Out of his long study of the problem—given added poignancy by his own ordeal as a cancer patient—he urges a new approach to medical research, emphasizing people rather than projects.*

**F**or a long time I have had the urge to speak up about the misleading impression the public is being given about cancer research—and for that matter medical research in general.

The misplaced enthusiasm of ill-informed but enormously kindhearted people is leading to a terrific waste of both public and private funds. Because of this situation, the advancement of medical knowledge may be delayed rather than accelerated; the solution to cancer, heart trouble, and other killing and crippling diseases may actually be hampered by the flood of funds and amateur advice and the waves of emotional urgency now inundating our medical scientists. It is high time to apply some old-fashioned, hard-headed thinking to hold our largess within reasonable bounds.

I have felt very strongly about this for a long time. Why did I wait to speak up? For one thing, it is considered almost seditious to hint that more money is now being made available for medical research than can be reasonably used. In the face of the many serious illnesses that have plagued our public figures these past few years, I doubt that any Congressman or Senator would dare stand up and plead for more responsible and reasonable spending of public funds for medical research. To do so would be political suicide, or at least make him the most unpopular man in Congress. Being human, I too have hesitated to take such a stand.

There was another reason for my hesitation: I

could hardly be considered an expert on the subject, since I am not a scientist and since I had not personally experienced the tragedy of long, lingering, and eventually fatal illness. Frankly, I did not think a few acid remarks from healthy me would be seriously considered. However, in the past year my situation has abruptly changed. I have watched the person dearest to me slowly die of cancer. And now, as I write these lines, I, myself, am in the hands of surgeons and radiologists who are fighting to cut off the spread of cancer cells in my own body. In fact, as of this moment I am a radioactive isotope. While I am still no scientist, perhaps now I do qualify as one who has been through the emotional mill. Today I am a mere cancer statistic—just a dot on a five-year survival chart with the question still pending whether my particular dot will eventually be placed among the so-called “cures” or not. The present ratio of cures to failures is one to three. So this is perhaps a propitious time for me to have my say. There are three points I want to make.

First, the “conquest” of a disease is a very different task from building an A-bomb.

Second, money does not do research. Men do.

And, finally, freedom is every bit as important to a research worker as to anyone else.



Let's consider the first point: the atom bomb. Years before anyone dreamed of the Manhattan Project, Einstein, Fermi, Bohr, Szilard, and other great physicists and mathematicians had solved the basic scientific problems involved in splitting the atom. In fact, it was Einstein who went to President Roosevelt to tell him that science had reached a point where—by a tremendous expenditure of money and mobilization of brain power—a bomb could be built. In other words, the bomb represented the fitting together of bits and pieces of knowledge. In the life sciences, on the other hand, we are still in an early stage of exploration and discovery, a process of breaking through the unknown into new areas of knowledge. This process will not be fostered by locking up a lot of scientists in Los Alamos or by voting \$500 million for a "crash program" in cancer research.

#### LIMITS OF THE TEAM

Unfortunately, the "team approach" to scientific programs is no substitute for the unique contribution that individuals can make if they are left alone to work out their discoveries over a period of time. As one frustrated scientist put it: "You can't make nine women pregnant and thereby produce a baby in one month."

Any real breakthrough in knowledge requires a genius above all else; but all rights to the manufacture of geniuses, I understand, are strictly limited to the Person who holds a similar monopoly on the production of trees.

Of course all medical research is not still at this basic level. Medical journals are filled with articles describing the results of experiments at the applied or clinical level—in other words experiments with patients. Clinical research is obviously important, but it can only go just so far. Major strides, clinically, depend on what is done basically. Men in the basic sciences build on the work of others, and usually are frank to say so. Edward L. Tatum of the Rockefeller Institute, who shared the Nobel Prize in medicine and physiology with George W. Beadle and Joshua Lederberg in 1958, took occasion when accepting it to acknowledge his debt to a number of other investigators. His research—in the main incomprehensible to the non-scientist—disclosed that genes control biochemical events. As more is learned about control of cell machinery and heredity, he predicts, we will see the complete conquest of many of man's ills, including "the

currently more obscure conditions such as cancer and degenerative diseases." Similarly the knowledge that will enable man to cure other diseases that now stir his emotions to the boiling point is very deep and fundamental.

To a layman, such research may appear impractical because he can't see where and how it can be applied; also the time it takes is, to most of us, outrageously long. Twenty years ago, for example, Hodgkin and Huxley made a study of that lowly, ugly beast of the sea—the squid—which led eventually to a better understanding of heart disease. Neither of these men was particularly interested in the heart, yet their work on the nerve fiber of the squid has cast light on what takes place when the heart beat is recorded in an electrocardiogram. For fifty years Newton Harvey conducted a world-wide search for and study of fireflies and glowworms. His work on fluorescence has resulted in better knowledge of cells and how they grow normally and abnormally and may one day provide the vital clue to understanding cancer. Fleming's work with molds led to the discovery of penicillin—which has done more to prevent mental retardation than any single development in modern medicine through its successful use in the treatment and prevention of congenital syphilis. Certainly no layman would associate studies of squid, fireflies, and molds with heart disease, cancer, and mental health. And yet this type of study is the foundation upon which all other research rests. If we, the public, forget this fact and in our impatience fail to do our share to support it, we endanger the whole research structure and hence delay the development of the medical cures we so hopefully pray for.

#### WHAT MONEY CAN'T BUY

The fact is we are approaching the whole problem upside down and backwards. This brings me to my second point—money doesn't do research. It is natural for us to wish it did for this belief gives us a chance to *do* something actively about suffering which disturbs us profoundly. Medical problems touch us in a peculiarly personal way—usually in the form of an ailment which afflicts us or someone we care about. As laymen we think of each disease as separate, rather than part of a larger enigma which scientists are trying to fathom. As soon as a member of our family is struck down by any of these grievous ills we tend to explode into action and demand that something

be done about it, whether that something makes sense or not.

To make certain that something is done here and now, we may found a society to collect money from our friends for the purpose of eradicating our pet disease. Sometimes, in this way, more than one association with the same purpose gets started, but that doesn't seem to bother us. We, the public, have started so many of these volunteer health agencies that it is difficult to tell how many are now in business. (The best guesses run from around seventeen to well over a hundred; they cover about every known disease and some that few people have ever heard of.) We hire professional money-raisers, adept at scaring the public, pulling their heartstrings, and turning their stomachs, all in the name of research for a particular disease. Not just any disease; only our pet.\*

After our association is working well and the cash is rolling in, our next move is to run down to Washington and tell our Congressman about it. It helps, of course, if he has a pain in the same spot we do. In any case, the same tear-jerking methods used on the public ordinarily work on Congressmen, too. So it is really no trick at all to get a large appropriation for the Public Health Service to study our pet or even, if we are lucky, to establish a brand new National Institute especially for the purpose. In recent years the public has pulled the emotional strings on Capitol Hill so effectively that Congress regularly appropriates more money for the National Institutes of Health than they ask for or can use.

A year ago the appropriations for 1960 jumped to \$400 million—from \$300 million in 1959. In this election year the figure—for 1961—may go up to \$530 million, an increase of more than 75 per cent in just two years. With both party platforms favoring support for medical research and education and Congress egged on by men committed to ever higher expenditures, the floodgates are open. As one leading medical educator said sadly, "We're now up to our ears in politics."

This has led to a kind of academic-scientific pork barrel, which is not necessarily disastrous though some of the consequences are disturbing. Medical research workers are under pressure to

spend all the money available this year and to prove that they will require even more next year. They are urged to ask for more money than they need and some are invited to re-apply for grants turned down as long as three years ago. (Soliciting requests for grants, by the way, is a new wrinkle in the business of giving money away.) Inevitably, if there are not enough first-rate projects to use up the money, some will go to marginal projects. The result is boondoggling.

#### NEEDLING THE SCIENTISTS

But the waste of some money is not the important point. Money has been wasted for years and we still survive. What is important is the unfortunate way the emotional interest of the public forces categorical research on our scientists. Through control of funds, both from the volunteer health agencies and by Congressional appropriations, public opinion not only tells the scientists that they must attack the problem disease by disease but in effect, through the size of the grants, which disease to go after first. This is like deciding what scientists should do by popular vote. It means that research support is based on dramatic appeal, not greatest need.

Thus in 1954, for example, Congress appropriated a million dollars (which had not been requested) for the Public Health Service, specifically earmarked for polio research. As it turned out, there was so much polio money floating around (from the National Foundation and other private sources) that the PHS classified such unlikely diseases as hepatitis as "polio-like" just so these funds would be spent. Similarly in 1958, after some active prodding from interested citizens, Congress earmarked a quarter of a million dollars for the study of cystic fibrosis. Since it proved difficult to spend the money through research grants, the PHS had to resort to the unusual procedure of "privately" asking a number of people to apply. In addition, PHS set up a program of its own and hired a top man in the field from the faculty of one of the leading medical schools to run it. Despite these difficulties in spending the 1958 appropriation, Congress in 1959 appropriated four times as much, although no new lead had been turned up which might be pursued toward the solution of this hereditary disease.

"A consequence of these unnecessarily large funds for categorical research in the hands of the National Institutes of Health," says a med-

\*The Rockefeller Foundation last spring launched a study to explore—among other questions—whether so many agencies are needed and what they are doing with the contributions they receive. Director of the study is Dr. Robert H. Hamlin of the Harvard School of Public Health.



ical educator I know, "is their tendency to develop intramural programs of their own in the specific field, which can usually only be accomplished by hiring people from medical schools. Because we can't compete with the salary scale and the superb laboratory facilities that the government can offer, many good men have been lost to medical education and are being hoarded by the government. This will eventually be reflected by a decrease in the standards of medical-school teaching."

In this way appropriations for research in narrow categories not only waste money but squander our scientific manpower. The medical schools—our only source of future medical scientists—are robbed of teachers. And investigators who should be ranging over the broad spectrum of the unknown according to the dictates of their own genius are hamstrung by the terms of their research grants. The scientists have generally played along with the fund-raisers and appropriators and have done little to disabuse the public of its fantasies, in the belief that this is the only way to get financial support (a proposition I personally doubt). They have at the same time done an excellent job of salvaging as much of the earmarked money as possible by interpreting the public's instructions broadly

cancer as a problem of both normal and abnormal growth, for example. While some of these interpretations come close to the little-white-lie classification, it is, to my way of thinking, all for a good cause.

But the fact remains that the Public Health Service is unable to make really good use of all the funds Congress thrusts upon it simply because enough qualified men don't exist to do the work. I say this in spite of the incredible statement last May by Senator Hill's Committee of Consultants that "the manpower is available" for an enormous expansion of medical research (for which the committee recommended greatly increased federal support). This statement blithely ignored the great manpower needs of sciences other than health. Anyone who has tried recently to fill an important scientific post will testify that men of passable quality are not available in quantity. Our prime task, indeed, is to discover men of genius, help them develop, and then place them in an environment conducive to creative work. This takes money, of course, but nothing like the flood voted by the 86th Congress. Of greater importance is thoughtful, unemotional planning and common sense.

Both the volunteer health agencies and the Public Health Service has recognized that per-

sonnel is the key factor in furthering medical research. When the private agencies and the federal government really began supporting medical research at the close of World War II, their scientific advisers knew that the real bottleneck would be in manpower, and urged fellowship programs to train men in research techniques. But the old concept of categorical research got mixed up in this program, too. How could you raise money for cancer and give it to a fellow who might end up working on the common cold? While he was not required to sign a "loyalty oath," there was an implied understanding that he would work on cancer, polio, or heart disease, as the case might be, for the rest of his life. Scientists, however, know that many disease problems are interrelated and so could accept specific fellowships without too serious damage to their consciences, even if their work went rather far afield.

More serious difficulties have developed as the health agencies and the thousand and one other scientific organizations compete for the services of Ph.D.s and M.D.s in training as well as the mature scientists. Sometimes they are prepared to support scientists and their research for the rest of their productive careers, on a scale no ordinary teaching institution can match.

#### SCIENCE AND RED TAPE

This situation poses a real threat to scientific freedom. As outside agencies become a major source of funds for the scientist, the institution where he works no longer commands his full loyalty. What shall he be allowed to do beyond research, such as teaching or administration? The medical school or research institute no longer has the decisive voice in such matters.

Officials in the health agencies and government will, I am sure, protest at this point and say they have taken every precaution to protect the freedom of the scientist. And I will concede that so far they have done a good job, particularly in their broad interpretation of cancer research and their excellent personnel programs. A truly remarkable achievement, indeed, has been the work of the Public Health Service. Despite all the fear of federal government support that most of us absorbed along with our mother's milk, the PHS men have demonstrated that government can hand out funds and keep its bureaucratic paws out of scientific work. In many ways the National Institutes of Health have done a better job in

cutting red tape than some of the private agencies. However the fact remains that the giving away of either public or private money for medical research is a form of benevolent despotism. The freedom of the scientist depends wholly on the generosity of the donor and such liberality has a way of growing less rather than greater as time goes on.

It is a curious thing how people who give away other people's money tend to develop suspicion and lose confidence in those they give the money to as the years go by. Perhaps this is just a natural human failing. When abuses appear, as they are bound to in any program no matter how well designed, the tendency of the donor is to make a rule to prevent a recurrence. The larger the organization, foundation, agency, or government bureau, the more rapidly the rules tend to accumulate. Every rule increases the red tape—the more red tape, the less freedom for the recipient.

This takes place not only when laymen are involved, but also when scientists sit on the donor's side of the table on government and private advisory committees. It has come as something of a surprise to me to watch this happening, because I have so often heard the complaints of scientists about the strings attached to grants they received. I assumed when they sat in the donor's seat this gripe would be eliminated. Not so. It appears that their intimate knowledge of the tricks of their trade, plus their personal prejudices, tend to make them overcautious and among the worst string-tiers of them all. I often wish that those who control grant money would have a little more confidence in their fellow men and realize that, in science especially, freedom of the research worker is more important than preventing the occasional abuses of privileges that are bound to occur. Wasting some money by permitting freedom of action is many times better than wasting even more money by hamstringing research workers and thus jeopardizing or delaying the results we are all hoping for.

#### GRANTS WITHOUT STRINGS

**T**he key to this whole problem I think is in the men and women across the country who direct the policies of our health agencies and who, through them, influence the policies of the Congress. It is time, I think, that they stopped misleading the rest of us for money-raising purposes. The people, I believe, can be treated as adults and told the unemotional

truth. Above all, we must be taught to respect the judgment of scientists on scientific questions and allow them the necessary freedom to follow their own leads.

Our Congressmen have now discovered that medical research has as good political possibilities as—say—agriculture. They must be made to realize that we know that some of their proposals make sense and others don't, that this is a field where their generosity with our money may actually stifle progress, no matter what their hand-picked experts tell them. Specifically, every person interested in the eradication of cancer and other serious diseases (and I most certainly am one) should fight for these goals:

**First: Support of basic biological research.** Its importance is being recognized by more and more people, individually and at national meetings. Now if the money-raising experts can be persuaded to lend their talents to this effort, science, medicine, and you and I will benefit.

**Second: Quality rather than quantity in research.** This emphasis is *not*—it should be made plain—based on economy (or hold-that-budget) reasons. The fact is that spectacular “crash” programs aimed at individual diseases are a waste of time, money, and manpower.

**Third—and above all: Breaking the real bottleneck in medical research—the shortage of good personnel.** This calls for federal support of our medical schools and other institutions that train research workers. At present we are backing into this job in true crab-like American fashion. Through grants to research projects, the federal government is subsidizing medical education right now. It's high time we faced the facts and gave the support through the front door, directly, in the form of block grants without strings attached. This last—the stringless grant—will, I fear, be harder to achieve than the stringless string bean. But it is of the essence.

AS I have been writing this, a stream of doctors, residents, interns, nurses, and friends have been going in and out of my hospital room. Some have glanced over my shoulder.

“But don't you believe in research?” one of them asked.

“Certainly I do,” I replied. “But I don't like the way some of it is supported and I fear the situation will get worse rather than better.”

My fear is a real fear. But the situation does not *have* to get worse. It can get better, and I earnestly hope it will. After all, I have a large stake in it.



# TOMORROW'S HOSPITALS

MARTIN CHERKASKY, M.D.  
AND MAYA PINES

*A young doctor-administrator believes many hospitals are doing the wrong job—and going broke in the process while costs skyrocket.*

*Dr. Cherkasky is director of Montefiore Hospital in New York and a consultant to the New York State Joint Hospital Survey and Planning Commission. His collaborator, Maya Pines, is a free-lance writer specializing in medical subjects.*

American hospitals are in deep trouble. Too many of their customers are dissatisfied—too often with good reason. Hospital employees, in most places, are disastrously underpaid. Most hospitals are pressed by mounting deficits although their rates have soared in the past decade, increasing twice as fast as medical care in general and outdistancing every other item on the consumer price index. At a time when they can perform awesome miracles of life-saving and healing, the nation's hospitals face a financial, social, and philosophical crisis.

Fifty years ago, when a doctor's personal ability was what mattered most, a superior physician in an obscure little hospital could give better care than was available in many a large institution. Today, however, installing a single piece of equipment, such as a 35-million-volt betatron used to treat cancer, may cost a quarter of a million dollars and require a team including physicists to operate it. The solitary practitioner has been replaced by an army of specialists whose skills must be integrated in the proper combination at the right time and place.

Recently, for instance, a boy with a heart murmur entered a large medical center for diagnosis and treatment. Doctors threaded a tube through a vein into his heart, injected dyes through it, and after studying the results by means of special X-ray and recording techniques, found a hole between the two major chambers of the heart, and a narrowing of the pulmonary artery. A decade ago, the child would have died within eighteen months. The modern medical team that established the diagnosis had spent the past four years doing heart operations with a new machine called a pump-oxygenator, working first on dogs and then on humans. In the operating-

room, seventeen medical, nursing, and technical specialists gathered around the boy. They anesthetized him and opened his chest, stopped the heart, and introduced the pump-oxygenator to take over the heart's functions. They replaced the blood in the body as needed, using some ten pints of fresh blood collected from donors who had been called to the hospital early that morning.

Throughout the operation, they watched his brain waves on an electroencephalograph to make certain that sufficient oxygen was being provided to the brain and other vital organs. After opening the heart, they sewed up the hole between the ventricles, removed the narrow portion of the pulmonary artery, and replaced it with a plastic tube. First making sure that the sutures were properly placed and holding, they then restored the heartbeat. Once the heart was ready to resume its function, the pump-oxygenator was discontinued. Then they closed up the linings of the heart and chest. The child spent the next critical hours in the recovery-room next door. Two weeks later, he was discharged with the prospect of a normal active childhood and a life expectancy of sixty more years.

Here was modern medicine demonstrating its potential. A major hospital is a precious social and economic asset, requiring a huge investment. But if society is to reap the return, hospitals will have to redistribute their functions, as industry learned to do long ago.

All too often the very opposite happens. For instance, doctors may convince their trustees

that a small hospital needs a new heart pump. It is duly purchased and installed. But cases requiring it turn up only once a month, and with so little practice the technicians who run the machine never become really skilled. Obviously the hospital cannot do this job well, though it can certainly do it expensively. From the patient's point of view this hospital is a menace.

Meanwhile, an ideally equipped institution may be squandering its resources. For example, after his day's work a young man is admitted to a large teaching hospital for diagnostic tests. He exchanges his clothes for a short gown and climbs into a bed designed for acutely-ill patients, for which he pays \$33 a day. Next morning a professional nurse serves him breakfast on a tray, although he is quite capable of going downstairs to the cafeteria. This is the only way he can get the services he needs: three days of intricate, continuous laboratory tests and X-rays which must be interpreted by specialists with experience and judgment.

Elsewhere in the same hospital, a young matron who has been making good progress in her struggle against heart disease develops symptoms of severe anxiety. She is worried about her small children, left at home under doubtful supervision, about her husband's feelings toward her, and about their finances. Prolonged hospitalization in impersonal surroundings further strains her mental defenses. She needs help from both social worker and psychiatrist. Most hospitals, however, do not even have a social-service department, and in many hospitals psychiatric services are so rudimentary that a consultant would be called in only to decide whether the patient can safely remain in the hospital, or whether her mental illness is so severe that she should be committed to a mental institution. There she is likely to face both an appalling shortage of psychiatrists and a lack of highly-specialized medical care. A physical relapse would be almost inevitable.

The hospital of the future will have to limit itself to the functions that cannot be performed elsewhere. It will concentrate on definitive diagnosis and definitive treatment, delegating all other medical care to closely associated but less expensive satellite facilities. This calls for drastic reorganization within hospitals and the communities where they are located.

In a town of 200,000 people, for instance, there might be one central 600-bed hospital, housing all the special departments and expensive equipment. This would be the only place for neurosurgery, cardiac surgery, and compli-

cated diagnostic tests. Unlike today's hospitals, in which patients admitted on Friday often stay two days extra because some departments do not function over the weekend, the central hospital would be fully active seven days a week. In other parts of town, intelligently placed according to population patterns, there would be three other related but smaller and less specialized 200-bed hospitals. They would handle obstetrics, pediatrics, and the more routine operations.

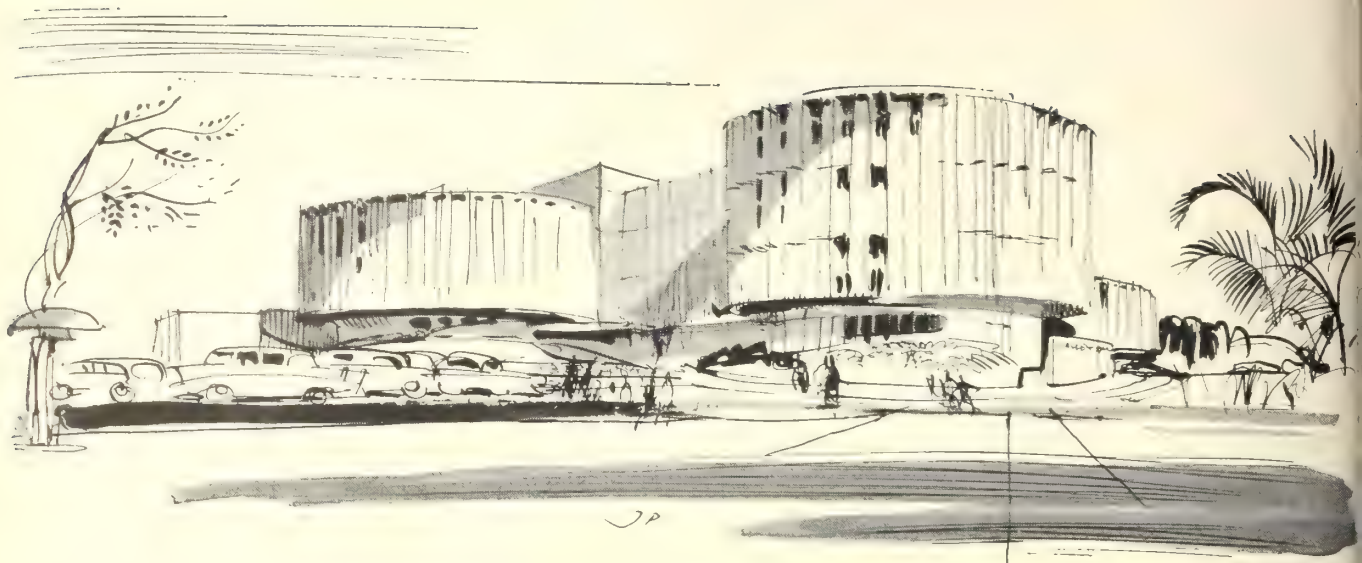
#### HOW SHOULD PATIENTS BE GROUPED?

**I**n appearance and organization future hospitals will differ from those of the past. They will be designed for "progressive patient care": that is, patients will be grouped according to the intensity of their medical and nursing needs rather than according to their incomes. This plan—long advocated by the U. S. Public Health Service—is already being tried out in varying degrees in some 150 hospitals. At Methodist Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, for instance, the intensive-care unit is housed in a circular building completely furnished with emergency equipment. Patients' rooms have large glass panels in the doors and since all beds are plainly visible from a central station, a small number of nurses can keep seriously sick patients under constant observation.

For ambulatory patients—such as the young man who came in for diagnostic tests mentioned above, or convalescents—tomorrow's hospitals will have inexpensive facilities like those at Manchester Memorial Hospital in Connecticut. Here such patients (who make up a third of the average hospital's population) bathe and dress themselves, walk to the laboratory and X-ray departments on schedule, and line up for meals in the cafeteria. The bill is only \$11 a day. Another ingenious approach to this problem has been tried in Houston, Texas, where a ramp connects an adjacent motel to the Methodist Hospital.

In addition to its own central buildings, each hospital would have separate auxiliary facilities nearby. One would be a new kind of nursing home—a halfway house between hospital and home. Here patients would recuperate after surgery. Here too there would be treatment and rehabilitation programs for people who are chronically sick, particularly the aged. Traditionally they have been set apart in special hospitals or poorhouses of their own, conveniently tucked out of sight. With few exceptions the private nursing homes of today, in which thou-





### **Valley Presbyterian Hospital, Van Nuys, California**

*Designed to combine efficiency with good care, one of the country's first circular hospitals is Valley Presbyterian in Van Nuys, California. At left, in the drawing above, is the three-story structure opened in 1958. The four-story wing in the foreground is now under construction and a third wing will be added when needed to keep pace with population expansion in the San Fernando Valley, one of the fastest-growing suburban areas of Los Angeles. Nurses can do their work with a third fewer steps than in the conventional hospital, and can easily observe all patients from their centrally located station.*



sands of old people vegetate, are a national disgrace. The only solution is to bring this class of patients, too, back into the main stream of medicine. Nursing homes should be intimately connected with the hospitals. This is essential for accurate diagnosis (often more complicated to establish in chronic than in acute illness) and for treatment, including surgery. Then, if nursing homes have working arrangements with hospital-based staff, they can bring to bear on these patients everything we know of modern medicine, professional nursing, rehabilitation, and occupational therapy, and wherever necessary retrain them for a more modest life. Nursing homes of this kind can prevent patients from sinking into complete invalidism. They can make sure that each patient reaches his maximum potential. A woman with arthritis so severe that she has been totally incapacitated, for instance, may take a new lease on life when she is taught to use her limbs enough to turn the pages of a book. If, eventually, she is unable to go home, she will be transferred to another nearby building designed for permanent care. There she would still be under the hospital's watchful eye.

Doctors' offices, too, would be clustered around the four hospitals. The problems of distance and time between the various buildings could be solved by such new techniques as closed-circuit TV for inter-hospital consultations, and electronic transmission of records, X-rays, and diagnostic tracings.

#### LEVELS OF CARE

**T**he hospital of the future must be geared to the long-neglected needs of the chronically and the mentally ill, and to the social factors in disease and rehabilitation. An experimental approach to some of these problems has been attempted at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, New York, which was founded in 1884 with the dreadful name of "Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids." Its staff soon realized that the emotional and economic results of long-term illness, both to the patient and his family, were almost as bad as the illness itself. With the help of a very active social-service department, a tradition of social research developed, persisting as Montefiore expanded to take in all kinds of patients—acute as well as chronic cases.

Under E. M. Bluestone, a man of broad social vision who became administrator in 1928, the hospital started a modern home-care program, inspired by the tragic decision which routinely faces chronic patients and their families on the

day of discharge from the hospital. For example, after six months of heart disease, during which he has been in and out of hospitals and has run through his \$6,000 life savings, a man in his early sixties can see nothing but disaster ahead. Good nursing homes, even though they generally provide very little in the way of rehabilitation, cost up to \$120 a week. The other nursing homes come close to his idea of hell. The hospital cannot keep him any longer. And much as he would like to go home, he still needs medical supervision, a hospital bed, a wheel chair, special bathroom equipment, oxygen for emergencies, drugs, perhaps even round-the-clock care. What is he to do? The home-care program assures him visits by a hospital-based specialist and nursing care. The equipment he needs, including hospital bed and oxygen, will be lent to him. His family will be helped by a social worker, and a visiting rehabilitation counselor will try to train him for a new, part-time job at home. At Montefiore the cost of these services is only \$4.60 a day.

Until recently psychiatry has been totally divorced from the general hospitals. The loss to patients, to doctors, and even to psychiatry itself has been incalculable. Isolated in large, overcrowded mental hospitals far removed from population centers, or in small private offices where they concentrated on a few neurotic patients, psychiatrists have been cut off from the main stream of modern medicine. At the same time organic medicine has been deprived of the contribution of good psychiatry.

Now as our fear of mental patients recedes (thanks, in part, to the tranquilizers) psychiatry is again becoming one of the major hospital disciplines. In the future, probably a significant proportion of general-hospital beds and facilities will have to be set aside for psychiatry.

One way to do this will soon be tried out at Montefiore, which will offer psychiatric patients five different levels of care. A teen-age girl diagnosed by a psychiatrist as moderately disturbed, for instance, may be admitted to the "day hospital" wing. Possibly both she and her family would have violent objections to her being committed to a mental hospital, with its apparent finality and its stigma; complete separation from her usual surroundings might also be harmful to the girl in the long run. In the "day hospital" she could simply come in the morning, as if it were school or a job; she would receive treatment from a psychiatrist, eat in a small cafeteria, and go home at night.

Conversely, a young executive who manages to function normally at work despite a complete





breakdown in his personal life might find a haven in the night-care section. After a session with his psychiatrist, who would have evening office hours, he could have dinner, relax in plain but comfortable surroundings, and go to sleep in an inexpensive men's dormitory. Upstairs, highly disturbed in-patients will get twenty-four-hour care. Another section of the new psychiatric pavilion has been reserved for out-patients. And for those who cannot leave their homes there will be home care.

Hospitalization can be psychologically damaging to anyone, particularly so in mental illness, when it seems to confirm the patient's worst fears. This graduated system is designed to minimize the ill effects of hospitalization, as well as its duration. It is an experiment in community psychiatry. The full-time psychiatrists in the new Division of Psychiatry will also give consultations to any patient in the hospital upon request, maintain close liaison with all the other divisions, and of course pursue their interests in teaching and research.

Admittedly, it will not be easy to change the pattern of our hospitals. They have grown up

helter-skelter, in all shapes and sizes. Some are run for profit (proprietary hospitals), some by government (city, county, state, or federal), and the majority of general hospitals by private, non-profit groups (voluntary hospitals). At present there is nothing to prevent a general practitioner with limited surgical experience from having a patient admitted to a small hospital he is affiliated with, then opening the patient's abdomen to do a major cancer operation. Licensing laws are minimal. If the hospital itself does not require strict records and the examination of all tissue removed during an operation, no questions will be asked. The patient who has complete confidence in his family doctor may be very grateful for this personal attention. But even the simplest-looking surgery may prove exceedingly complex, and in many hospitals the patient is inadequately protected.

A minimum safeguard is accreditation by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, a representative professional body. This does not guarantee that a hospital is good, but at least it ensures that adequate records will be kept and that tissue committees will make regular, systematic appraisals. But the sorry fact is that of all 5,300 non-federal general hospitals in the U. S. with twenty-five beds or more, only 61 per cent have been accredited.

#### HOW YOUNG DOCTORS LEARN

**O**f the accredited hospitals only 220 are affiliated with medical schools, though more than one thousand hospitals will take graduates—interns or residents—to train them in some specialties.

The more teaching a hospital does, the higher its general level of patient care. A good teaching hospital, for instance, will not appoint a doctor to a post as surgeon unless he has passed his specialty boards in surgery (or is about to pass them). These specialty boards, which require doctors to demonstrate ability well above and beyond the legal requirements, are probably the best protection available to the public today.

In the future, it seems likely that all good hospitals will be closely affiliated with medical schools. And they will have full-time key staffs. Teaching methods have changed radically since the days when the general practitioner, after taking care of his private patients, could instruct the interns as he made his charity rounds in the hospital. To be sure, medical students can still benefit from a practicing physician's clinical experience. But in addition, full-time specialists with academic and research leanings must instruct them in physiology, chemistry, physics, and electronics as well as in the medical and surgical sciences. This can only be done by doctors who are not torn between their duties at the hospital and the demands of a private practice. Furthermore, to give the best care to its patients and to carry on even modest training programs, a major hospital needs at least four salaried doctors working full-time; a chief of surgery, to supervise all the work in his department; a chief of medicine; a chief of the diagnostic X-ray department; and a pathologist, plus other specialists according to the hospital's program. A nucleus of such specialists, devoting their full attention to the hospital, can create the kind of atmosphere in which alert, responsible doctors thrive.

Prospective interns are well aware of these facts. Every winter seven thousand young medical-school seniors preparing to spend a precious year as interns look over the nation's hospitals with a critical eye. There are twice as many internships available as students. In a matching program developed in 1951, both students and hospitals list their preferences, which are processed on IBM cards in a kind of musical-chairs game. The results are revealing. While an overall deficit is inevitable until we turn out the many more medical-school graduates our country needs, it is significant that some famous teaching hospitals can no longer fill their intern quotas because their educational programs are not good enough. Usually this is due to lack of a full-time clinical staff, practicing in the hospital, supervising services, and doing research and teaching.

Clinical teaching today presents some new problems. Formerly there were two categories of patients: those with money, who paid their bills but did not contribute to the educational process; and the charity cases, on whom young doctors learned. With the tremendous growth of pre-paid insurance plans, most patients are treated in private or semi-private rooms. Unless we want this to be the last generation of doctors, eventually all hospitals will have to involve the full-paying patients, too, in the teaching process.

As long as the doctors' attitude is warm and humane, this will help rather than harm the patients. In teaching hospitals it is the house staff—interns and residents—that provides the continuum of medical care, under the supervision of the attending physician. The intern or resident who takes a patient's history and does a preliminary physical examination never has full say in the case. But he is deeply involved in all diagnosis and treatment, and he is on the spot if an emergency occurs at 1:00 A.M.

Most patients are glad to have the house staff care for them in this way, but the teaching process becomes far more complicated in surgery. Patients naturally expect to be operated on by the surgeon whom they have selected and whom they will pay. Yet no one can learn to be a surgeon without operating, and there are too few ward cases to go around. So where can the young surgeon start? The answer is that every operating procedure today requires a team, on which there is room for various levels of skill. If the patient's own surgeon is in full charge of the operation, he can make sure that all parts of the job are well done, even if the sutures are sewn by an intern.

#### WHO SHALL RUN THE HOSPITAL?

**I**n the world of hospitals, community planning has existed for some time, but mostly on paper. The Hill-Burton Act of 1946, which produced a burst of hospital building with federal aid, also set up plans for state-wide coordination.

An admirable effort along these lines was begun in Rochester, New York, in 1946 when a group of eighteen hospitals mapped out a plan for the rational distribution of hospital facilities throughout a region of seven thousand square miles with a population of one million. Within this area, the Rochester Regional Hospital Council administered the federal construction grants provided under the Hill-Burton Act. It raised hospital standards by providing numerous advisory and co-operative services; sponsored a continuous education program for physicians, dentists, and hospital personnel—and even for trustees. Despite many difficulties the council is still going strong, with the help of a very broadly representative board of directors. But changes have been slow, and certain problems—such as how to provide out-patient diagnosis and improve the care of the mentally ill—have not been tackled.

Rochester, however, is a notable exception.



By and large, hospital planning has been more talked about than practiced. Through misguided local pride, for instance, the twin cities of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Michigan, used Hill-Burton funds to build two general hospitals only two miles apart. The hospitals duplicate expensive facilities but must share specialists to operate them, and both have many vacant beds.

Resistance to planning reflects a little-publicized but bitter struggle over who shall control our hospitals and for what purpose. Historically, private practitioners have been in the saddle although in voluntary general hospitals lay trustees are supposed to set the policies. Often, however, trustees are not fully aware of the responsibilities and opportunities of a modern hospital. With a limited knowledge of medical matters, they tend to rely upon their staff doctors. They may be misled. Doctors are not necessarily above bias or economic motives, and it is not always true that what's good for the doctor is good for the people. The introduction of full-time, salaried specialists in hospitals, for instance, has been hotly resisted with the war cry of "socialized medicine." It may be much cozier—not to mention profitable—for a doctor to practice in a hospital where there is no supervision, where full records are not kept, and where no demands are made upon his time for teaching or free clinic work. His patients are admitted quickly, he provides no service to the hospital. It is simply his private workshop.

As substantial control is given to full-time specialists, some physicians cannot measure up to the standards of a major teaching hospital. Others feel that they are losing their patients when they send them to the hospital. Another source of conflict is that busy private practitioners may regard important new services such as a home-care program as just time-consuming, inconvenient projects. They could, after all, see six patients in one hour at the hospital, but might have to spend all day visiting them at home.

Who, then, should spark the imperative changes? As in every major business, the administrator should take a leading role. He can do this, of course, only if he is a true professional who understands the importance as well as the mechanics of his work. Unfortunately, most schools of hospital administration give only vocational training. With few exceptions their graduates are not M.D.s. Yet there is no tougher assignment than that of a layman dealing with a group of doctors, and it is to the great credit of some lay administrators that they have suc-

ceeded in being extremely effective despite their status problem. The trustees themselves tend to look for technicians, rather than leaders, as hospital administrators. When they do choose a doctor they may select one who was not quite good enough for what he did before. Instead, the administrator of a major hospital with aspirations to be a teaching and research center should be a physician with such personal qualifications and medical training that he will command the respect of his colleagues. He should be chosen because he recognizes the job as a fascinating challenge and a great responsibility that will keep him awake nights looking for new directions.

#### COSTS MUST GO UP

**T**he daily work of the average hospital administrator, however, is hardly conducive to leadership. Harassed with problems of day-to-day survival, worried about inefficient and insufficient help, bills to pay, obsolete buildings, and the many subsidiary businesses such as restaurants and laundries that a hospital must run, administrators have been known to walk around with enough money in their pockets to pay off the most importuning creditors and thus buy a little peace of mind. Should the Blue Cross check arrive a few days late, some hospitals could not meet their payrolls. Many a gigantic, multi-million-dollar institution is run like a small candy store—with hardly a month's financial reserves.

Hospitals have come to this sad pass despite unbelievable underpayment of their employees. When hospital workers went on strike in New York last year, some were being paid as little as \$34 for a forty-four-hour week. Even now many unskilled workers earn only \$40 a week. Hundreds of them have qualified for the relief rolls while holding full-time jobs. The turnover in some hospital departments reaches 300 per cent a year. Meanwhile the patients suffer. When dealing with the sick, one needs not just adequate people, but a very special breed—people who are warm, friendly, concerned. In spite of their low wages some hospital employees have managed to remain amazingly kind, with real interest in the patients. As a general rule, however, the most that can be expected from people working under such conditions is that they will be sullen, if not mutinous.

Even the professional staff in most hospitals is underpaid. Young doctors who have spent four arduous and expensive years in medical

school after graduating from college, who may be married and have children, earn only \$75 to \$250 a month as interns or residents although they may work sixty to one hundred hours a week. If they are training for a specialty, they may continue at this scale of pay for another five years.

The worst shortage of all, in hospitals, is the shortage of nurses. In many hospitals one fifth of the nursing jobs are unfilled. (New York City's Department of Hospitals reported a 58 per cent shortage in 1959.) These vacancies impose a terrible burden on the existing staff. Though nurses and technicians are being paid somewhat better salaries than a few years ago, they do not receive nearly enough for such critical positions.

Hospitals should be spending millions more on their staffs. Their present financial difficulties are very mild compared to what they should be—or what they will be in the near future. Personnel represents close to 70 per cent of a hospital's total costs. Even without adequately raising salaries, at the average voluntary hospital daily expenses per patient have mounted from \$14.06 in 1948 to \$29.24 in 1958. In California, where hospital employees earn about as much as in industry, the hospitals' costs per patient have soared to \$40 or \$50 a day.

Keeping our hospital costs within acceptable bounds will require a level of community co-operation that has never occurred before—embracing all our hospitals, large and small, whether they are run by the government or private groups. Inevitably such an effort will be resisted by many trustees and doctors with pride

and—sometimes—vested interests in their own institutions.

It is probably unrealistic to hope that hospitals will voluntarily yield their closely-guarded autonomy. On the other hand they may soon be subject to strong pressure from insurance plans, which are a major source of hospital income, from business firms, labor unions, and other citizens' groups. Blue Cross alone has 53 million subscribers across the country. In New York City it pays \$22 million a year to unaccredited hospitals—a practice which will be increasingly questioned as costs and rates rise.

Recently Dr. Ray E. Trussell of Columbia University's School of Public Health suggested that non-profit insurance plans should pay for patient care only in hospitals that meet specified standards of care. These would be established by broadly representative councils which would also approve all local use of Hill-Burton funds for new hospital construction.

Whatever the means we adopt to meet the enormous problems ahead, we must accept the fact that good hospital care cannot be produced cheaply. The technological revolution in medicine has only begun; there will be more expensive equipment, more need of skilled technicians. But if we continue to build hospitals at random, duplicating some services and ignoring others, without defining their goals and without support of less expensive satellite facilities, costs will simply skyrocket without any gain in the quality of care. For only with sound economic and social planning can tomorrow's hospitals fulfill their ever-rising potential.

## Fee-for-service Professors

IN THE eighteenth and early nineteenth century, students in medical schools paid fees directly to their professors—a fee for each course of instruction. The great John Hunter's fatal attack of angina pectoris was induced by a quarrel with the other members of the staff of St. George's Hospital over a problem of fees paid by students to teachers. At Harvard also in the 1840s, students paid fees directly to their professors for courses. For the course in anatomy and operative surgery by Dr. J. C. Warren they paid \$15, and for that on materia medica by Dr. Jacob Bigelow the fee was \$10, and so forth. But all that is long past history except perhaps in the case of certain graduate courses. Therefore, we may ask, if a better way than fee-for-service has been found for paying for instruction, why should not a better way than this be found also for paying for medical care?

—James Howard Means, M.D., in the George W. Gay Lecture at Harvard Medical School, May 13, 1959



# BEYOND TRADITIONAL MEDICINE

RENE J. DUBOS

*Our way of life—as much as the germs and viruses that surround us—is a grave threat to health. Medical leadership is urgently needed to meet the perils of the Second Industrial Revolution through which we are living. Dr. Dubos is a microbiologist and experimental pathologist deeply concerned with the effects of environmental forces on man. He is a member and professor of the Rockefeller Institute in New York City and the author of many papers and books including “The Mirage of Health.” Last May he received the award of the Passano Foundation for his “many and fruitful researches in bacteriology and biochemistry.”*

Medicine today is like a mighty and glamorous ocean liner with powerful engines and luxurious appointments but with a defective compass and an absurdly small rudder. It moves fast but its course has not been charted, its ports of call are uncertain, and its destination unknown.

In our time, scientific medicine has achieved wonders toward the control or at least the alleviation of disease. The genesis of most great epidemics is fairly well understood; we have developed techniques to minimize contact with infectious agents and to increase resistance by vaccination. Modern anesthesia and surgery heralded triumphs in the treatment of the sick. Physiology, chemistry, and industrial microbiology are supplying physicians with powerful hormones and drugs which have ended the therapeutic nihilism so common among scientific physicians of earlier generations. From quinine to the tranquilizers, we have indeed traveled an extraordinary road which is marked on the way by insulin and cortisone, the vitamins, penicillin, and countless other drugs which dull pain and can even cure some diseases.

While all these tactical achievements rightfully capture the imagination, there are reasons for concern about larger questions of medical strategy. Many thoughtful physicians worry because the public seeks their advice only in emergencies, apparently believing with Martin Luther that their only usefulness is as “body patchers.” Medicine is more and more identified

with the mere distribution of pills. This formula demands little intellectual effort and often does more harm than good by promoting social laziness; it prevents modern man from making the effort required to achieve fitness of body and soul for the new world he is creating.

More than two thousand years ago, Hippocrates wrote in his book on “Humors”: “It is changes that are chiefly responsible for diseases, especially the greatest changes, the violent alterations both in the seasons and in other things. But seasons which come on gradually are the safest, as are gradual changes of regimen and temperature, and gradual changes from one period of life to another.”

Today, as in Hippocrates’ time, sudden changes in season and weather still increase the prevalence of diseases. But I am concerned here with other changes, chiefly those in our social structure which deeply affect our way of life. Their most dramatic manifestations today are among primitive people or in underdeveloped countries when they are too rapidly influenced by Western habits and tastes which upset ancestral customs. For example, profound nutritional disorders became common among the Zulus when, under the white man’s influence, they substituted corn for native grains in their diet, and among the Eskimos when they began to

use white flour and canned foods instead of the products derived from the seal and caribou.

In the Western World it is more difficult to point with certainty to specific social factors responsible for the aggravation of disease because so many changes occur simultaneously and so rapidly in our way of life.

Water and food pollution were among the most important causes of disease a hundred years ago. Now air pollution has become the "pestilence that stalketh in the darkness." Its consequences are seen, for example, in the chronic bronchitis that is the major modern health problem in England and Northern Europe and that is rapidly creeping on us in America. The exhausts of motor cars, the pulverized rubber of tires, all the toxic products of industries released into our environment, create a situation the consequences of which will become apparent only in the future. And the use of radioactivity for industrial purposes will certainly add to these long-range dangers and to the complexity of the disease patterns in subsequent generations.

#### DISEASES OF SURFEIT

Similarly, malnutrition and undernutrition were major health problems a century ago. The modern nutritionist has precise knowledge of the carbohydrates, fats, proteins, mineral elements, and vitamins essential for human nutrition. But social factors now prevent proper application of this knowledge. In the underprivileged countries hundreds of millions of human beings suffer from forms of malnutrition that are well understood scientifically, but cannot be controlled practically until ways are found to increase the supply of proteins having a proper amino acid balance. In contrast, there is no shortage of food in the Western World, but new problems are arising from the fact that the air-conditioned, wheel-borne citizen of the automation age has nutritional requirements very different both quantitatively and qualitatively from those of his ancestors.

He spends much less physical energy than they did, or than do people economically less favored, and he is also better protected against cold and other forms of stress and exposure. Yet meat, dairy products, and other foods rich in fats are increasingly becoming the chief constituents of his diet, precisely at the time when his needs for rich food are decreasing. Because of insufficient knowledge, we cannot be specific about the role of diet as a cause of disease in modern society. But it can be safely said that in the Western

World malnutrition is most commonly a consequence of surfeit.

Not so long ago, a large percentage of children died in infancy or during the early years of life. Now, in the West at least, practically every child can survive into adulthood. The chances are great that he will not die of acute infection. But the fear of vascular diseases and of cancers has displaced the threats of pneumonia or tuberculosis. And large numbers of adults suffer from chronic diseases, many of them with infectious complications which are not amenable to drug therapy.

Growth of young people in the past was often stunted by nutritional deficiencies and by all sorts of strains and stresses. In contrast, modern children are fed and sheltered like greenhouse plants. But while they grow fast and large, society provides them with little incentive to spend their physical and mental energy. Any form of exposure or effort is considered a threat to their welfare. Yet, the natural needs and aspirations of the body and soul still torment young people who are, today, confused and exacerbated by their social environment. Desire for earthly goods, for power, for sexual satisfaction are constantly stimulated by the mass-communications media. But social mores still dictate that the oversized youth must be treated like an undeveloped child. It will take more than playgrounds to protect from juvenile delinquency young men and women fully grown and with unoccupied bodies and souls.

Modern society has also created new problems of adaptation for the adult. There was a time when much disease was caused by overexertion in the kitchen or in the factory. Today, mechanization and automation liberate the muscles, but engender boredom. Failure to satisfy human urges—natural or acquired—generates a variety of tensions that threaten the heart, the brain, and other vulnerable parts of the body. Life in the past was often dulled by solitude and lack of opportunity, but loneliness amidst metropolitan crowds is also cruel. Many of the weak or handicapped who used to lead sheltered though limited lives as accepted members of a stable home or in the role of village fools, now crowd our mental hospitals or commit suicide. It may turn out that the most important medical problems of the modern age are not the diseases which destroy life, but those which increasingly ruin it.

There is no reason to believe, of course, that the health problems of today are worse than those of yesterday. To realize that the golden medical past was, in fact, badly tarnished, one



need only consult the list of deaths from pulmonary consumption throughout the nineteenth century, or the reports of the Recruiting Officer in England during the Boer War, when as many as 60 per cent of the recruits were rejected because of physical deformities or defects. But knowledge of nineteenth-century problems can do more than provide a dark background against which our own problems look lighter. More importantly, it reveals that a vigorous society can respond constructively to the dangers that threaten it by tracing the origin of these dangers and reforming the social structure wherever necessary. Out of the reform efforts of the nineteenth century there emerged our modern concepts of sanitation and public health.

#### CONTROLLING DISEASE THROUGH SOCIAL ACTION

**I**s such a point of view applicable to our present problems? In my opinion it is. Consider, if you will, two specific disease problems which are in everybody's mind today, namely lung cancer and coronary heart disease among adults. There is no doubt that these pathological conditions have become more prevalent during recent decades; moreover the increase is not occurring uniformly among all people. Rather it has occurred chiefly in the most "prosperous" areas of Western civilization. The mere statement of these facts leads to the conclusion that some factors of our environment, some changes in our way of life, are directly or indirectly responsible for the increase. This relationship between environment and disease is reflected in the increasing concern with the possibility that inhalation of tobacco smoke and air pollutants can increase the incidence of lung cancer. The same awareness underlies discussions of the possible role of overnutrition and lack of physical activity in vascular diseases or certain forms of diabetes.

When they were faced with similar problems the great Sanitarians of the nineteenth century set about solving them by promoting environmental reforms in their communities. On the whole, however, the climate of opinion today seems different. There is a widespread belief that the way to control cancer, heart disease, or mental disorders is to find curative or preventive drugs. It is to this type of approach that the largest material resources are devoted and, more importantly, the largest numbers of trained and talented persons. Yet it seems to me that drugs, however helpful they may be for individual pa-

tients, cannot provide the real solution for these problems. Nor can they for other plagues of our times. What the precise solutions will be cannot be foretold, but they will certainly come from focusing research on the factors in our way of life which have initially caused the problems from which we are now suffering.

It would be unfair to leave the impression that nothing is being done to discover and to correct these conditions. The National Academy of Sciences has, for several years, been sponsoring profound and wide-ranging studies on the biological effects of radiation—the first attempt to evaluate the potential dangers of a technological development before the threat has materialized on a significant scale. Extensive studies of air pollution have also been instituted by the U. S. Public Health Service. But on the whole there is as yet nothing comparable to the great socio-medical movements which were organized to correct the ills of the Western World after the Industrial Revolution.

In the past, social changes were often sufficiently slow to permit gradual adaptation. Now several changes occur in the course of one generation, thus giving little opportunity for the play of adaptive forces. It will not be an easy task for those living during the first phase of the Second Industrial Revolution to adjust fast enough and simultaneously to the many potential dangers we face—increased radioactivity; new industrial air pollutants; more and more artificial foodstuffs and food additives; the synthetic materials that will increasingly replace natural products; the likelihood of contact with new strains of microbial agents; the social pressures and regimentation of life caused by larger populations and crowding; the mechanical boredom of automation; and, probably, the irritating aimlessness of compulsory leisure.

It will take great medical statesmanship to protect the fundamental biological rights of man from these threats which are inherent in the Second Industrial Revolution. Increasingly in future years it will be the responsibility of *social medicine*—which is not the same thing as *socialized medicine*—to plan for the welfare of society as a whole. Modern man will need the guidance of physicians to achieve fitness of body and mind to his new physical and social environment. The more complex and dependent on technology society becomes, the more urgent it is for modern medical science to determine what must be done to make the world biologically safe—not only for ourselves, but also for future generations.

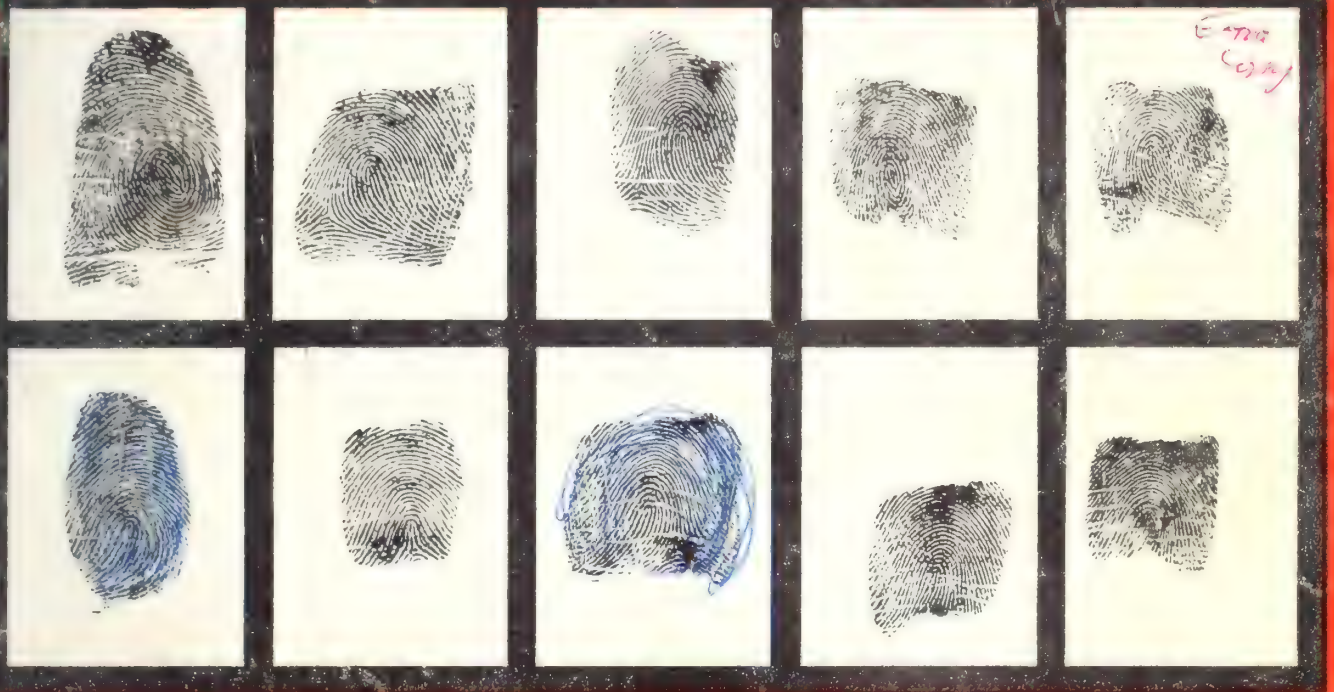


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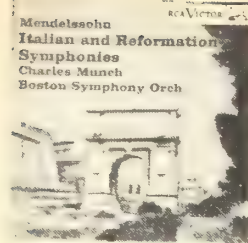
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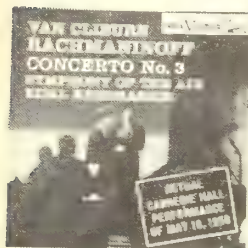
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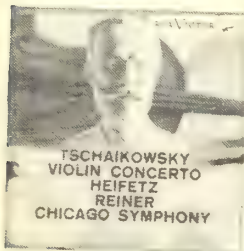
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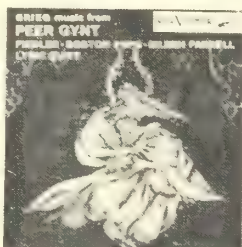
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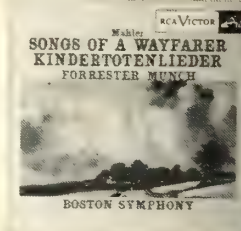
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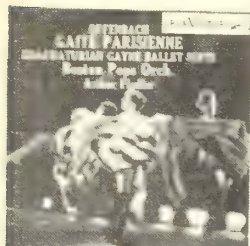
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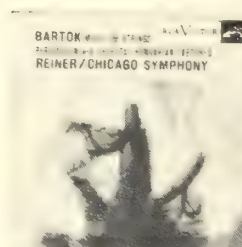
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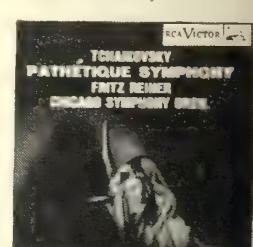
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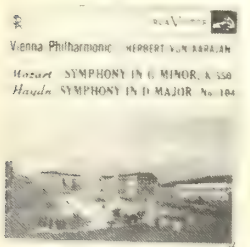
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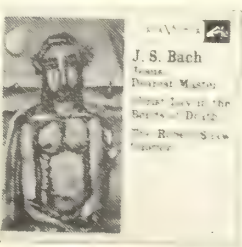
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Orchestra  
Fritz Reiner, conductor



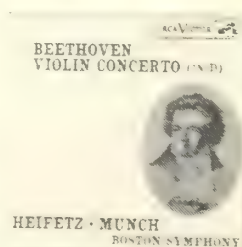
**13. TCHAIKOVSKY**  
Pathétique Symphony  
Chicago Symphony  
Orchestra  
Fritz Reiner, conductor



**73. MOZART:** Symphony  
No. 40 in G minor AND  
HAYDN  
Symphony No. 104 in D  
Vienna Philharmonic Orch.  
Herbert von Karajan,  
conductor



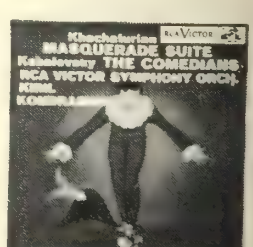
**75. BACH**  
Jesus, Dearest Master  
AND Christ Lay in  
the Bonds of Death  
The Robert Shaw Chorale  
and RCA Victor Orchestra  
Robert Shaw, conductor



**16. BEETHOVEN**  
Concerto in D  
Jascha Heifetz, *violinist*  
Boston Symphony Orchestra  
Charles Munch, conductor

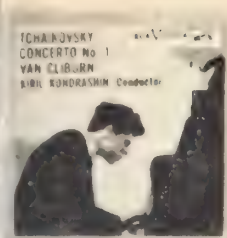


**38. STRAVINSKY**  
The Rite of Spring  
Paris Conservatoire  
Orchestra  
Pierre Monteux, conductor

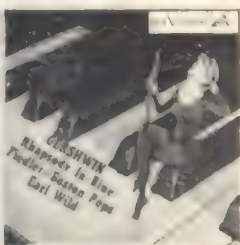


**71. KHACHATURIAN**  
Masquerade Suite  
AND KABALEVSKY  
The Comedians  
RCA Victor Symphony  
Orchestra  
Kiril Kondrashin, conductor





**23. TCHAIKOVSKY**  
Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor  
Van Cliburn  
Karl Kondrashin, conductor



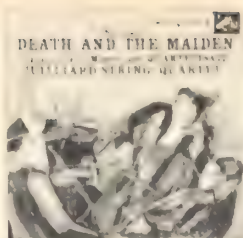
**78. GERSHWIN**  
Rhapsody in Blue  
AND An American in Paris  
Arthur Fiedler, conductor  
Boston Pops Orchestra



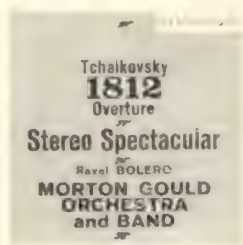
**35. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF**  
Scheherazade  
London Symphony Orchestra  
Pierre Monteux, conductor



**7. BRAHMS**  
Symphony No. 3 in F  
Chicago Symphony Orchestra  
Fritz Reiner, conductor



**77. SCHUBERT**  
Death and the Maiden Quartet  
AND Quartettsatz  
The Juilliard String Quartet



**79. TCHAIKOVSKY**  
1812 Overture  
AND RAVEL  
Bolero  
Morton Gould and  
His Orchestra

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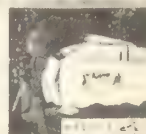
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Arturo Toscanini, conductor

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NO. 3 IN B-FLAT MAJOR, OP. 97



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FEUERMAN



**83. RESPIGHI**  
Pines of Rome  
AND Fountains of Rome  
NBC Symphony Orchestra  
Arturo Toscanini, conductor

**84. BEETHOVEN**  
Archduke Trio  
Arthur Rubinstein, piano  
Jascha Heifetz, violin  
Immanuel Feuermann, cello



**82. BACH** Two-Part  
Inventions (Complete) AND  
Three-Part Inventions  
Nos. 1, 2, 5, 11, 13, 14, 15  
Wanda Landowska  
harpsichordist



**81. RACHMANINOFF**  
Concerto No. 1 in F sharp  
minor AND  
Rhapsody on a Theme  
of Paganini  
Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano  
Philadelphia Orchestra  
Eugene Ormandy, conductor

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## LETTERS

### Israeli Myths

TO THE EDITORS:

Sidney Hyman's article "Heroic Israel Today: The Legend and the Facts" [September] . . . reminded me of my own experience with a former synagogue president. I had preached a sermon entitled, "Was the establishment of Israel a miracle?" My thesis was that to attribute everything to the miraculous is to rob the Israelis, and even God Himself, of much deserved credit for blood, sweat, tears, and human character. I supported my thesis with proper quotations, rhetoric, and emotion, and seemed to have made a legitimate and constructive point. But the reaction of my good president was this:

"As a rabbi you, for one, should have said that it *was* a miracle."

JACOB CHINITZ  
Philadelphia, Pa.

I am an American who was born in Palestine and lived there until 1946. In other words, I am a Sabra by birth. For the past fifteen years I have been explaining at various gatherings that I know nothing about Kibbutz life; that I spent all my youth on the paved sidewalks of a big city—Jerusalem; that I never tended sheep or played a recorder. . . . I learned all the "Jewish folk dances" here—in America—and have never danced the Hora in the streets. . . .

I am tired of explaining that I am not a refugee nor am I a hick who has lived in a tent. . . . Thank God Mr. Hyman opened his mouth. Now I can shut mine. . . .

ODEDA ROSENTHAL  
New York, N. Y.

### Woman's Work

TO THE EDITORS:

Your "Proposition for Women" [Marion K. Sanders, September] . . . holds hope to all the discontented and restless of the coffee-drinking sisterhood. Mrs. Sanders has expressed the most accurate and understanding feelings for our situation that I have read. While other writers have concentrated their pity on the Phi Beta Kappa pinning diapers, she implies that the woman who does not have a degree might also appreciate the satisfaction of contributing to the community . . . as well as earning money.

MARION ROSSER JUDSON  
Topsfield, Mass.

I am a typical college graduate (Phi Beta Kappa also) turned suburban housewife with three children. Approaching forty, I scan the many civil, social, and hobby activities I have pursued. . . . However satisfying, these activities have not brought the feeling of fulfillment. . . .

Many of the projects Mrs. Sanders cited seem to me exciting and action provoking. I should welcome suggestion as to how I might within the framework of our local community, initiate or involve myself and other interested women in a facet of one of these paid service groups. . . .

HARRIETTE FREEMAN  
Bettendorf, Ia

I think a National Women's Service Corps would be an excellent idea. I am equally enthusiastic about the Point Four Youth Corps. . . . Perhaps the feeling of satisfaction and independence gained by a constructive job in the Women's Corp would help prevent a few of the early marriages which are entered into for lack of security or purpose and which end in unhappiness. . . . Some women might like to go back to intensive study in a field [other than] education, social work or nursing. Shouldn't this be encouraged too? Smith College is exploring such a program of graduate work now. . . .

KATHARINE D. KANE  
Boston, Mass.

The scheme [proposed by Mrs. Sanders] is as old as Procrustes and has had many notable exponents, including Adolf Hitler. . . . I note that Mrs. Sanders ran unsuccessfully for Congress. This reinforces my faith in the basic intelligence of the American voter. On the basis of the remainder of your biographical blurb, I would conclude that she is guilty of one fault not mentioned in her article, "circular self-aggrandizement." . . .

FRANCIS D. HAINES, JR.  
Ashland, Ore.

How do women begin working for such a reform in our social structure? I, for one, would not object to my daughter's serving to fulfill her social obligation any more than to my son's fulfilling their military obligation when they reach the prescribed age.

CAMILLE LAWRENCE  
Terre Haute, Ind.

I don't know when I have encountered a more humiliating bit of ill-con-



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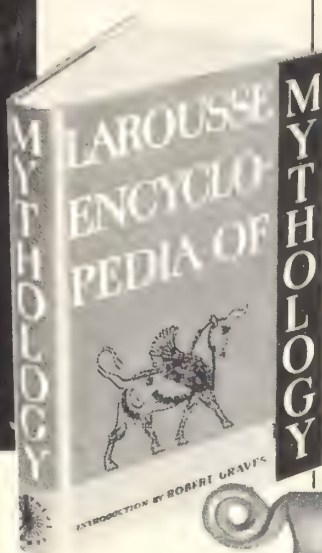
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**LETTERS**

sidered foolishness than Marion J. Sanders' solution for the Woman Problem. This is not to say that I am against women working at any kind of jobs they see fit and can fit themselves for. . . . But have we become so infected with totalitarianism that we can blithely contemplate creating a slave labor class? . . .

EMILY EXNER CLEGG  
Ridgewood, N. Y.

It is up to the administrators of the schools, the hospitals, and the social agencies to make the most efficient use of our womanpower by providing part-time opportunities on the professional level. . . .

MURIEL D. LEZAK, PH.D.  
Clinical Psychologist (half-time)  
Clackamas County  
Child Guidance Clinic  
Oregon City, Ore.

Mrs. Sanders' article was a welcome bugle call. . . . For women who seek a gratifying career flexible enough to combine with their duties and pleasures as wives and mothers, I enthusiastically recommend my own choice as tutor in remedial reading. I earned a master's degree in the field during the years when my children were infants. Now I tutor in my home at hours convenient to me and to my family. Requests come in almost every week for instruction to students from fifth grade to college. . . .

NORMA B. KAHN  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Shades of 1984! Communal rearing of children, central direction of every human personality—what Mrs. Sanders proposes amounts to a complete revolution in our society and a total denial of most of the values of Western culture. . . . She must be fooling.

DANIEL C. REUTER, Minister  
First Presbyterian Church  
Graniteville, Vt.

I graduated from college in three years with honors. In the past I have served as legal steno, copy writer, advertising manager of a department store, and executive secretary of a health agency. . . .

Of all the jobs I have held I consider my present position as wife and mother the most stimulating and fulfilling, because what I do or don't do will have a lasting, intimate effect not only upon my five children, but upon their spouses, their children, and all with whom they associate. . . .

MRS. VINCENT E. FOSTER, JR.  
Seattle, Wash.

I believe [Mrs. Sanders has] done a real service by making [her] "Proposition for Women." . . .

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Stravinsky: *Le Sacre du Printemps* *Petroushka* / Igor Stravinsky conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra / D3L 300 / D3S 614



### THE COWBOY AND THE HURRICANE

Brisk as a prairie breeze is AARON COPLAND's brace of ballets—"RODEO" and "BILLY THE KID," newly coupled in high-stepping performances by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. By way of further 60th birthday salute to this celebrated American composer, Bernstein, the Philharmonic and some youthful cohorts present a first recording of Copland's school opera for school children, "THE SECOND HURRICANE."

Copland: *Four Dance Episodes From "Rodeo"* / Billy the Kid / Leonard Bernstein conducting New York Philharmonic / ML 5575 MS 6175



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## LETTERS

By the time we are in our thirties and the last baby trots off to school, we have half of our lives ahead of us. . . . Having a lifetime as free agents is a precious gift. We need to approach it with more respect than haphazardly drifting into a multitude of activities which may be neither necessary and satisfying nor useful.

Some women know and understand this. They have planned and trained only to find doors shut in their faces. But doors will yield if enough of us try to open them. . . . We can convince more employers to experiment with middle-aged women. There is nothing magic or unalterable about the forty-hour week; we can ferret out tasks which lend themselves to flexible time schedules compatible with running a household. . . . The schools and colleges might offer one- or two-year semi-professional courses as well as refresher courses for rusty skills and degrees. . . . Women's organizations could look critically at their purposes, methods, and how they use the time and energy of their members. There is much information available in the fields of womanpower, female psychology, and national needs. Wide publication and discussion of these facts would help women make more intelligent decisions for their futures.

If we can learn to distinguish business from usefulness, and create opportunities to help ourselves and others. . . . perhaps the conscription of female energies may never be necessary. . . .

MARGARET SCHAMBERG  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Running Railroads

TO THE EDITORS:

I cannot disagree with John Fischer's proposal in "Not Really a Sin" [September] that area authorities be established having responsibility for all phases of urban and suburban transportation. . . .

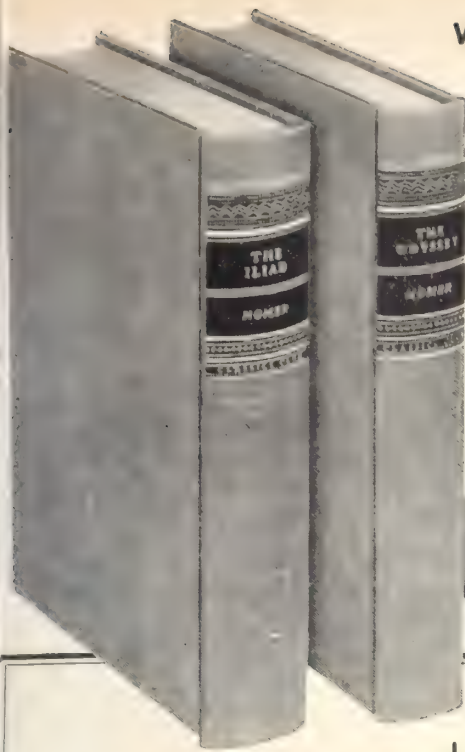
However, I feel that his comments would have been far more effective if he had devoted much less space to a savage criticism of the deficiencies of the New York area commuter service and the railroads in general, and more to other basic factors which have aggravated the existing situation. . . . namely the greatly increased and unfettered use of the private automobile which has been the real "villain in the piece."

F. B. WHITMAN, President  
Western Pacific Railroad Co.  
San Francisco, Calif.

. . . The real cause of our railroads' sorry state, is undue government control in the first place. Our railroads are so



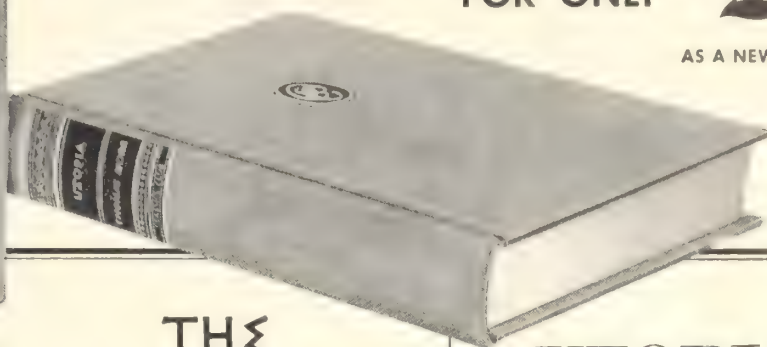
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# FIRST AND FOREMOST

The diamond merchants of Amsterdam, we're told, keep pictures of beautiful girls on the walls of their sales rooms to remind them why they are in business. It's their way of saying that girls are a diamond's best friend.

Unfortunately, we can't follow this example for two reasons. One is simply that there isn't enough room to hang pictures of our customers in our offices, since large amounts of wall space are necessarily taken up by quote boards. The other more important reason is that it is our policy to hold the identity of each of our customers in strictest confidence always.

But in spite of the absence of the portrait gallery, we like to believe that the names, holdings, and characteristics of our customers are forever engraved on the memories of our account executives and that each of them has his customers firmly fixed in his mind's eye if not on the office wall. From the time he enters our Training School to the day he retires, every one of our account executives has impressed upon him that the customer's interest must come first, and he must act accordingly.

In our business, the customer isn't always right, but he's always first. And that, we think, is much more important.

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## LETTERS

hobbled, hampered, and harassed by federal, state, and municipal regulatory bodies that . . . they are not masters in their own homes. Many of the strait-jackets devised for them in their days of power and grandeur are still hindering them. . . . Government control is a cause, not a cure. . . .

V. H. POMPER  
Maynard, Mass.

Let us hope that John Fischer will return to the topic of why remunerative public enterprise is regarded as sinful. . . . The removal of dangerous shibboleths [on this subject] would help us abroad as well as at home, for large areas of the world do not share them and in many underdeveloped countries, government action and public enterprise are the only way forward.

MARK STARR  
Long Island City, N. Y.

It is refreshing to hear the blame for our "sick" railroads being placed where it rightly belongs: on the shoulders of the generally inept and bungling management. . . . Thank you for not echoing the Association of American Railroads propaganda. . . .

THOMAS L. BROWN  
Locomotive Fireman  
Grand Trunk Western Railroad  
Battle Creek, Mich.

### Fair Proposal

TO THE EDITORS:

Your two pieces on World's Fairs [by George R. Leighton, July, August] got me to thinking. . . . Like every fair before it, the 1964 New York World's Fair will be everything but *useful*. For on whatever day the Fair closes this fantastic investment of time, effort, and money will be written off; down the drain, a total loss. . . . Yet with one basic shift in concept, the 1964 World's Fair could quite easily become the nucleus of the most useful and most needed institution of our time: the first World University, sponsored by the University of the State of New York.

The matrix is there; campus buildings, dorms, classrooms, gym, pool, labs, kitchens, dining halls everything but the students. And they're busting through the seams of the grade schools and high schools right now. . . .

When the Fair closes, the exhibitors would donate the buildings to the University corporation. . . . The General Electric Hall of Science becomes the Physics Center. The General Motors Motorama becomes the Engineering Department. The du Pont exhibit becomes the Chemistry Building. . . . The Department of English is housed in the

former British Pavilion—along with permanent collections of British art, history and culture. The same is true of buildings of other nations. . . .

But beyond all of this . . . is the *Id* of the University. For both corporations and nations [this would be] public service, enduring and of the highest order.

NORTON W. WILSON  
New York, N. Y.

### TV Tries Its Best

TO THE EDITORS:

Martin Mayer's analysis of . . . television ["How Good Is TV at Its Best," August, September] was creative criticism of a most welcome nature. But I am at a loss to understand how any such probing survey which concludes that "we need a cast of mind that sees an hour as more significant than one hundred hours of routine" can have omitted mention of a two-hour program (of which I am gratified to have had some part), "Fabulous 'Fifties" (January 3, 1960, CBS-Television).

We were in preparation for almost six months. . . . And all of us were concerned with fulfilling Mr. Mayer's demands. Through music, drama, visual and aural documentary, comedy, and satire, we sought to use television to the ultimate of its enormous power.

If we failed—I hope we did not—it was not from lack of trying.

MAX WILSON  
Ridgefield, Conn.

### Flying Saucers

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading "Afternoon with the Space People" by Hal Draper [September], I fear your readers will be left with the impression that the kind of idiotic nonsense on which he reported represents the only attention being given the UFOs [Unidentified Flying Objects]. Such could not be further from the truth: several conservative, cautious, and highly respected organizations and individuals are studying the enigma. . . .

We are constantly shocked and disgusted with the space conventions, especially in California, which is headquarters for this milk-the-old-and-unhappy sort of business. Contrary to Draper's information, the "Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America" does not represent real UFO research in the U. S. A. and many of the individuals he mentions are frowned upon by the thinking researchers. . . .

L. R. MUNSICK, Editor  
U. F. O. Newsletter  
Morristown, N. J.



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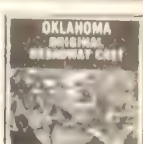
36 (M) World's Greatest Classical Guitarist... Andres Segovia



142 (M) Jazz... Ella Fitzgerald sings Gershwin



113 (M) Top... Artur Schnabel plays Chopin



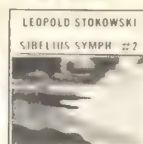
128 (M & S) Broadway... Oklahoma!



139 (M & S) Jazz... Pete Fountain's New Orleans



19 (M) Folk... Carlos Montoya plays guitar



130 (M) Symphonic... Leopold Stokowski plays Sibelius



17 (M & S) Rock... Bobby Darin



122 (M & S) Top... Liszt's Piano Concertos



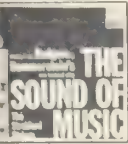
133 (M & S) Jazz... Carmen Cavallaro with a Latin Beat



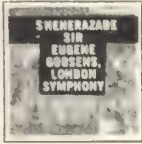
23 (M & S) Symphonic... The Vienna Woods



32 (M) Romantic... Otto Klemperer plays Bruckner



38 (M & S) Sound of Music



124 (M & S) Music... Smetana's Mythen



85 (M & S) Romantic... Sibelius



52 (M) Gilels is an... Emil Gilels plays Beethoven



5 (M) Way You Look... Erroll Garner



61 (M & S) Must... Shostakovich's Symphony #1



30 (M & S) Mood... Strings Around the World



79 (M & S) Performance... Edoard Van Remoortel



8 (M & S) Ever... Tchaikovsky's Capriccio Italien



123 (M & S) Copland... Aaron Copland's Third Symphony



132 (M & S) Jazz... Benny Goodman



108 (M & S) Simply... Pierre-Michel Le Conte



131 (M & S) Moonlight... Michel Piastro



137 (M & S) Blue... Leroy Anderson



49 (M & S) Unusually... Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique



30 (M & S) Mood... Brahms's Hungarian Dances



78 (M & S) RCA... Rachmaninoff's Concerto #3



6 (M & S) Latin... Chai Chai Chai



109 (M & S) Paris... Under Paris Skies



503 (M & S) "Best... Stravinsky's Petrushka



136 (M) "Sparkling... Eugene Ormandy



69 (M & S) 2-million-selling... George Wright



143 (M) Top Combination... Strauss's Domestic Symphony



14 (S only) 10 gems... Hi-Lo's in Stereo



105 (M) Flash & fire... Antal Dorati



40 (M & S) "Notable... Cesar Franck



75 (M) Top pianist... Artur Schnabel



73 (M & S) "Strong... Symphonic Dances



55 (M & S) "Finest... Strauss's Waltzes



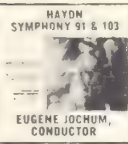
53 (M & S) Porter... George Feyer



111 (M & S) Decca's... Ballet Hi-Fi



21 (M) Most likely... Swarovsky



16 (M & S) Decca's... Haydn's Symphony #91



33 (M & S) "Finest... Modern Jazz Quartet



77 (M) "Finest... Wagner's Ring Cycle



140 (M & S) King of... Joe 'Fingers' Carr



46 (M) World's... David & Igor Oistrakh

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| 78  | 79  | 85  | 105 | 108 |
| 109 | 111 | 113 | 122 | 123 |
| 124 | 128 | 130 | 131 | 132 |
| 133 | 136 | 137 | 138 | 139 |
| 140 | 142 | 143 | 503 |     |



# *the* EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

## Please Don't Bite the Politicians

**T**HIS is a plea for tolerance toward our most misunderstood minority: the professional politicians.

No other group in America is the butt of so much suspicion, ridicule, and contempt. All kinds of opinion-makers, from editorial writers to night-club comics—people who would never dream of insulting a Negro, Jew, Catholic, or Paiute Indian—delight in slipping their daily needle of sarcasm into the politician. They have even invented a derisive name for him: The Pol.

The hard feeling will reach its peak this month, as it does at the close of every Presidential election. Countless people who ordinarily have nothing to do with politics will wake up on November 9 disappointed, angry, and probably overhung. And not only the losers. Many a member of the winning party will have a sour bellyful of disillusionment about the way his Peerless Leaders (from ward chairman to Presidential candidate) handled the campaign. Bitterest of all will be the amateur politicians—the volunteers who have been working for the last four months in uneasy harness with the pros. Most of them will finger their collar-galls on post-election morning and reflect that their worst suspicions are now confirmed.

A case in point is an idealistic young artist, whose cartoons probably are familiar to most of you. Recently he developed a deep concern for politics. He wakes up at 3:00 A.M. to worry about Peace; he believes that all men are brothers, especially if they are brown, black, or yellow; he yearns, quite sincerely, to help the poor and oppressed everywhere. So he has been trying to Do Something About It by working with the Democratic club in his Greenwich Village election district.

A few weeks ago he showed me a series of cartoons he had just finished about "typical politicians." They emerged as wonderfully funny but sinister buffoons—both sly and stupid, corrupt, hog rich, and all callously indifferent to the Big Issues such as hunger in Asia and The Bomb.

This view distressed me because: (a) it is so similar to the conclusions reached by many earn-

est amateurs after their first contact with practical politicians; (b) it is wildly unfair and inaccurate; (c) it is dangerous. Unless ordinary citizens understand—and respect—the processes of political life, our society isn't going to work very well. And it is inconsistent (it seems to me) for anyone to be so passionate about democracy and yet so cynical about the instruments through which democracy has to work.


**IT ALSO** distressed me because I like politicians. Ever since I started work as a city-hall reporter in New Mexico some thirty years ago, I have spent a lot of time in their company—in smoke-filled rooms, jails, campaign trains, shabby courthouse offices, Senate cloakrooms, and the White House itself. Mostly I've been reporting their doings, but on occasion I have served them as speech writer, district leader, campaign chore-boy, and civil servant. On the whole, they have proved better company than any other professional group I've had a chance to know well—including writers, soldiers, businessmen, doctors, and academics. Drunk or sober, they are amusing fellows. Their view of human nature is acute, unromantic, and good-humored. They are as sensitive as coloratura sopranos. Few of them have much capacity for malice, and except when making speeches they are seldom bores.

On the average, moreover, they have seemed to me at least as honest, dedicated, and idealistic as the mine run of Americans—including the fastidious who shrink away from the "dirtiness" of politics.

No doubt the politicians are themselves partly to blame for the blotchy image of their profession in the public mind. But the rest of us, I think, are more at fault. In our lazy way, we find it easier to accept the cartoonist's caricature than to take the trouble to look at the politician as a breathing, complex human being. And all too often we try (maybe unwittingly) to push him into the mold of the caricature.

A realistic portrait of the typical politician would have to begin with his motives. Why is he in this business?

Not for money. I have never known a man



## Did you know that your wife will probably elect our next President?

**O**N NOVEMBER 8th your wife and 56 million other eligible American women will outvote men in a Presidential election for the first time in our history.

From 1948 to 1956, the number of women who exercised their right to vote increased by almost 40%. Because of this upward trend, plus the fact that there are now over 3 million more women eligible to vote than men, political scientists predict women will cast over 2 million more votes than men this year. Thus, a record women's vote could be decisive in electing our next President.

**Influential** as the American woman will be nationally, she will be even stronger locally, for her political interest increases closer to her home—and her family. More than 600,000 active members of women's political clubs watch closely over the actions of local governments. All in all there are an estimated 20 million women affiliated with 600 organizations dealing with all kinds of civic affairs.

From past successful political experience in her home town, the American woman has come to know that her political maturity is a potent asset to her family. She has seen the better schools, housing and community centers that an enlightened administration can provide.

**Your own wife's interest** in good government is a reflection of her concern for her family. Like every other American woman she is constantly on the alert for any idea, product or service that will improve her family's well-being.

**An interesting example** of this alertness is the fact that millions of women—shopping for half the families in America—save S&H Green Stamps. Perhaps your wife is one of these prudent shoppers. The little “luxuries” she gets with her S&H Green Stamps reward her thrifty nature and bring better living to her family.

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who got rich out of politics. I have known many who got poor. Nearly all of those who are reasonably competent could have done better financially in some other line of work. It is true that a good deal of money passes through their hands—politics has become an outrageously expensive business in this country—but, all legends to the contrary, not much of it sticks.

Most wealthy politicians either inherited their bank roll (like Kennedy and Rockefeller) or married it (like Senator Lyndon Johnson) or made it earlier in another trade (like Benton and Bowles). Many have sidelines which thrive on political connections—most commonly the law, insurance, contracting, and broadcasting. Nevertheless a political career is quite likely to drain more dollars out of the bank account than it feeds in.

My guess is that people usually turn to politics for the same reason actors seek the stage. They need applause.

Like the theatre, politics is a great nourisher of egos. It attracts men who are hungry for attention, for assurance that somebody loves them, for the soul-stirring music of their own voices. Political speeches are not invariably made because the public craves wisdom, but oftener just because politicians love to talk—even when their only audience is other politicians. Note how hard it is for the chairman to throttle down the oratory at that lowliest of all political gatherings, a meeting of precinct leaders.) A main ingredient in the make-up of every successful politician is a thick slice of ham.

It follows that politicians, like actors and prima donnas, are abnormally sensitive to slights. For hundreds of political infantrymen, "recognition" is their only reward. They treasure the right to sit at the speaker's table at a fund-raising dinner, to be consulted before the governor schedules a speech in their bailiwick, to ride a few miles on the train of a whistle-stopping Presidential candidate. Above all they dote on giving advice. The late Tammany boss, Ed Flynn, once remarked that his most tiresome chore was listening to his henchmen report—at interminable length—on "conditions" in their districts. The strategy they suggested, he said, was almost always either obvious or silly; but he had to hear them out. For any affront to their self-esteem could make a mortal enemy.\*

But vanity alone by no means explains the

\*Sometimes of course this longing for dignity and recognition can degenerate into a simple lust for power. The extreme cases in modern times probably were Huey Long and Joe McCarthy, who seemed to get a sadistic pleasure out of kicking other people. But they represent the pathology of politics; both were products of abnormal times. When our body politic is functioning normally, it usually sloughs off such malignant types before they can do much damage.

politician. While I have long since learned that I am not competent to disentangle anybody's mixed motives (including my own), I strongly suspect that most pros are as much moved by a sense of duty as by their thirst for status. If politics is balm for tender egos, it is equally soothing to the inflamed superego. Perhaps more than most people, politicians are prodded by conscience. Certainly the best of them sincerely feel an obligation to perform a public service. And this, I think, is true at all levels—from the housewife who spends her evenings ringing doorbells and compiling card files, up to men like the late Senator George Norris or Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. Both of these were as truly noble characters as anybody you can find in Plutarch.

A third motive is usually present too: the fun of the game. Nearly every skillful politician I have ever met enjoyed the subtleties and excitements of his craft just as a tennis player enjoys a well-played match. Perhaps a better analogy is chess—a kind of chess played with thousands of pieces, each different and every one likely to start charging around the board on his own at any moment; demanding luck as well as art; and offering to the winners the highest of stakes, and to a loser oblivion.

IF THE average politician is, as I believe, a reasonably decent man, why does he have such a bad name?

This isn't a new problem. As Joyce Cary has pointed out, "almost every great statesman has been described as a crook. Metternich, Cavour, Bismarck, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lloyd George, Roosevelt: history is made up of names at which the moralist holds his nose."

Ever since Pericles, the basic indictment has been dishonesty. This can include two counts: (a) he steals money; (b) he is intellectually dishonest—a hypocrite, a trimmer, a promiser of things he can't deliver.

How far can these charges be sustained?

It certainly can't be denied that some politicians are common thieves. Almost every week the papers report some officeholder whose hand was out for a mink coat, a free vacation trip, or cold cash. I have never seen any evidence, however, that the percentage of petty chisellers is any higher in politics than in any other profession.

All of us know of salesmen who pad their expense accounts, business executives who demand kickbacks from their suppliers, doctors who will split a fee, union officers with sticky fingers, disc jockeys who welcome a little payola. The real difference is that the sharp operators in private life seldom break into the news. The politician is under closer scrutiny, and when he is caught with his hand in the till, his partisan rivals make sure that everybody hears about it. A fair verdict on this count, it seems to me, ought





## A college education does not make an educated man

A message from **Dr. Mortimer J. Adler**  
Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research  
Editor of the SYNTOPICON

"The ultimate end of education is not just to learn to be an engineer, a lawyer, a doctor, or a scientist. Those are skills—like any others—which help you earn a living and render a useful service to society. But knowledge of any one particular subject is not necessarily evidence of an educated man.

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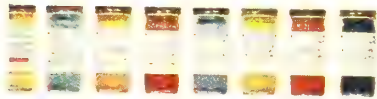
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"Belay it, men," said Magellan.  
"We'll tarry and enjoy SPICE ISLANDS. Let  
someone else try to make it in 80 days!"

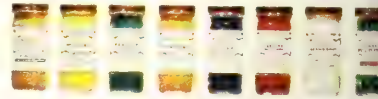
Almost due south they went—then along the coastline of South America, through the Strait, and into an ocean so vast it seemed they must spend their lives without sighting land. But over there on the other side of the world, Magellan furlled his sails beside a paradise

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## THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



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to read: Sometimes guilty, but probably no offender than anybody else.

But what about the politician who takes money, not for personal enrichment, but to finance his political career? This is far more common—indeed almost universal. Campaigns cost plenty; so, unless we want to limit public office to rich men, somebody has to put up the cash.

At this point the moral distinctions get pretty tricky. Everybody would agree that it is wicked for a candidate to take a contribution from someone who expects a special favor in return—a gambler who wants immunity from arrest, or a contractor after that new highway job. On the other hand, if the contributor doesn't expect a specific *quid pro quo*, then most people seem to think his money is clean enough. At least so one gathers from the public reaction to Richard M. Nixon's famous Checkers speech, in which he justified accepting \$18,000 from wealthy friends on grounds that none of them "ever received any consideration that he would not have received as an ordinary constituent."

All they had been promised—according to Dana Smith, who solicited the fund—was that Nixon would "continue to sell effectively . . . the economic and political systems which we all believe in." Presumably that meant lower taxes and a favorable climate for business. But suppose a candidate honestly believes in higher taxes, and a favorable climate for trade unions? Is it then all right for him to take money from union leaders? And how do you judge those Texas Congressmen who are largely financed by oil men desperately eager to protect their special tax privileges?

Among such cases, and many others even more shadowy, I don't see how anybody can draw a clear moral line. Ideally, of course, every campaign should be financed only by small contributions from patriotic citizens who expect nothing in return except good government. But these are about as rare as whooping cranes. It is this stinginess—of which we are nearly all guilty—that makes the candidate seek his funds from dubious sources; and it is in this way that we force him closer to conforming to that unjust caricature of The Typical Politician.

If we really wanted to mend matters, we could do two things. Individual citizens might become a lot more generous, and disinterested, in making political contributions. Or we might start financing campaigns out of the public treasury, as the late Senator Richard Neuberger suggested. At the moment, both courses sound utopian. So long, however, as we prefer to leave things as they are, it hardly becomes us to point scornful fingers at the politicians.

A fair verdict on this charge, then, might read: Guilt, if any, is usually due to circumstances beyond his control.

THE amateurs in politics may grant all this, and still argue that the professional is an intellectual fraud. What makes their peeve worse is the suspicion (often well founded) that the pro doesn't quite trust them, or wholly welcome their volunteer help.

Let's see how this painful situation looks from the viewpoint of a small-time professional: for example, a ward leader.

For the last four years (and for several quadrenniums before that) he has drudged away at the dull, necessary chores—seeing that newcomers to the ward get registered, hunting likely candidates for the town council, directing widows to the Social Security office, raising money to pay the club-house rent. Few amateurs have ever volunteered to help. But now that a Presidential campaign has rolled around, they pour in, eager for the fun and busting their seams with enthusiasm. Can you blame him for feeling that they want to eat the icing off the cake he has been baking for so long?

But he stifles this resentment and sets them to work running the mimeograph or answering the telephone. A few (usually women) do well; some get bored after a few days and disappear. Still others feel insulted; they didn't come for this sort of scullery work. What they want is to make speeches, counsel candidates, devise strategy—in short, to take over the old pro's job.

With what tact he can dredge up, he dissuades them—and not merely to protect his selfish clutch on the levers of power. How to explain that he can't trust them with such assignments? They simply don't



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## THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

know the delicate network of personal relationships which holds the ward together. Being ignorant of the faces that have to be saved, the egos that require an extra oil massage, the ancient local enmities that must be respected, they might tear apart overnight the organization he has been knitting for decades.

Besides, these amateurs are mostly idealists, each dedicated to a Cause. To some, racial justice is the most important issue in the world. Others feel just as strongly about penal reform or Zionism, housing or the United Nations. Each expects the ward leader to share this burning devotion, to the exclusion of practically everything else.

God knows he tries. He hates racial discrimination as much as anybody, and besides he has twenty-three Negro families in the north end of the ward. But on the East Side he also has a bunch of Poles who don't like either Negroes or Jews; they seem to spend most of their time loathing Russia, and incidentally the United Nations which tolerates Soviet membership. None of them gives a damn about penal reform, except old Mrs. Kruszwica who has two sons in the state penitentiary. Both Poles and Negroes like low-rent housing, though; maybe they can be pulled together on that, if the other issues are soft-pedaled enough. . . . The real-estate men won't like it, of course, and neither will a couple of good contributors who worry a lot about high taxes. . . .

So his thoughts run, through a hundred other remembrances of his constituents' desires, antipathies, and conflicts. After all, his first job is to carry the ward in November. And that he can never do if he comes out with a ringing, clear-cut declaration on every cause which his amateur helpers hold so dear. Indeed, he has to muffle *their* enthusiasm when it gets too strident. Heavenly as their motives may be, he just can't afford to let these angels rush in where any experienced fool would fear to tread.

As a consequence, a lot of volunteers will conclude before election day (as my artist friend did) that the old pro is a man of no convictions. He has been lukewarm about their pet issues. He has evaded uncompromising pledges wherever he could. Sometimes his speeches

sounded weaselly, as if he hoped two opposing groups might interpret them in different ways. And he about those rumors that he accepted a campaign contribution from a big realtor? Isn't it plain enough that he is guilty of the grossest kind of intellectual dishonesty?

Not to me, it isn't. For my money he looks like a good man, doing a job which is indispensable in any democracy and doing it just as honestly as he knows how. I think he deserves a lot more respect than he usually gets.

IF YOU happen to be the other kind of amateur in politics—one of those who have developed some appreciation of the professionals—and if you in turn would like to gain their affection and trust, here is a simple recipe.

Go down to your local party headquarters on the morning after the election. It will reek of stale tobacco smoke, mimeograph ink, and cold coffee dregs. Chances are nobody will be there except the ward leader. He will be as tired as a man can get but he will be making a limp effort to clean up the joint. Help him sweep up the crumpled Dixie Cups, the trampled cigarette butts, and discarded campaign leaflets. Pick up about a million scraps of paper covered with penciled figures; nearly all the people who jammed the room last night were jotting down returns as they came in over a battery of telephones, and doing hasty sums in an effort to convince themselves that we might win yet, if the boys in the third precinct roll up a bigger majority than expected. (They didn't.) Fold up the rented chairs that have to be returned to an undertaking parlor. Call the phone company and tell them to take out the extra phones, and that, yes, the overdue bill will be paid in a day or two.

When the worst of the mess is scraped away, offer the old pro five dollars to help cover the campaign deficit. (There's always a deficit.) If he doesn't drop dead from astonishment, he will be your friend for life. For, in all probability, you will be the first volunteer who has ever given him any help *after* an election. And it could be that you have just taken the first step toward becoming a pro yourself.



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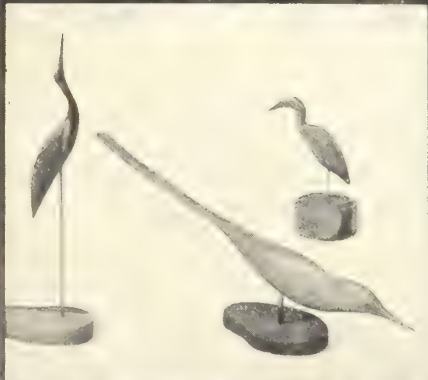
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# AFTER HOURS



## I WAS A FLACK FOR THE WILD BLUE YONDER

NOT long ago the *Wall Street Journal* reported at length on the efforts made by the nation's military services to present their stories to the public through the medium of the funny papers. The services, it said, have on their Pentagon staffs men whose main function is the care and feeding of the men responsible for such well-known comic strips as "Steve Canyon," "Terry and the Pirates," and "Buz Sawyer." The idea is that by supplying the artists with background data, photos, and even plots, in gratitude the artists will fill their characters' adventures with propaganda for the various branches of the military.

The *Journal's* article singled out for particular emphasis the high regard in which the U. S. Air Force holds Mr. Milt Caniff, creator of Colonel Steve Canyon, a dapper, handsome character who is the epitome of what every Air Force officer should be. Mr. Caniff, it seems, doesn't hesitate to have Colonel Canyon speak out briskly when meddling civilians try to curtail his service's activities by cutting appropriations or other such foolishness. His advocacy has rightly earned the esteem of the Air Force.

I was not at all surprised to read that this is so. I can speak with some authority on just how high this esteem for Mr. Caniff is, and to what lengths the service will go to show it, since three or four years ago I played a small role in a military

show of gratitude to Mr. Caniff.

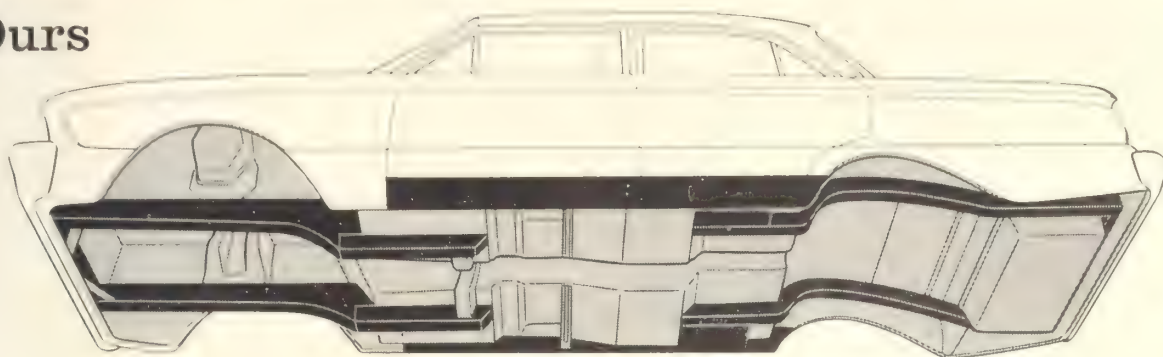
From mid-1955 until mid-1957 I was an "Information Services Officer" (a press agent, or flack) for the Air Force, stationed at a pleasant base of 3,500 men in the Pacific Northwest. Followers of Mr. Caniff's cartoon may recall an episode about that time in which a grim young Air Force general was struggling to perfect a system in which a long-range bomber could tow several fighter planes along behind it on a mission over enemy territory. The idea was that when a target was approached, the fighters would be cast off and then, their fuel supplies intact, would act as protection for the bomber on its vital mission. The system was tricky and hazardous. The general worked at perfecting it twenty hours a day. Work and worry took their toll and he was killed by a heart attack. Moral: There are dedicated men in the Air Force.

It just so happens that shortly before this sequence appeared in the nation's newspapers, an Air Force general named Vincent, a good-looking man in his forties, did die of a heart attack. General Vincent was highly regarded within the service and great things had been expected of him. His death was a shock to the high command. It was generally believed at my base, which General Vincent had once commanded, that the "Steve Canyon" episode was based upon his death.

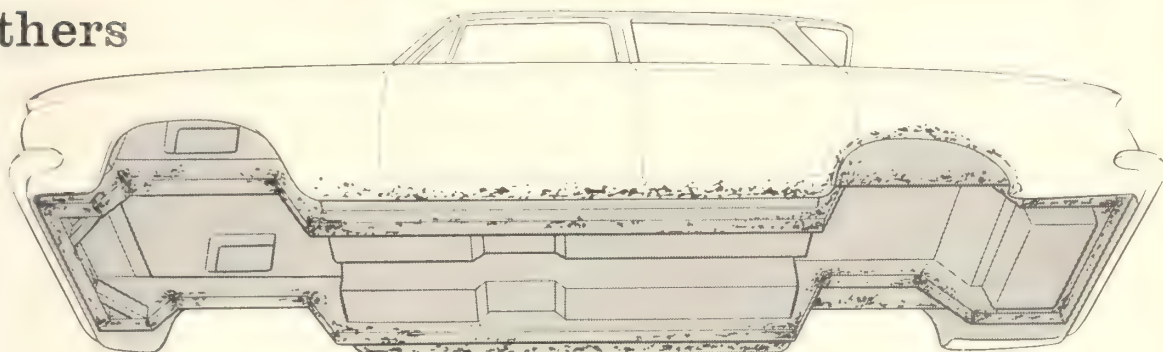
Whether it was or not, the Air

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Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter, reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They help prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier becomes. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, with more insulating body mounts, you get a remarkably quiet ride.

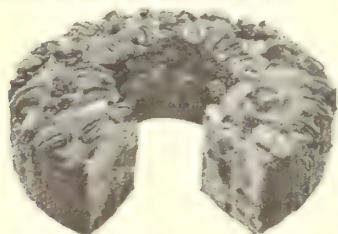
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## AFTER HOURS

Force evidently believed it was because some time later when the service decided to rename one of its Arizona bases in General Vincent's honor, it invited Mr. Caniff to attend as a guest. I learned of these plans one gloomy afternoon while playing pool in the enlisted men's barracks. The orderly informed me that a message classified Secret, addressed to the Information Services Office, had been received at the communications center at headquarters a mile away. I was the ranking press agent on the base at the time, since the major who headed my six-man section was on leave. In those days (and it may still be so) a "Secret" message had to be what the Air Force called hand-carried; it couldn't be delivered by the regular messenger service. It was raining, so I called the base motor pool and soon a driver arrived and took me to the communications center, where I signed a receipt, picked up the message, in a yellow manila cover stamped Secret, and returned to my office.

Opening the cover, I learned of the Air Force's plans for ceremonies to honor the late General Vincent and at the same time express its appreciation to Mr. Caniff. The message said that in order to let Mr. Caniff know that his efforts in our behalf were not going unnoticed, it intended to present him with a scrapbook containing a personal letter from every general officer in the Air Force.

It also said that in order to keep the presentation a surprise, Information Services Officers (who, naturally, would actually write the letters) would treat them as Secret material until the ceremonies were over. This meant the message, and the letter, had to be put in the safe whenever I left the office, and, of course, personally delivered.

I neglected my pool game for the rest of the day as I struggled to compose the requested four paragraphs. It turned out rather well, I thought, lavish in its praise of Mr. Caniff and Steve Canyon, but at the same time dignified, as a letter from a general should be. I locked it in the safe overnight and the next morning had my secretary type it, then called the motor pool, and delivered the letter to my commander, an agreeable

brigadier general named Romulus W. Puryear.

General Puryear changed a couple of words, so I took it back to my office, where the girl retyped it. Then I called the motor pool and the driver took me back to headquarters where I presented the letter for the general's signature. Unfortunately my secretary, an absent-minded child, had forgotten that the general would not sign any letter on which there had been an erasure, no matter how well concealed. So I took the letter back to the office and after an hour or so she typed it perfectly.

By now I was a bit diffident about calling the motor pool, so I waited for the base bus. And forty minutes later I deposited the letter, inside a manila folder stamped Secret, with the general's secretary. I never saw it again. It was a nice day, so I walked back to the enlisted men's barracks and resumed the pool game that had been interrupted twenty-four hours earlier.

A lot of things have happened since then. General Puryear has two stars now and I've been a civilian for three years. I never did learn whether Mr. Caniff was really surprised when he got that scrapbook with all those letters in it, but I suspect he was. And I'm sure he can appreciate it even more now that he knows all the thought and effort that went into the preparation of just one little part of it. —Frederick Taylor

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## AFTER HOURS

paratively delicate lily-painting. For example, there was a stretch in 'thirties when seemingly million Model-A Fords, Huppmobiles, W. pets, and Auburn Speedsters sported black rubber splash-guards hanging from the rear of the back fender. These were garnished with dozens of small red reflectors arranged in the shape of hearts, skulls, and other designs dear to tattoo artists. A splash-guard fad was succeeded by the fox or raccoon tail festooned over the radio antenna or radiator.

Five years ago the humor sticker came into its own as a mass-produced automobile adornment. The first of these were variations on the theme "Made in Texas by Texans," a proud legend printed in five-by-seven-inch gummed labels stuck to the rear windows of Ford assembled in Texas. "Made in Black Forest by Elves" and "Made in Hollywood by Nearly Everybody" were succeeded by a series of labels designed for the rear window bumper of a Volkswagen or other small car: "Don't Honk I'm Pedaling as Fast As I Can," or "Do Squash Me I Eat Bugs."

Although this humorous sticker can be purchased in dime store, auto-accessory stores, and novelty stores across the nation, and although one cannot traverse five miles of well-traveled highway anywhere in this happy land without being passed by a car whose rear bumper sports a sappy message such as "Don't Follow Me—I'm Lost," this fad is nothing compared to the practice of erecting a small religious statue on the dashboard.

Today between five and ten million American automobiles are equipped with white plastic statues of Jesus secured to the car by a suction cup or a magnet. Most of these come from a small Catholic mission in Walls, Mississippi, whose enterprising director, Father Gregory, reports that he thought of the idea in September 1954.

After securing the approval of the Bishop of Natchez, in whose diocese the Sacred Heart Southern Missions are located, Father Gregory commissioned a sculptor named K. V. Jonynas to design a statue of Jesus with the right hand raised in the gesture of bestowing a blessing. Next, he found a plastics manufac-



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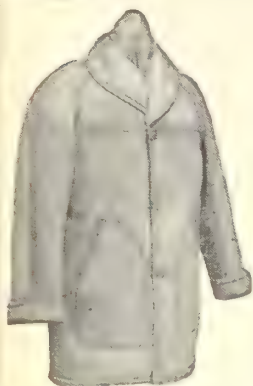
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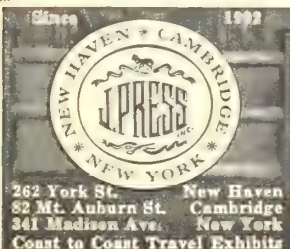


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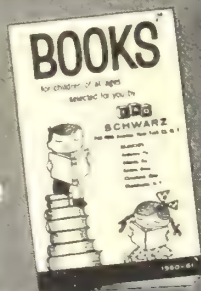
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## AFTER HOURS

turer in the East who agreed to make the statues without profit. Father Gregory then created the Sacred Heart Auto League, an organization to sell and distribute the statue and give it religious respectability and efficacy. Today the League offers a formidable arsenal of services, endorsements, and paraphernalia.

After sending at least a dollar to the Sacred Heart Mission at Walls, one becomes a member of the League and receives, besides his six-inch statue of Jesus complete with magnet, a wallet-size membership card, a windshield sticker with a likeness of the Jonynas statue on it, and a sheet of Sacred Heart Auto League stamps for affixing to letters "so that others may learn of this new crusade." The card notifies each member that he will "share in a Holy Mass offered for all League Members, living and deceased." But according to Father Gregory, the primary reason for the League is to direct special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In one of the Auto League's numerous pamphlets, Father Gregory reports that hundreds of letters arrive daily at the Sacred Heart Mission in Walls testifying to the blessings received by members. "Some of the favors that the Auto League members receive while driving or traveling the nation's highways," according to Father Gregory, "are little short of miraculous."



THE benefits to the Sacred Heart Southern Missions have also been little short of miraculous. The Priests of the Sacred Heart are assigned to six counties in Northern Mississippi, an area of three thou-



## AFTER HOURS

nd square miles with a population 115,000, of whom fewer than three indred are Catholics. Using the indreds of thousands of dollars at have flowed to Walls from the les of the statues, the Priests of the iced Heart have mounted a powerl offensive aimed at the conversion white and colored alike. With a eye to the long run, they have used their campaign on the construction of elementary and high hool buildings but on a segre ated basis, since Mississippi law orbids integration at any school vel.

In addition to constructing a high hool in Walls, the Priests of the aced Heart have greatly enlarged he convent they operate in the same ity. In nearby Holly Springs, they ecently added four new classrooms o their Negro high school. In the ame city, besides the high school, hey have an elementary school and i center, both for Negroes. Although he total enrollment of these schools s nearly five hundred, fewer than ifty of the students are Catholics.

There is little reason to believe hat the dollars from the Sacred Heart Auto League will not continue to bolster Father Gregory's mission. He has shipped statues and literature to Priests in his order stationned overseas who have in turn started branches of the Sacred Heart Auto League in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Italy, as well as Africa. All the statues for members in Europe and Africa are purchased from the League's headquarters in Walls.

In this country the practice of placing a religious symbol on the dashboard of one's automobile has long since spread to Protestants. Father Gregory has received thousands of orders for statues from Protestant laymen and clergymen.

THE Sacred Heart Auto League would appear to have a splendid future. Only three things threaten it. The first of these is the possibility that the manufacturers and merchandisers of such ephemera and trivia as cut-glass anti-splash automobile flower vases, decorated gear-shift knobs, and humorous bumper stickers will get wind of Father Gregory's bonanza. In fact some of them already have. A Roslyn, Long

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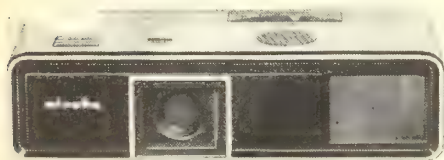
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## AFTER HOURS

Island, firm sells by mail dashboard statues of "St. Christopher, St. Jude, St. Anthony, St. Joseph, S. H. Jesus, Lady of Highway, Infant of Prague, and Blessed Mother: 79 cents each, two for \$1.50." The matter-of-fact abbreviation, and the reduced rates for two suggest that the shift from the monastery to the market place will be an easy one.

But the threat of the market place holds no fear for Father Gregory. He dismisses religious statues other than those distributed by the Sacred Heart Auto League as "devotional objects only" that "bear no symbolical meaning other than through the statue itself." In other words, their purchasers lack the spiritual benefits of League membership.

The second threat comes from the state. Several state legislatures have enacted laws forbidding the display of any object on the horizontal surface of an automobile dashboard. The theory underlying these laws is that passengers thrown forward by a sudden stop could possibly be impaled through the forehead or eye socket by a six-inch, pointed, rigid object secured to the upper surface of the dashboard. Father Gregory feels that if lawmakers could only "understand what the Sacred Heart Auto Companion statue is doing to promote safe driving and prevention of accidents, that certainly this ban would not be placed against the statue itself." He refers here to the hope that the statue will become "a constant reminder to us that when in the car we should practice charity, courtesy, humility, and patience with others."

The third threat is probably the weakest, and is certainly the most difficult to define, yet is the most interesting. An ex-Catholic automobile mechanic in the Midwest, according to the story as I heard it, was deeply offended by the dashboard images he saw at every hand. The displaying of a religious token on the public highway violated his conviction that religion is not a public but a private matter. With the perverse but rigorous logic of the anti-Christ, he secured one of the statues, placed it in a vise and carefully drilled a half-dozen or so small holes in it. Into these holes he inserted needles tipped with glue so they would stay in place. The result

## COMING IN

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## NEXT MONTH

### FOLLY AT THE SUMMIT

One of America's most respected strategists makes a penetrating examination of the West's recurrent failures at summit meetings, and outlines the conditions under which a future meeting might succeed.

By Henry A. Kissinger

### THROUGH A LENS DARKLY

What happens when a peaceable writer of TV plays gets caught in the maelstrom of producing a jamboree called "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"? Everything!

By Sumner Locke Elliott

### A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF THE FUTURE

*A Conversation with Reinhold Niebuhr*

In a remarkably frank and eloquent interview, the country's leading theologian discusses the relevance of different religious faiths to the great issues before man today—social conflict, urban life, nuclear war, among others—and sets out his personal view of religion's future role.

By Henry Brandon

### REPERTORY FEVER

Repertory theatres are cropping up like pennies—some shiny, some rather tarnished; but among them a distinguished critic finds "the blush of a bright and clean beginning."

By Robert Brustein

## AFTER HOURS

was a tiny figure bristling with needles which he enshrined on his automobile dashboard with the elish of a participant in the Black Mass. Less than a week later he was assaulted in a supermarket parking lot by an outraged observer who fled with the profaned statue.

After hearing several versions of his story, including one that ends with the rebel being sent to jail by a Catholic judge, I decided to pay a visit to him at his garage. He said that he had once described to some friends how one could combat the growing flood of Christs with a counterflow of anti-Christ, but that he had never made one.

Even though the story of the bristling statue turned out to be apocryphal, it is, perhaps, not without meaning as an expression of one man's resentment which was immediately seized upon by others, embellished and passed along. The question is to what extent this response is shared by others and what effect this could have on the practice of installing religious—or anti-religious—statues in automobiles.

One straw in the wind is the appearance on the market this spring of a bright red plastic dashboard statue of Satan. The advertisement in the *New York Times* of the Mineola, Long Island, specialties firm that hawks this item refers to it as "Li'l Lucifer" and describes it as "An everpresent reminder of the fate of the careless driver." Neither the coy diminutive nor the alleged effect on careless drivers disguises what is probably the principal appeal of such a statue. The Long Island Satan is a device for parodying the widespread religious practice of installing a statue of Jesus, or one of the saints, on one's dashboard. However, unlike the Sabbath, the Black Mass, and other shockingly blasphemous parodies of Christian rites and symbols that appeared between the Inquisition and the end of the nineteenth century, Li'l Lucifer is merely cute: the majestic archfiend of Dürer and Milton reduced to a kewpie doll.

No matter how powerful these three threats—of the market place, the state, and the iconoclast—it looks as if Father Gregory's enterprise will be with us for a good long time.

—Robert Weeks

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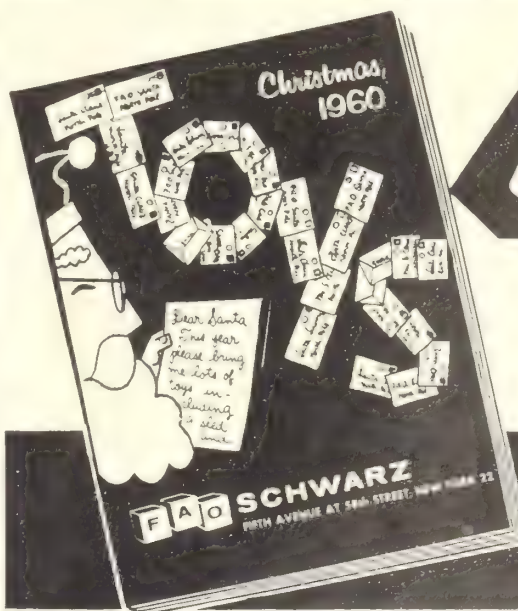
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# Why the Crime Syndicate Can't Be Touched

GERARD L. GOETTEL

*It's a big interstate business, far better organized than our law-enforcement machinery . . . and no police agency, state or federal, is now designed to fight it.*

THE crime syndicate in America is one of today's stark realities. Though it would be soothing to dismiss such an assertion as a sinister—or even hysterical—myth, the evidence is incontrovertible.

In frightening contrast, our law-enforcement machinery is chaotic, fragmented, and totally unequal to a task which calls for a co-ordinated effort on the federal level.

These are the melancholy facts despite the acclaim which greeted the recent conspiracy conviction of the gangland leaders who met in November 1957 at the baronial home of Joseph Barbara in Apalachin (pronounced Ap-a-lā-kin), New York. Hailed as a crushing blow against organized crime, the government's legal "victory" was, in fact, Pyrrhic. Indeed, from the very outset the Apalachin affair dramatized the grotesque inadequacy of our defenses against the most malevolent enemies of our society.

The discovery of the meeting itself was sheer happenstance. New York State Police, while making a routine check at a local motel, came upon some suspicious characters. Next day they visited the Barbara estate where were assembled seventy-five men—all of Sicilian-Italian ancestry—who had come from many points in the United States and a few from Cuba and Italy. The group included many of the top echelon of the criminal world—along with an assortment of chauffeurs, bodyguards, friends, and helpers.

Rounded up despite their frantic efforts to escape, these "guests" had bizarre explanations for their presence. The gist was that this was merely a chance meeting of people who stopped by to visit a sick friend. This was, of course, patently absurd. No one believed that these influential and worldly men, with their common national and criminal backgrounds, living in distant places, would gather by chance on a rainy weekday morning at a spot that is hard to find even with explicit road-map directions.

While newspaper headlines screamed, the forces of law began to move. An investigation was launched at once by a Federal Grand Jury in New York City under the direction of U. S. Attorney Paul W. Williams, which had been investigating the operations of leading mobsters, including many of the Apalachin delegates. Numerous state and county agencies started separate investigations, as did various federal



bodies including the McClellan Committee (officially, the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field). With such duplication of effort, federal agents tailing a suspect at times found themselves under surveillance by another agency.

Never before in this country had a suspected criminal gathering been so intensively investigated. But after five months little was known of the purpose or meaning of the meeting. This was not due to ineptitude. Investigations of Mafia-type organizations seldom get far. Whether or not a "Mafia" exists is an academic question. Whatever the Apalachin characters may call themselves, they match the deadly efficiency of the dreaded Black Hand. Though they may be too sophisticated for such fraternal tomfoolery as the "death kiss" and imprint of blood, they are still true to the historic Mafia tradition whose chief tenet is "*Omertà*," which means, in their terms, "noble silence." To these men the only heinous and unforgivable sin is testifying against their brothers in crime. Noble or not, the code of silence is effectively enforced in every major gang, from the mobsters of the New York garment industry to San Francisco's narcotics ring. The crime syndicates punish those who break their laws, and the death penalty carries no right of appeal.

#### SLEUTHS IN STRAITJACKETS

**W**ITHIN the walls of *Omertà* the Apalachin mobsters found further refuge behind the Fifth Amendment. Meanwhile public and press clamored for action. But it was soon apparent that organized crime was everyone's concern and no one's responsibility. State and local groups had limited geographic jurisdictions—New York State could not even subpoena residents of other states.

Only the federal government could cope with the problem. Yet it was not set up to do so, because the jurisdiction of each investigatory agency was limited to specific federal crimes. Thus the law enforcers were required to identify the crime before they could even look for the criminal—a hopeless situation since no one would tell what crimes were being plotted at the remote hamlet of Apalachin. Syndicated crime operates in a law-enforcement vacuum.

What could be done? In April 1958, after five fruitless months, Lawrence Walsh, Deputy Attorney General of the United States, decided that the federal government must spearhead a

unified attack on the criminal empire. To this end he inaugurated the "Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime" headed by Milton R. Wessel. I became its Deputy Chief.

We began work filled with the optimistic belief that we could defeat the forces of crime if we just tried hard enough. By the end of the year our group included more than twenty lawyers in four regional headquarters. However, we had no investigators—a serious handicap—forcing us to rely largely on facts gathered by past investigations. Unfortunately there are no centralized criminal intelligence files other than arrest and fingerprint records. We visited scores of federal, state, and local agencies, in the tedious task of collecting data. To cut red tape, we were often reduced to pirating information from the files of reluctant public officials.

It turned out that we were woefully wrong in assuming that various law-enforcement agencies would be eager to co-operate with us. We learned that in Washington there are Republicans, Democrats, and Bureaucrats, and while the first two come and go, the last are immutable. Bureaucratic opposition to our work—on grounds totally divorced from politics—proved our greatest stumbling block. Incredibly, in our battle against organized crime, the obstructionists were not merely the gangland leaders whom we sought to destroy, but also the public servants entrenched in the federal government, who disapproved of and mistrusted our crusade.

Typical was the attitude of a seasoned investigator of the otherwise helpful Immigration and Naturalization Service. Declining to work overtime on a case, he remarked, "I survived the Kefauver investigation and a couple of others like it, and I'll still be on the job long after you guys are back in your Wall Street law offices."

Similarly a field supervisor for the Food and Drug Administration refused to investigate a hoodlum's profitable scheme for adulterating olive oil. His budget, he said, was not even large enough to protect consumers from poisonous foods. Hence he could not waste valuable manpower on "cops and robbers capers."

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*After graduating from Duke University and Columbia Law School, Gerard L. Goettel spent three years as Assistant U. S. Attorney, southern district of New York. He then served as Deputy Chief of the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. In 1959 he left government service for the private practice of law and is now a trial attorney in New York City.*

The FBI was the coolest agency of all. J. Edgar Hoover at a national meeting of U. S. Attorneys decried the need for "special groups" to fight organized crime. The FBI viewed us as young "upstarts," whose mission was unclear and whose personnel were strangers. (This problem became even more acute with undercover groups such as the Narcotics Bureau.) The public was never told that the FBI gave us the cold shoulder. Indeed a recent magazine article attributed the ultimate success of the Apalachin trial to its fine investigative work. The author pointed to the fact that a preponderance of the government's exhibits were FBI reports. What he did not know was that the reports were not produced until the federal court, at trial, *directed* the FBI to do so.

This performance was consistent with the FBI's rigid policy of refusing to take on any case which does not clearly fall within its jurisdiction; nor will it investigate if another agency has already done so. (The best known example of this policy is reported in *The FBI Story* by Don Whitehead. In 1936 Roosevelt wanted "a broad intelligence picture" of Communist and Fascist activities. The FBI demurred on the ground that, under the terms of its appropriation, such a request must be made by the State Department which, in due course, was done.)

#### THE PIZZA PIE RUN

**I**N THE Apalachin case, the G-men did, in fact, quietly investigate every aspect of the meeting (an assignment they called the "Pizza Pie Run"). However, when it turned out that its criminal purpose could not be proved, they just as quietly shelved the reports. Everywhere we of the Attorney General's Special Group looked for evidence we found the Bureau had been there months earlier. But when we asked for copies of the reports, the G-men acted as if they had never heard of Apalachin. This aloofness was due in part to their mistrust of us. It also reflected an internal dilemma—the FBI has long taken the position officially that large criminal syndicates do not exist—or if they do, they are a state and local law-enforcement problem. In any event, Hoover seemed determined to stay clear of us, which was a certain way to avoid the stigma of failure.

Our operations, thus, were severely limited. We needed *prima-facie* proof (presumptive evidence) that a particular offense had been committed to force a federal agency to investigate. But we were hard-pressed to learn in what fields

the leaders of organized crime were operating—let alone to establish the commission of a specific offense. And these offenses had to be *federal*, which—for example—the commoner forms of gambling, prostitution, and even murder are not.

Our predicament was incredibly frustrating. We traced a web of meetings and trips linking the men of Apalachin with a prominent Democratic politician and a wealthy Italian-American civic leader. Were we on the trail of the legendary "Mr. Big" of the Syndicate? Unfortunately, our tantalizing evidence did not warrant hauling in these prominent citizens for questioning, particularly in view of the political implications of an attempt by Republicans to connect prominent Democrats with the Mafia. When we requested a high-priority undercover investigation, various government agencies turned us down since there was not a *prima-facie* showing of crimes within their jurisdictions. And no federal agency is charged with investigating organized crime, as such.

For eight months we collected data which produced no indictments. So we resigned ourselves to the only approach left (which other agencies had found futile)—a Grand Jury investigation of the Apalachin meeting itself. We chose as our first witness, Joe Magliocco of Brooklyn, a beer distributor, who would risk losing his license if he claimed the Fifth Amendment. He testified that he had driven his brother-in-law, Joe Profaci, to Apalachin for an unknown purpose. He had remained outside in a parked car throughout the meeting. (He had given a similar explanation, some thirty years earlier, when he and Profaci were caught at a gangland convention in Cleveland.)

When I completed my examination of Magliocco and checked his testimony against other evidence and newly received reports, I found he had lied about remaining outside during the meeting and otherwise testified falsely. However the real core of his testimony—that he did not know the purpose of the meeting—could not be challenged under the strict federal perjury law, which requires direct, corroborated evidence.

Gradually I realized that we were on the wrong track in seeking individual indictments. A conspiracy was preventing us from learning its secrets—a conspiracy to obstruct justice. Hence I felt that our only chance lay in a sweeping conspiracy charge. Our attack need not be directed at the conspirators' "business" about which our knowledge was meager and inconclusive, but rather at their actions in thwarting



the many investigations. Their very success might be the key to their undoing.

This idea at first seemed too simple and direct to be feasible. "How, without informers, do you prove the existence of the conspiracy?" my colleagues asked.

I contended that we could find proof in the testimony of the conspirators themselves. Most of the Apalachin delegates had made at least one statement—altogether there were several hundred. All agreed on three major points:

(1) The meeting was not planned and had no particular purpose.

(2) No one knew why the others, who had so much in common with them, were there.

(3) Nothing important took place and no criminal activities were discussed.

A wealth of circumstantial evidence contradicted these assertions: intricate hotel arrangements and travel plans showed prearrangement; the distances traveled and the odd time and place of the meeting betrayed a purpose; the delegates' panicky reaction to their discovery, and their brotherhood in crime, indicated that their purpose was not innocent.

In contrast with this unanimity there were amazing discrepancies on collateral issues on which conspirators would have had difficulty in prearranging harmonious testimony. For example, Joe Profaci claimed that the trip to Apalachin was Magliocco's idea, not his, directly contradicting the latter. Just as their agreement on a palpably false story bespoke conspiracy, the inconsistencies revealed the shoddy fabric of their alibi.

These theories of mine might still be in the debating stage had calamity not struck our investigation less than a year after our triumphal blast-off. An unfriendly Democratic Congress was using the purse strings as a noose. Coupled with this hostility was an increasing antagonism from the established law-enforcement agencies. Our report on the inadequacy of federal law enforcement was not made public when J. Edgar Hoover resented our implied criticism of the FBI's activities (or, more precisely, "inactivities") in the field of organized crime.

The brunt of these difficulties fell upon the Attorney General's office in Washington, which had the day-by-day problem of getting along with Congress and other branches of the government. The final blow was triggered by some ill-advised and unwarranted publicity for the Attorney General's Special Group.

From the start, we had tried to shun the lime-light, both as a matter of ethics and to avoid

public pressure for immediate and drastic action that we were not prepared to take. Unfortunately, this policy of secrecy whetted journalistic appetites to the point where anything that concerned the group was front-page news. When it became apparent that the report on which our chief, Milton Wessel, had relied heavily, was not to be endorsed and released publicly by the Department of Justice, the dam burst. Wessel's picture and opinions appeared in newspapers all over the country. *Life*, in a spread on the "Aces of Rackets and Their Stern Pursuers," described Wessel as "David Against the Goliaths." Such accolades, in contrast with our failure to produce tangible results, struck a rather sour note.

#### AIRBORNE INDICTMENT

THUS, by the end of February 1959 our group had become an albatross around the Attorney General's neck. It had to be quietly stuffed and mounted before it could cause further embarrassment. But against this background of failure we scored our one major accomplishment.

When told of the coming demise of the group, we were forced to reappraise our plans. We would have to forget our long-range probes of the nationwide gambling ring and racket-infested industries. With only four months left to us, the best hope seemed to lie in the Apalachin conspiracy indictment. From that point on, the entire group concentrated on creating a case out of the raw material of my theories and research.

In a little over two months we assembled a mass of evidence. We drafted and redrafted our indictment until there were no patent defects and it was limited to what could be clearly established. Then, with great trepidation, Wessel and I took the finished product to Washington, expecting opposition to such a sweeping attack, but hoping for approval.

The Department of Justice confronted us with the best legal talent of the Criminal Division. However we had prepared for every conceivable objection. To my amazement, our questioners gradually swung from skepticism to asking us why we had limited such an excellent approach to so few defendants. That night we boarded our plane exhausted but triumphant. We had the department's permission to seek a sealed indictment from the Grand Jury on the following morning against more than two dozen overlords of crime.

Our only remaining problem was to expand the indictment to include additional defendants.

This Wessel and I did in the one-hour flight between Washington and New York. Cramped in the front seat of an airliner we struggled to hear each other over the roar of the engines—and so learned that in the government, things are done in one of two ways: after interminable study and consideration, or just off the cuff, on the spur of the moment.

When the indictment for conspiracy to obstruct justice was unsealed on May 21, 1959, it was headline news throughout the country. Ironically, the very agencies which had been so coy now rushed to share the credit. A Bureau of Narcotics field supervisor, for example, in a speech at Manhattan College, said that ten of his agents had been assigned to the Special Group and had made the arrests of the Apalachin leaders. Actually those ten men were assigned only *after* the indictment was voted by the Grand Jury.

The trial which followed was almost anticlimactic. The defendants stewed in their own juice as they listened to their fairy tales being read back to them. They had hired several dozen highly experienced defense lawyers. But their knotty objections were overruled by federal Judge Irving Kaufman. He dismissed the charge against one defendant but all the rest were found guilty by the jury. Most of the defendants were given the maximum sentence of five years and \$10,000, and the others got substantial terms.

#### GRAY FLANNEL CAPONES

THE overlords of Apalachin were brought to justice and will be out of circulation for some years, if the conviction stands up on appeal. But the basic problem remains. The Attorney General's Special Group was set up to combat organized crime on the national level—that group was disbanded on July 1, 1959. And no other national agency is charged with this task—a desperately urgent one made imperative by the changed techniques of crime in our time.

In bygone years, assorted and separate agencies could cope with the many varieties of lawlessness. But crime today has geared itself to a new era. The major criminals are far removed from direct conflict with the law. Narcotics worth thousands of dollars can be smuggled in by a pathetic refugee who is many levels away from contact with the head of a criminal syndicate. Industry rarely complains of labor abuses whose impact is oblique and can be passed on to the consumer, with economic gains accruing to all, so that management and unions often join in defending

those who prey on them. The outright bribe is considered gauche. Matters are "fixed" through associations, connections, and political contributions. Worst of all, the captains of organized crime have acquired halos of respectability and culture. They have moved to residential communities far from the arena of their operations and the prying metropolitan police. Conservatively dressed suburbanites with lovely families, they head charity drives, nominate political candidates, receive accolades from churches and civic groups for their community services.

Gone is the flashy gang chief of the 'twenties with his fleet of rum runners and his diamond-studded moll. Glamorized by Hollywood and the tabloids, he was a kind of hero to a nation whose moral fiber had been corroded by Prohibition, which created a guilty affinity between the bootlegger and his customers. Revulsion became widespread only after the Wickersham Committee Report in 1931 spotlighted the enormity of the evil. A few years later, statutes were enacted to fight interstate crime. The FBI and other agencies caught up with such notorious characters as Machine Gun Kelly, John Dillinger, and Baby Face Nelson. The quiet accountants of the Internal Revenue Service wielded the income-tax laws as a weapon against Al Capone and his ilk. In New York, District Attorney Tom Dewey tracked down the thugs of Murder, Inc., and the king of vice, Lucky Luciano. The corrupt political empires of Pendergast in Kansas City and Jimmy Hines in New York were exposed.

But organized crime was not eradicated. Instead, the surviving leaders and their rising young followers had learned some important lessons:

Rule I: Crimes of violence, particularly against innocent victims or police officers, are dynamite, sure to arouse even the most complacent.

Rule II: The income from robberies and kidnappings is erratic and uncertain.

Rule III: Public notoriety and high living attract the unwelcome notice of ambitious prosecutors and investigators.

Rule IV: Violation of federal statutes exposes the criminal to attack by the G-men, whose facilities far outshine those of the local police.

With these truisms in mind, the overlords of crime began to focus their operations on legitimate businesses, selecting those which could most readily serve as fronts for vice or those in which corrupt labor unions had a foothold. This is a pattern revealed by a study of two hundred leading suspects which was made by the Attorney



General's Special Group. Racketeers, we found, had infiltrated and corrupted an appalling number of fields. Coin vending machines, for instance, provide a perfect base for gambling operations since they are an ideal cover for transportation of slot machines and "hot money"; visits to "bookie parlors" can be disguised as "servicing." Italian foods, such as huge wheels of cheese and drums of olive oil, have been used to smuggle narcotics into this country. The many restaurants, cabarets, motels, and hotels owned by racketeers are convenient rendezvous for them and sites for profitable gambling, prostitution, and bootlegging. Despite strict licensing laws in most states, a surprising number of racketeers are still plying their trade of Prohibition days as owners of respectable beer and liquor distributing concerns.

Corrupt union officials—often with the connivance of employers—have opened the door to hoodlums in a variety of industries, as disclosed in detail by the McClellan Committee. Criminals have made heavy inroads in the ladies' garment and garment-trucking industries where a small advantage in union rates and conditions can mean the difference between profits and bankruptcy. Other racket-ridden unions operate in the coin-vending-machine industry, in restaurants, in garbage-carting services, laundry, and linen supply. The Apalachin delegates were an interesting sample of modern gangster vocations. Nineteen were involved in garment manufacturing, seven in trucking, and nine in the coin-machine business. Seventeen owned taverns or restaurants; eleven were olive oil and cheese importers. Others owned automobile agencies, coal companies, and funeral homes.

In the commoner areas of vice, the racketeers have found that local police and public officials, in most places, can be easily tamed. Minor gambling and prostitution, for instance, excite only sporadic moral indignation and once a policeman or politician has been "bought" for one purpose, he is easy to control for all. Violence becomes unnecessary when the businessman, union leader, and pimp are virtual partners of the racketeers. And it is possible for them to obtain competent legal advice *before* committing a crime.

Instead of publicly heading his ring, the new gang lord has become a sort of Chairman of the Board, divorced from actual operations. He confers on finances and policy only with a small and trusted staff who see that his wishes are carried out. As a result the leaders of criminal syndicates have become immune to criminal prosecution. By

operating in highly lucrative areas with limited possibilities of detection, they arouse no public ire and no one complains against them. On the rare occasions when their activities do run afoul of the law, their underlings pay the piper. The gangland leaders are so insulated by the many levels of their operations, the interstate scope of their activities, and the fine reputations they have created for themselves, that they rarely if ever become entangled in a criminal exposé.

The Apalachin delegates are splendid specimens for study. The sixty-three persons whose presence was established (another dozen are believed to have escaped) had among them 223 arrests and convictions, including such offenses as murder and narcotics peddling, and few were without criminal records. However, these records ran to a pattern: starting with thugster activities in the early 1920s they advanced into the prosperous commercial crimes (such as bootlegging and extortion) in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, and disappeared thereafter—except for a few "respectable" charges such as income-tax violations.

#### NEW WEAPONS FOR THE LAW

**A** GAINST men like these the traditional law-enforcement techniques are useless. Fingerprints, criminal records, and rogue's gallery photographs are horse-and-buggy tools designed to catch only two-bit punks and morons who commit crimes of violence.

Government techniques in other fields have been drastically altered in the last thirty years to keep pace with economic and sociological changes. There is no reason why our law-enforcement methods cannot be equally adaptable. Although the Attorney General's Special Group failed to meet this challenge, its experiences do at least indicate the kind of national organization needed.

One suggested solution is to enlarge the criminal jurisdiction—and the budget—of the FBI. This would not seem a promising idea. Mr. Hoover has indicated that he does not want the FBI to become a national police force, and shows no inclination to expand the Bureau's functions. Furthermore, bureaucratic chaos would be inevitable if the Bureau's already multitudinous duties were augmented by an additional mission which would overlap many other agencies, such as the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Unit, the Secret Service, and the Internal Revenue Service.

As a practical matter the methods and personnel of the FBI are ill-suited to an attack on organized crime. There is a vast difference be-

tween discovering who committed a crime, and the kind of intelligence and undercover work needed to track down those who are active in crime and find out what they intend to do. The FBI has done such work with the Communist party though it has rarely used its own staff for undercover jobs. Generally it has relied on Communist defectors or loyal persons who joined the party to report to the FBI. Such techniques are not applicable to criminal syndicates, for under the code of *Omertà* and the known penalties for violation there are few defectors. Infiltration is a slow and difficult process which might require the commission of vicious crimes in order to gain a position of trust. Basically this is espionage work which requires an espionage-type approach. The FBI's personnel are no better suited to criminal intelligence work than the Marine Corps would be to espionage activities. The FBI is presently doing a fine job in a number of fields. To assign it a task that its revered Director opposes would seem unwise.

The McClellan Committee, in its report entitled "The Criminal Syndicate," recommends another approach—the creation of a National Crime Commission to continue the Committee's work on a permanent basis. This proposal too seems inadequate. A prime defect is that this commission would be divorced from prosecution. Intent on spotlighting and exposing crime, it would—like most such commissions—have about it the aura of the Roman arena.

The Report of the Attorney General's Special Group recommends an Office on Syndicated Crime which would unify the prosecutive efforts of the federal government, while leaving the investigation to the already existing agencies. The flaw in this plan is that the agencies are no more certain to investigate for the new agency than they were for the Special Group. Furthermore, to deprive local District Attorneys of this publicity-rich assignment would be to court violent opposition.

In my opinion the proper approach would involve the following:

(1) Legislation increasing federal jurisdiction so that the commission, planning, or any act in the execution of crime interstate would be a federal offense. (Some steps in this direction have already been proposed.)

(2) Executive action creating, within the Department of Justice, an organized crime agency which would be composed of attorneys and investigators and would have field offices in the major metropolitan centers.

(3) Transferring of the agents working for the

## THE POEM

COMING late, as always,  
I try to remember what I almost heard.  
The light avoids my eye.

How many times have I heard the locks close  
And the lark take the keys  
And hang them in heaven.

W. S. Merwin

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Senate committee investigating labor rackets to form the nucleus of the investigative force of the new group. The McClellan Committee already has many highly trained and skilled investigators as well as a number of field offices, which would greatly facilitate the creation of such a group.

The mission of this unit would be as follows:

(1) Investigation and infiltration of criminal syndicates.

(2) Creation of a central criminal intelligence file.

(3) Co-operation with state and local authorities.

(4) Co-ordination of activities within the various agencies of the federal government.

(5) Assisting the District Attorneys in the prosecution of the leaders of syndicated crime.

Although this plan leaves the prosecuting function with the District Attorneys, the new group would need its own attorneys to advise it at all stages of its operations, to conduct prolonged Grand Jury investigations (for which most local District Attorney offices are not staffed), and, where necessary, to assist the local District Attorney in trials.

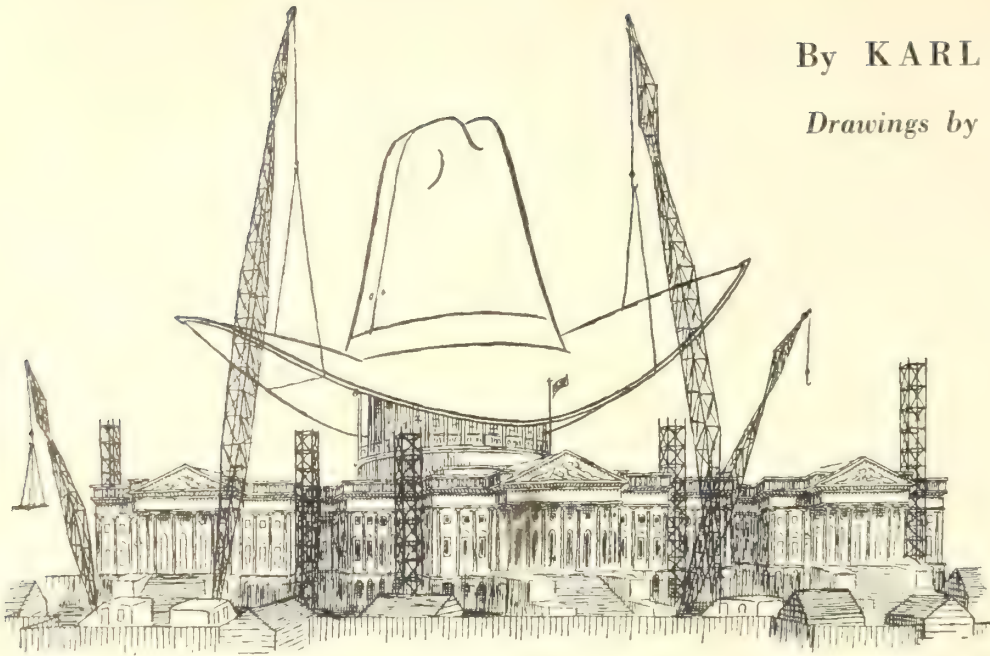
While I believe that this plan solves many of the practical and political problems, I am not optimistic about its adoption in the near future. The public clamor for action has been abated by the successful Apalachin trial. There would probably be widespread bureaucratic hostility to any new agency and opposition may also be expected from Congress.

Yet something must be done on the national level, for the states will never be able to "contain" syndicated crime. The solution lies with the United States government. Surely we must not permit the road from Apalachin to lead to still greater power for the "invisible government" which, day by day, is eroding our national wealth, politics, and character.



By KARL E. MEYER

*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*



# Texas

## Puts Its Brand on Washington

"I found Rome built of sundried brick: I leave her clothed in marble." —*Emperor Augustus*

**I**F Lyndon Baines Johnson should take the oath of Vice President next January, the inaugural tableau ought to afford him Augustan satisfaction. The ceremonies will take place against the backdrop of the new East Front of the Capitol, a kind of wide-screen reproduction of the original done in aseptic white marble.

If the Texan's eyes should wander, about two blocks to his left he could note a new Senate Office Building, a marble temple that befits the seat of authority. Roughly the same distance to his right, a massive new Office Building for the House of Representatives (its third) will be rising from a Texas-size crater. If he should cock his ear, Senator Johnson might hear the wrecker's ball crunching against buildings on Capitol Hill and Lafayette Square, just across from the White House, to clear the way for still more projects dear to his native state.

Mr. Johnson would be forgiven a grateful glance at the Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, his fellow proconsul from Texas. During their

joint rule over Congress since 1955, the grandiose taste of Texas has been firmly (and expensively) imprinted on the face of Washington. Ultimately, their plans for dressing the Capitol in a new wardrobe of marble and providing new comforts for the harassed servants of the people may cost us taxpayers up to \$200 million.

The scale of the construction program would impress any Caesar. The Third House Office Building alone will cost more to build than the Capitol and the three older office buildings combined. According to the General Services Administration inventory, the total cost of the four earlier structures was \$51 million—or \$22 million less than the over-all cost of the splendid new House Office Building.

As always, the critics are voicing sour objections. Costly, flashy, huge—these are their favorite words. None of the projects has received adequate hearings, they contend. Ancient landmarks, they say, are being vandalized, and the program is being supervised by a Capitol Architect who is not an architect, but a cloak-room crony of Mr. Rayburn's. They predict that Washington will soon look like Houston on the half-shell.

But these present objections are lost in the sound of bulldozers and pneumatic drills. For the benefit of future archaeologists, therefore, here is an inventory of projects undertaken in the Rayburn-Johnson proconsulate—perhaps the most marble-minded since the days of Augustus.

#### EARLY RAYBURN: THE EAST FRONT

**T**HE first project began with the demolition of the old East Front of the Capitol. Since the days of John Quincy Adams, the nation's Presidents have been sworn in on the portico of the East Front. But Speaker Rayburn found the old sandstone façade wanting, and used his gavel to put through the \$10 million renovation job.

In 1956 an obscure rider to the Legislative Appropriations Act authorized the extension of the East Front by 321½ feet, thus reviving from limbo an old scheme—once thankfully forgotten—for “improving” the Capitol. Three reasons have been put forth for the change: (1) a supposed “flaw” in the building would be corrected by extending the façade and thus putting the dome in better perspective; (2) the old sandstone entrance was unsightly and unsafe; and (3) more office space was needed in the Capitol.

Architects, informed laymen, and patriotic societies were overwhelmingly in accord in replying (1) that the alleged “flaw” was a cherished feature of the building and that correcting it was akin to mending the crack in the Liberty Bell; (2) that repair and restoration were not only feasible but less costly than the extension plan, since a Bureau of Standards study showed that the original sandstone was sound enough to be resurfaced; and (3) that while it was true, the extension would yield extra offices, the added floor space would cost about \$200 a square foot, compared with \$20 a square foot in the average office building. The new space would be the most expensive, observed one architect, “since they paved the lobby of the Teller Hotel in Central City, Colorado, with gold.”

Three times, in annual convention assembled, the American Institute of Architects deplored the change. The editors of the three major architectural magazines expressed scorn. Frank Lloyd Wright called it “absolutely incredible.” Leading newspapers across the country were dismayed. And frequent thunderclaps emanated from the Daughters of the American Revolution: “Shall we destroy the evidence of the good taste of the Founding Fathers?”

But Speaker Rayburn did not budge. He was

chairman of the Commission for the Extension of the Capitol, and his fellow members—including Vice President Nixon and former Minority Leader of the Senate William F. Knowland—did not feel inclined to quarrel. Matters of taste were the department of J. George Stewart, Architect of the Capitol, who, notwithstanding his title, is not an architect. Additional aesthetic support came from Roscoe P. DeWitt, an architect from Dallas, Texas, who was a major adviser to Mr. Stewart. Mr. DeWitt's portfolio of buildings in his home state includes the Sam Rayburn Library in Bonham and a suburban store for the Neiman-Marcus Co. in Dallas.

A few mavericks in the Senate, however, heeded the dissenters, and a bill to block the project was introduced. The hearings on this bill were the first and only held on the East Front extension. At one session, on February 17, 1958, the Capitol Architect informed his critics that plans for the extension “do not belong to the public” and “are not for publication.” Douglas Haskell, editor of *Architectural Forum*, said he was perhaps “naïve” but he always thought the Capitol “belonged to the people of the United States.” No secrecy was involved, Mr. Stewart maintained, “It is the way things are done on the Hill.”

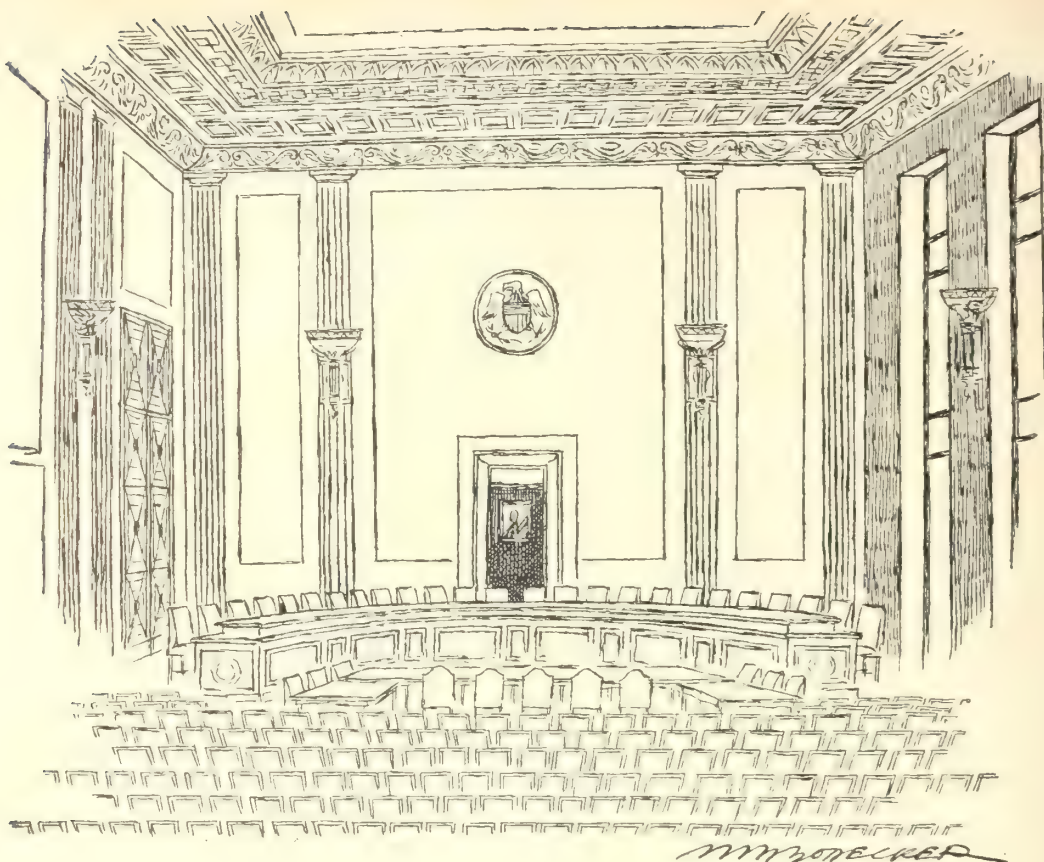
A piquant example of the “way things are done” came the following May 27, when Mr. Rayburn made his first appearance as a speaker at the National Press Club in twenty-one years, expressly to defend his project. The Speaker said that bids would be let on the project “as soon as the noise settles down on the Hill.” He contended that the extension had already been authorized and “I don't see any use to chew that old cud again.” Even if the Senate tried to halt the project, Mr. Sam added, “I am going to hold we have already passed it.”

Speaker Rayburn's prescience was uncanny. The noise settled; the Senate defeated the delaying bill; and on August 20, 1958, the Safeway Steel Scaffold Co. of Bladensburg, Maryland, placed the low bid for the preliminary surgery on the Capitol. The new East Front, a shiny marble replica of the old, will be ready for the next inaugural, just as Mr. Rayburn promised.

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*Karl E. Meyer says his aesthetic credentials for viewing the Capitol renovation are those of a “horrificed layman.” He is an editorial writer now on leave of absence from the Washington “Post,” has a Ph.D. in politics from Princeton, and has written articles for a number of magazines.*





#### ARCHAIC JOHNSON-CHAVEZ: THE NEW SOB

**W**HILE Speaker Rayburn was making his stand on the East Front, the Senate was already busy with its own building campaign. Under the aegis of Majority Leader Johnson and the Senate Office Building Commission, ground was broken on January 26, 1955, for the structure that later became known as "the Great White Goof on Capitol Hill."

In what became a familiar pattern, Capitol Architect Stewart returned again and again for additional funds. This provoked Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana to say at one point, "I have served here for twenty-two years, and I have never seen an architect who found more things to do than Mr. Stewart. It is unending."

Mr. Stewart, startled, asked, "Is that in the way of a commendation?" The Senator drawled back, "You can take it that way if you want to. Whether it is right or wrong I don't know, but we are spending by the millions."

First there was the \$2.8 million needed for the new Senate subway system, then there was a request for \$9.5 million to remodel the old SOB (as the office is known), next came a one-million-dollar bill for new furniture for the new SOB, then came \$965,000 to buy adjoining property to provide parking space for 285 cars, and then

\$625,000 to buy up remaining space near the new building. All requests were approved except the \$9.5 million which was whittled to a pin-money \$250,000 for remodeling old SOB suites.

However, costs have a way of rising, and as work went along it was necessary to return to the coffers for more than another million. As a final fillip \$5,000 was spent on two monster bronze plaques to immortalize the officials responsible for the new SOB.

When the new building made its debut in January 1959, it proved to be an excellent example of what \$26 million can buy. The exterior is chaste white Vermont marble, but within there is an uneasy coexistence of some twenty varieties of stone, ranging from Ozark Rouge to Radio Black. Colors like peacock green, rosy pink, and tangerine dance from the walls of the suites, committee rooms, TV studios, and ladies' lounges, and in each suite as a *tache de couleur* there is one cherry-red armchair amid sofas in nutty brown. Besides an auditorium for 500 and twin cafeterias seating 350 apiece, the building contains 36 public rest-rooms, 46 marble drinking fountains, 19 shower stalls, 32 service sinks, 129 public wash-basins, and 205 Senatorial wash-basins—it has, one newspaperman observed, "more pipes than a Chinese opium joint."

But no sooner had the Senators moved in than oaths began to blacken the air. Nothing

seemed to work—except the things that worked too well. Clocks halted, stuck at 9:45, because the hands were too heavy. Ghostly wails issued from what appeared to be loud-speakers. Mail chutes sucked letters from the sender's hand and sent them plummeting at such speed that they caromed off the fancy mail conveyors in the basement. Elevators were as capricious as constituents; ramps on the underground garage had to be rebuilt because 1959 king-sized cars scraped their chassis. Because one contractor evidently forgot to leave a hole for the new subway, another contractor had to chop open a thick, tiled wall. The gadget-laden inter-com system boomed like a foghorn or croaked feebly and went dead. "You can hear a beep sound from 350,000 miles in space," grumbled Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington, "but you can't make yourself heard over a microphone six inches from your face."

All this culminated in the scandal of The Carpet. Some Senators said that the elegant tile floor, costing \$100,000, was too slippery, and requested carpeting. This would have cost \$150,000 more and would have entailed unhinging six hundred doors in order to shave off a half-inch of walnut from the bottom. But the more frugal-minded, led by Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, won a compromise: carpets would be optional for those who wanted them. Fifteen Senators did; the bill to taxpayers is a mere \$53,550.

In addition, Senators still quartered in other parts of the Capitol were generously compensated. Majority Leader Johnson wound up with a total of six suites scattered in the Capitol and the old and new SOB's. The Senate also voted to spend \$40,000, originally assigned for "rusty plumbing," on a new swimming pool in the basement of the old SOB. The white-tile pool will be

a handsome complement to the existing health suite which employs three masseurs.

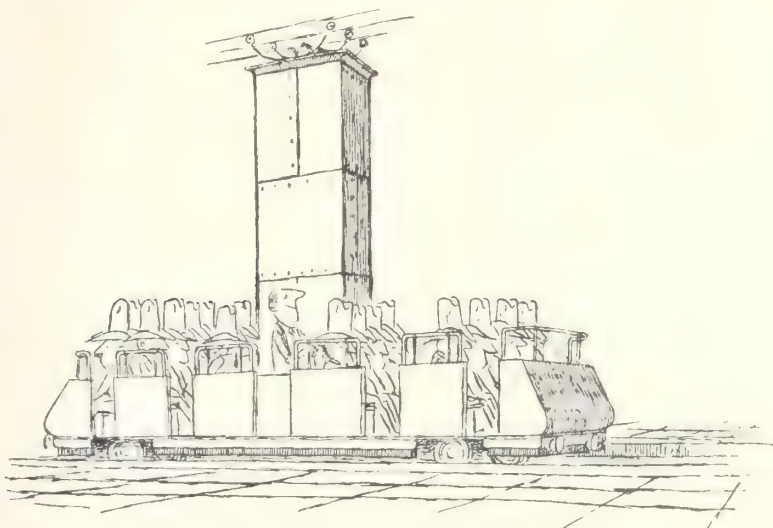
Thus the Senate has become a citadel of comfort as well as rectitude, a place where members of the inner club can grump in snug surroundings about the decline of republican virtue. Full credit for this goes to Mr. Johnson—and to Senator Dennis Chavez, chairman of the Senate Building Commission.

#### MIDDLE RAYBURN: THE THIRD HOB

**A**MONG Mr. Rayburn's many ten-gallon hats is the chairmanship of the House Building Commission, and in this capacity the Speaker kept a watchful eye on the upper chamber's steam shovels. Only a few months after the new SOB was under way, Mr. Rayburn found that *his* chamber's office buildings were cramped and inadequate. He advised the House Appropriations Committee that a \$2 million starter was needed on a new building, and four days later, the House as a whole approved his plan. Mr. Rayburn personally took the floor to urge swift passage. Phase two quickly followed as Architect Stewart announced plans for a \$18.5 million program to remodel the two existing House Office Buildings.

By the time the numbed House got around to debating the project, the foundation for the Third HOB was already being dug. Nonetheless, an attempt was made on May 21, 1957, to strike out a \$7.5 million appropriation for the new building. Mr. Rayburn again took to the floor and patiently explained that it would be "false economy" to eliminate the funds, because excavations had begun.

Meanwhile, curiosity was expressed about what the new building would look like—and it was discovered in August 1959, that no plans had yet been presented. By then, some \$16 million had been spent on digging the biggest hole in town. Mr. Stewart's office reported that drawings were not available, but that Harbeson, Hough, Livingston & Larson of Philadelphia had prepared sketches which might be released some day. The Architect's aides did confide that the new building would be H-shaped, four stories high, and would contain 170 suites, fifteen subcommittee





rooms, and parking for 1,638 cars. As to cost, one breakdown includes \$64 million for construction and nearly \$8.5 million for related costs including \$1.4 million for a sewer to carry a creek beneath the building. But prices are going up, and Representative H. R. Gross of Iowa may yet be right in predicting that the total cost will ultimately reach \$82 million.

On October 15, 1959, a sketch was finally published. Critics said the new building was in conventional Federalese, *i.e.* without any discernible style. But whatever the harsh contemporary judgment, when the Third HOB is completed by 1962, it will surely be a vintage example of Middle Rayburn, a suitable monument to the Builder from Bonham.

#### JUDICIAL RAYBURN: THE COURTHOUSE

**L**AFAYETTE SQUARE, a small public park in front of the White House, still possesses something of the sleepy charm of the Capital's buggy and gaslight era. But, lamentably, not for long. Some of the old buildings surrounding the square have already been doomed as the site for a monster Executive Office Building. Most of the rest are about to be torn down to make way for a courthouse occupied by two federal benches headed by judges from Texas.

Both the Court of Claims and the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals need more space. On this point there is no dissent. But Chief Judge Marvin Jones and Chief Judge Eugene Worley have evidently determined that the only suitable site for their courthouse is on Lafayette Square, and on the side occupied by the Dolly Madison House, the Benjamin Tayloe House, and the old Belasco Theatre.

When this plan was announced a few months ago, the wholly expected outrage of the public forced the Senate to hold hearings, with wholly predictable results. A host of civic organizations appealed to the conscience and sentiments of the Senate, and urged that the Belasco Theatre be rehabilitated as a functioning opera house—something that the District of Columbia now lacks.

The citizens had the arguments;

the judges had the proper birth certificates. Both judges are former Texas Congressmen, and Judge Jones also happens to be Sam Rayburn's brother-in-law. Congress approved the courthouse plan, and sent it along to the White House, whose present tenant—as some noted in near paranoiac desperation—was born in Denison, Texas.

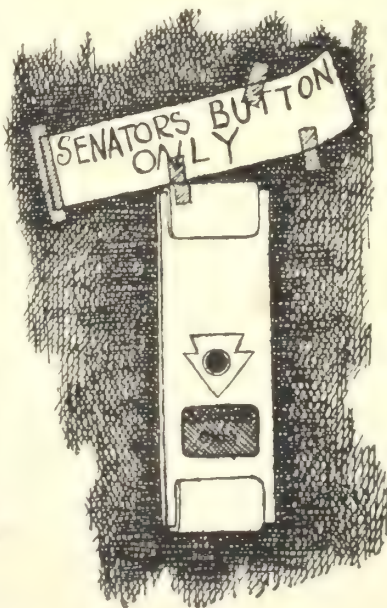
The yen to build, to "improve," to marbleize is insatiable. And there is a perverse logic in Congress's building boom. Watching the mushroom growth of new Executive buildings around Washington, the frustrated legislators find relief through high-handed imperialism in the one area that is indisputably beyond the President's control. Like a householder furious with his more successful neighbor, Congress can still smash up the dishes in the kitchen.

A choice piece of crockery in the Capitol kitchen is the West Front. In a report dated August 1957, Architect Stewart listed the extension of the West Front of the Capitol in a table of things-to-do. While the plan is now dormant, it is sure to be revived because it envisages, as a sugarplum, yet another restaurant for members of Congress.

Then there is the proposal to extend the House and Senate wings on the Capitol's East Front in order to match the extension of the central portico. This plan has been urged by John F. Harbeson and Gilmore D. Clarke, both architectural consultants to Mr. Rayburn. Presumably the purpose of the new extensions will be to correct the "flaw" caused by the present prominence of the main portico.

Finally, there is the proposed new annex to the Library of Congress—a building which will contain more shelf-space than the present Library and annex combined. This summer Mr. Rayburn moved with characteristic alacrity to acquire two blocks near the Capitol. With a lack of debate the Supreme Soviet might envy, Congress quickly approved a \$5 million appropriation—pausing only long enough to hear Representative John Rooney of New York term the property "ptomaine row" because the restaurants on the two blocks do not meet Mr. Rooney's exacting culinary standards.

Come Kennedy, come Nixon, come Johnson, come Lodge, the game of growthmanship on Capitol Hill has only begun.







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- |                   |                         |
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| C. Games Decks    | G. Tourist Ballroom     |
| D. Silver Grill   | H. Children's Areas     |

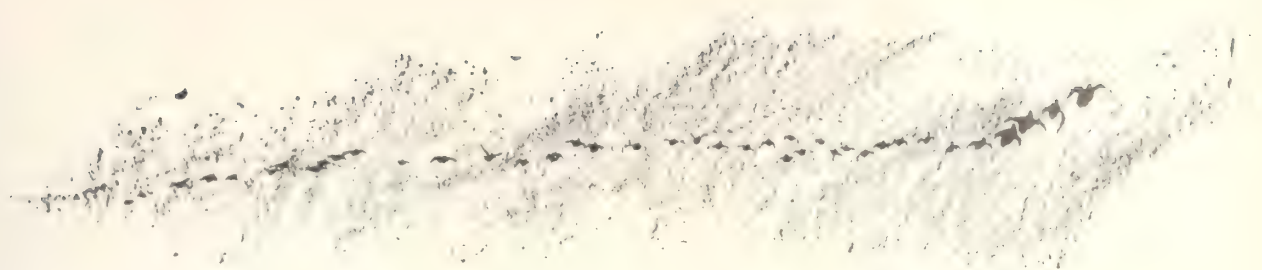


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# Potawatomi's Daughter

A Story by Johannes V. Jensen

Drawings by Robert Osborn

**I**T WAS spring on Pistakee Bay in Illinois. Pistakee Bay is the Indian name of an arm of Fox Lake, one of the countless lakes in this America that is so rich in waterways. The lake is a continuation of Fox River which after draining through a mass of swamps and marshes flows into Lake Michigan. A man in a canoe could find his way from here over the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic; he could paddle through the marshes north to Winnipeg and out into Hudson Bay or look for a tributary of the Mississippi and float a thousand miles to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.

Each spring the ducks move north over the mighty prairies, from Texas and Arkansas, touch down on the lakes and rivers en route and continue their journey, fly and swim, quack and dabble their way through air and water toward the Canadian frontier, always keeping step with the sun and the spring. They go in mile-long wavering lines across the sky; they pass overhead

in tight-packed flocks like flying clouds, the express messengers of the spring; they fly like a rush of joy over the wet America, where showers of rain may still whiten to hail or snow at any moment; they make earth and heaven as wide, as silent, cold, and royal, as the world is in spring and in the heart of a hunter. I stayed by Pistakee Bay to greet the ducks when they came. And there I met Potawatomi's daughter.

She mingled with my hunting almost without my noticing it; little by little she became a part of my day and at last my whole existence, the only reason why I was there and lay by the edge of the bay each evening and waited with my shotgun before me in the frosted grass.

In the beginning I still looked after the ducks. I rowed out each morning to a brushwood-covered spit that stretched far out into the lake, where I had set out my decoys, a dozen beautifully shaped and painted wooden ducks, which I had arranged in an attractive group on the water just off the spit. They lay and rolled, shining bright on the choppy little waves, anchored with a cord and a lead weight; they rolled like a fleet of dragon ships and stared strangely, up one moment and down the next and all around, with their painted eyes. They were painted very realistically, correct to the smallest detail, for if you want to fool ducks you have to go about it properly; there were models of various species, from the thick-bellied Canvasback with splendid

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*The late Johannes V. Jensen, one of the great Danish writers of this century, won the Nobel Prize in 1944. Two of his novels translated into English are "The Long Journey" and "The Fall of the King." The American inspiration for "Potawatomi's Daughter" doubtless came from Jensen's several visits to the United States, including one duck-hunting trip in Illinois in 1903. The translator of this story is C. A. Bodelsen.*



mirrors on the wings, which pitched heavily in the water, to the short little Bluebill, which bobbed so merrily on the waves and sat on its tail and looked up in the sky as if it were just about to take off. A flock of dumb traitors, painted birds of death, which I had set out for the spring migration up above.

It was a grim joke to see the communication which could arise between a flock of ducks far up in the air and the deceitful group which lay and rolled like living corpses outside the brushwood where I sat hidden. When the morning flocks came I could see a detachment turn aside from the long sharp line of flight, swing round in a great arc like the profile of a mountain down through the sky to investigate what kind of chaps were tossing there by the spit . . . wondering perhaps at the comfortable way they seemed to lie dabbling there.

And then when they came trustingly with welcoming quacks, there was a shot and a duck fell headlong like a rush shoe into the lake and all the others wheeled round in fright, stuck their legs out beneath them, and stood straight up in the air as if nailed to a cloud; and toward such an extended bird-belly sped the second shot; a moment after the flock is away, spread wildly like a bunch of darts from a catapult. And in the silence after the shots the water seeps through the rushes, the least movement of the oars against the side of the boat rings out like a harsh alarm in the morning stillness in that deserted spot, as I row out to where a bundle of feathers turns in the bloody water. And the silent birds lie there as before and swim on the spot and shine in gay colors like Egyptian coffins and keep their eyes stiff in their heads, rocking a little in the ripples.

But if the morning flocks were too well-fed or hurried past too ravenously to notice my artificial ducks, then I gave them a rousing ballad from my hiding place among the brushwood where I stood in rubber boots in water that creaked with ice after the night frost, a melody in duck language, cheekily imitated with the aid of a little shawm, a duck call, and the cupped hand.

Ra-rap, I played. Vark vark, vakvakvak! vark! vark! vakvakvak!

I could feel it in the marrow

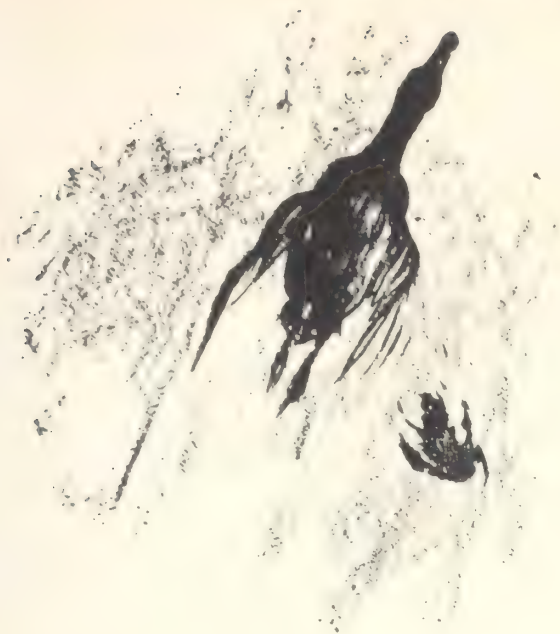
of my bones, standing there quite alone in the soundless morning before sunrise, causing this bestial music. I felt like a great duck from Hell, giving an abominable solo in the midst of nature's innocence. Quack, quack, quackquack!

But the ducks came. It was so alluring, it must be a wonderful duck that sang good morning to them. I saw them turn their necks high up in the air and listen, lessen speed, and look about, and then they turned in that great delicate circle which is the hunter's delight, until one or two of them flew into the deadly shot. I could produce several tones on the shawm; I always knew how to find the right morning mood. I quacked up to them in bright joy, as if the whole world were full of food down here, I gave a sad, urgent death rattle to bring them down in sympathy, I pleaded, wept into the shawm, I sent fiery cries up into the sky and amorous quacks as if from a charming young duck, I put all my heart into the call.

I had learned the art from an old hunter in Arkansas called Low. He needed no shawm, he could speak duck language without one; he sang straight from his throat up to them, so movingly, so sweetly that their wings became weak and they had to glide down to listen. He talked to them up in the air long before I could see them. he quacked and wooed, witched and lied to them, and filled them with blarney; he sat as motionless as the stump of a branch on a fallen tree in the middle of the flooded wood with rubber boots up to his thighs in the ice-cold water, coaxing the



Glow



duck so intently, while he gazed up into the sky with his pale far-seeking old man's eyes, which detected the ducks where others could see nothing; and in between quacking and singing he spoke as a friend to the birds, said extravagant things to them up there, scolded them, but affectionately, and irresistibly. He sat there with a drop on the end of his cold nose, brittle with age like a thousand-year-old being who cannot die; you could see how his old man's heart beat in rhythm with the weak, frozen echoes in the wood before sunrise, his look matched the violet half-light of morning far away between the trees and the wintry, hopeless dawn overhead. How cold and icily still the day awoke. But old Low's breast hid that indomitable warmth, the hunter's love; it was with an inexhaustible fervor he sat there and called and pleaded until the winged creatures came and he could shoot!

The flocks obeyed him and came from afar, nearer and nearer, till the long-necked, stubby profiles of the individual birds suddenly made the yellow dawn above the treetops expand, and the sharp wing-beats swelled near like hot gasping breaths . . . and then it was that Low fired. I have seen him implore even a single duck, which came flying past high above the treetops on a seemingly very important errand; he made it hesitate in its flight and turn round, seeking: who called, what voice was that from the swampy woods?

Come down here, you damned lovely duck, said Low, intensely confidential, with a voice of silver as he sat holding the double-barreled .8 in his hands, which shook a little with the cold.

Rrong—rrong! Come down here . . . my duck . . . vaark, vakvak. . .

As it then glided down in a long wavy curve, Low muttered, almost at the same time as the shot thundered from his great blunderbuss.

And I'll give you Hell!

Yes, it was a fine art Low had taught me. I practiced it without scruple for a week; but then I began to suffer from a pensiveness which is not good for a hunter. I shot wild or did not shoot at all; I had my sights elsewhere. It was the girl from the lakes—it was I knew not what. It was only later that I knew.

**I**T HAD begun as everything begins, with a slight observation, which I would have forgotten if it had not repeated itself—something I saw one evening on the lake. There is an inn on

Pistakee Bay, and I ate there, but I lived alone in a house ten minutes' walk from it. Each evening I went home through the wood along the edge of the lake, and the evenings began to get lighter now, the twilight longer. After sunset the water of the lake lay still and yellow for some minutes, and I liked to go home from the inn about this time. Then one evening as my gaze fell on the brass-yellow, mirror-like water, I saw that something had disappeared from the surface at the very instant that I had happened to look out.

There was a very faint trace in the water, more like a soft depression than a disturbance, no more than if a drop had fallen there; but a little distance away a long flat dome showed on the shining water, a piling up of the water as if a large body was sliding underneath. The next evening I saw it again, just the same way, but a little higher up along the shore. And this time I had a strange sense of being watched by that something that had ducked under at the same moment I looked in its direction. Now my curiosity was aroused. The third evening I approached warily through the wood . . .

And then I saw a remarkable thing; a dark head was moving gently down parallel to the lakeside, about ten yards out. A very delicate wash trailed out on each side of it in the evening's yellow water. It was late, the light was nearly gone from the low-lying lake, and as I stood and watched the mysterious head, night fell. The water became dark and colorless, but still the head came swimming down along the shore right toward me. There was no sound



from the swimmer, the dark head seemed to be separate from the water and stand out from it with supernatural softness in all its movements. A black head, gliding on the water, fine streaks after it as if after long loose hair on the surface . . .

I must have moved, breathed too loudly, or the head out there must have noticed my gaze, for it suddenly disappeared—not with a splash, not precipitously, it was simply not there any more. I had never seen a big creature disappear with so little trace from a smooth water surface: there was not even a ripple or the slightest ring behind it. But a few seconds later the surface some yards away rose up in a great smooth flat bellying-up of the water, which quickly subsided again as if the lake's breast heaved up in a great sigh.

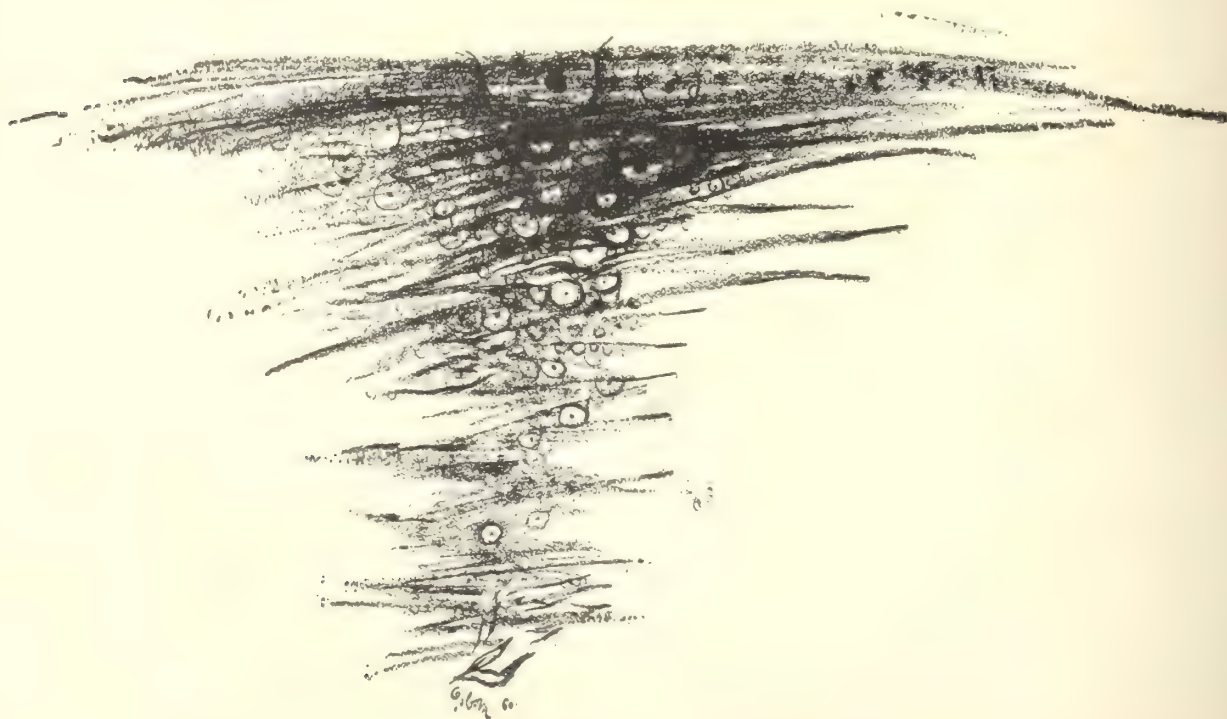
This went on for three evenings. I hid myself on the shore or between the trees, I held my breath when the dark head came, but the creature out there always knew I was there, discovering it with some sixth sense or other, and dived down before I could fire at it.

I kept away one evening so as not to disturb it, and then I saw from a distance that the dark head swam across the bay in a curved line right by the house where I lived, and then over toward the spot where the lake flows out toward Lake Michigan. There she disappeared in the falling darkness.

Oh, the girl from the lakes, I thought, it must be she, Potawatomi's young daughter, the im-

mortal! What does she want in Pistakee Bay? Why has she trailed her black hair through the rivers to this place from the great open lakes, what is she after here every evening? Is she on her way out to the Mississippi to swim toward the spring in the cold nights; why does she circle round Pistakee Bay? Is it for me the lake girl has a message, and what does it mean for me in my solitude? Is it the only Spring of them all, that which is eternally lost, that you will lead me to and share with me, Potawatomi's daughter, whom the prairie sun and the breezes in the wood and the waters have caressed? Will you emerge from the edge of the wood with moccasins dripping from your swim across the river, slip out between the bushes to say "Ugh" to me and draw me into the woods, companion of my dreams, my *squaw*? By the face of the great Spirit, by my enemies' stinking scalps, I will show myself worthy of you!

THE next evening I stayed in my house and concealed myself by the attic window with a pair of binoculars. There was but little light after sunset, and that disappeared rapidly, but I did manage to see her as she swam by—and I could have thrown the glasses, an ordinary pair of binoculars, from me in panic, like a piece of a branch one picks up in the virgin forest and which turns out to be a living caterpillar, so shaken was I as in the glasses' dark field of vision, against a background of the yellow water,



I looked into two dark brown eyes surrounded by dark hair!

The scene disappeared from my view, and when I found her again it was so dark that I could only make out a black body moving through the faded water. Soon after she went under. But this time she left a big ripple behind her in the water, and a little further away the surface broke into a peak of foam, as if she had plunged herself down into the water's night with strong strokes of her limbs, the redskin's smooth, eel-supple limbs. She was angry or she was afraid; she must have bent her young back like a coil around all the heavy water she could reach and that her sinewy joints could master, she must have made the water stone-hard about herself as she threw herself downwards and thrust her small Indian feet against it as against a springboard; her long hair must have left a foam pattern from the surface down into the depths . . . hey-ho, and now you cleave the watery night down there with your low hairy brow and shoot like an arrow over the water plants, now you turn and throw out your arms for a new arm-full, turn and dart quivering into the deep cold water, Potawatomi's lovely daughter, oh you who can never die.

**I**N THESE same days Spring came to Pistakee Bay. One sign after another had presented itself. The wild geese had passed by and gone north in long, shining white wedges, which looked like harps and sounded like music from the tall cloud castles which spring raised to the top of the blue sky.

The redbreast, America's starling, had come, and the bluebirds, the little Spring birds which flew like winged sapphires in the naked woods.

In the swamps, in the deep brimming ditches which the capricious sun now made wonders of crystal clarity with beautiful things, plants and mud castles on the bottom, and then extinguished, so that they lay as dark as pools above the underworld—in all this flowing and stagnant water the warmth of the nights and the sun brought forth all the creatures which swim



and breathe gloriously with gills and thrive in the wetness.

Great gold-glittering turtles turned down there in the twilight of the lake bed, two by two, and mirrored the sun in their faceted shells.

Bubbles rose from the mud bottom, a gurgling and muffled humming could be heard between the sprouting growths in all that water. Instead of the blue frost which used to lie each morning over the other side of the lake, a delicate green shadow now spread above the shore, and the woods had taken on a reddish tint from the germinating buds. The earth no longer resembled a shield of wintry metal tarnished by the blue frost; it lay stretched out like green cloth and sucked up warm showers of rain.

And the evenings were very light now, although the dusk did not last long. For five minutes at the most the dark girl's head was visible out there, as she took her stolen and wary swim along the shore, regularly every evening just after sunset. So shy was she, so sharp-sighted, so wide-awake, that I had not yet been able to approach within a hundred feet of her. She must have felt



my presence, snuffed it with every hair on her head, she was more sensitive to sounds than one could really comprehend. And quiet, pliable as a willow shoot; nothing in the world was so gentle, so obedient to the water, as when she sank without a trace and left only a dimple behind her on the surface. Quiet, supple . . . yes and strong as a shark, elastic as a steel thread when she plunged the little propellers, her hands and feet, into the walls of water and left a track of churned and broken foam above the lake bed. Delicate and quick, not to be outwitted . . . I had tried every trick, I had hidden myself in every thinkable way, but she spotted me. The same soundless game repeated itself evening after evening.

**B**UT I got her at last. One sun-warm day after rain, a high spring day, when all the world was just like a space in the bluest possible sky, I dug a hole for myself at the water's edge and planted a bush in front of it, a willow bush with big catkins in full bloom. Now was the time. Now she had been admired long enough; I wanted to pit myself against her. Long before evening I sat down in the hole completely hidden by the bush and with my shotgun out between the twigs. I had stuck a twig with willow flowers on it in each barrel—now, let's see what she says to that! I sat so that she could not notice my dugout before the very moment when she cleared a spit sticking out from the shore, but at that instant she would be no more than fifty feet away from me, and then it would be a matter of who was quicker to react.

The water lay yellow and still as she came. And as I knew well enough, she was quick, quick as a fish. The black head had hardly shown itself on my side of the point before it sank—but I had had enough time even so to give her both barrels together—in a two-foot circle around the spot where the head sank the shot ripped up the surface as if a harrow had been thrown there.

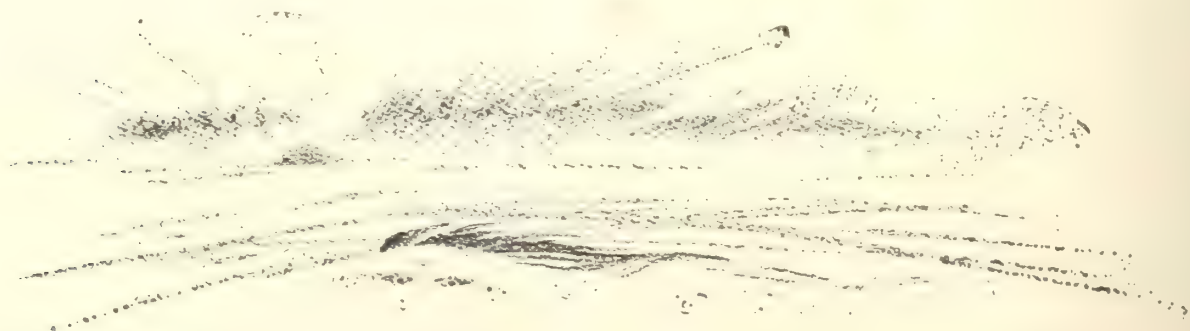
I jumped into the dinghy in the falling dusk and rowed out to the spot. There were two fathoms of water, and it was over an hour before I found her. She had not gone straight to the bottom, though she was stone dead; she had drifted some distance out. It was quite dark, a warm spring darkness, in which the croaking of the frogs sounded as if a great crowd of little feeble creatures sat and said, "Back, back, spring is back," in chorus, as I rowed in with the dead body.

The creature I had shot was a muskrat.

Potawatomi's immortal daughter, who could let herself sink in the water without a trace, and when she wanted to could uproot the deep in great floors: she was a beast of the rodent family, not much bigger than a rabbit.

She was the most beautiful little animal I have ever seen swim; she made that spring by Pistakee Bay into a strange and wonderful time. She had a roundish head with wet, black eyes and a fan of whiskers round her nose, which must have felt the water and every breeze more delicately than we can understand, so intimately that it must have been a part of her nourishment just to sniff around and drink in the lakes, the wind and the rain. She had an excellent tail, as flat as an oar, strong and armed with scales. It was waxed and shunned the water like a resined pine cone, and it was this that gave Potawatomi's supple daughter her power over the waves; she had hair round her toes to help her swim and the smoothest and softest fur in the world. Her belly was gray. Clad in this fur, which was so smooth that her movements were not to be detected, Potawatomi's daughter skimmed as rapidly over the water plants as a shuttle through a loom.

The four great incisors, on which the mouth could not close properly, were a yellowish red in front, an unusual color that reminded one of buried amber; I kept them for a long time as a souvenir.



## TWO APPRAISALS OF THE ARTS IN AMERICA

*At a time when soft and inflated commentary on the arts has become all too popular, Virgil Thomson and Arthur Miller stand for deeply penetrating—but sympathetic—criticism of the state of our culture. In the articles that follow they discuss the long-range trends that have been evolving in the worlds of music and the theatre and speculate on their prospects.*

# I. Music in the 1950s

## A DECADE REVIEWED

### VIRGIL THOMSON

EXAMINING the state of music *now*, in 1960, as compared with its state ten years ago, I shall not be able always to judge changes by the criterion of progress. One is a little close in time for that. And anyway, I am not sure what progress means. It can mean improvement; but it can also mean decline, as when we speak of the progress of a disease. Also, music's state today could present so great a variety of changes—like the political map of Africa, say—that the mere enumeration of these might be more information than one man's estimate of their worth. Actually, I should like to essay just that: a description of the music world now, as compared in divers aspects and details, with that of 1950. Fitting its changes into any pattern at all, whether of amelioration or of decay, or even estimating whether, beneath them all, music may possibly be just plain standing still, like the Rock of Gibraltar, neither of these tempting exercises can promise profit save when wrought with facts.

First, from the viewpoint of performance, no change at all is visible. The standard Western instruments and the standard ways of playing them are the same. The piano, the strings, the wind instruments sound exactly as before. A dearth of string players, though frequently announced, is not yet an orchestral emergency. Nor have string teachers, in spite of much thought taken, yet made any major breakthrough

in matters of method that might simplify learning to play the instruments.

The art of singing, which seems never fully to have recovered from World War I, was not further injured by World War II. But it has never regained the popularity it held before 1920 both in public performance and in gramophone recordings. Indeed, the earlier recordings bear witness to a beauty of tone and a sophistication of style rarely matched since. Singing, moreover, has not even essayed what today's chromatic and twelve-tone music cries out for, namely, the production of a clean white tone without vibrato.

Musical composition has been livelier. Integrated serialism, or multiple-row composition, as announced in the 1940s, has been developed during the 1950s with unquestioned artistic integrity, though in small quantity. The first extended works composed in this technique were, I believe, by Pierre Boulez. The use of hazard in composition has also been exploited in the last decade. Painters had begun exploring a similar vein some forty years earlier; but chance as an element in music writing, save for those primitive composing-machines that Mozart found briefly diverting, is surely a novelty of our time. Its first user was, I think, John Cage.

Music composed directly on electronic tape, generally known as *musique concrète*, is another effort begun in the late 1940s that has continued throughout the 1950s. Its repertory is still small and its artistic value a matter of dispute; but it too is a novelty of our time, the product of serious effort on the part of perfectly serious composers and engineers.

The acoustical engineers have been collaborat-



ing with architects in the designing of new concert halls. Many of these are quite handsome structures. Almost none, however, except for some small ones, is acoustically satisfactory. As a matter of fact, there has not been built anywhere in Europe or America since 1900 an acoustically successful hall or music theatre seating more than 2,600 persons. Nineteenth-century construction methods permitted better results, as witness notably the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, not now in use, and the Academy of Music in Philadelphia.

Related to acoustics are certain new studies of the nature of auditory perception. It is not for me to explain these here. They are available in the scientific journals.\* These investigations are very important to music; they could not *not* be. One of the conclusions already reached—though whether overhastily one cannot yet know—is that serial music, if correctly pitched in twelve equal divisions of the octave, is not perceived by the ear as musical sound. Its arithmetical beauty exists on paper and in the mind, but it is rarely a musical experience in the strict auditory sense. Certainly this music is easier to write than to listen to. According to the latest investigations of the ear, serial music is largely *Augenmusik*.

#### WHAT THE EAR HEARS

WHY the performance of a Schoenberg piano piece is less acceptable to the ear than that of a Bach organ fugue, which is no less shockingly out of tune, I leave for others to explain. All we need note here is that the scientists have the serial composers a little worried. Pure heterophony, however—such as is produced by noise-making groups and percussion orchestras—gets a clean bill of health from them. The ear can dissociate noises exactly in the proportion that musical tones are not present.

By a musical tone I mean a sound containing one fundamental pitch and possibly some of its natural overtones but with a minimal proportion of parasitic noises and of overtones from other fundamentals. The simultaneous hearing of musical tones whose fundamentals are related to one overtone series constitutes the harmonic phenomenon, or the experience known as intervals. This experience owes its very existence, its perception by the brain, to the fact that the ear itself contains a musical instrument, or vibrating

chamber. This instrument cannot be by-passed by music. Willy-nilly it will produce a harmonic perception if the constituent elements for this are present in the auditory stimulus. On the other hand, if they are not predominant in the stimulus, the harmonic phenomenon will not take place.

The fact that Western music has for eight centuries differed from all other existing traditions through its exploiting of the harmonic phenomenon may have little bearing on contemporary aesthetics in the West. For East Asia, of course, that aspect of our music is its chief attraction. I cannot promise you that the new studies in auditory perception will constitute firm evidence in the long-standing dispute about twelve-tone music. Nor whether any other evidence will be brought forward to settle the case. It seems unlikely, however, that it can be decided without scientific testimony. Short of that, it will just have to wear itself out, like the eighteenth-century *querelle des bouffons*.

Meanwhile some division of spoils has been going on. By division of the spoils I mean that the neo-classical and other diatonic writers who have for twenty and more years now held all the chief posts in pedagogy, radio, publication, criticism, public instruction, and musical philanthropy, have in the last decade relinquished under pressure a few of these to twelve-tone writers. They have also, almost to a man, all written twelve-tone or other chromatic pieces.

Chromatic complexity and rhythmic or metrical complexity are surely the mark of practically all the ambitious works of music composed in the 1950s. This is not wholly true of the opera; but it does apply to most of the symphonic and chamber music of our younger musical leaders such as Henze and Hartmann in Germany, Carter and Kirchner in the United States. Even certain older writers, such as Stravinsky, Dallapiccola, Copland, and Chavez, have further neutralized and elaborated their textures. The 1950s seem to have stabilized an international style void of obvious folkloric content. A maximum of dissonance saturation—characteristic in general of our century's art music—and a minimum of historical allusion or stylistic reference, such as abounded in the music of the neo-classical school, make this music appropriate for manufacture anywhere and for distribution everywhere—excepting the Soviet Union, of course.

For all that luridness of expression, for all those representations of emotional introspection, abnormal psychology, and eerie weather that chromatic textures invite and rhythmic elaborations

\*See the article and bibliography in *Gravesaner Blätter*, IV, 13 (1959), published in English and German by Ars Viva Verlag, Mainz, Germany.—V. T.

tions underline, the music of today, written by no matter whom, is surprisingly non-committal. No shadow of willful charm lies over it; no plain or urgent communication peers through its complex surface. It is as if the whole world of musical creativity had caught the same disease and were hiding behind identical symptoms its terrifying and terrified divergencies of heart.

#### THE GAMUT OF FEELINGS

CAN it be that this century, as so many other centuries have done, is approaching stylistic maturity in its last half, that all the mannerisms and devices exploited individually over the last sixty years are coming to be amalgamated now into a common language? This consummation, though devoutly to be wished, has been hindered up to now by the war about dodecaphony—the twelve-tone technique. Today's international idiom certainly gives larger rights to the chromatic manner than that of the 1930s did. Actually, right now the accepted way to write music is probably over-chromatic, because any epoch's chromatic style—and indeed every epoch has one—is not likely to suffice for more than about 10 per cent of its expressive needs. Chromaticism is too slippery and too monotonous to cover the full gamut of our feelings. It has been useful in a decade of self-pity and of conformity. And arithmetical symmetries in rhythm have offered some refuge in a time of cold wars and urgent concealments. (As William Blake said, "In a time of dearth bring out measure and number.") But I doubt that the present fad for gratuitous complexity allows for quite the breadth of expression that the coming decades will, must, require of a classical idiom.

In the domain of musical aesthetics, or usages, a notable fact of the 1950s has been the very great preoccupation of Western composers with the opera. Save for Stravinsky's *Agon*, few major musical scores for ballet have been produced. Symphonic composition has run thin of substance too, though by volume there has been a good deal of it. But everybody, almost, has written an opera or is writing one.

From the Soviet Union, just after the war, came Prokofiev's "War and Peace," later his "Angel of Fire." France gave us Milhaud's "David," Sauguet's "Les Caprices de Marianne," Poulenc's "Mamelles de Tirésias," "Dialogues des Carmélites," and "Voix Humaine." From England came Britten's "The Turn of the Screw" and operas by Lennox Berkeley, Tippett, Arnell,



Virgil Thomson (photograph by Maurice Grosser)

and Walton. In Germany, Liebermann, von Einem, Orff, Egk, Henze, and Fortner have produced striking operatic works. In the Western hemisphere Stravinsky, Menotti, Barber, Blitzstein, Douglas Moore, Peggy Glanville-Hicks, Hugo Weisgall, Carlyle Floyd, Aaron Copland, Nicolas Nabokov, Carlos Chavez, and Juan José Castro have composed operas of far more than minor merit. Spain, Brazil, and the Low Countries have not yet joined the opera club. Scandinavia has produced one entry, the Iron Curtain countries none. Italy, opera's motherland, though she still bears her child a faithful love, bears one that today goes largely unrequited.

As for radio, films, and television, I do not know a single recent item of major quality as music, any musical novelty, departure, or innovation of distinction. Though Italy, Holland, Germany, England, and the United States have made efforts toward television opera, none of these, it seems to me, has been quite successful artistically. And film opera is even farther away from a solution of this knotty problem. It is knotty because the camera is naturalistic, whereas the opera is poetic theatre, hence stylized theatre. Getting contemporary dialogue into musical recitative would probably be the big breakthrough, but

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*Virgil Thomson, one of America's foremost critics and composers, has written works in all musical fields. This article is adapted from a speech he delivered in Berlin on June 20 before the Tenth Anniversary Conference of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.*



nobody has achieved that convincingly yet.

Jazz, curiously enough, has been quiet too. A style known as "progressive," or "cool," has been the main vogue. It hardly makes any noise at all. Just last winter, however, a saxophone player named Ornette Coleman has revived in New York the "hot" style in a manner hotter than ever before; and that was a pleasure to those of us who cherish jazz for its majestic sound as well as for refinement of improvisation. A species known as Rock 'n' Roll, if you are interested, is on the decline. It never was a branch of jazz anyway; it was commercialized hillbilly aimed at selling gramophone records to persons between nine and fourteen.

Now let us move into the business office. Grants for composers and commissions abound in Europe now, as in the Americas. Foundations, orchestras, opera houses, festivals, and rich publishing firms order works by the half-dozen. Publication and performance are available to composers on a massive scale. The recording of contemporary music, however, which was so active ten years ago, has been slowed down by the introduction of stereophonic discs. These are so expensive to make that small enterprises cannot produce them. And the large companies are so involved with remaking the standard repertory that their attention to new music has fallen off.

#### STOPPED AT THE BORDER

THE recording of serious music, in fact, is an enterprise gravely in need of subsidy. In a world where every symphony orchestra and opera house, every ballet troupe and puppet show, is sustained by subsidies, public or private, it is improper that the preservation of musical performances should be left wholly in commercial hands. The support of a contemporary and classical recording program should be a matter of concern to governments and to cultural foundations. Supporting music through endowed performing organizations such as symphony orchestras is not enough. Everything reputable should be recorded and made available both for cultural propaganda purposes and for history. Such an invasion into the record business, especially if operated by governments or foundations, might even cut through the barrier to international distribution now represented by cartels and protective customs charges. Few products are as hard to transport from one country to another as a gramophone record.

Except for the recording industry (which does work internationally, though under self-imposed

restrictions abusive to cultural distribution), the whole music world these days seems to be hedge-hopping frontiers as if Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Americas were the terrain of one vast steeplechase. Cold War on the cultural front has found music ever so useful as a means of seducing the affection of peoples. This may be a good thing. Whether it is good for politics one cannot know yet. But it gives trips to musicians, gets performers and composers round the globe, provokes paying engagements and performing-rights fees. Every government in the world and every international business organization, occasionally even the Roman Papacy, now uses modern music and art for propaganda purposes. And all this too is part of our musical distribution.

That distribution includes films, radio, television, the touring of opera, ballet, and theatre troupes, the massive displacement of symphony orchestras, the sale of gramophone recordings, and the forcible hearing of music in bars, restaurants, barbershops, art museums, steamships, railway stations, even in airplanes. Music has invaded every home and every public edifice, every royal reserve and every aboriginal isle. The world is now an auditory landscape so vast that, save for a few figures of natural publicity charm (like Stravinsky, say, or Maria Callas), individual music makers pass virtually unnoticed. Perhaps this is why the composers more and more sound all alike, why they seem to have adopted, in spite of their twelve-tone war, a uniform way of writing music. Chromatic, complex, and massively dissonant, they move in phalanx and regiment like armored tanks. What have they got on their minds? Asserting their rights to a share perhaps in the profits of global distribution. In any case, the composers of the world seem to have united, as if some tribal instinct, or burgeoning of class solidarity, had made them all aware that there is little place today for individualized achievement. Considering the powerful organization of our distribution mechanisms, they may be right.

It is the size of any cultural distribution that determines whether the thing distributed is to be considered as a mass medium of communication. I am suggesting to you that music in all its forms tends today toward the massive operation. In the United States, for instance, there are hundreds of symphony orchestra groups, professional and amateur. Germany alone has 120 opera houses. And radio listeners are counted by the millions everywhere. Even the universities (of which there are thousands) constitute no elite nowadays but simply a mass public like any other.

Really there is not much elite anywhere

any more, and no *avant-garde* at all. There is very little music written today, even the most complex, that is genuinely recondite. The most advanced atonalists are already box-office. Nor does their music long resist analysis; indeed, it explains far too easily for comfort. It seems made for mass distribution and will, I am sure, attain it.

What worries everybody, or should, is how to preserve, in mass-media distribution, the qualities of beauty and distinction that were formerly music's glory. Actually the operators of the mass media themselves are not wholly inimical to quality. A good deal of style can be present in films. Commercial radio is opposed to it, however. Educational organizations are not. Neither

are Western governments, on the whole. The Soviet Union and the Arab League, if one can judge from Moscow and Cairo broadcasts, do not approve of distinction. They want to make common men out of everybody. So also, it would seem, do the Christian churches.

In any case, I do think that an increasingly mass-media and mass-distribution view of music, even in its most seemingly occult laboratories, has been a mark of the last decade. This trend is not necessarily permanent, but it is present now. And it may account for a certain standardized and ready-to-wear quality (as opposed to the hand-made elegance of earlier masters) that is depressingly characteristic of so much music written in this time.

## II. The State of the Theatre

### A CONVERSATION WITH ARTHUR MILLER

HENRY BRANDON

WHEN I visited the Arthur Millers in Hollywood early this year, I did not find them living in a luxurious twenty-bedroom villa with a heart-shaped swimming pool, but in a two-room, first-floor apartment in one of the small bungalows hidden behind palm trees in the garden of the quiet and elegant Beverly Hills Hotel. The spacious living-room with its oversized cold fireplace was comfortable but it nevertheless felt impersonal. This was clearly a temporary camping ground for the Millers.

Arthur Miller was very much as I expected him to be, except for his startling height. Marilyn Monroe was utterly different. Arthur Miller was as informal as his open polo shirt, and as powerfully intellectual as his high forehead, his penetrating eyes, and his sharp chin make one suspect. His nonchalance, however, is deceptive. In debate a fierce intensity and a nervous restlessness come to the surface, and then very suddenly his dark-brown eyes begin to flash. When he looks at his wife, however, they seem serene

and content. He is easy to get to know, but he is not the type of American who calls a stranger by his first name.

Marilyn Monroe did not have the flamboyance or dignity of a diva, nor did she make the room electric with sex. This was just a beguilingly pretty girl who looked at me rather shyly and coquettishly—not a seductive, man-consuming vamp but a little kitten one felt like stroking.

We settled around the empty fireplace, Arthur Miller lounging comfortably at the end of the long sofa while Marilyn Monroe stretched out over the rest of it with her head, slightly tilted, against his shoulder.

Inevitably the discussion began with the American approach to sex, the meaning of Mrs. Miller's femininity as a national and international symbol, and moved onto the use of sex in films and in the theatre. It was here that her husband took over:

MILLER: Certainly in this postwar period the serious American theatre has become more and more bizarre in terms of preoccupation with odd sexuality, on the one hand, and with being very sentimental on the other. Maybe it's because you can write passionately about sex and not have to jar the audience with disturbing questions. But



it has one great virtue: I think we use on our stage—more than other countries do, possibly—any kind of person. For instance, until very recently the British theatre would not take seriously a play unless it had elegant personages in one form or another on the stage. I know when I was in England with “View from the Bridge,” it was hard to find people who would play—or could play—working-class people. There were plenty of actors who had come from lower-middle-class families, but they had trained themselves out of being that kind of person any more. Ours is a democratic theatre at least in that respect, and I think that’s part of its strength all over the world.

BRANDON: What stimulates you into writing a play?

MILLER: If I knew, I could probably control the inception of it better. I’m at the mercy of it; I don’t really know. I cannot write anything that I understand too well. If I know what something means to me, if I have already come to the end of it as an experience, I can’t write it because it seems like a twice-told tale. I have to astonish myself, and that’s of course a very costly way of going about things, because you can go up a dead end and discover that it’s beyond your capacity to discover some organism underneath your feeling, and you’re left simply with a formless feeling which is not itself art. It’s inexpressible and one must leave it until it is hardened and becomes something that has form and has some possibility of being communicated. It might take a year or two or three or four to emerge.

BRANDON: So you really don’t know how your play is going to end when you start it.

MILLER: I don’t. I have a rough notion . . . for instance, if a play has a hero in it who will die, I know that. And I must know the core of irony involved. But little else in terms of the progression of the story. The shape and, so to speak, the tempo of the development, are created within the play itself.

BRANDON: When you, for instance, wrote your new film script, “The Misfits,” did you write it with your wife in mind for a part in it?

MILLER: I was of two minds about that, because I happen to believe that she can do anything on the screen. But it’s impossible for me to write for a person, inasmuch as my vision is concentrated on something quite different, on some evolving paradox. The question of an actress, an actor, is the furthest thing from my mind at that time. Only toward the end of “The Misfits” did I become thankfully aware that this would be wonderful for Marilyn.

A play is made by sensing how the forces in life simulate ignorance—you set free the concealed irony, the deadly joke.

BRANDON: So it’s really a rather tortuous birth, isn’t it?

MILLER: I can write very quickly, but that’s simply the last stage of the process. By that time, I have found the walls of life and I can feel them, and I can fill that room now and I can proceed. It’s when there is no inner evolution that I am lost.

BRANDON: Do you think that American drama has been an authentic expression of life in this country?

#### HUNGER FOR PURPOSE

MILLER: It depends on the level on which you’re thinking of American life. Any people has a conventional idea of what they’re like. Americans fancy themselves, for instance, to be openhanded, on the side of justice, a little bit careless about what they buy, wasteful, but essentially good guys, optimistic. But under that level of awareness there is another one, which gets expressed in very few movies and very few plays, but in more plays in proportion than in the movies: the level which confronts our bewilderment, our lonely naïveté, our hunger for purpose.

BRANDON: Some critics think that the Angry Young Men in England were influenced by American writing on that deeper level.

MILLER: I think that there is an American note in their writing. I don’t mean that a play like John Osborne’s “Look Back in Anger” could not have been done without the American influence, but there’s a certain straightforward, even brash, thrust to these works which in tone is very American, and which to my mind does not typify modern English letters—which are much more oblique and remote. I found myself very much at home with the writing. Osborne’s attitudes were always those of the plain fellow kicking through the conventional class lines in all directions—something that has become commonplace in this country since even Mark Twain.

The American play is pre-eminently active,

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*Henry Brandon’s interview with the Arthur Millers will be one of seventeen conversation pieces to be published by Doubleday in January, titled “As We Are.” Mr. Brandon has been chief United States correspondent of the “Sunday Times” of London for the past eleven years.*

relatively unreflective as such. It deals with nothing it cannot act out. It rarely comments on itself; like the people, it always pretends it does not know what it is doing. It must *be* something rather than *be about* something. But when a play does both at once it is most highly prized. It is a hard school to go to, but in my opinion the best one at the present time.

BRANDON: Do you see anything as "indigenous" in the American theatre as is the Westerner in films?

MILLER: Literally speaking, the Westerner as he appears in Westerns is the last "indigenous" person in the United States today. The number of people involved, let's say, in cattle raising, in being cowboys, is very small. The number of people in the West, however, who are involved in trade and industry is much greater. What the Westerner in the Western is, of course, is a folk hero, but he doesn't typify anything any more except escape and a memory of what people like to believe the past was like. I think the salesman is much more typical of American life, both in viewpoint and numbers. God knows, for every cowboy there are one million salesmen.

BRANDON: To switch for a moment to a more modern character: As one who had a brush with McCarthyism, do you think that this phenomenon is now dead in America?

MILLER: As such it is. Two things happened: one was that the Army defeated him, not—I'm sad to say—liberals or the Left—not the people who knew what he was about. It was another conservative authority that knocked him down. I don't think one can push an attack on the integrity of the United States government itself to the lengths that he did and get away with it. However, the legacy of McCarthy is still with us. But it doesn't have the mass backing that it could call up at any juncture a few years ago.

BRANDON: You mean he was defeated for the wrong reasons.

MILLER: Yes. He gained the antagonism of people who essentially didn't disagree with him very much—not all of them, but a good many of them. My own opinion is that he may have been demented toward the end; he misjudged his position and his power.

BRANDON: Well, do you mean to imply, then, that you think it could recur?

MILLER: If an international crisis sufficiently intense gripped us, I think something like it could happen again, yes.

BRANDON: Still he stands basically in most American eyes exposed as a bad influence.

MILLER: He does, but what he did doesn't.

Guilt-by-association, for instance—I would say quite as many people believe that as believed it before. I don't think they'd recognize it as McCarthyism if it were presented in another form. When you don't defeat somebody on the basis of principle, he is only personally defeated, but that's all.

#### CHEKHOV'S ART

BRANDON: Not long ago I discussed with Peter Ustinov a complaint of yours that American playwrights write important social plays, but that they fail to grasp the total social problem. Peter felt that there was a lack of sensitivity involved in what you said, that you could say the same thing about Chekhov—that he was only dealing with a cross section of weary landlords on the point of bankruptcy, but as soon as the revolution broke out these things were accepted as very valid criticism. After all, Peter said, the writer's job is to stimulate—to ask questions, not to provide solutions.

MILLER: Ustinov is wrong about Chekhov and he is wrong about me. I have never been able to understand why one is insensitive because one looks beyond the individual to society for certain causations and certain hopes. It seems quite the reverse to me. I never had the illusion that Chekhov was only writing about some weary landlords. Bolsheviks, indeed, accused him of this, and defensive conservatives hoped it was true, but if it were he would be known now merely as a genre painter, a curio. It is an almost international mistake, even now, to see him as a writer satisfied to reveal life's absurdities, even as a celebrant of futility. But, in fact, Chekhov was tortured by his inability to settle on solutions—he accused himself of deceiving his public because he could not tell them what they must do. The plays are great, for one thing, not because they do not give answers but because they strive so mightily to discover them, and in the process draw into view a world that is historical.

It is not right to confuse Chekhov's modesty with his accomplishment. In "The Cherry Orchard" when the real-estate developer destroys with his axe the lovely but unproductive basis of the characters' lives, Chekhov was not merely describing a picturesque piquancy, but the crude thrust of materialism taking command of an age. His plays are full of speeches about having to go to work and somehow to become part of productive society. He was seeking some reconciliation for these much-loved people and



the forces displacing them. A playwright provides answers by the questions he chooses to ask, by the exact conflicts in which he places his people. Chekhov wrote: "A conscious life without a definite philosophy is no life, rather a burden and nightmare." A writer who has not spent his life trying to find and articulate "answers" could not have written this.

I am not calling for more ideology, as Ustinov implies. I am simply asking for a theatre in which an adult who wants to live can find plays that will heighten his awareness of what living in our time involves. I am tired of a theatre of sensation, that's all. I am tired of seeing man as merely a bundle of nerves. That way lies pathology, and we have pretty well arrived.

BRANDON: Talking about ideology, how does the religious drama of Graham Greene impress you?

MILLER: I must confess that as a dramatist I find his work faintly formularized. His philosophic dilemma is real, but it seems to end in a bald assertion. He's caught between two needs. On the one hand, he has to keep his works on a lay level, because that's his style as well as the level on which life is lived in this age. On the other hand, he has to broach a spiritual solution, which has no embodiment in the course of the play. God escapes realism. I find them to be good plays until they have approached the point where what is most important to him enters into them—the leap to another form of consciousness. I don't see how that leap is possible within his realistic form. To make it you would have to create an inspired world from the beginning; I could believe in that. I don't think I could explain it, but I could believe in it. I admire the quality of his conviction, even of his dilemma, but he has forced it into a geometry at the end. I have to look at his experience from the standpoint of the daylight world because Greene is presenting his vision as, so to speak, a daylight vision.

BRANDON: The American theatre has no religious content; do you have an explanation?

MILLER: There's one possible clue in this schizophrenia of the American mind in that respect. We're probably the most churchgoing nation in history. But there is a sharp line drawn between going to church and thinking that way. In daily economic life, there is no more materialistic or efficient population. However, on Sunday it's quite the other way. Life is lived, so to speak, without reference to a religious ideology, excepting the weekly nodding toward the sky.

Now I suppose our theatre naturally reflects

this. I think the big change for the American theatre came when it was no longer possible to contain the increasingly absurd contradictions of existence within the formula of a play which simply presented a more or less evil influence, and a more or less good influence, and batted it out between them. The evil influences had become so pervasive and so ill-defined that we were left with, I think, a hero whose enemies were invisible: the victim *as* victim came to the fore. The story of almost every important American play is how the main character got his corners knocked off.

So, I would say, our main tradition from O'Neill to the present, revolves around the question of integrity—not moral integrity alone, but the integrity of the personality. The difficulty is to locate the forces of disintegration. I have to believe they exist and can be unveiled.

I wrote "The Crucible" in this frame of mind. It happened that it was written at the time of McCarthyism so that a kind of personification of disintegration existed among us again. But it was an attempt to create the old ethical and dramaturgic order again, to say that one couldn't passively sit back and watch his world being destroyed under him, even if he did share the general guilt. In effect, I was calling for an act of will. I was trying to say that injustice has features, that the amorphousness of our world is so in part because we have feared through guilt to unmask its ethical outlines.

The plays of the 'forties, which began as an attempt to analyze the self in the world, are ending as a device to exclude the world. Thus self-pity and sentimentality rush in, and sexual sensationalism. It is an anti-dramatic drama, and it reflects the viewpoint of a great many people who seem to feel that's the way life is today. To me it's a challenge to define what is creating these effects among us.

#### MINCE PIE AND GAUZE

BRANDON: American drama is really still very young. How do you see its evolution?

MILLER: We had a very slight indigenous American drama until the first world war. By that I mean a direct reflection of American manners, American life, barely existed on the stage. The plays were melodramas, for the most part, with a very few exceptions. It's after the first world war that real attempts were made to create a modern drama that reflects the life of the people at the moment. And I think O'Neill has to be set aside from the main stream because

his preoccupation was not so much with the journalistic reportage of what was going on—which is, I think, true of most of the other writers in the 'twenties and 'thirties—but with the quest for the relationship between an individual, and for want of a better word, fate. At bottom their world was rational, his a mystery.

BRANDON: Which writers are you thinking of?

MILLER: Well, you take plays like Anderson and Stallings' "What Price Glory" and Hecht and MacArthur's "The Front Page," which were great influences, I think, and Elmer Rice's "Street Scene." For the first time, for instance, profanity was used in the way that it's used commonly in the United States. The old hokum of sentimental idealism was destroyed. The war was viewed without the usual ballyhoo of past plays, which made a glorification of it. It was now looked at as a dirty business. A new, brash iconoclasm entered, the contemporaneous cynicism and the gaiety.

I think a great influence was probably David Belasco, who was a naturalist, what we would think of as corny because his plots were frightful. There were scenes in his plays such as the one where the hero is about to be executed and the heroine runs onto the stage with the American flag and throws it over him and the United

States Army could not fire through the flag, naturally.

However, in the making of the productions he was enormously inventive in naturalistic terms. He created volcanoes on the stage—and Child's Restaurant down to the flies on the minor pit. Stanislavsky saw his work and thought Belasco was a very great director. He seized on a tool which the American theatre is still using and to much better effect—the naturalistic actor. What was added subsequently was the story whose proportions were closer to the reality as the audience knew it. Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Philip Barry, Elmer Rice, George Kelly, Sidney Howard—all began or had their roots in the 'thirties. They brought it of age.

BRANDON: How does their work strike you now?

MILLER: Today a lot of their work seems mild, a bit too play-conscious and even innocent, despite their efforts to break with the older tradition of pose and stage sham. Some of their work is very fine—the workmanship is good, perhaps too good for our current taste. But some of O'Neill seems more valid now, perhaps because we share his neuroticism. O'Neill spoke like a minority man, like us; the others were more public speakers. We prize the subjective now; they prized craft, wit, comment on manners, iconoclasm.

Some of the best work of these men was done in the 'thirties, but that epoch was characterized for many people by the minority voices, mainly Clifford Odets and Lillian Hellman. The social playwrights were still trying to be craftsmen, still spoke publicly, but in Odets and Hellman the inner voice broke through in that they personally felt the public anguish of the Fascist years. In Odets a new lyricism; a prose larger than life. In Hellman a remorseless rising line of action in beautifully articulated plays. Both these writers expressed personality—their works identified them. But the symbols were often so tuned to the particulars of the 'thirties that when that brief cataclysm passed into wartime, their world seemed out of date. It remains to be seen whether this is really so. I am not the one to judge this because I was deeply moved by these plays and remember them with love.

One ought to remember that it was by no means only the "Left" writers who wrote social plays. Maxwell Anderson, Sherwood, Rice, Sidney Howard, even Behrman and Barry were involved with the themes of social and economic disaster, Communism and Fascism. But Odets

# PHILIP LEVINE

## THE LOSERS

MIDNIGHT brings the midnight news.

I, who've lost at solitaire

More patience than I care to lose,

Quiet when the waves declare

The public and improbable

Morality of sweet despair.

Nations rise, princes fall;

The names are those we've heard before.

Someone else, unmentioned, small,

Cries behind an inner door.

Black-Jack smiles his knowing smile:

He will win this classic war,

Famously in famous style

He will bring us to the dirt,

—The little ones who all the while

Stiffen with our mortal hurt.



and Hellman made these themes personal to themselves. They matured with the depression; the others before.

BRANDON: And what followed then?

MILLER: Since the 'forties, the line of development has been toward more and more intimacy of statement by playwrights and less attention to the older idea of craft, of stage logic. In this sense O'Neill remains the leader. His work is just as full of ill-digested Freudianism as the others, just as absorbed with questions like Socialism, the Negro problem, social justice, etc., and as weighted down as any other with out-of-date slang and mawkish devices and melodrama. But he could not for long be drowned in his moment—we hear his inner voice, we respond to many of its tones. His self-pity, his tortured questing, his relentless doubts, overwhelm his often stagy solutions; the other writers too often were sealed up in their plays.

The 'fifties became an era of gauze. Tennessee Williams is responsible for this in the main. One of my own feet stands in this stream. It is a cruel, romantic neuroticism, a translation of current life into the war within the self. All conflict tends to be transformed into sexual conflict. The sets have therefore become less and less defined in realistic terms, for the society is more and more implied, or altogether blotted out. Its virtue is its ability to intensify the sensual—using that word to mean the senses, feeling.

It has all moved now to a dangerous extreme of triviality. It is a theatre with the blues. The genuine original cry has become a rehearsed scream of a self-conscious whimper. The drama will have to find its way back into the daylight world without losing its inner life. I sometimes long to see a set with a ceiling again. The drama will have to re-address itself to the world beyond the skin, to fate.

#### THE BARBER'S HERO

BRANDON: Did you see Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot"?

MILLER: I've read it. I never got to see it. I admire that play for the rebellion in it. It is an intimate statement—a very hard thing to do on the stage, and at the same time an abstract of the time. It has feeling and it has a brain. I find it necessary, however, to ask what are its limits—its viability for the future. It enforces upon us a sense of the desolate—which is just what it is designed to do. But I do not think it flexible enough to embrace other moods, so to speak. A

criticism of it would be that it is addressed, I think, exclusively to its own cultural level. That is legitimate and proper. But, for myself anyway, the challenge is still the Elizabethan one, the public address on the street corner.

BRANDON: I think that you and Sartre are the two most powerful dramatists today. The difference between you and him, it seems to me, is that his writings are dominated by ideas. . . .

MILLER: There is a great difference between us. For one, I'm writing in a culture that does not truck with ideas; it resists knowing what it is doing. This goes for an ordinary individual and a gigantic corporation.

In France—to a much greater degree—the people are aware that if they don't know what they're doing, it is possible to characterize it objectively anyway; that is, they will concede that *somebody* knows what they're doing, and that this is a legitimate kind of work, so to speak. Here, this sort of approach is a luxury, which a few cloistered people may indulge in, but it's of no consequence. What the hell is the difference if you do know? We believe in necessity here; we're loyal slaves of it. The necessary, here in America, is mistaken for the right. But sometimes men must interfere with the inevitable.

BRANDON: Is this partly due to a certain anti-intellectualism?

MILLER: I would like to make clear my attitude toward the charge of anti-intellectualism in this country. I believe some of this feeling among Europeans and Englishmen is based on a distortion.

My own feeling is that foreigners are overly impressed with the fact that we have no sense here of an intellectual *class*.

I am not at all sure, for instance, that there are more people in other countries who understand what an intellectual *does*. There are more people abroad who have learned to tip their hats to the idea of an intellectual. It reminds me of a barber I used to go to. He'd been cutting my hair for years and never said more than Hello and Thank you until my picture got into the *Daily News* when I won some prize or other. Then he asked me if I had heard of D'Annunzio. (He was an old Italian who could barely speak any English at all.) I said I knew his work. From this time the barber's eyes lit up whenever I came into the shop, and when I sat in his chair, he would give me a warm, rather intimate smile, nod his head, and say, "D'Annunzio." He knew nothing, really, of D'Annunzio's work, but had attached to "D'Annunzio" a feeling of national

pride and accomplishment. "D'Annunzio" made the barber feel more valuable.

BRANDON: You had become an intellectual in the eyes of your barber because you knew D'Annunzio.

MILLER: Writers here have no such connotation for the masses as D'Annunzio had for the Italians. Nor would any writer regard himself as Russian writers have and many French—as spokesman for the national spirit or something of the kind. In a word, we have no status excepting that we are makers of entertainment, or heavy thinkers, or earners of big money.

In the profoundest sense, of course, this is an anti-intellectual attitude, but it is neither hateful nor contemptuous for the most part. The truth is that no other occupation is regarded symbolically as a national adornment, so to speak, excepting, possibly, that of the soldier in wartime. Nor do we have a consciousness of an "American Culture" in the way the French have, and other European nations. But it does not mean we do not value our plays, movies, paintings, music. It is simply that they are enjoyed without being called manifestations of the national spirit.

This has both good and bad consequences. Most obviously, it makes the country appear from outside like a nest of peddlers. Denial of public recognition makes some intellectuals take on an unnatural defensiveness toward themselves, an inferior feeling which breeds isolation and hopelessness and weakness. Perhaps the worst effect is that when, as during the McCarthy period, it is necessary for basic principles of human existence to be upheld, the natural upholders—the intellectuals—are face to face with a population that is unused to listening to their advice.

In a word, we are not so much persecuted as ignored. But everybody else is ignored too. I doubt there is a single professional class in this country which feels it gets due public thanks or recognition. This even includes businessmen who are always revealing a sense of occupational inferiority, and who envy and resent how artists are all the time being publicly acclaimed!

The benefits, if one may call them that, are not inconsiderable. Art here is irrelevant to life, in the minds of most, so it is free to do what it will with life.

BRANDON: Doesn't that depress an artist?

MILLER: Yes. The artist is hard put to reassure himself that his occupation is anything but trivial. And this, I think, is the biggest wound the American attitude inflicts. To survive it, an artist has to cling to his dignity with his

teeth sometimes, often at the very moment he is being acclaimed, for it is a rare thing to be acclaimed excepting for irrelevant reasons. But will a public cult of intellectualism really result in a higher understanding of art's relevance to life? If Europe is an example, I wonder. . . . I have heard, in my very limited experience, some of the loudest avowals of pro-intellectualism from some of the most corrupt and unphilosophical people.

The single important advantage of the attitude, I think, is that it presses the artist the more to overcome it. You have to hit the public when it is not looking, so to speak; you have to make it real to them the way the subway is real. You can't depend on their embracing your work because it is art, but only because it somehow reaches into the part of them that is still alive and questing. This kind of challenge can almost destroy a delicate art like poetry, but for the drama and the novel it can muscularize them. It can also make them muscle-bound, and strident, and screaming, and sensational. But all I want to make clear at the moment is that the thing is not a dead loss by any means.

#### THE CENTER OF THE WEB

BRANDON: Where, do you think, are we moving?

MILLER: One thing the theatre will not stand for too long—at least not in this country—is boredom. The blue play is now becoming predictable in mood. We expect a pathetic defeat in the play and the documentation of alienated loneliness. I think they're quite suddenly going to become old hat.

Perhaps it is only my feeling; but I think life is now perhaps less impossible than it was, say, even two years ago. And this is as much a political and social fact as it is a theatrical fact. I mean to say that the possibility of the survival of the human race now appears to be a reasonable hope for a person to take hold of. Certain steps have been taken that would indicate that a rapprochement of some sort can be made between two civilizations.

The theatre as yet has not got the reach, the breadth of vision to see much more than the center of the web in which we struggle. But I think there are indications that we may have a right to state once again that all is not lost. And as soon as that really happens, the black air surrounding many plays may appear unjustified; it will not long seem the way things are; and the style itself will seem willful and self-conscious.





## Those Irresistible Hungarians

By SIMON BOURGIN

*Drawings by Sheila Greenwald*

*They have triumphed in Hollywood, in nuclear physics, and the arts. But a legend of intrigue trails the exiles from Budapest's coffee houses . . . and is cherished by most of them.*

HERE was a time, as I contemplated this article, when I feared that by telling the truth about them I would hurt some of my good Hungarian friends. I mentioned these misgivings to a charter member of the old Budapest café literati.

"Fine!" he said. "Why don't you begin with the recipe for a Hungarian omelette? First, steal two eggs . . ."

Hungarians will always beat you to the punch when you try to define their national traits—a close to impossible task anyhow. For even the simplest view of them ends in paradox.

Here, on the one hand, is a people whose 1956 revolution made them the classic heroes of our times. Yet they are also the classic scoundrels. The less flattering estimate is favored by people who have come out second best in encounters with them and by the Hungarians themselves.

The true son of Budapest will tell you with relish that if you have a Hungarian for a friend you don't need enemies. He will go on to retell the old saw that either a Hungarian or a Rumanian will gladly sell his mother though

only the latter will deliver her as promised. And he will warn you about the expatriates, "Hungarians are enemy aliens even in peacetime." To drive home his point he will describe the writers' building on a Hollywood lot where the studio was forced to post a sign reading, "You must work here. It is not enough just to be a Hungarian."

The point, it would seem, is that these people are short on character. But this does not explain how they came to mount the only revolution against a totalitarian state in our day. Confronted with these opposites, Hungarians can be forced to admit—with some pain—that they are really no more unprincipled than anyone else. They do, however, have a compulsion to the extraordinary. Also, they are endowed with a special color, flavor, and strength—like their favorite condiment, paprika, which if taken in excess will burn the tongue and cause heartburn. Though Europeans had been using paprika for centuries, it was not highly regarded until about a hundred years ago. Then the Hungarians made it the backbone of their kitchen and—in due course—a world-wide symbol of their special brand of sex, verve, vitality, and style. Coupled with these spicy charms is an indolent grace which is as much a national trait as British reserve.

Behind the lazy charm, however, lurks a far from lazy brain. According to legend, a Hungarian can follow you into a revolving door and come out ahead of you. Often several dollars (yours) ahead of you if the door happens to be a business transaction. Yet during the fifteen years—on and off—which I spent in Hungary, I don't recall meeting a native who did not get as much

pleasure from the machinations as from the money involved in a particular intrigue.

To be sure, this is a disputed point. There was, for instance, the horde of famished Hungarians who fled from the conquering Russians in 1946. In Austria they encountered the American Army which had no idea it was in for a rout. Salzburg, which was U. S. Zone headquarters, became the haven of an amazing collection of Fascists, renegades, and camp followers which included Ukrainians, Kalmuks, Bulgarians, and Ruthenians. The Americans learned to cope effectively with nearly all of this amoral society. But not with the Hungarians.

I was there as a magazine correspondent. And I particularly remember a bewildered American counter-intelligence agent who found ordinary police methods quite useless in interrogating Hungarians. For instance, one culprit, caught red-handed in selling stolen Army goods, managed to throw his captor completely off balance.

"When I raised my voice, the Hungarian interrupted me," the baffled American said. "He told me there was no need to get excited. We could discuss this like gentlemen. Then, suddenly, he confessed. The gist of it was: he just happened to be standing there."

Even as convicted prisoners they couldn't be contained. A Hungarian count, for example, was serving time for smuggling gold. A week before Easter he began campaigning for permission to attend church on Easter Sunday, in memory of his sainted mother. In the generally relaxed postwar atmosphere, the American officer was touched by this sentiment. He agreed, providing a policeman accompanied the prisoner.

As soon as they were out of sight of the jail, the prisoner lured the guard into a wonderful Hungarian restaurant. There they dined on Székely gulyas (pork stew with paprika, sour cream, and cabbage) and Racponty (baked carp with paprika, potatoes, tomatoes, onions, smoked bacon, and sour cream). They washed this down with heavy wine and wound up with coffee and Dobos torte (a six-layer cake iced and filled with buttery chocolate cream).

And of course they never got to church. Their truancy came to light only when the policeman complained that the Hungarian had borrowed from him—and never paid back—a princely tip for the waiter.

The Germans too—a few years earlier—had their troubles with the Hungarians though of a somewhat different variety. A Budapest newspaperwoman told me shamefacedly that when Hitler's armies arrived her countrymen greeted

them like liberators and turned each other in enthusiastically.

"Your people have beauty, charm, and talent. They know how to live," a German officer said to her at the time. "They have everything. But they are no damned good."

General Heinz Guderian, a *Wehrmacht* commander on the Russian front, made some equally unkind comments in his postwar memoirs. One of his recollections concerns the Hungarian Chief of Staff, General Vörös, who pledged his undying loyalty to Hitler. So delighted was the German officer that he presented the Hungarian with his personal staff car.

"A few days later," Guderian wrote bitterly, "he rode off in my own Mercedes and surrendered to the Russians."

Such devious maneuvers were not, however, typical of the Hungarian contribution to the war effort in the United States.

#### SEX AND SCIENCE

NOT long ago at a meeting of the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington four scientists were engaged in a spirited discussion in heavily-accented English. Suddenly one interrupted:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, vat are ve suffering for? Vy don't ve talk Hungarian?"

The group—which accepted the suggestion with delight—included Theodor von Kármán who is sometimes called the father of the jet age; Edward Teller, chief progenitor of the H-bomb; the late John Von Neumann, one of the great mathematicians of the age; and Leo Szilard, the physicist who first patented the idea of a nuclear chain reaction. Another compatriot who played a vital role in the Manhattan Project was Eugene Wigner.

On a less erudite plane, Hungarians have made quite a different contribution to the national morale. The most celebrated perhaps is Zsa Zsa Gabor, and her glamorous relatives. The family's success is regarded calmly by their countrymen.

"Publicity is their talent," one said to me recently. "In Budapest Zsa Zsa never won a higher honor than third place in a Miss Easter contest. She is the creation of this country where publicity is the number one industry."

Whatever the reason, Zsa Zsa is indubitably one of the extraordinary number of émigré Hungarians who have distinguished themselves in their chosen field—or in whatever field they found the grazing good. For any nation the list



would be impressive. For a country the size of Indiana—and with about twice the population—it is staggering. Skipping the lesser lights—many of whom are highly gifted—it includes in mathematics at least a dozen names of world eminence: George Polya, Gabor Szegő, Leopold Fehér, Marchel and Fred Reisz, and Paul Erdős. In biochemistry, Albert Szent-Györgyi won the Nobel Prize in 1937 for isolating vitamin C. Today he is working at the Muscle Research Institute at Cape Cod.

Maria Telkes is director of the Solar Energy Laboratory at Fordham. Peter Goldmark, president of CBS Laboratories, helped develop the long-playing record, practical home hi-fi equipment, and color TV. Dr. Franz Alexander, now at Los Angeles' Mount Sinai Hospital, is a pioneer of psychoanalysis.

Budapest's venerable Academy of Music would seem to have done its work well, for Hungarian conductors dot the orchestra map. There are Eugene Ormandy (Philadelphia), George Szell (Cleveland), Fritz Reiner (Chicago), Antal Dorati (Minneapolis), George Sebastian (Paris), and Laszlo Halasz (New York).

The late Béla Bartók was a giant among contemporary composers. With Zoltán Kodály, who is still at work in Budapest, he fashioned a new music from primitive folk tunes.

In the realm of song there are the operettas of Franz Lehár and Imre Kálmán, and the musicals of Sigmund Romberg. In the theatre there were Max Reinhardt's extraordinary dramatic spectacles, and Ferenc Molnár's sparkling plays.

In Hollywood, William Fox founded his own film company and Adolph Zukor established Famous Players. Today, at eighty-seven, Zukor is still chairman of the board of Paramount Pictures. Leslie Howard was Hungarian-born Laszlo Spitzer. There were also Paul Lukas, Béla Lugosi, Vilma Banky, and Cornel Wilde, and among the directors there were Michael Curtiz and King Vidor. (All were Hungarian by birth or immediate descent.)

Despite this proliferation of genius and accomplishment, the legend of charlatanism continues to stalk the Hungarians. It is, one suspects, a myth they carefully cultivate.

For example, the late Sir Alexander Korda, founder of Britain's film industry (who is known to Hungarians as "our knight") had a habit—when with a bilingual group—of shifting back and forth between Hungarian and English. An old Budapest friend on a visit to London asked him to explain this odd mode of conversation.

"When I'm telling the truth," Korda said, "I speak English. If it's a tall tale I automatically slip into Hungarian. Don't you?"

The Hungarian understood. After all, he came from Budapest where everyone knows that a self-styled Colonel of Hussars is really only a sergeant. New Yorkers and Londoners do not catch on so quickly, if at all. This credulity is perhaps forgivable, for Hungarians have a heritage that is peculiarly sophisticated.



#### THE IRISH OF CENTRAL EUROPE

**B**ECAUSE they are great talkers, great liars on occasion, great lovers, and connoisseurs of horses, women, and wine, they have been called the Irish of Central Europe. However, racially they are related only to the Finns.

In the year 896—about the time the barbarians took over Rome—a wild tribe known as the Magyars who lived beyond the Urals were having a bit of trouble with the Petchenegs, who were a surly lot. They made life so miserable for the Magyars that the entire tribe picked up their gear—lock, stock, and fiddle—and moved westward.

They crossed the Carpathians, with the Petchenegs in hot pursuit, and found the Germans in their path ready to do battle. The Magyars sliced their way through the Germans, and apparently the Petchenegs got tired and went home, where they eventually took up Marxism.

After their victory over the German warriors the Magyars came to a great plain, which their leader Prince Arpád is said to have pronounced the ideal location for a chain of coffee houses. There the Magyars settled down and this is what is now known as Hungary—a nation with a population of about nine million.

While Prince Arpád led them into the prom-

ised land it was his great, great grandson who really set them up in business. His descendant, Stephen, who has been called the greatest Hungarian of all, led the Magyars into the Roman Catholic camp—for which Pope Sylvester II, in the year 1001, bestowed on him an Apostolic Cross and Crown.

Eight years after his death Stephen was canonized, and his shriveled right hand, found intact and undecayed upon his disinterment forty-two years later, is still carefully preserved in Budapest, the most sacred relic of Hungary's past.

St. Stephen left his mark on Hungary for centuries—he tied the Church to the Crown; he converted the Hungarian from a swineherd to a farmer; and he set up a policy of special privileges for the Church and the landowner which has only lately been replaced by a new policy promulgated from Moscow.

After the Magyars got religion, they settled down. But their country became a sort of Times Square of Central Europe, and not all the visitors were friendly. Hungary was invaded by Germans, Serbs, Turks, Czechs, Rumanians, Slovaks, and Ruthenians.

Later—out of Asia—came the gypsies, lamenting, singing, fiddling, and asking for bread. The Hungarians gave them food, but did not accept their music until the gypsy learned to play in the Hungarian style.

This heavy Central European tourist traffic promoted cross-pollination. The result is what some Hungarians call "the best mixture of Asia and Europe." Certainly the succession of foreign oppressors sharpened the survival instinct, which is one hallmark of Hungarians. This is perhaps why a Hungarian sees an opportunity where no one else does (and two where others see one).

Under the Austro-Hungarian empire and the Horthy regime that followed, life was colorful and gay. Budapest—particularly in the 'thirties—was a city by-passed by the practical world, where the pursuit of pleasure was the highest objective and any means were justified in achieving it. The winding Danube separates Buda from Pest. The latter is flat, dominated by government

buildings and business. Buda, in contrast, is hilly and romantic, dotted with historic churches and palaces and beautiful villas. In Pest were the theatres, the universities, and four hundred or so coffee houses where people mulled over daily issues, heard out the wits, matched skill in cards, chess, and billiards, wrote letters, read their favorite newspapers, conducted love affairs, and in general carried on the complicated, ingrown social intercourse on which Hungarians thrive.

"Why should I go to America so that I can become a success and then come back to Budapest to tell about it in a coffee house?" said one contented Hungarian artist. "I am already in a coffee house."

#### MATCHING WITS WITH THE WORLD

**I**N Budapest intellectuals flourished. But the city—though intimate and exciting—was too small to hold the brains and beauty that gravitated toward it. For behind the glamor of Budapest was a frozen, semi-feudal society that offered few opportunities to middle-class youth. As a result, around the turn of the century, Hungary began to lose many of its most gifted people to the United States, Britain, and other countries.

Some left early in their lives. The Hungarian high schools have always been especially good. But this small, poor country could not meet the demand for higher education of a student body seething with ambition. Von Neumann and Szilard, for example, carried forward their technical education in Berlin and von Kármán in Aachen. Although much of Hungarian genius was destined to flower abroad, it remained distinctly Hungarian—down to the indispensable coffee house or its equivalent.

Two émigrés, for instance, who turned up in Omaha, took to meeting every afternoon at four on a particular street corner. This, they both felt, was the spot where the coffee house ought to be. The exiles who settled in New York, as many did in the 1940s, were not forced to such expedients. In a tiny delicatessen on Fifty-eighth Street the distinguished playwright and former doyen of the Budapest café set, Ferenc Molnár, held court for the New York Hungarian colony and its Hollywood, London, and Paris branches. Operating somewhat like Lenin in his pre-revolutionary Zurich days, Molnár offered his countrymen wit, counsel, and fiat, a logical extension of Budapest café authority in a foreign land.

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*Simon Bourgin claims to have a natural affinity for Hungarians. He first went to Budapest in 1945 and spent the next sixteen years in and out of Hungary as a correspondent for "Stars and Stripes," "Time" and "Life," and NBC. For the past four years he has been Los Angeles bureau chief of "Newsweek," and he recently joined the staff of RAND Corporation.*



Long leisurely hours spent in the coffee house are the outward sign of an essential ingredient of the national character. Regardless of his talent, or lack of it, the Hungarian affects an outward air of not working very hard. He doesn't compete; he matches wits. I recall, for example, a Budapest restaurateur who once spent an hour telling me how terrible business was. Finally I interrupted him to point out his place was packed every day. "That's just it," he said. "How the hell can a man make money when he's working so hard?"

Some years ago I shared a magazine assignment with the late Bob Capa, a Hungarian whose fame with a still camera was world-wide. Our job was to report the postwar rebirth of a heavily bombed German industrial center. We had six days to do it. For the first five, Capa seemed to have no interest in anything except lying in the bathtub laughing over P. G. Wodehouse novels, or drinking great quantities of beer in German cafés.

But on the final day he took his pictures quickly and effortlessly. I realized then that—without appearing to work at it—Capa had been sizing up the situation, plotting and organizing his picture sequence, so that now he knew exactly what he wanted.

Capa always maintained that taking photographs was an indignity. Once I heard him lecturing a colleague who had escaped from Communist Budapest and was on his way to America. "When you get to the States," Capa told him, "you'll find there are many better photographers than you. But don't worry. Let them have their talent and technique. You'll outdo them. Remember, you're a Hungarian!"

Despite his disclaimer, Capa himself was both talented and hard-working. In fact, his enterprise finally cost him his life when—to get a better picture—he moved out in front of a column of French armor in Indochina.

Tragic though it was, Capa's untimely death was curiously fitting. For the Hungarian has the same attitude toward personal danger as toward life itself—it should be courted. This seems the only explanation of the senseless behavior of the many refugees who risked their lives at the end of the war by returning to Hungary for a dish of goulash or to recoup some personal possession they had left behind when they fled the Russians. In 1947 I won the devotion of a lovely countess whose fur coat I retrieved from Budapest. When I delivered it to her in Vienna I also brought her tidings of relatives whom she had not seen for three years. She listened with

some impatience and then asked breathlessly, "But who is beautiful in Budapest today?"

Few sentences are more revealing. Indeed, wherever Hungarians meet they inevitably wind up talking about the beautiful women of Budapest. This, they will hasten to add, is just a matter of business. In this vein a night-club entrepreneur explained to me, "It's the Hungarian women who make this city. It's the job of the club owner to create the atmosphere around them. After that he can do no more than make good or bad potatoes for the steak."

A similar realism sustained a small-time black marketeer I knew in Vienna. One night he confided that he was going out on his biggest job—smuggling five carloads of coffee from Austria into West Germany, where the coffee tax was so high that smuggling was highly profitable. The penalty for getting caught was severe. I expressed astonishment that he would undertake such a mission, regardless of the financial rewards.

"Five carloads of coffee?" I said. "Surely the border guards will smell it." He leaned over the table and said conspiratorially, "Anyone who can smell it is in on it."

#### INVASION FROM MARS

AND very likely he succeeded, as many Hungarians do, in their own peculiar way. A most intriguing explanation of their exploits has been advanced by a Hungarian scientist friend of mine, a whimsical genius with an international reputation in the field of proto-interplanetary travel. He feels that the Hungarian story really begins in outer space.

The Martians, he says, decided to invade the Earth and their General Staff devised a strategy of infiltration: They would send fifth columnists to Hungary first, where they would be inconspicuous, because Hungarians are out of this world anyway. Then, advance men would emigrate to the United States and take over key positions without arousing suspicion. Thus von Kármán captured aviation and missiles, the Gabors took over café society, Wigner, Szilard, and Teller moved in on physics, and Ormandy seized the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Now it was time for the Martians to invade. Their flying saucers hovered overhead looking for prearranged landing signals. But there were none; for the advance men had double-crossed them. It seems they were no longer Martians. They had now taken on the ways of the Hungarians.

By JOSEPH KRAFT

Drawings by Burt Goldblatt



# The Untold Story of the UN's Congo Army

*How a force of battle-ready troops, of many political, national, and racial backgrounds, was set down in the heart of Africa to preserve the peace . . . and how that swift action became the prologue to a dangerous but hopeful future.*

THESE has been widespread approval for the part played by UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld in the Congo crisis. But the details of his action—notably in the early phases—remain obscure. And for two reasons, it seems useful, even at the risk of surmise, to set out an account before events are buried by time or lost in official interpretation. One reason is that much of the action by the Secretary General was behind the scenes. A second is that national sensibilities are involved. For the essence of the Secretary General's action, as I see it, was that he put first into the Congo the troops of African states loyal to the United Nations and with no special interests in the Congo, while holding off those of radically nationalist countries with fish of

their own to fry. The story of how Mr. Hammarskjöld did that lays bare one of the continuing, central themes of the Congo crisis.

The point of departure is June 30, 1960. On that date, after seventy-five years of Belgian rule, the Congo became independent. The new government, headed by Premier Patrice Lumumba, was wholly without experience, but it enjoyed some popularity at home and considerable credit abroad. It had been recognized at once by the Great Powers and all the African states. On July 7, the UN Security Council unanimously recommended that the General Assembly admit the new nation to the world body. Most important of all, M. Lumumba had close political ties with President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana and President Sékou Touré of Guinea. The three men entertained ambitions of an alliance—or even a union—that might produce a state that could dominate all of Africa. All were in close touch with representatives of the Soviet Union.

Within a week after independence, it will be remembered, M. Lumumba was in serious trouble. His main security arm, the Force Publique, mutinied against its Belgian officers. In the en-



suing panic thousands of Belgian civilians left the country, leaving untended most of its basic services and equipment. Violent incidents between the fleeing Belgians and the Force Publique followed, and to protect its nationals the Brussels government flew in a force of 10,000 paratroops. Despite protests from M. Lumumba the Belgian troops occupied all the main cities. In one of the six Congolese provinces, Katanga, which furnishes more than 60 per cent of the national wealth, they were welcomed with open arms. The provincial Premier, Moise Tshombe, a wealthy Congolese businessman far more friendly to the Belgians than to the Lumumba government, had announced on July 11 that Katanga was seceding from the Congo.

The bad news from the Congo reached the Secretary General in Geneva, Switzerland. He had flown there from New York on July 8, after the Security Council vote recommending the Congo's admission to the UN, to attend a meeting of the Economic and Social Council. But his mind was on the Congo. He had plans for an African trip, which included, besides a visit to the Union of South Africa for talks concerning *apartheid*, a visit to the Congo. Even before independence he had stationed in Leopoldville one of his closest and most trusted personal aides, UN Under Secretary Ralph J. Bunche. While in Geneva he maintained daily communication with Bunche, mainly through the medium of another of his closest assistants, Andrew Cordier, who remained back in New York.

On Sunday, July 10, the wires began to hum. Nine times Hammarskjöld and Cordier talked over Congo matters by telephone. At one juncture Hammarskjöld's call came through while Cordier was on the phone to Bunche. A three-way conversation ensued. It was probably the decisive moment in the whole Congo operation.

#### THE COVER OF TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE

**B**UNCHE had just come from a two-hour meeting of the Congolese cabinet. He reported a cabinet decision to seek all-out aid from abroad. At that point, Hammarskjöld seems to have realized that if the UN intervened, a full-scale military commitment would be required. But he was concerned to build general support for UN action before any single nation could seize the ball. To do that he had to put himself in the picture. One of the few areas in which the Secretary General is mandated to act on his own authority (within budget limits, of course) is in

*Almost as breathlessly as the events happened, Joseph Kraft completed the interviews for this narrative—and the writing of it—just before taking off on a tour of duty with Senator Kennedy's campaign. A former staff member of the "New York Times," Mr. Kraft has won an Overseas Press Club award for his reporting on Algiers.*

the field of technical assistance. Hammarskjöld decided to play that card. Through Bunche it was made known to the Congolese that if they appealed for technical assistance in building up their security administration, UN assistance would be speedily forthcoming.

Next day, Monday, July 11, after a formal luncheon for the delegates in Geneva, Hammarskjöld boarded a jet airliner for New York, informing the press that he was returning to UN headquarters, "to study and act personally without delay on such proposals for UN technical assistance . . . as may be forthcoming." When he reached New York, at 10:30 P.M., the Congolese had come through with some kind of request for technical assistance in the military field. (The text has not been divulged, and there is one report that it was so informal that the first recipients thought it was a fake.) The Secretary General was in business. That night he alerted certain UN security personnel at headquarters in New York and in field missions abroad to be ready for possible duty in the Congo. One of those was Major General Carl Carlsson von Horn, the Swedish commander of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organization that has been policing the Arab-Israeli armistice of 1948.

July 12, at 10:30 in the morning, the Secretary General convoked in his office a meeting with the delegates of the nine African countries in the UN—among them representatives of the radical nationalist states of Ghana and Guinea. He was still flying the flag of technical assistance. He outlined plans for sending security personnel to instruct Congolese forces. He specifically mentioned General von Horn and a mission from UNTSO. Very blandly, he asked the Africans if they would help in sending specially trained police officers and skilled military personnel to the Congo.

Would they not? One after another, and sometimes in heated tones, the Africans voiced the view that the technical assistance measures outlined by the Secretary General were too feeble by far. Each insisted that it was necessary to push Belgian troops out of the Congo. Each asserted that it was equally urgent to keep Katanga



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in the Congo. Several asserted that what was required was a major UN commitment of troops. The Secretary General replied evenly that his mandate was for technical assistance. On that note the meeting broke up.

#### AN ALL-AFRICAN LOBBY

THE Secretary General was not, as some of the Africans believed, either surprised or distressed by their reaction. On the contrary, one may surmise that what followed was exactly what he desired. The African delegates repaired to their missions and fired off telegrams announcing to their home governments the disappointing news that the Secretary General was only contemplating technical assistance. Their home governments made contact with the Congo, urging M. Lumumba to request all-out assistance from the UN. That night UN headquarters received from Leopoldville two hot telegrams pleading for "urgent dispatch" of military assistance by the United Nations. Mr. Hammarskjöld had won the first trick. He had created an all-African lobby for UN military intervention.

Long before the two telegrams from Premier Lumumba arrived—indeed, just after the African meeting broke up—the Secretary General must have begun planning the prospective force. Outwardly, he was still operating under the technical assistance mandate. In his own mind, however, he apparently had already invoked a little-known provision of the UN Charter—Article 99, empowering the Secretary General to "bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter

which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security." Under that authority he began taking preliminary soundings as to what troops might be available to meet the threat to "peace and security."

The United States and Russia, and all the other permanent members of the Security Council, were excluded from the force from the start. This fast principle had been laid down by the Secretary General in 1956 in connection with the United Nations Emergency Force that was sent to the Middle East after the Suez crisis. Common sense seemed to indicate, moreover, that while a contingent of white troops would be required to reassure the Belgians, the first need was for African troops to calm the Congolese. Common sense also seemed to favor use of French-speaking troops.

But at that point the guide lines ran out. The Secretary General plunged. Canvassing the immediate prospects, he skipped over the two African countries most concerned with Congolese affairs: Ghana and Guinea. He passed by their sympathetic ally and the strongest state in Africa: Colonel Nasser's United Arab Republic. He ignored the second strongest African country: the Sudan, a nation engaged with the UAR in a battle for prestige. He turned instead to two smaller states, mainly distinguished for conservative nationalism, Tunisia and Ethiopia.

Just after the African meeting, the Secretary General called the Tunisian delegate in New York—and sole African representative on the Security Council—Mongi Slim. He asked M. Slim if two battalions of Tunisian troops might be

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made available for UN operations in the Congo. M. Slim cabled the request to the Tunisian Vice President, who relayed it to President Habib Bourguiba, vacationing at an Italian health resort. M. Bourguiba assented—with one condition. Unwilling to be isolated from the other Arab states, he wanted also a contribution from the sister North African nation, Morocco. The Secretary General personally wired the Moroccan sovereign. Within the hour, King Mohammed V had wired back his approval. By that time the Secretary General, in personal telegraphic communication with Emperor Haile Selassie, had also secured an Ethiopian promise of two battalions. Thus by the end of Tuesday, July 12, while still officially talking technical assistance, the Secretary General had assured the nucleus of an African force ready to work under UN auspices. President Lumumba's cabled appeals came through that night.

On July 13, Mr. Hammarskjold formally shifted from technical assistance to a UN force. In the morning he brought the Big Powers into the picture, notifying the Security Council members by telephone of his intention to convoke the Council that night under Article 99 and to ask for authority to send troops. In telephone conversations with Secretary of State Christian Herter in Washington he was assured of U. S. co-operation, notably in an airlift.

At an informal luncheon meeting of the Security Council, Mr. Hammarskjold outlined in more detail his plans for convoking the Council that evening. After lunch the Council members filed, one at a time, into the Secretary General's office for private discussions. The Russians, always leery of UN forces, wanted more details; in particular they did not see the need for haste, and intimated the possibility of an adjournment to await instructions from Moscow. Britain, France, and Italy—European allies of the Brussels government in NATO—expressed concern for continuing Belgian interests in the Congo; they too raised the possibility of delay.

That afternoon, the lobby built by the Secretary General went to work on the reluctant Security Council members. All the African states impressed upon the Soviet delegation their desire for speedy decision. The United States talked to the West European allies. Meanwhile, Mr. Hammarskjold drafted a personal report to the Security Council, and conferred with M. Slim on a resolution. Both the report and the resolution called for Belgian troop withdrawal, and for a UN troop commitment.

When the Security Council met at 8:30 that

evening the lobbying was still in process. There was a brief procedural wrangle, then a short recess. But Mr. Hammarskjold had built better than he needed. There was no move for adjournment. The U. S. brought Italy into the affirmative column, while the Africans won over Russia and Poland. In the vote, which came at 3:15 A.M., only Britain, France, and Nationalist China (whose vote was probably available if absolutely necessary) abstained. The measure passed 8-0.

#### THE GENERALS FROM GHANA AND GAZA

IT WAS no moment for relaxing. A race was already building up between the UN effort and the two African countries most disposed to act independently. In Conakry, the capital of Guinea, President Sékou Touré had announced on July 12 that he was breaking relations with Belgium and making his whole army available to the Congolese.

In Ghana, President Nkrumah was forcing the pace even harder. On July 11 he had dispatched to the Congo a five-man information mission, including a cabinet minister and the highest-ranking African officer in his forces. On the 12th Ghana issued a statement of willingness to help the Lumumba government. And on the night of July 13, just before the Security Council met in New York, President Nkrumah put through a personal telephone call to Mr. Hammarskjold in New York. Without being asked, he offered to make available two battalions to the UN force in the Congo. (The figure of two battalions suggests that Mr. Nkrumah had got wind of the Secretary General's dealing with the Tunisians, Moroccans, and Ethiopians.) He told the Secretary General that on his own initiative he was sending to the Congo an advance party of nine officers and forty-two men headed by the Ghanaian Chief of Staff, a former British officer, Major General Henry Alexander. To head off Ghana's independent initiative was clearly essential, and to that job the Secretary General addressed himself directly after the Security Council vote.

From three to five o'clock in the dawn of July 13, Mr. Hammarskjold huddled with Mongi Slim of Tunisia. Then his own personal aides were called in and put to work. There followed a fusillade of telegrams. General von Horn of UNTSO was named Supreme Commander of the UN Congo force, and a Scandinavian Airlines plane was chartered to ferry him and eleven staff

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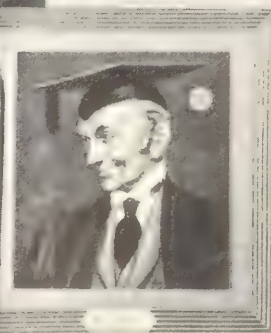
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officers with heavy equipment, from Gaza (the disputed strip of land between Israel and Egypt) to the Congo. The UN Service Organization was alerted to move to the Congo the UN administrative personnel and special equipment that might be required: UN helmets and insignia, tenting and rations and internal transport.

All the African states were formally notified of the developments and asked to stand by for assistance. To the four French-speaking member states formal calls for troop aid went out. To the other African member nations, the UN sent a more general inquiry asking what kind of help they could offer and, in the case of Ghana and Ethiopia, referring to previous communications.

For the Tunisians, Moroccans, and Ethiopians, the green light was on. Tunisian troops, equipped with jeeps and trucks and freshly inoculated with serums flown from Geneva, were ready by the morning of July 14. By that afternoon airlift details had been worked out with the Pentagon. Early next morning U. S. C-130 transports from Châteauroux airfield in central France began picking up soldiers in Tunisia and moving them to the Congo. Next day an airlift for the Moroccans was on. The Ethiopians, with their own airline based within a thousand miles of the northeast corner of the Congo, began flying troops to Stanleyville on the 15th. By July 17, seventy-two hours after the Security Council authorization, Mr. Hammarskjöld had 2,500 trusted African troops in the Congo.

Already he was moving to launch his second wave: the first contingents of white troops. On July 15 a request went out from UN headquarters for permission to use in the Congo the

third of the whole Irish army—volunteered for duty in the Congo, and the first elements were leaving Dublin by the 24th.

### THE MATTER OF TRANSPORT

**B**UT while all those troops were moving so far so fast, strange difficulties were piling up for Ghana, Guinea, and their Egyptian ally. On the morning of July 14, in the first telegram to Ghana, the Secretary General accepted as part of the UN force the fifty-man contingent under General Alexander that had been sent by President Nkrumah on his own initiative. The Secretary General also said that he would tentatively accept for future use the two battalions Ghana had offered. But he asserted that the immediate need was for French-speaking troops, notably from Morocco, Tunisia, Guinea, and Mali.\*

Back to New York came a protest from Accra, saying that the acceptance seemed tentative indeed, and that refusal to take Ghanaian troops would be received in Accra with "surprise and disappointment, at least." There followed a second telegram, reiterating President Nkrumah's offer of two battalions and adding that police units and a merchant ship could also be made available. On the next day the Secretary General finally accepted the offer, and indicated that British planes would handle the airlift of the Ghanaian troops. The next night two British transports did reach Accra. But one had only six hours' flying time left before being due for overhaul, and even with the two planes working, as the Ghanaians vigorously complained, it would have taken five days to ferry the troops.

Thus hamstrung, the Ghanaians tried to strike out on their own. In hopes of flying to the Congo with short-range planes, they asked France for



Swedish battalion on duty with the United Nations Emergency Force in Gaza. The Swedish cabinet approved, and on July 21, the Swedes were on their way south in U. S. planes. On July 16, the Secretary General had requested troops from Ireland, a non-NATO nation, clear of Cold War entanglement. Inside of eight days, a bill amending the Irish Defense Act (to permit sending troops abroad) was approved by the cabinet, both houses of parliament, and President Eamon de Valera. Three thousand troops—one

\*It appears that Mali troops were requested mainly to build up the case that French-speaking forces were especially in demand. In fact, the Mali troops did not get into the first stages of the Congo operation, in part at least, because the radically nationalist Africans put a spoke in the wheel. Immediately after Mr. Hammarskjöld's request for help from Mali's President Mobido Keita, certain Africans indicated to Mali that if Mali troops were furnished, they should be drawn from among the 20,000 Senegalese fighting with France in Algeria. President Keita drew back before this suggestion which raised a question of African solidarity, and it was only after he had flown to Conakry and conferred with President Touré of Guinea that M. Keita permitted Mali troops to be mustered for the Congo. By that time it was August 3. This whole episode was one of the elements that brought about the subsequent split in the Mali Federation.

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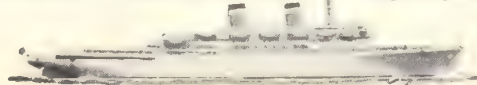
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permission to land at French Community countries en route to the Congo. The request was turned down. Next the Ghanaians approached the Soviet embassy in Accra, and asked that Ilyushin jet transports which had flown food supplies from the Soviet Union to the Congo be made available for transport of Ghanaian troops. They were—for one shipment. At that point, on July 17, the Secretary General's office finally made available an American airlift for the Ghanaians. The first American planes arrived in Accra on July 18.

Guinea, as a French-speaking country, had been asked to furnish troops in the opening round of formal invitations on July 14. But, just as an acceptance from Conakry was being received by the Guinean mission in New York, there also arrived word from the Secretary General's office that troops were not so urgent as trained police officers. The new request had to be cabled to Conakry. Back came a second reply saying Guinea could supply two mobile police units . . . and, in addition, the two battalions of troops. At that point the offer was accepted, but it was not until July 23 that American planes began to ferry units from Guinea into the Congo.

The United Arab Republic, as a non-French-speaking country, had been excluded from the first round of invitations. But word was immediately circulating round UN headquarters that the Nasser government was, if asked, disposed to furnish troop assistance. In these circumstances, the Sudanese indicated willingness to participate in the Congo operation, apparently wanting to have a contingent in, if the United Arab Republic was participating.

The Sudanese offer was most opportune. For there had come conveniently to the Secretary General's hand some kind of a similar *démarche* by Israel. In view of the strained relations between Israel and the Arab League, it was felt inopportune for the moment to accept troops from any of the three countries. Not until August 11, and then only after talk of an alliance between the United Arab Republic, Ghana, and Guinea, were troops from the United Arab Republic and the Sudan accepted.

#### ONE HOP FORWARD, BACK TWO

HERE remains to be told the story of the one slip in the Secretary General's plans. It turns on the Supreme Commander of the UN Congo force and supplies a main reason why it was so essential for the Secretary General to have

in the Congo troops the UN could control. For General von Horn of UNTSO, though alerted on the 12th and ready to fly on the 14th, did not arrive as scheduled. In the meantime the highest-ranking military man in the Congo was the officer sent by President Nkrumah on his own initiative before the Security Council even met—Major General Alexander. In that role General Alexander on July 15 negotiated a local agreement with Belgian troops in Leopoldville. His action, in a very difficult circumstance, verged on the heroic, and in it there was substantially no quarrel with UN policy. But in principle his independent action could have opened the floodgates for any nation to take the initiative. On July 16, accordingly, the Secretary General took the unusual step of appointing a civilian, Mr. Bunche, as interim commander. For two days Mr. Bunche, with no military training, with no disciplinary powers, with no formal lines of command, ran the troops.

What had delayed General von Horn was a kind of mishap that might have occurred at any other stage of the delicate operation. The private airlines plane initially chartered for him broke down, and a second aircraft was subchartered. The second aircraft arrived in Gaza but was found to be inadequate for lifting the General, his staff, and equipment. The U. S. Air Force was then called in on an emergency basis. Within an hour an available C-130 was located at Adana in Turkey. It developed the crew had flown all that night and was too fatigued for the long trip to the Congo. Another C-130 was then found at Wheelus Field in Libya. The airstrip at Gaza being too small for the C-130, General von Horn moved on to Amman, Jordan. There early on the morning of July 17, he was picked up by the plane from Wheelus. But a bug had developed and before proceeding to the Congo the aircraft had to fly back to Wheelus for emergency repairs. Only on July 18, four days after the African troops were moving in, did General von Horn take command.

Since then, difficulties with the Belgians, with M. Lumumba, and with M. Tshombe—to mention only a few—have repeatedly cropped up. At every turn, diplomatic tensions developed inside the African group; between the Secretary General and some of the African nations; with the Soviet Union. But at almost all critical junctures Mr. Hammarskjöld has had the African lobby with him. And at all times he has had the advantage of having on the spot his own commander and a nucleus of reliable troops. He had got there fustest with the mostest.





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ERIC LARRABEE

# PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT ENOUGH

*Censorship isn't as rigorously puritan  
as it was a few years ago, but that  
doesn't mean that the millennium  
of sexual enlightenment is at hand.*

ANYONE who deliberately sets out to write about sex is taking his chances. The reader will immediately be alert for indications of immoderate interest in the subject, and the author will be under an implicit obligation to demonstrate that he has, at heart, a serene and untroubled spirit. There is after all a certain logic in taboo. While customs vary, even in the most undeveloped societies the emotional tension between male and female is commonly maintained by some form of restraint; and the state of primitive innocence, free from all sexual inhibition, is more likely to be a fantasy of the sophisticated than an existing fact.

When the late Dr. Kinsey and his associates began to publish their findings, a dozen years ago, there was a theory current that revelation might bring about redemption. The unveiling of solemn statistics on the sexual state of the nation, it was hoped, would hurry us on our way toward some sort of D. H. Lawrencian paradise, in which all our neurotic frustrations would finally be dissolved in a glow of glandular wholesomeness.

That day, alas, has not yet arrived. Looking back, we can see now that there was more to the problem of censorship than then appeared. Greater liberality under the obscenity laws was at that time still a distant goal. Now that we have arrived at it, the perspective has startlingly changed. We can see, if nothing else, that the

lifting of puritan restrictions is not alone the answer.

Where sex is concerned, the imposition of partial curbs serves a double purpose: to stimulate and to hold back, never too much of either. A counterpoise to individual desires may become a measure of their intensity, a way of reassuring oneself that one still *has* desires. This is partly what the would-be censor means when he says that there has always been censorship, or that the social structure depends on preserving it. In that sense, we all "censor," internally, our own actions and those of others whom we influence. We define in our heads, as a matter of course, the range between what our contemporaries will and will not tolerate. We play between these definitions, stretching them now one way, now another. We live in a state of permanent conflict between our daring and our decency; and, though few go out of their way to say as much, few would have it otherwise.

Of all forms of sex censorship, that of the individual psyche—which sees to it that some things simply cannot be said, even to oneself—is undoubtedly the most effective. It is truly effective, however, only for those tradition-bound societies in which sexual inhibitions are more or less uniformly shared. The modern world, where more than one set of assumptions exist about what is and is not to be allowed, can make sex censorship of literature and the arts a subject of heated dispute; and in societies like our own, where law has replaced the rule of universally accepted custom, it is eventually (though not always successfully) dealt with by law. The law underlines the vague sanctions of community disapproval with a tangible threat. It establishes certain minima of restriction and maxima of



license, and therefore the limits of acceptable variation in erotic tone.

But the study of the law, case by case, tends to reduce the "problem" of obscenity to the problems posed in court proceedings of a rather specialized character, largely concerned with books and most often with books of a special kind—those that fall somewhere between the obvious trash and the invulnerable classic—whose publishers are sufficiently tenacious or self-confident to sustain litigation. Since the law offers apparently endless possibilities for reinterpretation, both parties to an obscenity dispute tend to regard it as a critical test. A lawyer like Morris Ernst may see in Judge Woolsey's famous decision on *Ulysses* "a great stride forward, possibly a greater stride than in any previous single case," while a Congressional committee can see it as "the basis for excuse to print and circulate the filthiest, most obscene literature, without concurrent literary value to support it, ever known in history." Both share the flattering illusion (for lawyers) that society takes its sexual cues from the bench.

In recent years the tide has been running against the forces of constraint. Books are now available at the corner newsstand, like *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which would have raised a storm of indignation as recently as five years ago. No audible cries of outrage are heard over such movies as "Some Like It Hot," with its curious portrayal of a couple of "merry transvestites," as Jay Jacobs called them in *The Reporter*, and their difficulties in convincing anyone that they are in fact males. New York theatre audiences have been exposing themselves without riot or other public disturbance to Jean Genêt's "The Balcony," in which it would be difficult to say whether the language or the subject matter was more flagrantly in defiance of the once-accepted norms.

Nevertheless, though Postmaster General Summerfield may be the only person left in the country who thinks *Lady Chatterley* is obscene, the law under which he sought to suppress it is

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Formerly an editor of "Harper's" and half of the "After Hours" team, Eric Larrabee now contributes "Jazz Notes" each month. He is also, by the way, managing editor of "American Heritage." His article on pornography will be included in his book, "The Self-Conscious Society," to be published by Doubleday on November 11. Mr. Larrabee's many memorable articles in this magazine include "The Day the Sun Stood Still," "Korea: The Military Lesson," and "Notebook on Black Africa."

still on the books. District Court Judge Bryan's opinion, in ruling against him, was the censors' greatest defeat to date, but the most recent and relevant statement from the Supreme Court still reaffirms the legal basis for censorship. How far will the trend continue? Will someone now bring out an American edition of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, or the Marquis de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom*? Sooner or later there will be a turning, even if it does not amount to the wholesale revival of Victorian prudery that has been called for by, among other people, the publisher of *Esquire*.

#### FRAGILE DISTINCTIONS

ONE of the many ironies of the obscenity issue is the way in which standards vary among the media. What is permissible in one is forbidden in the next: what would be an unthinkable limitation of freedom on one hand is tolerated on the other. The older or more established the medium, generally speaking, the greater the freedom from attack. When it is new, or exploiting a new audience, it must expect to be regarded as a potential outlet for the obscene. It was the nineteenth-century novel, with its exposure of different classes to one another through serials and lending libraries, which brought on Victorian censorship; and a similar impetus, in our time, has been provided by the paperback book. The burden now rests most heavily of all on the new mass media, which characteristically—to make matters worse—have a wider and more penetrating impact on the senses than their predecessors. The movies, radio, and television pose problems in censorship so unfamiliar that the defenders of freedom for the old-fashioned, hard-cover book hesitate to interfere with them. To cope with them at all, we have had to evolve and accept improvised regulations, like the self-policing "codes," which the old media of publishing, press, and stage would regard as unbearably restrictive. No one would dare ask of a newspaper that it observe the same restraints that have continually been demanded for that object of so much solicitude, the comic book.

The nature of any censorship, in other words, is often a function of the anxieties generated by the medium or the milieu which the medium serves. At thirty-five to fifty cents, the pocket-size paperbacks are available not only to many adults who had not thought of themselves as book buyers before, but to adolescents. The implication had been that an adult who could afford to pay



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\$3.50 for obscenity could take care of himself. It was where the paperback book represented a penetration of "mature" attitudes from the minority bookstore class through to the majority newsstand class that the censorious were alarmed; they wanted this process to be either halted or reversed. They saw their real enemies among the partisans of the liberal enlightenment who insisted upon unloosing evil, in the name of mere principle, on susceptible and unprotected youths.

Thus it is that literature and its advocates have so often found themselves on the defensive, unprotected by the juridical triumphs of one generation from the smut-hunters of the next. The open competition among ideas cannot be relied on, where pornography is concerned. Like Communism or homosexuality, it can be attacked in the secure knowledge that few will dare defend it. It then becomes the focal point for resentments less safe to assert, and everything suspect tends to be lumped together. (Not surprisingly, numerous citizens, loud in the pursuit of the dirty book, think it to be somehow connected with the Communists.) Often the "liberal" argument, as a way of touching base with respectability, has allowed that "smut for smut's sake" must be rigorously dealt with—forgetting that this is the only concession the would-be censor has ever needed to ask. As long as an exception is made for the indefensible or even the detestable—"freedom for everybody, except Communists and pornographers"—then there will be people perfectly prepared to state that you or I are Communists or pornographers, or their dupes, until we prove the contrary. It is at such times that one remembers why freedom has been said to be indivisible.

An equally serious objection to the treatment of obscenity as a largely legal issue arises from the distorting effect this has on any discussion of sexual morality. It would surely seem desirable, where a subject is, by its nature, so delicate, to take into account the extraordinarily wide range of "normal" behavior, the fact that prudes are not the only ones entitled to reticence, and the universal human inability to draw a sharp line between lust and love. A courtroom confrontation between legal adversaries reduces these factors to their ultimate fragility; it is the native environment of the neurotic, and Comstockery—as Bernard Shaw named the disease—is its natural corollary. One cannot deal fairly with questions of obscenity, at any event, without describing the context out of which they emerge—the muddle of preoccupations and prohibitions which define, at any given time, the standards

each individual must reckon with. However haltingly, in a rough-and-ready fashion, the law itself must operate on some kind of theory of the American sex life—of what it is, or ought to be.

American attitudes toward sex illustrate the interrelationship between censorship and provocation in almost clinically pure form; to foreign critics, we offer the most striking example available of a society in which excitation and repression have the continuous function of intensifying one another. Every censorship breeds evasion; it is in our highly developed techniques for evading our own censorship that the American culture fascinates the visitor. To the European eye we give the impression of making an unwholesome fetish of the female breast, of overwhelming our adolescents with erotic stimuli, and of hiding behind a "puritan façade" the reality of "*un des pays sexuellement les plus libres du monde*," as Claude Roy called us. Confronted with the contrast between our preaching and our practice, we are hard put to refute the thesis propounded a decade and a half ago by Philip Wylie: that the United States is "technically insane in the matter of sex."

#### SEX: THE LAST FRONTIER

TO BE sure, Americans overemphasize sex partly because they can afford to. If we are the only nation to make love a problem, we are so in virtue of having emancipated women, reduced the burden of household routines, and offered both sexes an unrestricted vista of domestic bliss and self-fulfillment. "Their statesmen are intent on making democracy work," writes another Frenchman. "Everybody is trying to make love work, too." We demand a great deal of it. For modern man, sex has been called "the last frontier," to which he looks "for reassurance that he is alive." And while, in a mass-production society, sex tends to become a consumer good like any other, it is a good whose enjoyment by others remains forever beyond the reach of comparison—an object of limitless potentialities for fantasy and envy.

Expecting much of sex, but feeling as individuals that much is denied them. Americans create in the substance of suppressed desire the remarkable symbolic figures that are found here as in no other culture. The existence of "the great American love goddess" is more often noted than explained. It is apparent that she enjoys high status, that she is attended by elaborate ceremonials, and that the current



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*I don't think any business man in this country is doing his duty unless he devotes some part of his time and some part of his company's earnings to promoting peace.*"—from the new book, "Vice President in Charge of Revolution," by Murray D. Lincoln, President of Nationwide Insurance.



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avatar of the divinity (at this writing, still Marilyn Monroe) is only the reigning head of a hierarchy of subdivinities, all of whom possess similar attributes. She is most often a movie star, though her talents as an actress and the merits of the films in which she appears are plainly immaterial. Her primary function is widely understood but rarely mentioned—that is, to serve as the object of autoerotic reverie. She represents the commercial exploitation of the assumption that the American public is composed mainly of Peeping Toms.

The assumption draws sustenance from the approach to sex institutionalized by advertising. Diverted from literature and the arts, the forces that underlie obscenity and pornography expend themselves in this characteristic American medium. Here sex may be treated as powerful motivation, provided it is expressed in distorted and evasive forms—e.g., the women's underwear that is advertised far out of proportion to the market for it, so that we are daily surrounded with pictures of the feminine bosom, leg, and abdomen tightly constrained by clothing. To serve the hunger for the unattainable, we have brought into existence an entire class of women whose profession is catering to voyeurs, not even in the flesh, but through photographs—namely, the models. At its top are found the handful who pose for the fashion magazines and set the pace in cosmetics, posture, style, and aura at the outer reaches of unreal sophistication, where their taut, nerveless languor stands unchallenged—for lack of more appealing and imaginable substitutes—as an ideal of the sensual.

Then there is the theme of homosexuality, which runs through American popular culture (as well as literature) like a thread of not-so-innocent deceit. Homosexuality itself, as a phenomenon, has probably been given exaggerated attention. It is the *frisson*, the delectable shiver, of the twentieth century, somewhat as incest was of the nineteenth. Many of the young men who choose it as a way of life undoubtedly do so for a complex of reasons among which the sexual may not be the most important. For the sensitive young white Southerner or Northern Negro there is scarcely a more rapid avenue of upward social and aesthetic mobility; and many of them, as the late Robert W. Lindner maintained, are not so much homosexual as homoerotic. They keep themselves in physically better trim than most heterosexual males, and they are far better housekeepers than many females. They are pro-sex in a world that is largely anti-sex. Inverts, as Dr. Lindner put it, "know what the

rest of us are just discovering: that we are living in a culture that is not heterosexually oriented but profoundly anti-sexual, mistrustful, and rejective of all sex, and bent upon the confinement if not the literal suppression of the sexual instinct."

What is deceitful about American homosexuality is not the conspiratorial existence forced on, accepted by, or darkly attributed to homosexuals themselves. It is the connivance of the public in something it wishes to be titillated by, but not to mention out loud—in its approval of novelists whose major theme of hatred for women is rarely mentioned; of comedians whose stock in trade is the exhibitionism of spastic, semi-hysterical effeminacy; of Western and detective-story heroes who rigorously spurn their heroines in the search for sadomasochistic purification. All these are not only permitted but profuse. Not a word of complaint about them comes from the self-appointed custodians of morality, who are far too busily occupied protecting teen-agers from Maupassant. Censorship, official and unofficial, lets pass into the social main stream countless images and innuendoes that could only be identified—if they were to be identified—as perverse. Of the normal, the lustful thoughts and desires of one sex for the other, it faithfully removes whatever trace it can.

#### LOVE NO, DEATH YES

THIS paradox has been the subject of a book, the most extraordinary study of Anglo-Saxon censorship yet to appear—Gershon Legman's *Love and Death* (1949). Mr. Legman's subject is the literary sadism which is intensified by the censorship of sex; his motif is that shameful anomaly of American mores which has made love, legal in fact, illegal on paper, while murder, though illegal in fact, has been not only legal on paper but the basis of the greatest publishing successes of all time. To be sure, affection and hatred are opposite poles of human experience, and art necessarily concerns itself with each—the act in which life begins and that in which it ends. The highest skill need not morbidly exaggerate the physical details of either, but neither will be prohibited. Deny one only, and the other takes its place. Mr. Legman overpoweringly documents his case that in the modern Anglo-American world this is what has substantially occurred.

Though we often speak of sex and sadism together—as two equally regrettable qualities in the novels of Mickey Spillane, for example—in

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## SPARTACUS

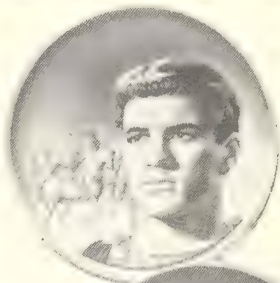
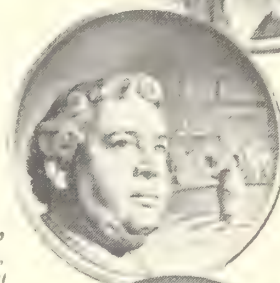
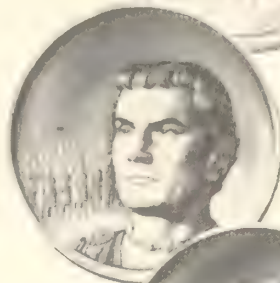
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actual practice we tolerate blood and guts in a quantity and concreteness denied to sexual love. The time-tested formula for the "sexed-up" cover of a paperback book is a near-naked girl with a revolver, and it is curious that critics should comment so often on the nudity and ignore the invitation to murder. Within the letter of the law, as in the popular culture, sex and violence tend to be entangled—we labeled an atomic bomb "Gilda," the title of a Rita Hayworth movie, and we call an abbreviated bathing suit a "Bikini"—but in the courts it is exceptional that the two are prosecuted with equal emphasis. The typical law against obscenity prohibits it in company with other encouragements to crime as well as lust, but we all take for granted the state of general acceptance for printed murdering, whipping, gouging, and wholesale bloodletting which makes half the law unenforceable.

"Whatever its reason," wrote Mr. Legman of the Spillane-type detective story, "through this technique of persistent sexual negation, every detail of ravishing female rudity, lascivious temperament, etc., can be gone into at any desired length . . . as long as the whole is purified by the detective hero's frigid rejection." Love, no; death, yes. In his bitterly polemic book Mr. Legman follows this paradox where it leads him, through comic books to the novels built around the bitch-heroine, and eventually traces it back to the censorship of sex in English drama following the Restoration, which eventually led to the literary violence Mr. Spillane has brought to its present mass-producible perfection. Yet Mr. Legman did not suppose that everything would be solved merely by giving incitement to love and incitement to mayhem equal treatment under the law.

"The American censorship of sex is internalized," he writes. "The men and women in the street carry it around with them in their heads. They are the censor, and to the degree that the law mirrors their wonted censorship, the law can be enforced and will be obeyed."

Now that the lid has been lifted, so to speak, we have had a chance to see how right Mr. Legman was. The freedom of the late 1950s came so suddenly and unexpectedly that most of us were unprepared for it. *Lolita*, as Lionel Trilling has remarked, is really the only kind of love story that we are ready to take seriously; while *Lady Chatterley*, now that she is public property, turns out to be almost more embarrassing than stimulating. The writers who were most readily able to profit from the general loosening of moral bonds were those who had already worked

out their own patterns of outlet and repression on Mr. Legman's terms. Freedom has proved to be most conspicuously freedom for authors like Tennessee Williams, for castration and cannibalism, and for the endlessly reiterated message of war to the death on women.

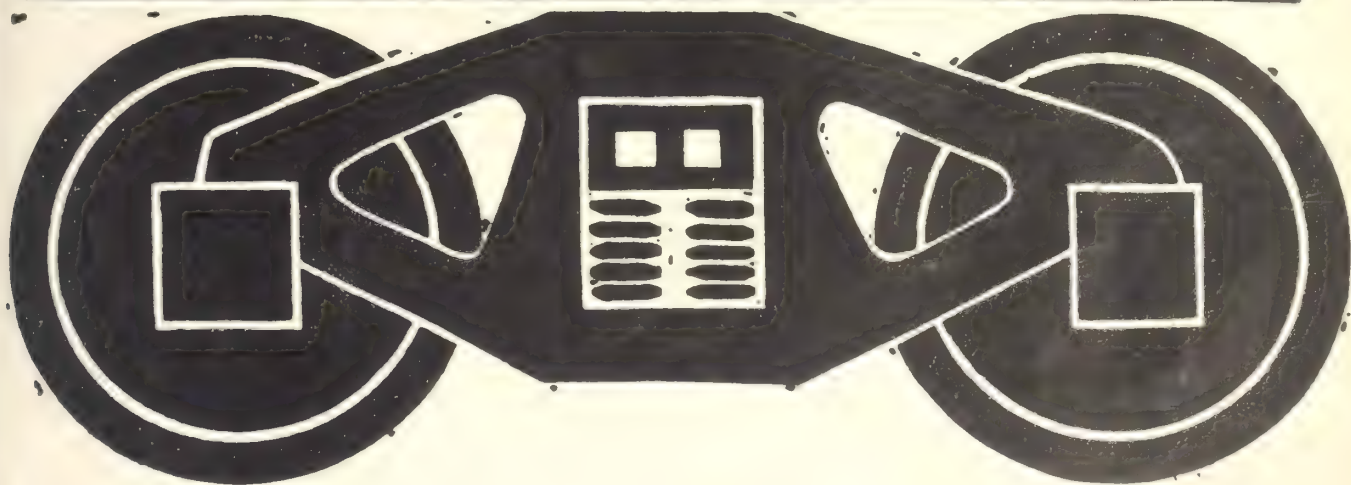
Williams' stock formula is the same as Spillane's: females are enthralling, but shared pleasure with them promptly results in the death of one or both partners. The inevitable outcome is violence, and the predominant theatrical emotion is fear—the fear that now broods over the American stage so pervasively as to hold Broadway audiences in a state, as Fitzroy Davis called it in the *New York Times*, of "captive agony." Davis went on to list eight current plays—from Duerrenmatt's "The Visit" to Camus' "Caligula"—in his indictment. Since the time he wrote one could now add "Toys in the Attic," in which the gory make-up worn by Jason Robards, Jr., in the last scene—according to a tally kept by the house physician—has been responsible for three heart attacks and nine cases of assorted shock, hysteria, and fainting among members of the audience.

Worst of all is our refusal to label this Grand Guignol for what it is. For myself, I will defend to the death an author's right to exalt whatever ideal he chooses, but I cannot defend his right to have audiences sit there and drink it all in as though it were a profound comment on the human situation. The end result of puritan censorship has been this compounded dishonesty of writer and public in which meaningless violence, violence for its own sake, meant merely to shock and terrify the spectator, is never named and identified. Instead, the critics puzzle over the "mystery" of Williams' "dramatic power," and save their choicest laurels for Archibald MacLeish's "J.B.," a tidied-up Ivy League imitation of Williams' technique for clubbing the audience into emotional insensibility by repeated and insistently pointless acts of mangling, murder, rape, and—the final "poetic" touch—nuclear annihilation. If pornography could cure us of this disease, one would pray for more pornography.

#### YOUTH AND THE SMUT-HUNTERS

NEEDLESS to say, despite these distractions, society survives. The vanity of lawyers in assuming that the law has a significant effect on sexual habits is matched by the vanity of writers in assuming that literature has a comparable effect. Fortunately, there are other forces

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at work determining conduct, and such enjoyment of life as there is by the vast majority escapes observation and reporting. Young people, determined to explore the mysteries for themselves, continue to grow up without having been successfully convinced that sex is unclean; nor are they always unwilling to scandalize their elders. Throughout this society that resolutely pretends to the contrary, there remains a streak of amiable lewdness and bawdry that has nothing to do with literature and breaks through censorship of any kind at the most unexpected times and places. People in the radio industry still shudder at being reminded of what happened on October 15, 1947, on the program "Double or Nothing," when a former Navy nurse delivered herself of some cheerfully untrammelled remarks.

The dispute over censorship, no matter how "liberal" the law becomes, is thus likely to continue. The smut-hunters are not the only ones who attack pornography. There are thoroughly intelligent and sophisticated objections to it—on the grounds that it is "calculated to stimulate sex feelings independent of another loved and chosen human being"—which play down any suggestion that Eros has, in its own right, a civilizing and illuminating potential. They derive from the view of sex which holds its exclusive function to be continuation of the race, and they result in somewhat arbitrary strictures on those whose desires fail to be co-ordinated with the propagative process. Mrs. Margaret Culkin Banning, testifying before a Congressional committee, said that she imagined the ads in "sexy magazines" to be directed at "frustrated men, who were too short or too fat or too friendless or too far from home to have a successful sex relationship"; while Margaret Mead has defined the difference between bawdry and pornography as that between the music hall and the "strip tease, where lonely men, driven and haunted, go alone. . . ." Such views impress me as inadequately informed by an appreciation of sex, not simply as a genetic mechanism, but as one of the avenues through which reality is exposed to us. This blessing has been conferred on mankind impartially and is luckily not within anyone's province to allocate.

But the defense of pornography (and one of the by-products of censorship's current decline is that an all-out defense has at last become possible) rests on the assumption that it "reflects a basically healthy and therapeutic attitude toward life." This is a phrase which Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen in *Pornography and the Law* (1959) apply to that subdivision of the literature

which they call "erotic realism." books like Lawrence's, Frank Harris' autobiography, or Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*. Of the rest—the "hard-core" pornography that no judge has yet been found to condone—they will say only that it cannot be shown to be harmful, that its worst qualities result from our "censorial, sex-suppressive attitudes," and that as fantasy it may be preferable to direct action as an outlet for many antisocial attitudes. But the Kronhausens do at least rest their entire discussion on the assumption that the primary purpose of the "hard-core" books is to stimulate the "lascivious thoughts" and "lustful desires" which the Supreme Court still frowns upon, and in speaking to any extent favorably of this "dirt for dirt's sake" they go far beyond the position that most opponents of censorship have hitherto been willing to take.

#### THE TRUE OBSCENITIES

HERE is a sense in which every nation gets the pornography it deserves. If we forbid the writing of erotica to all but those who are willing to break the law, then we have no fair complaint if the results are trivial, mean, and inartistic. We are little entitled to the conclusion that the subject matter of sex cannot be tastefully—or even beautifully—treated if we have never tried to treat it so. Least of all can we pride ourselves on our moral stature as a people until we have further progressed beyond the outhouse phase, manifested by the Post Office Department's recurrent efforts to agitate public opinion, in which a sniggering shame is our characteristic approach to sex.

The true obscenities of American life lie in our vicious public consumption of human suffering, in virtually every form and medium. By comparison, the literature of sexual love would seem vastly to be preferred. The only real question is whether pornography is enough, whether literature alone can do the trick, and whether the tentative liberties now allotted to a handful of authors will undo the damage of over a century of censorship before another puritan cycle begins. The public now seems to have more literary sex available than it can assimilate, and there are few signs that liberation from Comstockery has turned us overnight into profoundly organic and integrated creatures. Instead, what has come to the fore is a strain of violence, the sadism that to date has shown no signs of weakening its grip on the American imagination. If the sexual millennium is to arrive, it cannot arrive too soon.



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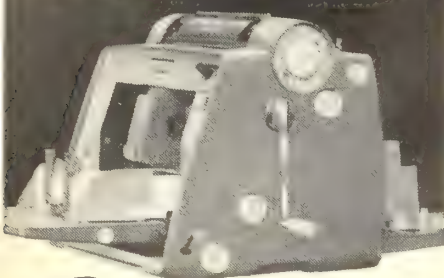
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# PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



ARNOLD NEWMAN

## The Conservative Front-runner

*From a corny symbol of reaction the Senator from Arizona is rapidly turning into a center of political power... with an influence beyond Republican party channels.*

WASHINGTON—The only national politician who has already won a personal and unique victory for November and beyond, no matter what party takes the White House or Congress, is Barry Goldwater of Arizona.

Senator Goldwater has become the undoubted head of Republican Conservatism in this country, the lithe and youngish (fifty-one) heir to the brilliantly myopic Robert A. Taft. To this post Mr. Goldwater's nomination and election have occurred as surely as though the process had been duly ratified in convention and election booth—and a good deal more genuinely in the human sense.

It is well to emphasize at the start a fact which was quite clear to reasonably perceptive observers last summer at the Republican National Convention at Chicago. This was that while the convention inevitably chose Richard Nixon, its heart—that is, the heart of that large part of the convention which was bred-in-bone *Republican* and not Eisenhower-Republican or Rockefeller-Republican or some otherwise-

hyphenated-Republican—was with Goldwater all the way.

Hardly a year before, he had been, nationally, a rather obscure Far Western Senator who was an incarnate cliché. The name Goldwater was a synonym for a hopelessly outdated political reaction. It was a synonym increasingly used to replace the tired line that so-and-so was "to the Right of William McKinley." Goldwater took over from McKinley in our folklore of epithet.

Things are quite different now. Goldwater may in fact be as reactionary as Marie Antoinette and her Louis Roi put together. (I think not, myself, though I won't argue the point right now.) But even if he were, it is not rationally possible any more to assess his ideological position within his party and within this Republic as hopeless. That position is growing day by day.

Beyond a doubt, the convention gave him a national forum he never had before, a showplace for his special quality. This quality is a total candor and an intellectual integrity as distinctive as Taft's. And, because Taft's was a far more subtle mind, in some ways Goldwater's frankness is the more appealing. It follows from this that I like Goldwater; as a man and as a politician.

I wholly disagree with most of his views. But I own to a bias toward any politician so full of principle—even if it is often what I would think

## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

to be wrong principle—and simultaneously so free of those terrible disabilities of most highly-principled men: a dreary self-righteousness and a spirit of "crusade" which remind me of a long file of unbearably pious characters from Oliver Cromwell on.

Say what you will of Goldwater (and many have said a great deal), you can't indict him for the political crime of humorless crusading. You also cannot possibly call him a demagogue. He is tireless, but he is not shrill; he yells but he does not shriek; he would turn the clock back, perhaps; but he would never claim that the clock was his personal invention and property until evil men stole it from him.

## A PLAIN BLUNT MAN

HERE, in Goldwater, is an absolutely *honest* politician. And this is precisely what has made him an authentic and growing national figure, a sort of unnominated Presidential candidate in the hearts of his followers.

Now of course it is possible to be thoroughly honest politically and also thoroughly wrong. And of course it is also true that the simpler a man's views, the fewer Hamlet-esque tortures he must endure in order to maintain and to proclaim them. Goldwater's are oversimple. But they are real, they are powerful, and they are evoking an increasing support among the public. Goldwater's office, when I called upon him before writing this column, was hardly less crowded than those of Richard Nixon and John Kennedy. That he commands a third force is undeniable; that he could exploit this force for personal kudos and even cash is equally undeniable. That he has not done so and will not do so is undeniably to his credit.

His aims are both plain and sensibly limited. He has no illusion (not even of that tiny, vagrant kind that has so often ensnared third-force leaders in the past) of Goldwater for President—either on a Republican ticket or some splinter-party ticket. What he is interested in—and is slowly accomplishing, to some extent—is the development in this country of a real position of strength for what he regards as the proper Conservatism. With this he



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hopes to influence the Republican party, and not to raise up some other party. And most pointedly he hopes to influence a Republican called Richard Milhous Nixon.

Goldwater's relationship with Nixon is fascinating. It is cordial; but it is not wide-eyed. He likes Nixon, and vice versa. But between these two Republicans there is no personal political infatuation. Goldwater has great confidence in Nixon's skill and, when I talked with him in September, he fully assumed that Nixon would be in the White House next January. But Goldwater knows perfectly well what some of Nixon's Liberal critics have sometimes said: Nixon is an extraordinary weather vane or political litmus paper; his greatest strength and greatest weakness lie in his incomparable sensitivity to public moods.

In short, Goldwater—the author of a generally first-rate book of personal political philosophy, now a best-seller, called *The Conscience of a Conservative*—is tirelessly and not always gently applying the prod of that conscience to another politician he considers *basically* Conservative, Richard Nixon. He is continuously putting pressure on him not to hearken for a moment to the sirens of Liberalism—not even when the Nixon antennae may inform him that listening to the Liberals might be very useful politically.

For Goldwater deeply believes that Conservatism will never come back to this country (he rightly regards the Eisenhower Era as neither Conservative nor Liberal but only an amiable political coalition) until first Conservatism is ready to put its case honestly and without trimming. This done, he thinks Conservatism *can* come back—primarily through the influence of the young, the post-war generation.

**THIRD-PARTY TALK**

BECAUSE he is undergoing those changes which always come when any politician has passed from the status of a mere single shouter for something to the responsibilities of collective *leading* for something, Goldwater is not trying to hurry. His instantaneous and continuing rejection of his opportunity to lead a



Third Party is a case in point. He is wise enough to know that Third Parties are alien to the American tradition and have rarely succeeded—except possibly in tipping an election toward one of the other parties. He has enough taste not to want to be associated with such ventures—which usually fall sooner or later into the hands of crackpots. And he has a proper loyalty to the party that sent him into public life.

Thus, as chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, he has gone along loyally supporting such Republicans as Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey, whose views are just as far from Goldwater's as they are from those of Senator Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia. He does this because he knows that when it comes time to organize the Senate, that is, to establish its party control after an election, one "body" is very much like another, no matter if that "body" calls itself a Republican only for the single hour of that vote. (As a Brigadier General in the Air Force Reserve and a skilled and still active command pilot, Goldwater naturally uses the military term "body" for a man. In conversation, he does not go in for euphemisms. When he has a drink it is not a "cocktail"; it is a "glass of booze." His book, though full of doubtful arguments, is clearly written and without cant.)

But it is not mainly in the Senate that Goldwater is now trying to entrench and broaden a bridgehead of the true Conservatism. His main field of operations is among the public, especially among some two hundred organizations—trade associations, so-called patriotic groups, and so on—where he wishes to define Conservatism and to encourage members to defend and propagate it.

Because he knows that no political movement can long last without some core of responsibility, he has his troubles with some of these groups for not being willing to go as far as they want. Some of them, he wryly recalls, sent him rather nasty wires for bluntly calling upon his followers to put away their nonsense about Third Parties and to support the Nixon-Lodge ticket as the only sensible alternative open to them.

"Well," he says comfortably, "some of them called me a traitor



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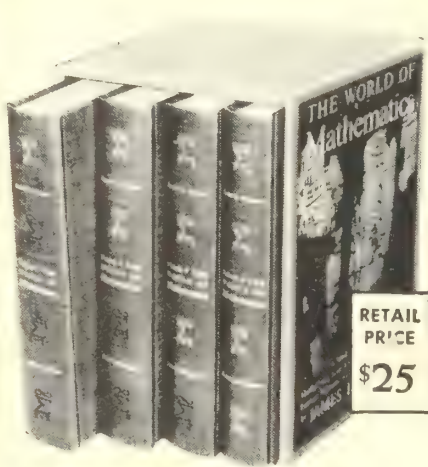
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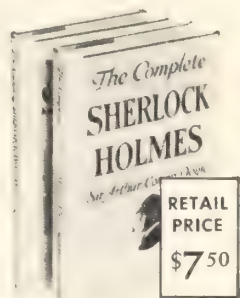
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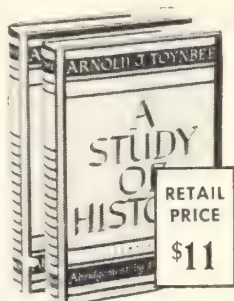
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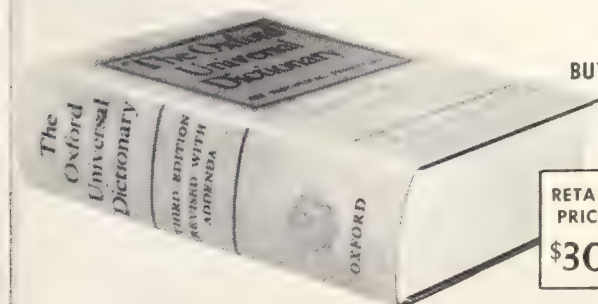
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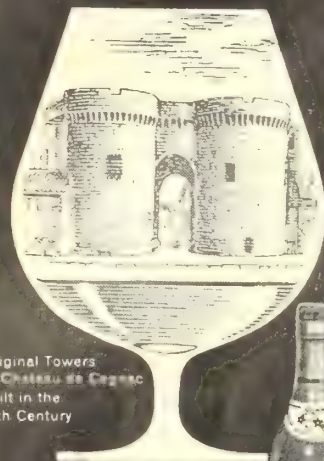
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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

and a yellow-belly—things like that."

It is his theory that the more he can enhearten the Conservative movement the more articulate it will be and thus the more influential, both in the 1964 Presidential election and meanwhile on Nixon himself. People, Goldwater says, have become afraid to say they are Conservative, and especially the older people. That is one reason he puts so much reliance on the young.

### HIS PROGRAM

WHAT does he think a Conservative is? These are some examples:

**Labor**—All-out support for so-called "right to work" legislation, which he denies is union-busting though he concedes its phoniness as a slogan. Nobody, as he sees it, can claim a right to work. What the program ought to be called, he says, is "voluntary unionism."

**Civil rights**—It is morally and ethically wrong to segregate white and Negro children in schools or elsewhere; segregation *does* result in inferior opportunity for Negroes. It is not, however, a proper federal function to force integration on the states. Congress should propose a Constitutional amendment reaffirming, as he puts it, or declaring, as others would put it, the exclusive right of the states in education.

**The filibuster rule**—He came to the Senate determined that whatever else he might do he would put his whole strength into ending the right of filibuster. His experience, however, has shown him that the filibuster is a powerful and desirable weapon for any minority, even though it is currently often used by a white Southern minority against the interests of another minority, the Negroes. He regards himself as a member of two minorities—as an all-out Conservative and as the son of a Jewish father.

(And, regretfully, he is compelled to deny historical validity to a wonderful anecdote widely attributed to him of which he deeply wishes he really were the author. The story goes that he was once denied membership in an Arizona golf club, which had the usual eighteen-hole course, on the ground that he was Jewish. His apocryphal reply was this: "Tell them that my mother was

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## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

JUNG IN KWAN'S  
TOTAL ASSETS

Christian; that I am therefore only half-Jewish, and that I will promise to play only nine holes of the course.

**Federal aid to education**—No, no, and no.

**States rights**—Here he has the traditional Southern position: that the federal government progressively usurps the rightful powers of the states. The present Supreme Court, he believes, has gone far beyond its Constitutional mandate.

**Foreign policy**—He distrusts and somewhat dislikes the United Nations: he would not have us withdraw but he would have us act openly and always to forward strictly American interests above any and all others. He supports NATO and the other Free World alliances; but he thinks we overvalue them. Moreover, he considers them far too "defensive" in nature: he favors an aggressive and offensive-minded American policy everywhere.

From such as this, however, one should not conclude that Goldwater is a xenophobe. On the contrary, he is in his way profoundly internationalist—that is, in his ideology. He is no intellectual isolationist: he corresponds regularly with research men of the Conservative party in Britain and with the conservative-minded in France.

He is aware, of course, that "Conservative" in England means something far different from his conception of Conservatism in the U. S. He rightly sees, however, that the survival problem of the Conservative party in Britain *vis-à-vis* the Labor party is in many ways similar to the problem of reviving and synthesizing American Conservatism against American Liberalism. So he is by no means chauvinistic toward the British Conservatives; he goes out of his way to get their advice on how to make Conservatism whatever its national brand—"respectable." (The word is his own.)

Unlike the last great Conservative leader in this country, the late Senator Taft, Goldwater is hospitable to ideas from any source. Taft had an extraordinary inability to listen to even the most brilliant of ideas—even on his side of the street—if it came from the "wrong" man. "Wrong" to Taft meant some undeniably eager fellow: any Democrat;

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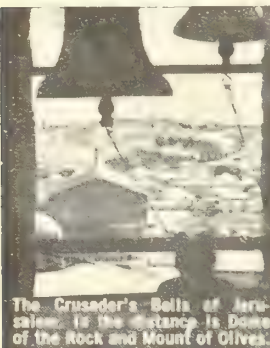
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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

or someone whose *general* intellectual equipment was suspect in Taft's mind.

Goldwater knows that a man may be good in one specialty if deplorably unlearned otherwise. Taft would never truly confide in a man who did not know, say, what Blackstone thought, even if that man could show him a guaranteed method of carrying Ohio for the Republicans.

### HIS BOILING POINT

THERE is also a second, and not inconsiderable, difference. Taft's boiling point was low and so was his tolerance (in the field of ideas but not of race or other human problems). Goldwater, a much more casual type, has greater tolerance, in every way. Perhaps because he is, in the whole sum, far more *assured* in all his views than was Taft, and far less introspective and shy. Pushed hard by the Liberals, Taft would all but physically give them the back of his hand. Pushed much harder by the Liberals—and this he has certainly been—Goldwater will go right on calmly arguing, in the genuine belief that they really do have a right to their convictions, however ill-formed they seem to him. In a word, he is far more fair-minded toward them than they are toward him.

When the late Senator Richard Neuberger, one of the true Liberals of our time, was dying of cancer, his most faithful correspondent was Barry Goldwater. Goldwater kept his ailing colleague (and friendly enemy) abreast of all that went on in the Senate while many of Neuberger's very Liberal colleagues found themselves too busy for the effort—a fact I did not discover from Senator Goldwater of Arizona.

Now, to repeat and to re-emphasize, I disagree with Barry Goldwater on many fundamental things—and not least that in his time he gave support to Joseph R. McCarthy. But it is necessary to say this, too: Goldwater was by no means alone in this; indeed, on the Republican side he was in a vast majority.

In order to balance the account one must recall also that one of this year's Presidential candidates, Nixon, long backed McCarthy and

that the other, Kennedy, said neither yea nor nay when the Senate moved at length, under conservative Democratic leadership, to condemn McCarthy. Kennedy, it is true, was ill and physically unable to be on hand to vote. But it is no good denying that he could have had a statement issued on his behalf making clear where he stood.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, if we are going to pursue people at this date for not having pursued McCarthy until it became safe to do so we shall have to chase a vast lot of them—including some famous Democratic "Liberals." (Personally, I make no bones about it: I think the McCarthy issue was a profound and memorable test of true Liberalism and true Conservatism alike. And, because my professional Liberal friends have never given me any credit for it but rather have been preoccupied with the terrible fact that I was born in Texas and have never apologized for it, I make bold to recall that I was one of those who *always* opposed McCarthy and McCarthyism in every way I could when many sainted Liberals I could name were very busy elsewhere.)

### WHEN THE STORM BROKE

AND, further as to McCarthyism—and I have dealt with it at some length because it *is* an important thing—there is this to be said of Goldwater: I never thought then, and don't now, that he perceived what many of us saw as the central point: the maintenance of the Bill of Rights. Too, having gone along with McCarthy when McCarthy was riding high, Goldwater was at least one who stood there to the end, even after McCarthyism had been overwhelmingly rejected. He sought no storm cellar when the hurricane broke at last; he stood his ground.

Finally, I am trying here to describe—and not to psychoanalyze the motives of—a new, a possibly wrong-headed, but a clearly attractive political personality. I have long uncomfortably suspected that Conservatism—with or without the prefix "ultra"—doesn't get too fair a hearing among many of us. I hope Goldwater gets such a hearing; I think he is entitled to it—and that, even more, the country is entitled to it.

# *the new* BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The Problems of the Young and Some Recent Novels

**I**N *Growing Up Absurd* (Random House, \$4.50) Paul Goodman nominally tackles the subject of juvenile delinquency, though he is actually concerned with the larger problem of the place of men in contemporary society, specifically American society. Goodman's argument is elaborate and often ingenious in detail, but essentially simple. Modern society offers little work that is manly, he says; most work is a rat race run by Organization Men in an Organization World. Some young men cannot endure the rat race and resign from it to become Beatniks; a good many boys do not see any place for themselves in the Organization World and become juvenile delinquents. The cure for the discontent for the young American male is more manly work. (Presumably more manly work would be acceptable to older American males, too, but Goodman is not much concerned with their plight.) Goodman is not very clear on where more manly work is to come from; apparently a guilty society must simply awaken to its duty and create it by fiat.

There is no fault to be found with such an argument. It is one of those insights into society that occur at such a high level of abstraction that it is beyond dispute. Undoubtedly the world would be a vastly happier place if every man had a job that was personally rewarding, that contributed to the welfare of society in a way that he could readily understand, and that satisfied his own conception of himself as a man. But then the world would also be a happier place if we all loved one another, and universal satisfaction in work seems hardly less easy to achieve than universal love.

It is possible, however, to point out some weaknesses in Goodman's argument as it is presented, as well as some remarkable strengths. First some weaknesses.

Goodman strikes me as a rather sentimental analyst of society. This appears for one place in his style. He regularly refers to the discontented young people that he discusses as "youth" or "kids" (a favorite word) or "lads" or "fellows"—

all rather soft, dignity-sapping words for boys and young men. Over against the "kids" stands an antecedentless "they," the enemy, presumably older people, society, that is depriving them of their rights.

This stylistic lapse arises from Goodman's conception of human nature, which he sees as exclusively gentle, kindly, meaning no harm. But society too must be a product of human nature (there is nowhere else for it to come from), and its faults must be in some way expressive of human limitations. For instance, Goodman excoriates the present situation in the building trades, trades which, he says, should be a major source of manly work for the "kids" and are not because they have been ruined by the desire to make money on the part of developers, owners, union officials, and so on. But surely the profit motive is a part of human nature, and to pretend that it is somehow something that a malevolent society puts over on a kindly, innocent human nature is sentimentality.

*Growing Up Absurd* suffers too from a failure to consider the problem historically. American history has given us an ideal of masculinity based upon the self-sufficient frontiersman or the sturdily independent farmer, and motion pictures and television keep alive this ideal for present generations. But it has little to do with the way most American men now make a living, with the result that boys often grow up with an idea of what constitutes a man's work that is far from reality.

In the longer perspective of Western history there has been, over the last several hundred years, a tremendous breakdown in social specialization, which we tend to forget about because there has been at the same time an increase in economic and intellectual specialization. (For example, in many older societies, to be a soldier was a career in itself and lasted a lifetime. Now a young man is expected to be a soldier along with fulfilling several other social roles.) Even in the lifetime of many people still living, there has been an enormous decrease in social differentiation between men and women; not only have there been public changes like women get-



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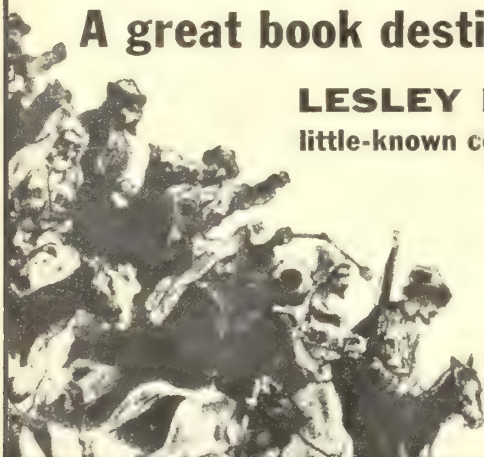
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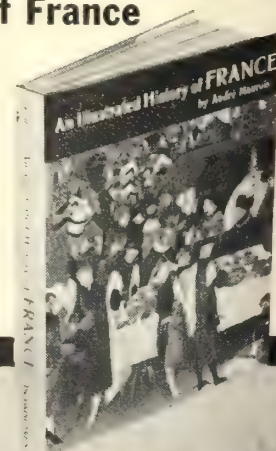
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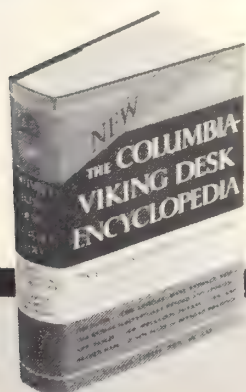
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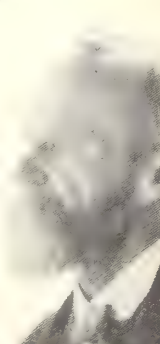
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ting the vote and the right to serve in public office and the armed services, but there have been all sorts of erosion of difference in private life—the cut and color of many of their clothes, the work they do, their vocabularies, even their jewelry, have become more alike.

Against this increasing similarity between the sexes, Goodman asserts an ideal of masculinity that is at bottom feudal, chivalric; he wants young men to have careers based upon honor and faith and a sense of vocation. But at the same time he wants a society whose ideals are liberty, equality, and fraternity, and it was by trying to realize those ideals that society crushed feudalism and destroyed chivalry.

Goodman is at his best when he is most concrete. His discussion of the Beatniks is the most penetrating that I have seen, not only because he has observed them closely and intelligently but also because he combines critical judgment with a real sympathy for their effort to build a life after their own pattern. He thinks that most art produced by the Beatniks is of no interest and most of their intellectual pretensions absurd, and he finds their unfocused use of language in conversation tedious and boring. At the same time he has a good deal of admiration for their more easygoing ways and their attempt to embrace poverty in the present high-consumption society.

Much more could and should be said in praise of *Growing Up Absurd*, but the essential point in its favor is simple. Goodman's mind is always alive, always concerned. Even when he repeats himself or rants at Organization Men or indulges in sentimental generalizations about youth, he is always trying to get at something, and when he writes of his own firsthand observations of delinquent boys he is excellent.

#### LEARNED DISCOURSES

**The Process of Education** by Jerome S. Bruner (Harvard University Press, \$2.75) is an attempt to approach certain problems of young people in society from another, and much more conventional, point of view, but it is not just another book deploring the low standards of American high schools. Rather, it is the report of a conference held at Woods Hole last year, when about thirty-five distinguished scholars, mostly scientists, came together to discuss how the teaching of science and mathematics in American schools could be improved.

Fortunately, the conferees started with some fairly elementary but important underlying concepts of education, and perhaps the most useful service *The Process of Education* performs is to strike what it can only be hoped will be a death-blow at certain ideas that for too long have held an honored place in discussions of the educational process.

The chapter on "The Importance of Structure" is a particularly good example. For a long time educational thought was dominated by the notion that there is no such thing as transfer of training, that is, that study of geometry or Latin did not train the mind in some abstract, general way; the argument was often summarized with the remark that the mind is not a muscle and so cannot be strengthened by exercise. But more recent research has shown that training is transferred when the student is led to see general patterns—structure—in the material he studies. So the educational process is not so hopeless as it once seemed; there is a chance of such a thing as a trained mind.

The book also attacks the concept of "readiness," that is, the idea, popular among some theorists, that the student should not be taught a subject until he is ready for it. The sweeping conclusion of the conferees is that any subject can be taught to any child at any age, provided that adequate attention is paid to the psychological development of the child. This may be true in some sense, and certainly some striking examples of how scientific and mathematical material can be presented to very young students are adduced by the scholars in this book, but a teacher who had to present *Antony and Cleopatra* to first-graders would not be in an enviable position.

*The Process of Education* is rather unsatisfactory whenever it touches on teaching outside science and mathematics; it has certain shortcomings that seem to be inevitable in conference reports, including a prose style that sounds as if it were trying to please too many people. But anyone who cares about new developments in American education will find it well worth reading.

**Life: Its Dimensions and Its Bounds** by Robert M. MacIver (Harper, \$3) is also a report on a conference of scientists, but in this instance the conference is imaginary and so are the scientists; what MacIver has written is a series of fictional conversations among men of learning on the general subject of what science has to tell us about the meaning of life.

MacIver brings an extraordinarily broad store of information to this discussion, and a fine gift for clear exposition of complex material. The book is very rewarding as it goes along in its information and argument, its play of mind and aptness of illustration. Yet in the end a reader may find himself still puzzled to know what science has to tell us about the meaning of life, if anything.

For the biologist participating in the imaginary conversations the meaning of life is nothing more than its manifestations: "What we know of life is simply its expressions in the innumerable forms of living things." But the other par-

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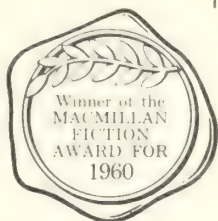


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ticipants are dissatisfied with this answer; they tend to agree that life is what we experience it as being in ourselves rather than what we see it as being in other living things.

MacDyott attempts to do this by observing and recording the life as experienced by building up a chain of characteristics shared by most living things starting with reproduction, moving up through consciousness, and on to a capacity for creative change. All this sounds a good deal like the idea of creative evolution as popularized by Bergson, Slosser, and many others at the turn of the century, a beautiful concept that gives imaginative coherence to the whole complex of living things, but is not, very certainly, what science tells us about the meaning of life.

#### A TRIP TO THE PAST

**Goodbye to a River** by John Graves (Knopf, \$1.50) is one of the most unusual books to come along in some time, and one of the most winning. It is an account of three weeks in the late autumn of 1957 that Graves spent alone in a canoe on the Brazos River in West Texas.

Graves grew up along the Brazos and knew it well as a boy, so that when he learned that it was to be altered by the construction of a series of dams he decided to take one last trip to say goodbye. His book is the result, but it is the result of more than a trip, for behind the narrative lies a long and devoted study of the history and everything else that pertains to the region.

The Brazos flows through land that was never much good, and the first settlers quickly exhausted the strength of the soil, leaving it to erode and waste in various ways. But some of their descendants still linger, very Southern in their speech, their passionate fundamentalist Protestantism, their proud poverty. They take out a living in nooks and crannies of the inhospitable land; when the dams come they will go. Some of the land is being reclaimed by bulldozers, and even now there are large pecan groves along the river, the landed wealth of big-city money.

Of all the earlier inhabitants of the Brazos region Graves is most

fascinated by the Comanches, the wonderfully bold and ruthless Indians who roamed by horse (they were superb riders) over a large expanse of the Southwest in the middle of the last century. There are many tales of their courage, and later they were succeeded by bands of pseudo-Indians, white men who found it convenient to masquerade as Indians, taking justice in their own hands.


Not least of the pleasures of *Goodbye to a River* is the account of the trip itself—the encounters with wild life, the hunting and fishing, the daily round of sustaining life alone, often in bad weather (it seems to have rained most of the time Graves was on the river), an occasional conversation with a solitary fisherman or farmer or the proprietor of a crossroads store and service station.

Graves writes extremely well. At the beginning of the book the prose is so relaxed as to seem almost mannered, but as the account goes on it becomes apparent that the language conveys the quiet inconclusive quality of the days on the river with remarkable directness. Graves takes no sides on the changes that face the Brazos: he realizes that the land is not much good as it stands and that the dams on the river will be in many ways beneficial to the region. Yet indirectly his book is a plea for leaving some parts of America as they are, economically useless though they may be, and for leaving odd corners of the land for people (rural Beatniks perhaps) who want to live to themselves and in their own way.

*Goodbye to a River* is agreeably illustrated in pen and ink by Russell Waterhouse, and the map is rewardingly detailed. The book is unclassifiable—part history, part travel, part nature writing, part reflection—but that is not likely to prevent it from becoming a minor classic of meditation on the changing American landscape.

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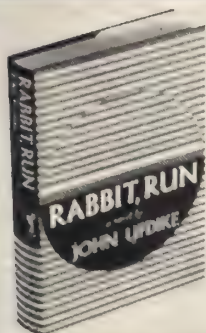
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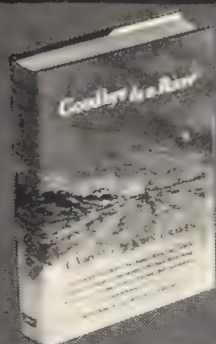


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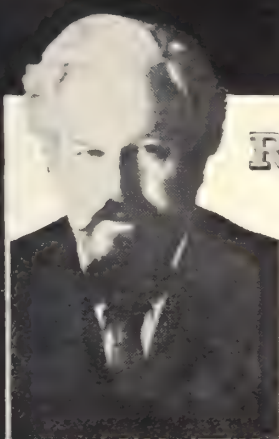
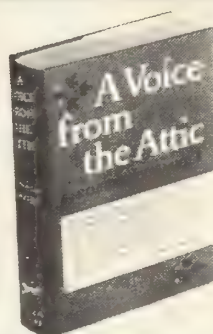


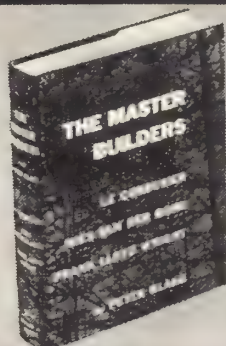
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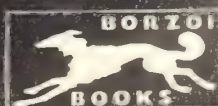
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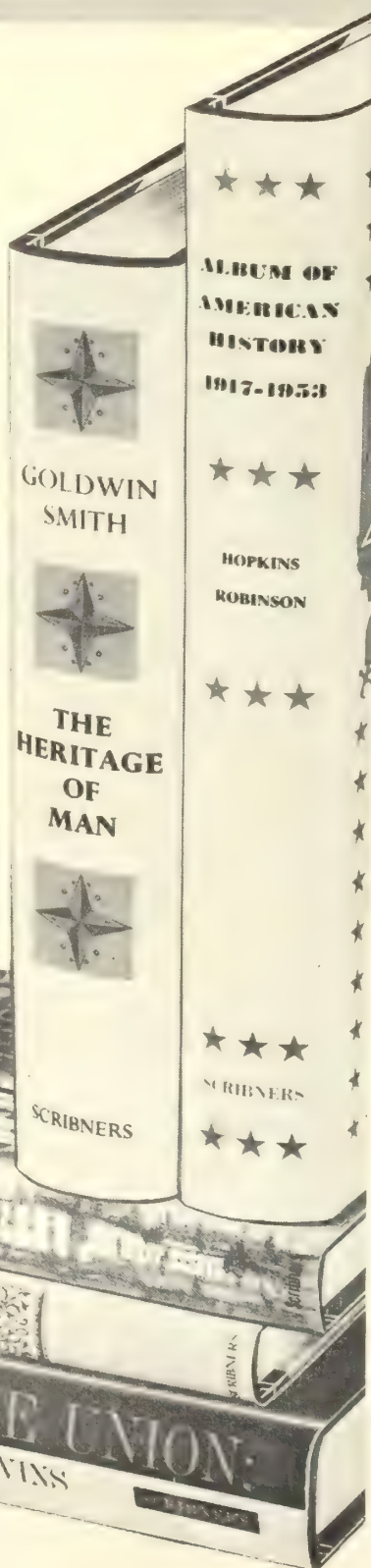
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## THE NEW BOOKS

rule in India was tottering to a close and riots between the religious communities, Hindu and Moslem, were beginning to break out. Most of the main characters are young Americans, either attached to the consulate or representing American business.

The theme of the novel is indicated by the title. Kali is the black goddess of destruction, whose tongue drips blood and whose necklace is made of skulls, dancing triumphantly over the prostrate corpse of her divine consort Siva. Yet she is also "the Divine Mother from whom all things proceed and who lovingly gathers all things together in death for the next in the countless creations (and destructions) of the world." Kali is used as a symbol of India, and of the primeval destructiveness of life that the sheltered young Americans confront there.

The idea of taking a group of characters out of a protected environment and setting them down in a place more primitive and passionate and ambiguous than they are accustomed to is not of course new. It is almost the standard pattern of the novel dealing with the Englishman and the American abroad, and it has become a familiar fictional device for showing off the now predictable innocence, moral simplicity, and impatience of the milk-fed American.

But it must be said that Towers employs this device well. He is less interested in the public or political significance of the encounter between American brashness and ancient wisdom than he is in the private and personal. Jarred out of their accustomed ways by their encounter with the strange country, his characters discover in themselves new capacities for going off the track, for erosion of personality, for evil. As often happens in novels of this sort, the reader at the end has a feeling that he has been promised some image of ultimate human depravity that has not quite been revealed, that ancient Calcutta has not provided a setting for much more in the way of nervous breakdowns, drunkenness, and unhappy sexual relations than New York could offer. But to raise the question is to call in doubt many books besides Towers' about Americans abroad.

Towers writes well, with a particu-

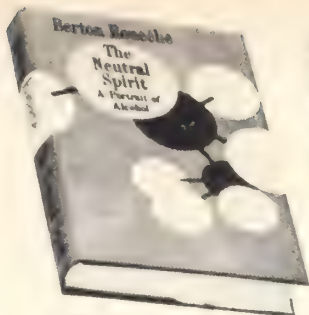
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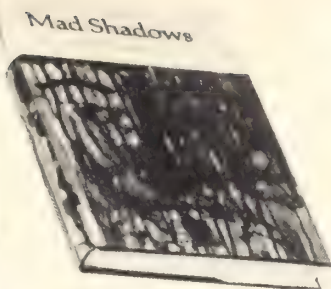




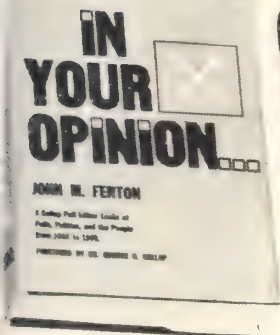
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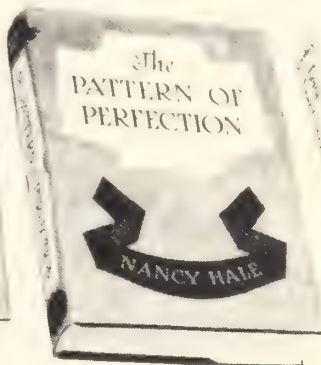
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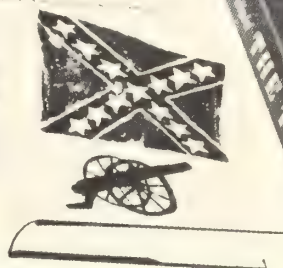


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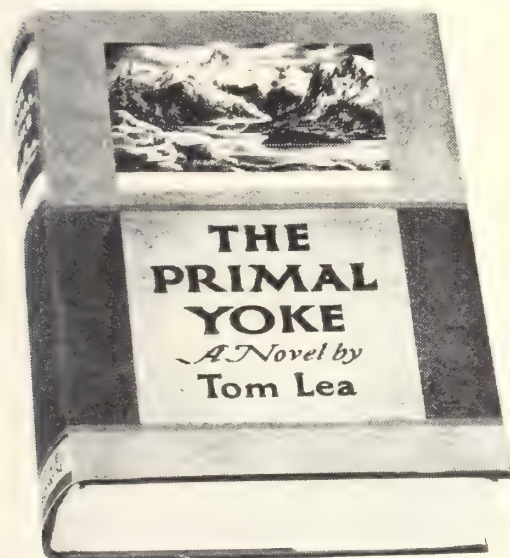
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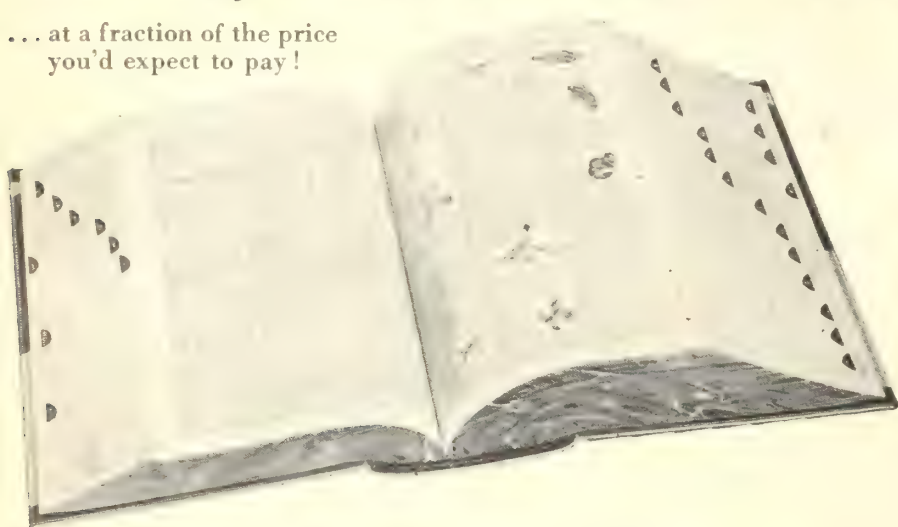
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## THE NEW BOOKS

lar gift for description. His account  
of a short trip his chief character  
takes to Benares is particularly vivid  
and telling.

**The Lilacs Overgrow** by a Chinese  
novelist who writes in English, Lin  
Tai-yi (World, \$4.50), is set in China  
at about the same time that *The  
Necklace of Kali* takes place in India  
—that is, in the period between the  
end of the second world war and the  
victory of the Chinese Communists.  
But Miss Lin is more interested in  
politics than Towers is, though she  
presents her politics entirely in  
human terms, and very beautifully  
too.

Most of the main characters be-  
long to the family of Wong Sankuo,  
who as a young man introduced  
Western educational ideas to China  
and has had a long career as Min-  
ister of Education and a leading in-  
tellectual. His only son is studying  
philosophy in far-off America, and  
to fill his household his wife brings  
back to Shanghai from her native  
Amoy two nieces in their late teens.  
Soon they receive a visitor from  
America, young Mung Kaiming, a  
minor consular employee who pur-  
ports to be a friend of their son and  
soon becomes a suitor for one of the  
nieces. Wong is delighted with young  
Kaiming; he recognizes his immense  
ability and sees in him a fellow-  
creature, since both men have started  
from the humblest beginnings and  
made something of themselves.

But young Kaiming is not a fel-  
low-creature of Minister Wong. He  
is privately convinced that the  
morality that the older man believes  
in is nothing more than his way of  
protecting his privileges. Kaiming  
is a Communist, sure in his own  
mind that the only motives in a  
human being are economic. He mar-  
ries the niece, largely as a way of  
solving his tangled financial affairs  
back in New York, and once he and  
his bride get back there he begins to  
milk the Wong family for any money  
he can get. But Minister Wong  
characteristically sees the problem as  
moral, and in the struggle of wills  
and outlooks between him and  
Kaiming the niece is destroyed.

This brief summary is a long way  
from doing justice to the complexity  
of Miss Lin's story or to the fair-  
ness with which she portrays Wong



Paper Style (right) — same in con-  
tent, but half the thickness and weight.





# The Swivel Chair

Every published author who writes for the general public is exposed to a series of shocks when his book is discussed in print. It is described to him in quasi-confidential trade ads, in wholly candid tip sheet services, in library ratings and catalogue listings, in literary magazines, metropolitan newspapers, letters from colleagues, editorial columns, TV panels and intimate feature stories. From this deluge he learns what he meant to write is quite another book, that what he thought was good is bad and what was bad is brilliant, that the title is blind and the blurb misleading and the lack of an index deplorable.

He is told that reviewers were unable to put it down, will never forget it and find it suitable for small libraries.

He is hailed as Jamesian in style, Dickensian in detail, biblical in simplicity, fast-paced, vibrant and promising — and (in fiction and nonfiction) as the new Hemingway.

Out of this the publisher winnows all that is truest and best for his ads, honorably indicating the omission of material too lengthy or too scabrous to be quoted.

Here are some good books seen through the eyes of some of the best of the critics.

**Let Us Now Praise Famous Men**, by **James Agee and Walker Evans** • "One of the extraordinary, one of the great books of our time is again in print . . . Evans' photographs are magnificent, all of the old ones and most of the new ones, completely free from any suspicion of artiness, starkly honest . . . Agee has taken us into the lives of other people, as the great novelists and dramatists have always done, so deeply that we find ourselves, and in the discovery we are somehow transformed." *Granville Hicks, Saturday Review*

**The House of Five Talents**, A NATIONAL BESTSELLER by **Louis Auchincloss** • "This is literature at its highest, on the most serious level, which is both illuminating and amusing as it examines a very special slice of high-life . . . It is possible that Mr. Auchincloss is unmatched by any other American writer in his brilliance of phrasing and in his ability to sum up a character in a deft, succinct sentence or two . . . As his readers have come to expect, every Auchincloss sentence is turned into literary gold; on nearly every page there is an observation incisive enough to provoke a gasp of recognition from the reader. His latest novel is rich in every sense." *Gerald Walker, Cosmopolitan Magazine*

**Prosper**, by **Pati Hill** • "Prosper is a book that could have been written only by someone deeply immersed both in the French countryside and the stylistic tradition of the French novel. The effect is uncanny. Though the setting is contemporary, the book reads as though it were a previously unpublished work by Stendhal or Maupassant, translated with exquisite skill into English." *Chad Walsh, New York Times Book Review*

**For Innocents Only** by **Richard Dohrman** • "Mr. Dohrman's second novel is an absorbing, highly intelligent story of the inner and outer life of a group of people, some distinctly American, all remarkably compelling . . . The core and beauty of the story lies in the author's deep understanding of the way each of his human beings affects the others. Even at their most honest moments

they are uniquely, often tragically, separated by the different paths of their consciousness — and yet they reach out and sometimes touch. Through his story, we share the changing emotions and attitudes of people growing, feeling, compromising and rejecting life. Some of his people are heroic creations yet they are hewn from our time and our dilemmas. There is consummate skill in delineating character through the spoken word. An intuitive knowledge of life sets this novel apart from the general run. Here is a young novelist who has a vision of life beneath its multifaced complexity. The glitter doesn't distract him — he goes to the heart of the matter, to what he believes makes men and women strong and full of affirmation." *Virginia Kirkus in a pre-publication review*

**Summoned by Bells** by **John Betjeman** — which has the honor of being the first autobiography in verse to be published by *The New Yorker* • "I abandon all the usual literary equivocations and call it a masterpiece. It has, as we would expect, its hilarious passages, it exhibits Betjeman's characteristic peculiarities of vision, it surrounds the prosaic objects of childhood with wonder. Yet at the heart of it all a situation and conflict such as the poet has never attempted before, the classic trinity of overbearing father, overwhelmed mother, and rebellious son . . . This superb poem is an act of reparation, and perhaps justification to his dead parents." *Leonard Russell, The Sunday Times*



**The Politics of Upheaval**, A NATIONAL BESTSELLER by **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.** • "The first and, in many ways, the most masterly achievement of Mr. Schlesinger is his combination of the historian's viewpoint 'above the battle' and the reporter's eye of the contemporary witness. So perfectly is the atmosphere of those exciting years conveyed, so much do those of us who can remember them smell and feel the battles of those days, that it is hard to realize that the author was then a boy." *D. W. Brogan, New York Times Book Review*

**The Lean Years** by **Irving Bernstein** • "It will make a major contribution to understanding of the labor movement by underscoring the great changes that have taken place in labor, government and management in the volatile field of unionism . . . A valuable piece of work." *Joseph M. Gambatese, Chicago Sunday Tribune*

**The Liberal Hour** A NATIONAL BESTSELLER by **John Kenneth Galbraith** • "A barbed and witty style, a malicious joy in puncturing the orotund profundities of the Conventional Wisdom, an outrageous propensity to call spades spades continue to mark Professor Galbraith's approach to life. If he were not so unpardonably lucid, he might easily be called the most persuasive economist anywhere of the American scene . . . But beneath the facade of wit and banter, the book serves as well another end. It is a contribution, albeit in a small way, to a nineteenth-century pastime which shows some signs of enjoying a revival in our nation. This pastime is called thinking." *Robert Heilbroner, New York Herald Tribune Book Review*



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## THE NEW BOOKS

and Kaiming. Both men are in the right as they see it; both have led hard lives and earned the right to their beliefs; neither is simply the stalking horse for an ideology. In fact, Miss Lin's great gift for characterization preserves the book from any danger of becoming a stark allegory of contemporary China. Every character is seen from his or her own point of view, and the women are at least as vividly presented as the men. In fact, the character who is likely to linger longest in the reader's memory is Chuli, Minister Wong's wife, a superb portrait of a woman who, beneath her little pretensions, is all feeling, all womanly force.

*The Lilacs Overgrown* is a very good novel.

## BACK IN AMERICA

JAMES PURDY has recently acquired a substantial reputation as one of the more promising among younger American writers, on the basis of a book of short stories and a previous novel, but his new novel, *The Nephew* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.95), is something of a disappointment.

The idea on which the book is based is excellent. A retired old-maid schoolteacher and her widower-brother, who live together in a small Middle Western town, receive word that their beloved nephew, who had made his home with them for a number of years, is missing in action in the Korean war. The message makes the old aunt realize how little she had known the nephew, for all her love for him, and she resolves to interview his friends in an effort to piece together what his life was really like and to write a kind of memorial to him, like Isis piecing together the fragments of her dismembered lord.

But the subject is developed very amateurishly. There turns out to be very little to know about the dead nephew, and most of the book consists of not very skillful padding—long and notably pointless conversations between the aunt and uncle and various neighbors and friends. Elaborate episodes lead to nothing. The characterization is not incisive and most of the characters bear only the slightest resemblance to the kinds of people who actually live in small

Middle Western towns. Even the writing is gawky, occasionally sliding over into mild illiteracy. ("What do you know about Professor Mannheim?" Alma asked Boyd a few days later as they sat gazing absently at different sections of the *Sentinel*, and from which Alma occasionally would snip with her shears a column for her files.")

ON the other hand, Mary Lee Settle's *Know Nothing* (Viking, \$4.95) is one of the best American historical novels I have read in some time. It is a fully and carefully imagined chronicle of a plantation family during the years 1837-61 in what is now West Virginia.

The title refers to the political movement of "native Americanism" that flourished at the time, but it also describes a good deal of the style of life on the plantation. The elders of the family try to ignore the worsening problem of slavery, both for the nation and themselves, and the young people are brought up with falsely romantic views of themselves and the world they live in.

The family involved are the Catletts, amply provided with aunts and cousins, with "people" (slaves), with immigrant Irish workers to do the skilled labor, and with lands along the Great Kanawha River. They are, on the whole, well-meaning and kindly people, but they are helplessly lost in an economic system that they must defend even as the more intelligent among them know that it is destroying them.

The narrative center of the novel is the love affair between young Johnny Catlett and his distant cousin Melinda, a relationship doomed to tragedy by the way the young people have been brought up, the expectations they have been taught to bring to love and marriage.

But *Know Nothing* is by no means an entirely tragic book. Though its general course is tragic, Miss Settle has a fine satirical eye for family snobbery and pride of place, for the patronizing by Tidewater Virginia of the upstart counties in the West. It is the second of a series of novels Miss Settle is writing on the early history of West Virginia, but it can be read without any acquaintance with its predecessor, and it is well worth reading.

The problem of measuring similarity lies at the heart of many studies in medical research. Now IBM has developed a computer technique to help scientists uncover important similarities among disease symptoms. Charles Darwin spent 22 years analyzing the information he gathered on a single trip around the world. Ironically enough, the truth he sought was obscured by the mountains of data he had collected. ■ In a modern attack on Darwin's dilemma, IBM mathematicians have found a way of using a computer to speed the search for similarities in great masses of information. The computer compares each item of data with every other. It creates a logical system of classification and often reveals elusive relationships. ■ Doctors at a New York hospital are now using this method to study certain blood diseases and their complex symptom patterns. The same principle may be valuable in information retrieval systems of the future, which will provide easy access to millions of documents. ■ By using computers and data processing systems to deal with gigantic data problems, scientists and businessmen alike can now find solutions that would otherwise remain hidden.

**IBM**

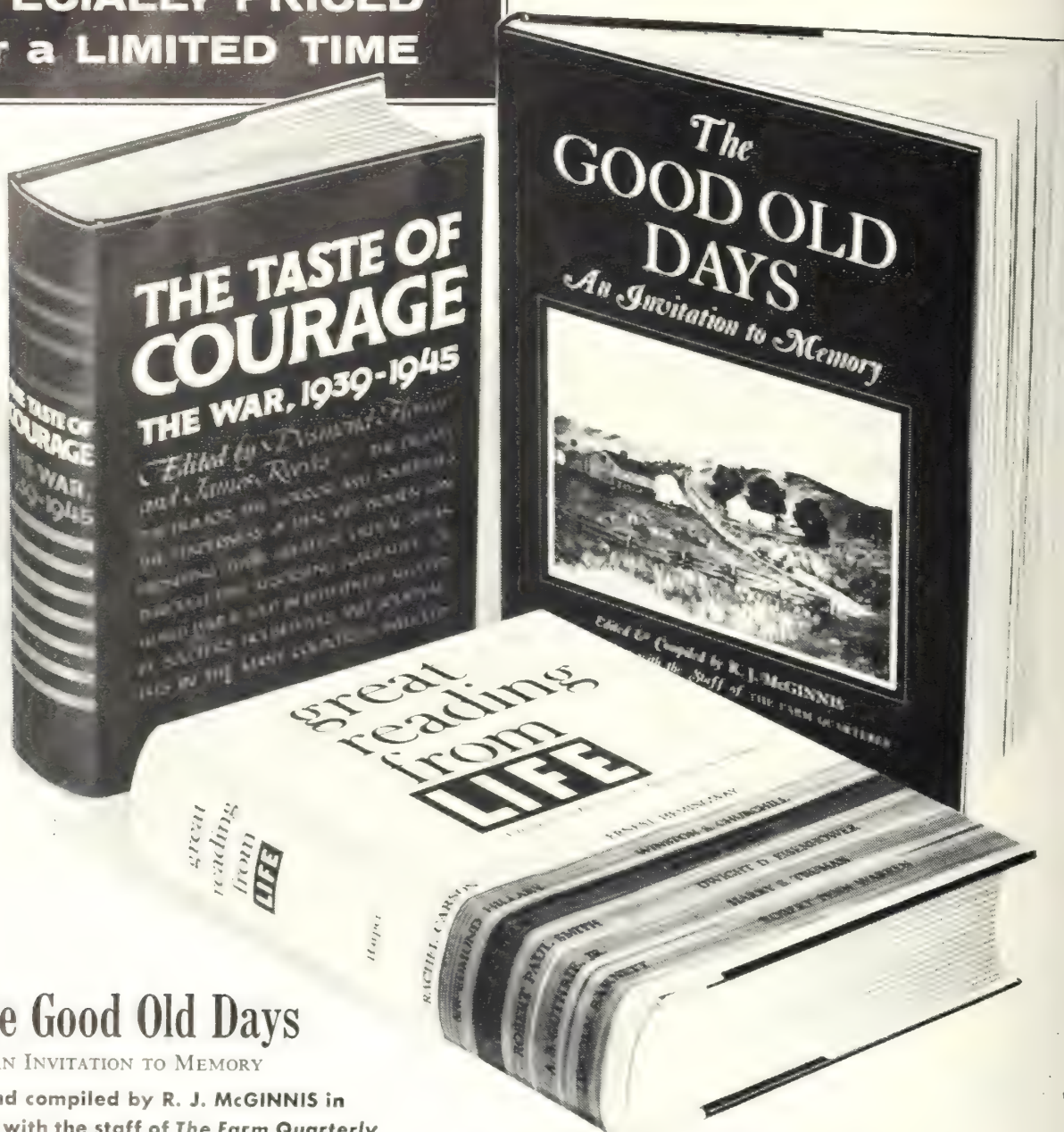
they're alike...but how much alike?





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# BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

## FICTION

**Moderato Cantabile**, by Marguerite Duras. Translated by Richard Seaver.

This "novel" written by the scenario-writer of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" is to this reader much less intelligible than the prize-winning picture. Some of the technique is the same. The past is resurrected through contemporary conversation, this time between a worker in the foundries and the wife of a rich factory owner as they talk in stolen hours in a bar in a French seaport town. There are moments of poetic intensity and revelation. There are repetitions that weave a verbal spell but, in contrast with the movie, I never felt that either the contemporary situation or the revealed past was of enough significance—even to the participants—to warrant the obscurity of motivation. But what visual and sensual awareness is here! Perhaps this abbreviated form is the novel of the future? . . . Evergreen original paperback. Grove, \$1.75

**Prosper**, by Pati Hill.

Although the author in this case is an American, here is another novel entirely French in its setting and mood, this time a rural farming community. Here again the parts are more impressive than the whole, for the story is told in a series of anecdotes or episodes, some from one point of view, some from another. One episode, telling of the boy Prosper's affair with a middle-aged widow, could stand as a classic tragedy by itself but it seems to have no effect whatever on the hero, who goes on apparently untouched to other rural and amorous adventures. There is a wonderful Jean-Giono feeling for land and countryside and for local characters, but Prosper himself seems to move from year to year with as little emotion as the seasons. Again, perhaps this is a new-old genre of understatement, but it asks a good deal of the reader.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3

**Where the High Winds Blow**, by David Walker.

A romantic story of the Arctic that begins with two men—partners—

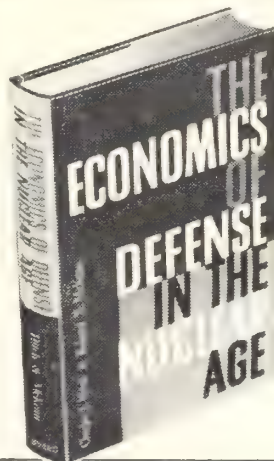
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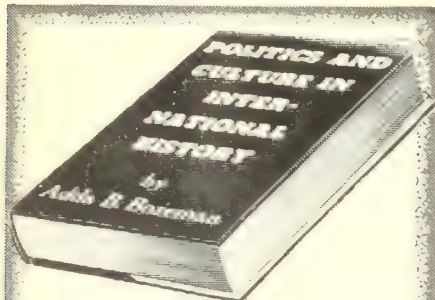
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and a woman in a cabin at the mouth of the Canadian Mackenzie River "where the North begins." One man takes the other's wife, goes back to civilization to become rich and prosperous on his prospectings, raises a conventional family, but never is free from the pull of the north country. The climax of the story is reached when he takes his daughter back to the Arctic with him and later sets out alone for "the small far islands called Nunangiyak," the dream world and never, never land of his old partner. It makes a large family saga involving interesting details of the spectacularly changing North, by the author of *Geordie* and *Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy*. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95

**The Temptation of Don Volpi**, by Alfred Hayes.

This book by the author of *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* contains "The Temptation of Don Volpi," which the publishers call a novel but which I call a novella because of its fifty-six short pages, and two other stories, "The Gondola" and "The Beach at Ocean View." The first is the story of an Italian priest's struggle with the flesh set off by the reappearance of a girl for whom he had tried to kill himself ten years before. It is told in the first person by a GI who meets Don Volpi in Italy just before being mustered out at the end of World War II.

The second is more complicated—a lawyer's struggle to get a vagrant young couple to confess to the truth of what happened on a night when the girl had been raped in a freight car. The lives of two Negro boys are at stake. Again the narrator is part of the story, this time the lawyer.

The third one is harder to describe without giving it away, but it is about death and a child and here the narrator is the mother of the child.

They are all three violently emotional stories, tense with the tension of poetry, and marvelously real in their very different settings. Of the three, "Don Volpi" seems to me the most successful, perhaps because the narrator is less involved, more in the background. In the second story the lawyer seems a self-conscious and occasionally uncomfortable storyteller. He seems a too

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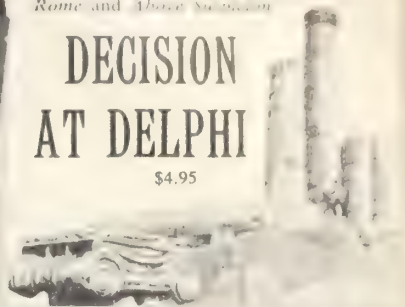


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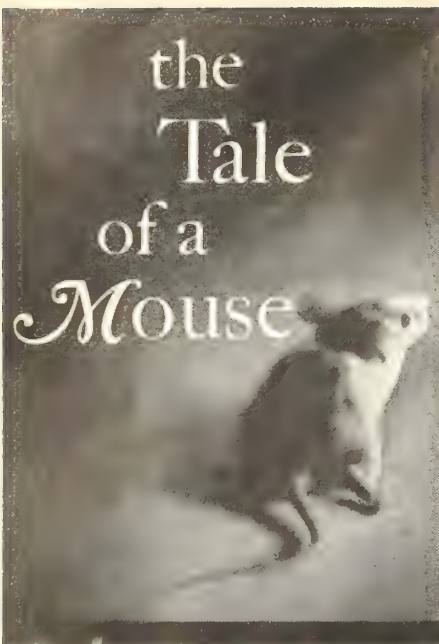
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obvious and not too credible device. In the third I couldn't believe in the mother at all—or at any rate I couldn't believe it possible that she felt as she is supposed to feel and could still tell the story as she tells it.

Atheneum, \$3.50

**New England Gothic**, by Addison Allen.

A fictionalized recreation of one of the most sensational double murders ever to rock a New England village. It all happened in a small town in Maine (here called South Parish) in the 1930s. It had everything. It involved a boy-girl romance and incest—and the victims as well as the murderer were all leading members of the community. Though surely not a literary masterpiece this is a credible interpretation and a well-put-together tale, and it will make a spellbound evening any time.

Chilton, \$3.95

#### NON-FICTION

**The Saving Remnant: An Account of Jewish Survival**, by Herbert Agar.

Reading this history of the Jews since the end of World War I and the story of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, which has done so much to see that any history or any Jews remain, is an extraordinary experience. In the first place, as a non-Jew one learns so much in a few dramatic pages of a history and culture which have endured stubbornly and magnificently through centuries of persecution. There are horror and melodrama here—how could there not be?—but the relentless piling of fact on fact, especially in the Hitler era when the world couldn't or wouldn't believe what was happening until too late and Eichmann's "final solution" was well under way, adds up finally to an almost triumphant revelation of human physical and spiritual endurance. And the stories of how the Committee (familiarily called "The Joint" all over Europe) got through—as an organization and as individuals—to the trouble spots are not only heroic but as ingenious and exciting as any pieces of international intrigue I've read about. There is history of the organization here too: its financial operations; its self-help philosophy; its attitudes on and

place in Israel; the institutions of self-help it has set up around the world. But this is all told as part of a continuing and living narrative. As the author says in his preface, the title "is taken from the Biblical phrase, *Sheerith Hapletah*. A literal translation would be 'the Surviving Remnant': but in Europe after the Second War the words came to mean, as they had always meant, Chaim Weizmann, the Remnant which would save and accomplish the ancient dream of Israel." Mr. Agar is author of the Pulitzer-Prize winning *The People's Choice* and *Time for Greatness*. Viking,

**Good-by, My Son**, by Arthur Woods.

A parent's story of his son's drift into schizophrenia and the entire family's experience with mental illness and mental institutions. The whole picture is here from the beginning, written in the hope that it can warn others of danger signals that may be caught before the illness comes to the advanced state that "Jim's" reached before his family realized what was happening. As the father tells it it is a touching story of admitted mistakes, of family solidarity, of financial and other sacrifice, of courage and confusion. As must always be the case in this kind of human document there are some unanswered questions, but it is a most honest attempt to flag a warning to others in trouble, and this it does convincingly. Harper, \$

**Total Recoil**, by Kyle Crichton.

Mr. Crichton has written a subtitle heading to his title and I let him speak for himself: "A reckless gathering—opinions and anecdotes, rash judgments and excursions into the mine fields of the literary and entertainment past." He begins with his experiences as an editor of the old *Scribner's Magazine* when Tom Wolfe and Max Perkins, Bob Sherwood and Erskine Caldwell, Ernest Hemingway, James T. Farrell, and Scott Fitzgerald wandered in and out of his office. My secretarial desk was just outside that office for several years of the time he describes; and reading the book gives me for the second time a real fly-on-the-wall feeling, but as that fly I know that his descriptions of these literary



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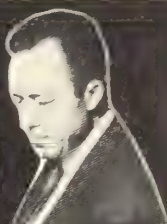
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

figures are extremely good. recreations of Perkins' "conventions" are better than any I have ever read; his descriptions of stories of Tom Wolfe less so, perhaps because so many others have already been published and Elizabeth Nowell's fine biography has come out since this was written. . . . From the Scribner beginning, Mr. Critton wanders backward in time to early days as a coal miner's son through political experiences in New Mexico, and forward again to meetings and friendships with Hollywood and Broadway folk as part of his work as editor of *Collier's*. It's all bits and pieces but the author is a born storyteller and you can pick this up anywhere for a laugh. He has written *The Marx Brothers* and adapted "The Happiest Millionaire" for Broadway. Doubleday, \$3.

## Two Plays, by William Gibson.

It is good to have "Dinny and the Witches" and "The Miracle Worker" under the same roof, so to speak, but it is even better to have them *AND* Mr. Gibson's preface called "A Hit and a Flop"—a most illuminating, amusing, and thoughtful discussion of writing for today's theatre. (Readers will want to compare this with Arthur Miller's interview on page 63.) It is worth the price of admission just to read what he says about the difference in the two plays as far as he, the author, is concerned.

The most notable difference to me was in their origin. I was of course happy that one was a hit, and not happy that the other was not, but neither feeling ran too deep; the extremes of failure and success in the theatre are pathological, and perhaps equally destructive to its artists, each of whom must bring his own umbrella against the onslaught. Mine was the fact that the early play ["Dinny"] was born from the inside out, a matter of art, good or bad, and the later ["Miracle"] from the outside in, a matter of craft, good or bad, and under the knowledge of that difference I could weather the compliments with as little credence as the insults.

I have never read a neater description of the difference between "art" and "craft" in literature.

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**Journey Into Crime**, by Don Whitehead.

Mr. Whitehead, who is the author of *The FBI Story*, traveled 30,000 miles to inspect the police systems of nearly all the countries of the world and to collect these weird, grisly, and crisply-told horror stories, which go to prove in an awesome way that crime, like love, makes all the world kin. Murder, rape, robbery, counterfeiting, kidnaping seem to have the same motivations from "Washington to Ankara, from Scotland Yard to Saigon." Random House, \$3.95

Two very different books about the fashion business and the fashion world, by two superior women of that world, have appeared this fall.

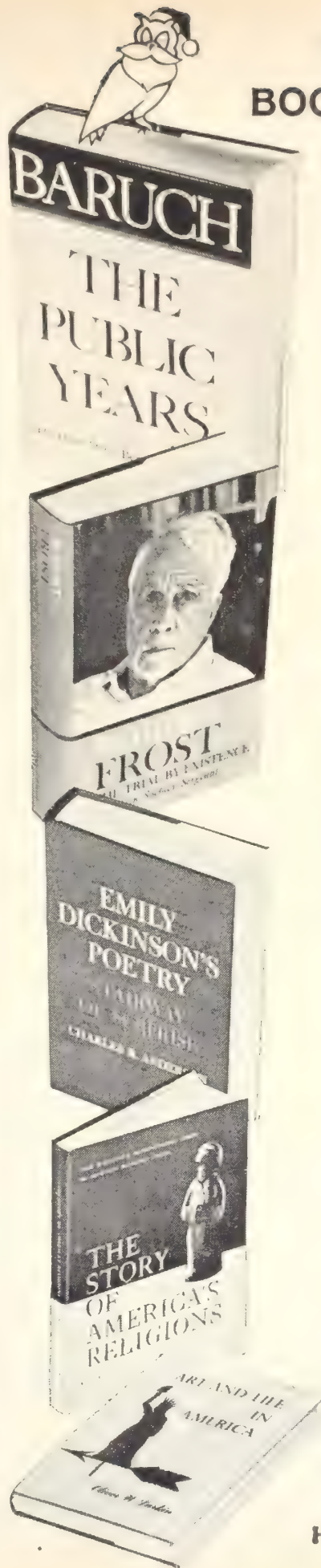
**It Isn't All Mink**, by Ginette Spanier. With an introduction by Noel Coward.

Because Ginette Spanier is *Directrice* of the House of Balmain in Paris and a very pretty, intelligent, and vivacious woman besides, this book is as much about *le haut monde* and the theatrical world as it is about *la haute couture*. These parts of it make a rich and spicy dish, but there is a whole sobering and heartfelt section on the terror of four years of cat-and-mouse life in France under the Occupation as the wife of a Jewish doctor. Lively, witty, and unashamedly happy in its name-dropping.

Random House, \$3.95

**Figleaf: The Business of Being in Fashion**, by Eve Merriam.

Miss Merriam, whose poetry we have published, has also been a fashion copy-editor for *Glamour* and Madison Avenue and a buyer in Seventh Avenue. She has, too, the distinction of having appeared in the Yale Younger Poet Series and has won a grant to write poetic drama for TV. In this book the copy-writer wins out and a mass of fascinating material on the fun and foibles of American fashion promotion is enlivened by (and sometimes, alas, buried under) the too-bright language of fashionese. It's gay for a while and one admires the ingenuity and pace. But it's better in small doses. An amusing glossary is appended. Lippincott, \$4.95



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In addition to all this, *The Damnation of Faust* requires very large forces—four soloists and two choruses, in addition to the extremely large orchestra. Thus it is not presented in public too often, and through the course of the years there have been very few recordings of the complete score. This makes the new Decca-Deutsche Grammophon album a decided event. It is one of only

two full-scale versions currently available on records—the other has been recorded by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony—and it is the only one in stereo. Igor Markevitch leads the Lamoureux Orchestra, the Brasseur Chorus, and the Children's Chorus of the Radiotélévision Française. His soloists are Consuela Rubio, Richard Verreau, Michel Roux, and Pierre Mollet (Deutsche Grammophon 138099/100, 2 discs, stereo; 18599/600, mono).

What makes *The Damnation of Faust* so thrilling is the sheer passion of the music—the passion of the lyricism, as in Marguerite's love music, and the passion of the Infernal episodes. Even so well-known an excerpt as the "Dance of the Sylphs" takes on added dimension when heard in context. If *The Damnation* has one or two weak sections, it also has a degree of blazing intensity and daring imagination that none of the early Romantics approached. Not until the Liszt and Wagner of the 1850s onward did music begin to nourish itself from the Berlioz concepts. He was, in so many respects, the father of them all.

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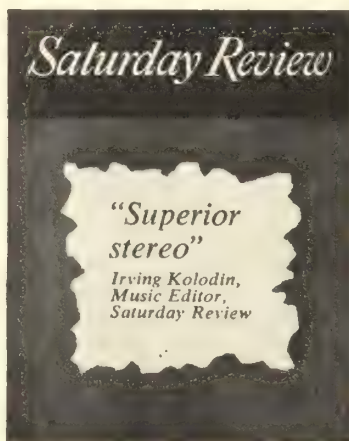
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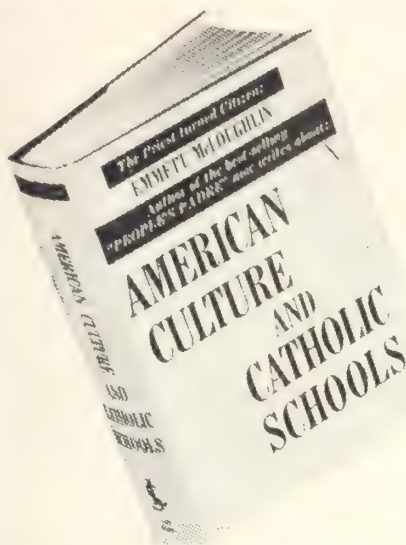
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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

equal of any living tenor, as he had been these last twenty-five years or so. He was not only a singer with voice; he was a singer with taste, and he almost never disfigured his interpretations with the bleats and sobs so beloved of many Italian tenors. In this album he sounds firm, big voiced, and supremely confident.

Nilsson at the outset sounds a little tentative. But soon she settles into "*In questa Reggia*," the opera's big aria and one of the most difficult in the repertoire. Hers is a vibrant and exciting voice, no doubt about it, and she also is one of the few living sopranos with the sheer lung power to encompass the role without yelling, as Callas does in her recording. The Victor album impresses me as the best *Turandot* on the market. Tebaldi, by the way, in the subsidiary role of Liù, sings beautifully.

### Callas Above the Staff

Maria Callas, who has had her ups and downs, can be heard in a new recording of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* (Angel 3606, mono, 3 discs; S-3606, stereo). As far as names go, she is the star, for the other singers in the cast—Fiorenza Cossotto (Laura), Irene Compagnone (La Cieca), Ivo Vinco (Alvise), Pier Miranda Ferraro (Enzo), and Piero Cappuccilli (Barnaba)—are La Scala regulars who will be largely unknown to American listeners. Antonino Votto leads the Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala.

The very first recording in which Callas was heard was the *Gioconda* released here in the early 1950s by a small company. In this new version it is a vastly more experienced singer, of course, at work. Callas knows how to husband the resources of her flawed voice, and she manages better than she has done in some previous albums. It is true that those who do not like her voice will point out some excruciating attacks. When Callas lets loose with a fortissimo note above the staff, the results, to put it mildly, can be unpredictable. But it is hard to deny the intelligence and temperament she brings to her singing. She does have more personality, and this includes vocal as well as dramatic personality, than any soprano active today. Perhaps we should not look for more.

The other singers are surprisingly

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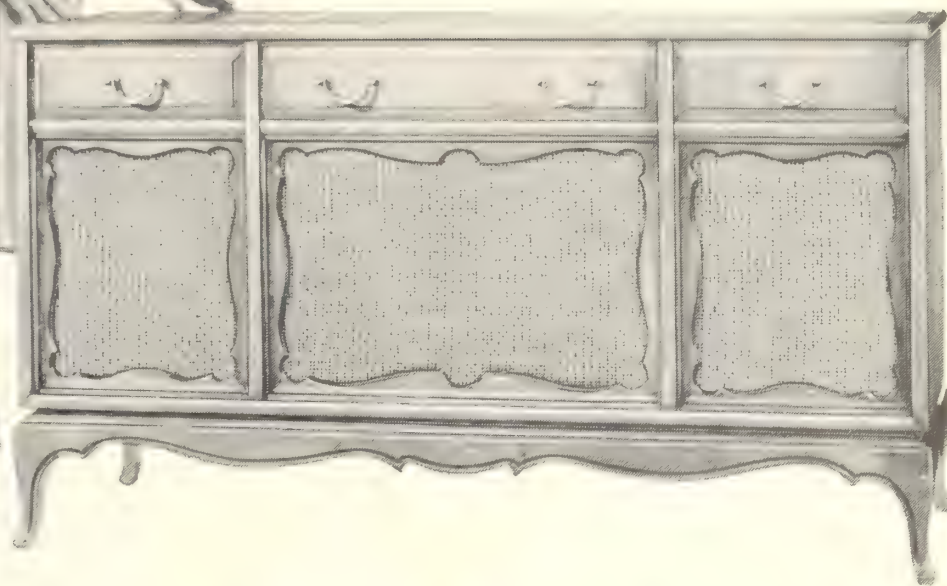
# ANGEL



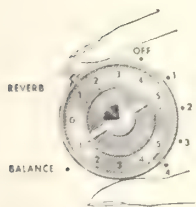


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**MUSIC IN THE ROUND**

good. One says surprisingly because experience has shown that little-known singers are little-known for a good reason. Yet there is no really bad singing in this *Gioconda*, and much of it is well above par. *Gioconda* is an old-fashioned and rather crude opera, but those who are attracted to the music should find this a fine performance.

At the point of writing, the LP catalogues list four complete recordings of Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. Now comes the fifth, from Victor (LM 6150, 3 discs, mono; LSC 6150, stereo), with a cast consisting of Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Giorgio Tozzi. Arturo Basile leads the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus.

This is not Victor's first *Trovatore* album. A predecessor, with Bjoerling and Milanov, also had Warren in the cast. One wonders how much of the late baritone's work remains in the Victor "icebox," waiting to be released. Fortunately this great singer had recorded a major part of his repertoire.

*The Greatest after Ponselle*

On the whole, the new *Trovatore* is well done, and in stereo it certainly provides an exciting illusion. But musically it is not on the level of the earlier one. As between Price and Milanov there is no contest. Price sings carefully and accurately, without much temperament. She is a good singer, scarcely a great one. Milanov, after all, is most likely the greatest dramatic soprano after Ponselle. And Bjoerling gets more out of the role than Tucker. The latter, though, is a brilliant tenor, and in this recording he takes a good high C in "*Di quella pira*"—something he generally avoids at the Metropolitan. Elias, as Azucena, sings nicely enough, but here again the results are tame. One wants a deeper, more commanding voice; she simply does not have the vocal weight for the role.

Thus this *Trovatore* set has all the minor virtues and few of the major ones. Not only is the earlier Victor preferred, but the Angel set with Callas and Di Stefano, or the London with Tebaldi and Del Monaco, will give a much better idea of the opera.

**JAZZ** notes

Eric Larrabee

**PORGY**

Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" is one of the inevitable sources of jazz raw material, the one unadulterated success story, the one viable claim to "classical" status, the one universally acknowledged breakthrough into the otherwise sacred precincts of dramatic opera. Its legendary failure on first appearance has only made its ultimate acceptance more sweet; now we know we are right to welcome it into the pantheon of the beloved and familiar American masterpieces.

During the past year or so there was an efflorescence of "Porgy and Bess" recordings. Added to those already existing, they numbered so many that it would be shameful to list them all in one column. They do, however, make it impossible to hear this folk opera, or musical comedy, or whatever you choose to call it, with anything like an unbiased ear. Every "Porgy," from now on, echoes some other "Porgy"—and so, for better or worse, it always will.

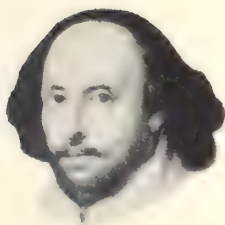
It also injects the element of doubt into the proposition that Gershwin's work was quite so creditable to the national ethos as was so widely assumed. This is a New Yorker's idea of what Catfish Row should have been like, and as such it is patronizing, cut it how you will, give it as many curtain calls in Europe as you please. The time is rapidly approaching, if it has not already arrived, when we will be able to accept the world's plaudits for "Porgy" only by swallowing our own dismay.

Columbia's "complete" recording is unquestionably the one to have, followed by the surprisingly muscular suite the composer himself arranged. Tibbett and Jepson, though Gershwin heard them perform, succeed only in illustrating the taste of their time. The movie had Cab Calloway's voice and lush sound, while Decca's "original" is the second company, the one that rescued "Porgy" from oblivion.

Next month: the jazz versions.

**Porgy and Bess, complete.** Columbia OSL-162 (3 LPs). **Porgy and Bess,** Lawrence Tibbett, Helen Jepson. RCA Camden CAL-500. **Porgy and Bess,** the "original cast." Decca DL 79024. **Porgy and Bess,** sound track from motion picture. Columbia (stereo) OS 2016. **Porgy and Bess,** original suite by the composer. Westminster XWN 18850. **Porgy and Bess,** symphonic picture by Robert Russell Bennett. RCA Victor LM-2340.

# THREE SCRIPTWRITERS FOR NOVEMBER



A poet, a novelist, a prime minister—and you as a voter—all share credits for November's television, along with hundreds of writers for stage, screen, newsroom, and rostrum . . . actors, actresses, directors . . . composers, lyricists . . . costumers, set designers . . . choreographers and photographers.

And part of the mile-or-so script is also the unrehearsed newsbreak, panel show, interview, and flying tackle. That's a clue to the logistics of television with its more than ten thousand hours of network programming in the broadcasting year and thousands more on your local stations.

A wide range of talent serves a wide range of interests—no doubt, including yours. There are more absorbing hours for thoughtful viewers of television than you'll find almost anywhere outside a library or campus.

Be sure to check your daily television schedule. Chances are you'll find programs like those listed here—as well as local broadcasts—that you won't want to miss.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE

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*In November*

## A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

*(Times indicated are eastern N.Y. times)*

### **"What's the Proposition?"**

A special pre-election study on how an indifferent electorate ratifies propositions by default, on "Close-up!"

Thursday, November 3 (10:30-11 PM)

### **"Presidential Countdown"**

Friday, November 4 (9:30-10 PM)

### **"The Campaign—the Candidates"**

Saturday, November 5 (9:30-10:30 PM)

### **"Campaign Roundup"**

Sunday, November 6 (2:30-3 PM)

### **Full Coverage of the Elections**

Tuesday, November 8

### **"The Trapped Housewife"**

A look into the demands made on the modern homemaker's time.

Thursday, November 10 (4-5 PM)

### **"The Influential Americans"**

An on-the-scene report of new experiments in public school teaching.

Sunday, November 13 (9-10 PM)

### **"He Shall Have Power"**

The institution of the American Presidency is examined on "Omnibus."

Sunday, November 13 (5-6 PM)

### **"Story of a Family"**

Three generations of an American family are studied to determine the effects of changes during the last 60 years.

Monday, November 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

### **"Macbeth"**

Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson star in Shakespeare's tragedy, filmed on location in Scotland and England.

Sunday, November 20 (6-8 PM)

### **"Big City 1980"**

Second in series of four special programs on the age of technology, produced in cooperation with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Monday, November 21 (9:30-10:30 PM)

### **"Those Ragtime Years"**

A "Project 20" recreation of an exuberant American era.

Tuesday, November 22 (10-11 PM)

### **"Winston Is Back"**

Winston Churchill returns to office as World War II starts. First in new documentary series based on the statesman's memoirs and speeches. Richard Burton and Hume Cronyn are narrators.

Saturday, November 26 (10:30-11 PM)

### **"The U-2 Incident"**

Hard realism at a crucial time in American history, on "White Paper."

Tuesday, November 29 (10-11 PM)

### **"The Three Musketeers"**

A two-hour dramatization of Alexandre Dumas' swashbuckling novel. Presented on successive nights in two installments.

Wednesday, November 30, and Thursday, December 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

### REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays: Television Workshop  
College News Conference  
Chet Huntley Reporting  
Meet the Press  
The Twentieth Century

Mondays: Face the Nation

Tuesdays: Expedition

Thursdays: Person to Person

Fridays: Eyewitness to History

Saturdays: The Nation's Future

Mon.-Fri.: Continental Classroom

NOTE: Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.



# What have you heard about METRECAL\* the new concept of weight control

*Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth.*

*This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.*

**I**n September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

## What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

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In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

## What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

## What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

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Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

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they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

## What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrecal powder is now available in the 3½-pound economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid is packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides a convenient individual meal.

## How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

\*Metrecal is Mead Johnson & Company's brand of dietetic food for weight control.



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Prepared each month by Dr. Leo Hamalian and  
Dr. Edmond L. Volpe of the English Department  
of the City College of New York

- I. The Ignored Lesson of Anne Frank
- II. Why the Crime Syndicate Can't Be Touched
- III. Pornography Is Not Enough
- IV. The State of the Theatre

Bruno Bettelheim  
Gerard L. Goettel  
Eric Larrabee  
Arthur Miller and  
Henry Brandon

### I. THE IGNORED LESSON OF ANNE FRANK

by Bruno Bettelheim

#### TEST YOUR RETENTION AND COMPREHENSION

We often assume that what we have read we have understood without too much trouble. This assumption, of course, is not always justified and may lead to unwarranted conclusions about an article so controversial as Dr. Bettelheim's. In the following exercise, check your own interpretative process (and perhaps the clarity of Dr. Bettelheim's exposition) by indicating which statements *agree with* (mark with an A), which statements *disagree with* (mark with a D), and which statements *have no relation to* (mark with an N) what Dr. Bettelheim says in his article.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. *The Diary of Anne Frank* was successful because it gave people a chance to express their subconscious sadism vicariously.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. The German people should not be treated as civilized until they can demonstrate to the world that they are truly repentant for their horrible crimes against mankind.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. The Franks missed their one chance for survival: escape to the free world when Holland fell.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. It is not fair to expect kind and decent people like the Franks to use violent resistance until they themselves become subject to persecution.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. The parents of Anne Frank were responsible for her death.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Sigmund Freud believed that people who did not resist Nazi tyranny were returning to infantile attitudes.

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- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Psychoanalytical therapy doubtlessly would have helped many Jews to face their crisis more rationally.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. People who neither denied nor repressed the possibility of death had the best chance for survival.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Mr. Frank could have saved his family if he had taught them escape tactics instead of academic high-school subjects.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 10. Families like the Franks were exterminated because they permitted themselves to be possessed by their possessions.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 11. Jewish lack of resistance may have led to harsher German treatment.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 12. Many Jews in concentration camps identified more closely with their murderers than with the victims.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 13. It was mainly professional training and knowledge that made the Germans so cruel and efficient in exterminating life.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 14. If they want freedom tomorrow, Negroes in South Africa should start a bloody rebellion today.

### QUESTIONS TO ASK YOURSELF BEFORE GOING TO CLASS

1. Have you read or seen *The Diary of Anne Frank*? If so, do you agree that its success suggests a still-present tendency to deny the reality of concentration-camp horrors? How would you account for your own interest in it?

2. Do you accept Dr. Bettelheim's assertion that the Franks should have resisted the "green police" with bullets? If your family and others like it of similar religious persuasion were subjected to police persecution because of this persuasion, would you resort to armed resistance? Why or why not? What *would* you do?

3. Dr. Bettelheim asserts that Negroes in Africa should march against guns that defend *apartheid*. Many tried to do this at Sharpeville only to be massacred. Do you think the bloodshed was worth anything to the Negroes? What? If you are in favor of Dr. Bettelheim's position, do you think American Negroes in the South should try the same tactics?

4. The article points out that actually it was the inflexible spirit of materialism that proved so ruinous to many Jewish families under Nazi rule. In ordinary times, can such an attachment be similarly ruinous? Cite several instances that are familiar to you. What might have been a better alternative?

5. Is there any evidence that Americans as a people deny or repress the possibility of death? In your estimation, is this as dangerous a trait as Dr. Bettelheim says it is? Should those in the midst of life disturb or depress themselves with morbid thoughts about death, especially when such thoughts can do nothing to postpone death?

6. Is there any evidence that our society, like the Nazi tyranny we condemn, takes pride in professional skill and knowledge without regard for moral implications? For instance, ought our government be rewarding the services of Wernher Von Braun, a former Nazi scientist who worked for Hitler?

7. Just as Dr. Bettelheim suggests that many Jews were engulfed by a "death instinct," so did Sigmund Freud theorize that the two world wars were eruptions of a repressed universal death-wish. How plausible do you find this theory?

If you want to know more about this subject, consult the following books:

John Hersey, *The Wall*, Knopf, 1950. An account of the resistance put up by a band of courageous Jews in the Warsaw ghetto before they are liquidated by the Germans.

Ernst Schnabel, *Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage*, Harcourt, Brace, 1958. This book contains the testimony of forty-two witnesses who knew Anne Frank. Together they give a full picture of her as she goes to school, across the borders of exile to a hiding place, and at the end, follows the pathway to death.

Sigmund Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* and *The Ego and the Id*, International Psychoanalytic Publications, trans. 1950 and 1927. In these two books, Freud postulates life and death instincts in place of his former sexual and ego instincts.

### DICTION: TRITENESS

The word *trite* derives from the Latin *tritus*, meaning well-rubbed or ground down. Hence, a "trite expression" (also called a *cliché*) is one that is worn out, exhausted by overuse, rubbed smooth of significance or distinction. Originally, it may have been vivid and meaningful but, overworked by writers too lazy or too hurried to hew their own phrases, it has lost its freshness, power, and point. When such expressions appear regularly in writing, they reveal a dull mind or a stale imagination.

Unfortunately, the professional writer himself is often fascinated by the cliché. He might be tempted to write, "*The motley throng hurled muffled curses . . .*," hoping to get away with two little clichés but before he knows it the clichés are multiplying all over his prose: "*. . . at the strong silent man from the wide open spaces.*" What can he (or you) do to save his prose from these pests? Here are some suggestions:

(a) Resist the temptation to use a phrase you have heard hundreds of times. Seek a simple alternative: for instance, *last but not least* might become *finally* or *dead as a doornail* simply *dead*.

(b) Devote some thought to creating a fresh or natural figure of speech that will make your thought more striking, e.g., *A locomotive boiled over with deafening exuberance* or *the dog slunk back in a curve* or *she had legs like Italy*.

(c) Put the cliché to work on your own terms, e.g., *Nothing succeeds like success* might become *nothing succeeds like excess* or *nothing fails like success*, depending on your context.

### EXERCISE:

Rewrite the following sentences in fresh, unhackneyed language, eliminating all the too-familiar expressions.

1. It is an irony of fate that the Franks could have shot the police like dogs; as it was, they suffered a fate worse than death before they left this vale of tears.

2. Without beating around the bush, Dr. Bettelheim hits the reader like a ton of bricks with his words to the wise.

3. When you get down to brass tacks, it is as clear as crystal that some Jews escaped the grim reaper by the skin of their teeth because they were as brave as lions.



4. Believing that blood is thicker than water, the fond parents pursued the even tenor of their ways but, blissfully ignorant of the finger of fate, they were caught like rats in a trap by the minions of the law.

5. It goes without saying that now, sadder but wiser, we see the light: people from every walk of life must learn to be equal to the occasion when the day of reckoning arrives. The alternative is to shake like a leaf with your heart in your mouth and your stomach in knots.

(Notice what happens to the dignified and serious tone of Dr. Bettelheim's statements when they are translated into gummed-together strips of words set in order by someone else.)

## **II. WHY THE CRIME SYNDICATE CAN'T BE TOUCHED** *by Gerard L. Goettel*

### **TEST YOUR RETENTION AND COMPREHENSION**

Choose the word or phrase that best completes the statements below.

1. The FBI did not indict any of the Apalachin hoodlums because (a) it never investigated the meeting (b) it had never heard of the meeting (c) it could not prove that the meeting had a criminal purpose.

2. What makes the modern crime ring so hard to crack today is (a) the ineptitude of the investigative bodies (b) the widespread bribery of police officials (c) the code of silence among the underlings.

3. The Attorney General's Special Group was not completely successful in its endeavors because (a) other governmental agencies often refused to co-operate (b) it lacked the funds to hire competent men (c) it failed to discover any discrepancies in the alibis of the mobsters.

4. The FBI does not investigate prostitution in its commonest forms because (a) it is not a federal offense (b) it is not widespread enough to require its attention (c) it is too impractical and difficult to make arrests.

5. The basic problem of combating organized crime is (a) lack of trained investigators (b) Congressional interference in investigations (c) the absence of a permanent national agency for this purpose.

6. In its first report, the McClellan Committee recommended that (a) the FBI expand its personnel to drive out organized crime (b) a national crime committee be created especially for this purpose (c) the local District Attorneys be given wider powers.

Write True or False in the blanks.

7. Unlike other organizations, the AG's Special Group was never reduced to pirating information from the files of public officials. \_\_\_\_\_

8. The FBI steered clear of the Group in order to avoid the stigma of failure. \_\_\_\_\_

9. The Group profited enormously by publicity in national magazines. \_\_\_\_\_

10. Today the Group is one of the most feared investigative groups in this country. \_\_\_\_\_

**PREPARING A BIBLIOGRAPHY:** If a subject interests you and you want to learn more about it, or if you want to write a paper about it, there are a number of references available in your library to provide you with information leading to books and articles on the subject. The most important source for magazine articles is *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. It lists by subject and author articles which have been published in a selected group of good magazines. Mr. Goettel's article, for instance, will soon be listed in this reference book. Invaluable in preparing term papers, *The Readers' Guide* is a useful publication to know.

In the spaces below, list five articles you find in *The Readers' Guide* on the subject of crime syndicates in America. Use the following entry as a guide to form:

Gerard L. Goettel, "Why the Crime Syndicate Can't Be Touched," *Harper's Magazine*, Vol. 221 (Nov. 1960), pp. 33-39.

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## IMPROVE YOUR WORD POWER: WORD FORMATION

One of the best ways to broaden your vocabulary is through learning the important prefixes, roots, and suffixes of words. As you learn the meaning and function of these units, your ability to recognize and create words will be greatly enhanced. In this issue of the *Student Study Guide*, you will learn something about the *suffix*, and in subsequent issues about the *root* and the *prefix*. These common affixes and roots will provide a short cut to more than 10,000 common English words that you can find in an ordinary dictionary (or an estimated 50,000 in an unabridged dictionary). Below is a list of suffixes that you should memorize.

**Verb suffixes:**—*ate* (alleviate, matriculate); —*ize* (mechanize, standardize);  
—*en* (weaken, deepen); —*esce* (coalesce); —*fy* (qualify, petrify)

**Adjective suffixes:**—*al*, —*ical* (dermal, magical); —*ous*, —*ious* (ludicrous, delicious);  
—*ic* (moronic); —*ish* (girlish, foolish); —*able*, —*ible* (amenable, visible); —*less* (tireless, careless)

**Noun suffixes:**—*ism* (antagonism, materialism); —*ation*, —*ition* (ignition, imagination); —*ty*, —*ity* (gratuity, femininity, modesty); —*er*,  
—*ar*, —*ier*, —*or* (speaker, scholar, carrier, realtor); —*an*, —*ant*,  
—*ent* (partisan, pendant, student); —*dom* (wisdom).



3. The nature of any censorship is often a function of the anxieties generated by the milieu which the medium serves. \_\_\_\_\_
4. It was the nineteenth-century novel, with its exposure of different classes which brought on Victorian censorship. \_\_\_\_\_
5. They saw their real enemies among the artisans of the liberal enlightenment who insisted upon unloosing evil on youth which was both susceptible and unprotected. \_\_\_\_\_

#### IV. THE STATE OF THE THEATRE

by Arthur Miller and Henry Brandon

Write a sentence explaining the following excerpts from Arthur Miller's answers.

1. "I cannot write anything that I understand too well."
2. "In America, life is lived without reference to a religious ideology, except the weekly nodding toward the sky."
3. "A playwright provides answers by the questions he chooses to ask."
4. "You have to make it real to the public the way the subway is real."

#### IMPROVE YOUR WORD POWER: SUFFIXES AT WORK

If you have the habit of using four or five words when one would express your idea more effectively, then you should put suffixes to work. Using the suffixes you studied earlier, reduce the following phrases to a single word which is as precise. For instance, "one who is partial" becomes *partisan*. Build on the italicized word.

1. capable of being *transferred* \_\_\_\_\_
2. the act of making *material* \_\_\_\_\_
3. to cause to become *antique* \_\_\_\_\_
4. the act of keeping a thing in *perpetuity* \_\_\_\_\_
5. the quality of being *amorphous* \_\_\_\_\_
6. the state of being a *martyr* \_\_\_\_\_
7. characterized by or full of *fraud* \_\_\_\_\_
8. something *suited* to a situation \_\_\_\_\_

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# Harper's

*magazine*



## **“LISTEN YANKEE!”**

**THE CUBAN CASE AGAINST THE U.S.**

**by C. WRIGHT MILLS**

**A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF THE FUTURE:**

**A CONVERSATION WITH REINHOLD NIEBUHR**

**by HENRY BRANDON**

**THE NEXT SUMMIT MEETING**

**by HENRY A. KISSINGER**

**A NEWLY DISCOVERED POEM BY**

**WALT WHITMAN**





Dagger in sheath, c. 1600, hilt and guard of bronze gilt with shells. Metropolitan Museum of Art, gift of W. H. Riggs, 1913.

## The craftsman borrows nature's forms to embellish his art

In the year 1600 few French aristocrats would venture out day or night without a poignard such as the one you see here. In those days a handsome, ready for action dagger hanging from the belt was a sign of affluence—and good sense. The gifted, though anonymous, craftsman who fashioned it turned to one of nature's most widely used forms—the seashell—to inspire his art.

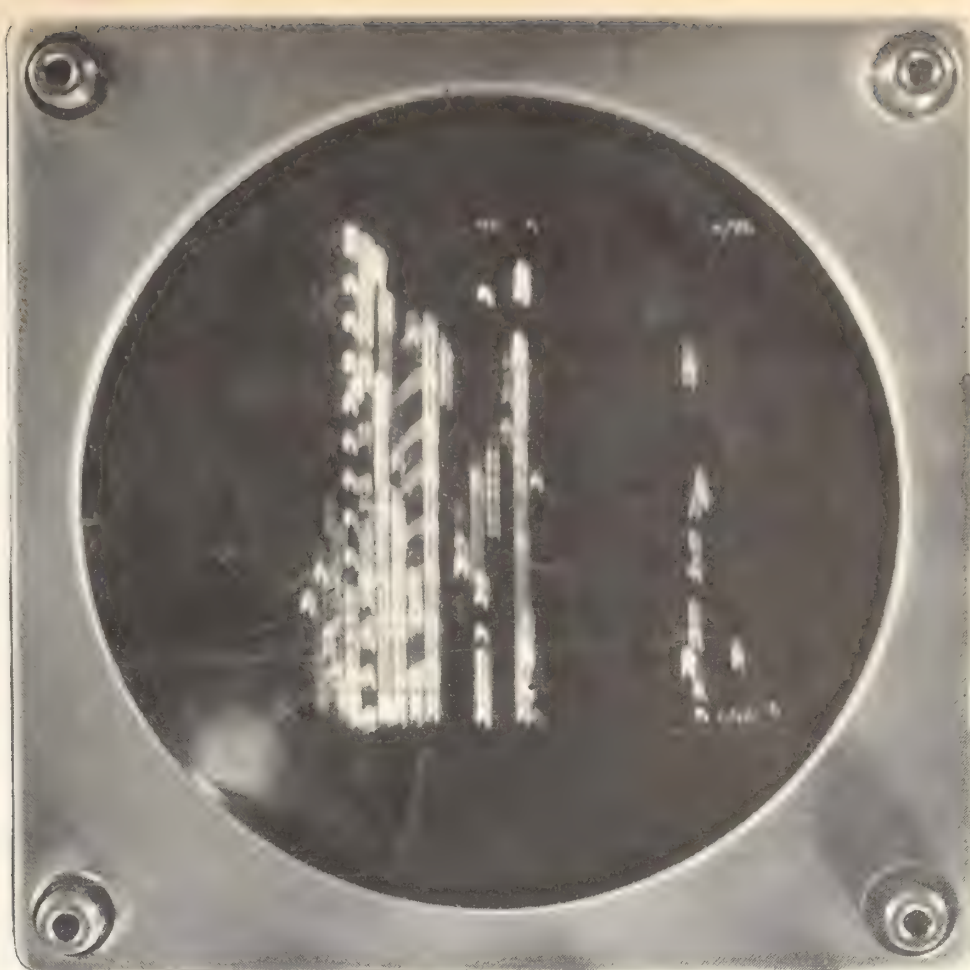
Scientists, too, turn to nature for inspiration, for it is their task to equate the offerings of nature with the things man can use. At Shell, hundreds of scientists—inspired by one of nature's most versatile natural resources, petroleum—create, develop and perfect ideas that result in substances useful to man. This imaginative research yields petroleum and chemical products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.



**The Shell Companies**

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PICTURE OF  
TELEPHONE  
CALLS BEING  
HANDLED A  
REMARKABLE  
NEW WAY



## Bell System's new Electronic Central Office (now being tested) forecasts a startling variety of useful new telephone services



The oscilloscope screen above gives an idea of how telephone calls will be handled—electronically—by the remarkable new system.

It's been like this in monitoring the actual Electronic Central Office at which we recently began service in Morris, Illinois. The "pips" you see on the screen represent the system's thought processes as they flow through, while checking constantly for errors.

*It is very significant, because the Electronic Central Office for telephone do pretty nearly what you want it to.*

For example, you may be able to dial any phone conversation right away, or have your calls auto-transferred to a friend's home if you're spending the evening out. Or you can ask the Office to keep after a busy number and make the connection as soon as it's free.

These are just a few of the many services this new switching system could make possible.

### "It looks in the back of the book"

An engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories uses this comparison to dramatize the difference between the Electronic Central Office and previous switching systems:

"Suppose," he says, "that two students are trying to find the square root of 841. One is doing it the hard way, figuring with paper and pencil. The other just reaches for an engineering handbook, flips to the right place and looks up the answer, 29, in the tables.

"The Electronic Central Office works basically the same way. When you dial a number, it will decide how to connect you by 'looking in the back of the book'—a huge permanent memory in which we have stored the answers to every situation that can possibly arise."

### Product of Continuing Research

The Electronic Central Office is still in the trial stage. Some of our customers in Morris are helping us test it now, and more are being added every week. We're watching their reactions very carefully, because we want to know how to improve the switching system, and what new services people would like to have.

This early demonstration of electronic switching is the achievement of many years of Bell Telephone research in many fields of science. It depends, for instance, on the Transistor, a Bell Laboratories invention, for its economy and reliability. And it shows the important progress we can make with reasonable earnings under America's free enterprise system.

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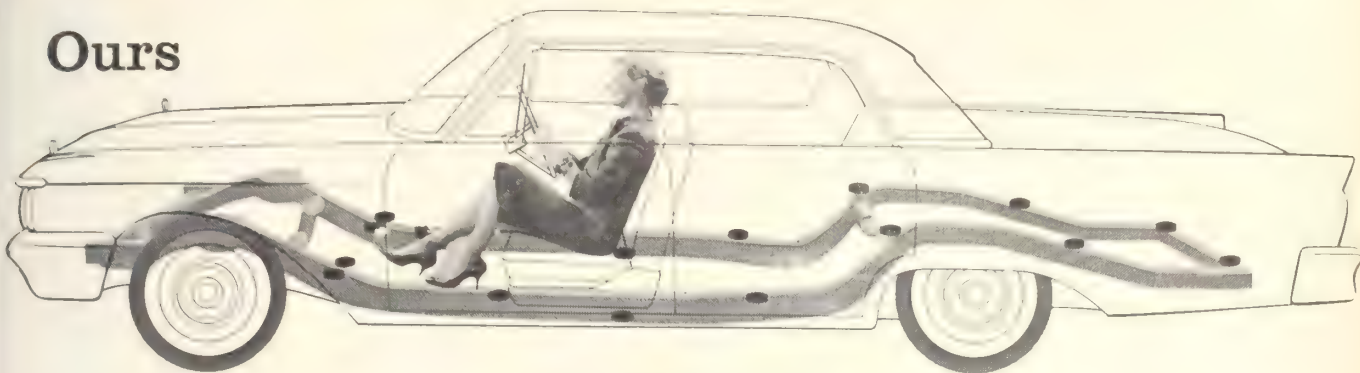
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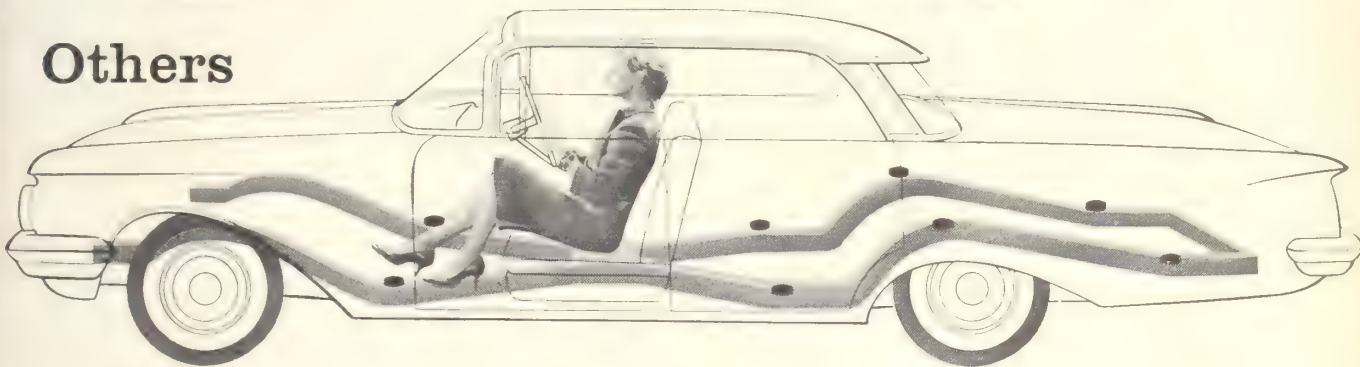
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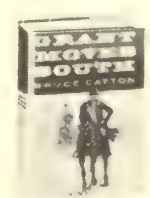
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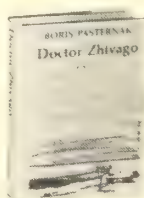
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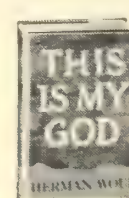
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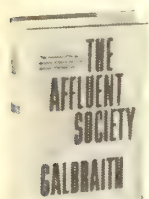
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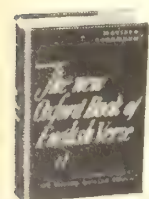
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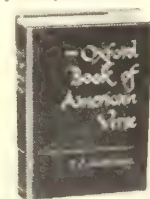
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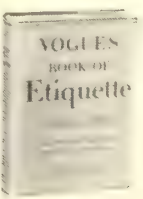
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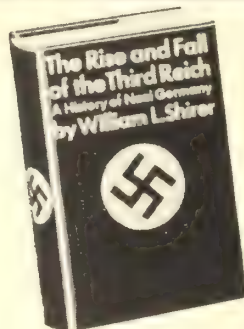


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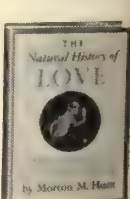
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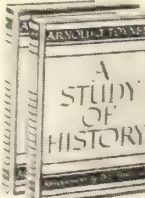
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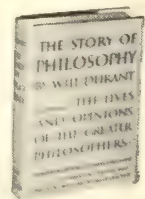
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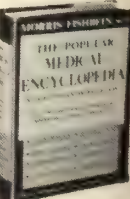
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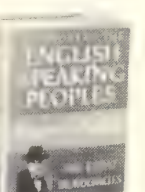
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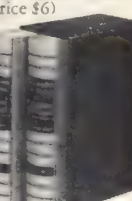
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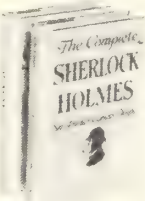
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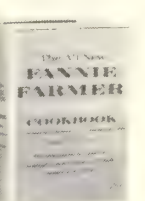
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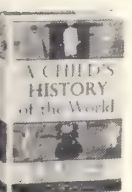
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# LETTERS

## Research and Creativity

TO THE EDITORS:

Jacques Barzun's "The Cults of 'Research' and 'Creativity'" [October] shows an almost uncanny insight into the present academic climate of our country. . . . His writing is not destructive satire but constructive criticism at its best. I sincerely hope that all concerned with our universities, either directly or remotely will have the opportunity to read the article—and reflect.

PETER F. BONVENTRE  
College of Medicine  
University of Cincinnati  
Cincinnati, O.

If one could get psychologists, anthropologists, and sociologists to agree on the single most important joint discovery, it might well be the idea of human creativity. Creativity is not that special, infrequent, and supernal emanation with which Mr. Barzun mystifies; . . . it is the basic daily function of the human brain. Unfortunately we get to see very little of the results, because from birth we have beaten into us Barzun's beloved fictions—the three Rs, "the fundamentals of great subjects," the real world of technically competent art.

These new twentieth-century prejudices are no final truth, no cure-all. They arose to solve problems which Barzun's creed couldn't even grasp, problems which are compounded even as we talk about them. . . .

ALAN J. DOWNES  
Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Barzun scores some palpable hits against current abuses of the ideals of scholarship. But he also scatters random shots which are much longer on cleverness than on accuracy. . . . He makes the arch observation, for example, that "there may be something wrong with a system in which Lord Acton could never have become an assistant professor." Mr. Barzun might have found a better example of a "non-producer." Before he was thirty Acton had written twenty-seven historical articles and 111 critical reviews and edited the "Matinées Royales" of Frederick the Great. . . . [Mr. Barzun implies] that the "publish or perish" system of academic promotion prevails throughout American higher education. Actually it is important in perhaps 2 per cent of our 2,000 colleges and universities. . . .

In most of that vast unwashed academic world between Morningside Heights and Berkeley "research mania" affects individual scholars; but it can scarcely be said to dominate the thinking of faculties or administrations. . . . In the great majority, classroom teaching is not "considered a fool's way of mismanaging a career." . . . [Many] "non-producers" have achieved high rank even in our elite institutions. . . . If there is cynicism among my generation of scholars, as Barzun alleges, it arises among able writers overburdened with excessive teaching duties as well as among the unwilling research robots.

WILLIAM R. HUTCHISON  
Assoc. Prof. American Civilization  
The American University  
Washington, D. C.

## Medical Supplement Reprints

Because of the unusual demand for "The Crisis in American Medicine"—the supplement published with our October issue—reprints have been made available. They may be purchased for 25 cents each from Department G, Harper's Magazine, 19 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

## Tynan's Ordeal

TO THE EDITORS:

Kenneth Tynan's experience ["Command Performance," October] . . . seems to vindicate Robinson Jeffers of thirty-five years ago:

While this America settles in the mould of its vulgarity, heavily thickening to empire,

And protest, only a bubble in the molten mass, pops and sighs out, and the mass hardens . . .

*Skunk, Morningside Republic.*

GEORGE OISHAUSEN  
San Francisco, Calif.

It appears to me that men like Senator Dodd and Representative Walter are an unfortunate blemish to our country. . . . Mr. Tynan is the kind of man I would like to have for a fellow American. Couldn't we take him in trade for Walter and send the Congressman to

the Dominican Republic or perhaps the Union of South Africa?

ROGER REGER  
Northville, Mich.

I was appalled and disgusted by the Senate Internal Security Committee's cross-examination of Kenneth Tynan, but I didn't find his mealy-mouthed justification for what he had done very appetizing. I know him well for his dramatic criticism in *The New Yorker* . . . [which] was such an unpleasant contrast to Wolcott Gibbs who could be penetrating and critical without being snide and savage. . . . Aside from the loss of the \$1,500, I imagine Tynan really enjoyed . . . being handed such delicious goods on the U. S.

MRS. M. ABBOTT  
Arlington, Va.

It must be awkward and a bit painful for a critic to find himself the object of criticism, including Congressional inquiry. Mr. Tynan invited such a reaction when he showed affinity for some dissenting beatniks of the upper crust. . . .

CLYDE W. PARK  
Cincinnati, O.

## Exiled Airmen

TO THE EDITORS:

As an American airman stationed in Japan, I was greatly interested in "Our Exiled Airmen in England" by Clancy Sigal [October].

Many have been quick to condemn our "Little Americas" abroad. I wonder if they are being quite fair. Have they, for instance, considered the level of salaries paid to our lower officers and enlisted men?

It takes considerable sacrifice to provide schooling, food, and clothing for my family of five children on my \$408 a month take-home pay. We couldn't do it on the local economy though we tried for nine months. Before obtaining U. S. government quarters we paid over \$150 a month for a small, paper-thin rice paddy house for which the average Japanese pays \$30. Merchants doubled the usual charges for food to us. Commercial water, gas, and electric rates were as much as four times as high as those paid by the Japanese. My neighbors had phones but I couldn't afford the \$300 deposit that was asked of foreigners.

To be sure some American communities also take advantage of the military customer. But many Japanese merchants gave us the impression that our dollars—not we—were welcome.

Since we have moved into our suburban-type American community we have had an average of three or four Japanese

# THE SOUND OF CHRISTMAS



## THE COWBOY AND THE BALLET

Brisk as a prairie breeze is American composer Aaron Copland's pair of ballets—"Rodeo" and "Billy the Kid," coupled for the first time in high-stepping performances by LEONARD BERNSTEIN and the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC.

COPLAND: RODEO BILLY THE KID, ML 3575 MS 6175\*



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RAY CONNIFF, his chorus and orchestra, make crisply invigorating holiday music, old and new.

CHRISTMAS WITH CONNIFF/CL 1390 CS 8185\*



## THE DUKE MEETS TCHAIKOVSKY

Free-wheeling jazzman DUKE ELLINGTON and his assisting officer Billy Strayhorn find a surprising colleague—Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky. The result of this beautiful friendship is a rollicking new version of Tchaikovsky's classic, "The Nutcracker Suite."

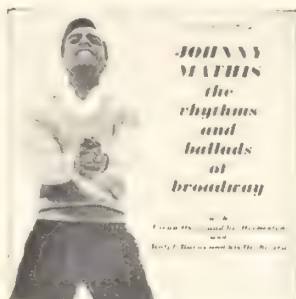
THE NUTCRACKER SUITE/DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA CL 1541/CS 8341\*



## THE HAPPY 13TH

EUGENE ORMANDY stirs THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA and vast vocal forces into a fever of excitement with "Carmina Burana," a rousing modern setting of a medieval romp in 13th century Latin verses.

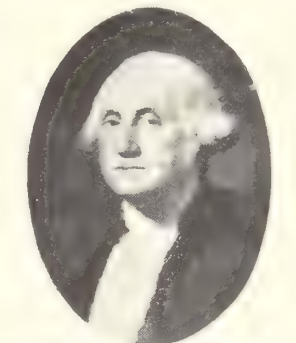
CARL ORFF: CARMINA BURANA ML 549R/MS 6103\*



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JOHNNY MATHIS explores the starlit world of Broadway's rhythms and ballads in a lavish two-record set.

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## SOUND OF REVOLUTION

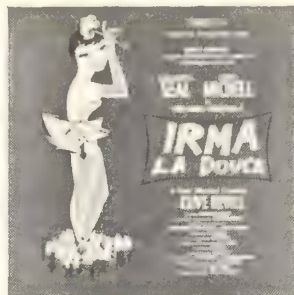
The fiery days of our young Republic are re-created in "THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," a living history book. It's a 62-page volume and "LP" with music, posters and all manner of other 1776 calls-to-arms—including the muffled but moving sound of the Liberty Bell. Also articles by historians Arthur Schlesinger Sr., Marshall Davidson and composer Richard Bales. Unexpected touches are poet Robert Graves' evocation of the Loyalist anti-Revolution point of view and painter Larry Rivers' 20th century impression of George Washington crossing the Delaware.

THE REVOLUTION LL 1001/LS 1002\*

## HOLIDAYS ARE MADE OF SONGS

MITCH MILLER is the ringleader of a hugely popular new national sport—Sing Along with Mitch. The perfect holiday game is his Christmas Sing Along, a fetching album that comes complete with printed song-sheets for Singers-Along.

CHRISTMAS SING-ALONG WITH MITCH MITCH MILLER AND THE GANG CL 1205, CS 8027\*



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"IRMA LA DOUCE" is a wayward but good-hearted little Paris girl and the heroine of Broadway's newest musical hit of the same name. The show is a kind of French "Guys and Dolls," brash but adorable, full of songs you find yourself humming for days on end. Fresh off the Broadway stage in an Original Cast recording.

IRMA LA DOUCE/ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST/OL 5560/OS 2029\*



## THE SOUND OF GENIUS

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ORCHESTRAL MUSIC OF BRAHMS COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA M4L 652/M4S 615\*



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A happy added note: There are other sounds of "Camelot" too. Conductor-arranger PERCY FAITH concocts an elegant instrumental version of the score. Pianist ANDRE PREVIN and his trio frolic through a witty jazz impression.

CAMELOT/ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING/KOL 5620/KOS 2031\*



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guests a week. All our neighbors have at least three or four Japanese couples among their circle. . . . Isn't this a real "people-to-people" program?

We spend millions to establish American exhibits at various world fairs. What better permanent exhibit is there than an actual American community abroad? And ours isn't isolated behind a high wall. . . .

Unfortunately some Americans should not be assigned overseas. For them it is fortunate that our bases supply enough entertainment facilities to keep them "exiled" from the local bars, dope dens, and "houses." . . .

Until such time as the American public is willing to foot the bill for quality—including language training and selective assignment of only our best personnel abroad—and to pay good military men or civilian government employees what they are really worth—the vast majority of talented young officers will continue to abandon the service after their initial tours. Meanwhile the critics had better take another long hard look.

CARROLL S. SHERSHUN (1/Lt)  
Fifth Air Force  
APO, San Francisco, Calif.

### Shorts in Jerusalem

TO THE EDITORS:

I certainly would not argue with a poet's individual style or method but Hilary Corke in "Hierosulem" [October] . . . [made several] purely factual errors:

(1) *Hierosulem* is the Greek form and is not likely to be used by a Rabbi. *Yerushalayim* is the Hebrew pronunciation. . . .

(2) The Rabbi would never rise from the table without saying a lengthy grace.

(3) He would never put matzos on a Holy Ark. . . .

(4) A very observant man would keep his talit in good repair and buy a new one if the old one was tattered.

(5) *Goyim* is the masculine plural noun, never used as an adjective or for girls. . . . Where would Aaron see gentile girls in shorts in Jerusalem? The Arab girls would be dressed very modestly. The Jewish girls of Israel also wear skirts in town. Shorts are worn for farm work and hikes. Any other gentile women around would be the wives of Protestant missionaries and they, too, would not be wearing shorts. . . .

MRS. AMOS SELAVAN  
Chicago, Ill.

THE POET REJOINS:

Mrs. Selavan's criticisms are amusing and sensible, but she is dealing in probabilities rather than necessities. My rabbi is not perfect in his observances but then he was not intended to be, and I

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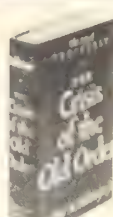
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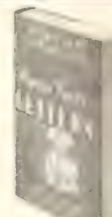
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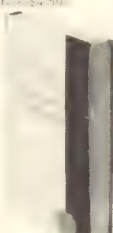
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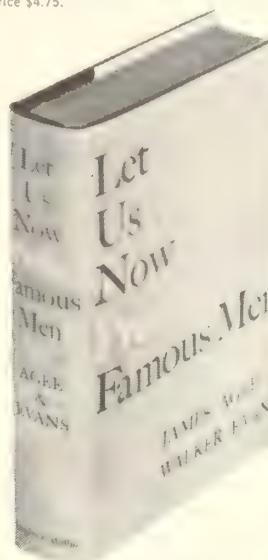
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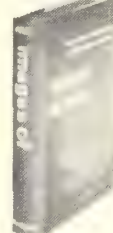
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## LETTERS

introduced these lapses deliberately. Of course he ought not to use his sideboard as an Ark; but all of us, rabbis, priests and laymen do what we ought not to. . . .

*Goyim* is often used in this not strictly accurate way by Jews who do not speak Hebrew or Yiddish. . . . As to the presence of girls in shorts on the streets of Jerusalem—they are no harder to find there than in most big cities—girls returning from tennis, underdressed tourists and so on.

*Hierosulem* is the Greek, it is also a usual Medieval spelling; I employed it to contrast the old hieratic "city of the mind" with the modern metropolis. *Yerushalayim* would not provide such a contrast.

HILARY CORK

Abinger Hammer, England

## Sidelights on Polygamy

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Mathematics of Polygamy" [Herbert Passin, October] was a delightful spoof. Many cultures accept not only infanticide but also homosexuality as a means of limiting population. . . . In my youth it was said that male births rose during wars because of God's need for cannon fodder. It now appears—though it has not been scientifically proved—that miscarriage and death in infancy in males exceeds that of females.

I suggest it is a minor miracle for the male foetus to survive in the alien environment of the female womb and that hence only strong and vital women bear male offspring on a mathematical fifty-fifty basis. I assume Mr. Passin is aware of the greater life expectancy of females over males for the time being in our culture.

MORRIS L. ERNST  
New York, N. Y.

Has Mr. Passin thought about the possibility of polyandry, *i.e.* that many women who share their husbands with other wives may also be sharing themselves with other husbands?

PROF. LEONARD J. ARRINGTON  
Utah State Univ.  
Logan, Utah

## Footnotes on FM

TO THE EDITORS:

The list of FM stations in "FM on Wheels" by Pyke Johnson, Jr. ["After Hours," October] did not include WNYC-FM. It strikes me as a serious lapse. WNYC is far better than WABC. . . . which has announcers who mispronounce names of composers and the works being played, and . . . better than



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# ABOUT EARNING AN INCOME - AS AGREED

When a man buys shares in a company, he is investing his money to work for him, to earn an income.

When an employee works for a company, he invests his mind and his muscle to earn an income. This he agrees to do: so much investment of his skills for so much money.

The man who invests his money invests his whole dollar—he *cannot* hold back part of it. The man who invests his skills has a natural instinct to deliver a full day's work for a full day's wages. However, conditions have been developing in many industries that virtually encourage an employee to hold back part of what he has agreed to deliver.

These conditions are weakening the age-old American tradition of a pound for a pound. Correcting them can go a long way toward strengthening the moral fiber of the whole national character.

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# What is the answer to a mother's prayer?


WHAT mother never looks at her little boy  
and sees a man . . . never listens to her  
baby daughter and hears a woman's voice?  
What mother has never watched her children  
playing and silently prayed that she will be  
equal to the needs and problems of their  
youth and growing up?

She constantly strives to make her prayer come  
true. She sacrifices for it. She dedicates herself  
to it. She tries to guide without pushing . . .  
educate without forcing . . . shelter her children  
without hiding them from reality . . . love them  
without smothering. She does her best to set  
an example from which each child can learn  
to lead and enjoy a fruitful and happy life.

If she can do all this . . . then a mother's prayer  
is answered.

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# MIDDLE MAN

Khrushchev and company are much given to attributing everything they don't like about the United States to "the tycoons of Wall Street"—as if Wall Street ran the country. Well, of course, nothing could be further from the truth. To say that Wall Street runs the country is rather like saying that the earth, not the sun, is the center of our planetary system.

Let Khrushchev and company consider the facts. American industry, not being state-owned, needs private capital to operate. That capital comes largely from one source: individual investors who are willing to risk their dollars to buy stock in companies they hope will prosper and bring them a good return.

Wall Street is just a kind of middle man, collecting money from investors and passing it along to industry, exchanging cash for securities, providing a market place where investors can trade those securities. In short, the business of Wall Street is service—to both investors and industry.

Speaking of service, at Merrill Lynch ours comes in many guises. We buy and sell listed and unlisted securities, including municipal bonds, for our customers. We handle underwriting and distribution of securities. We help with pension funds and institutional investments. We sell stocks under the Monthly Investment Plan. And we offer custodian service to owners of large portfolios.

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## LETTERS

WQXR with its endless commercial drivel. I can hear Dvorak's Fourth Symphony to its end on WNYC with no fear of being told to go out and buy Dilly Beans, etc.

JOHN FERRIS  
New York, N. Y.

We've been tuned in by our readers on other FM stations. From the Berkshires we hear of WAMC in Adams, Mass., relaying WGBH-FM from Boston; WTRY in Troy, N. Y., WRRC in Cherry Valley, N. Y., and WHCN in Hartford, Conn. From the West—the state-owned FM Network in Madison, Wis., and KFMM in Tucson, Ariz.

THE EDITORS

### Case for the Railroads

TO THE EDITORS:

John Fischer's "Easy Chair" of September ["Not Really a Sin"] in many respects showed keen insight into the problems of railroad commutation. . . .

Personally, I believe that the railroads under private enterprise can provide the transportation service needed for mass movement in many suburban areas if the public will give adequate support [in the form of] . . . relief from heavy taxation, freedom from restrictive legislation, and understanding of the need to adapt labor contracts to present-day transportation conditions. . . .

Since early in 1959 we of the New York Central have had a continuing program to upgrade our commuter facilities. So far we have painted and refurbished 182 cars and eight major suburban stations. . . . We are giving an "E" or "spring-house-keeping type" cleaning to twenty-five cars a week. . . .

During July, 95.4 per cent of our suburban trains completed their runs without delay. . . . To replace some of the older cars with new equipment has been difficult . . . when we are still losing approximately \$19 million annually on passenger service. In this area we hope our current negotiations for leasing new commuter equipment from The Port of New York Authority will prove fruitful. . . .

E. C. NICKERSON, Vice Pres.  
N. Y. Central System  
New York, N. Y.

### Crisis in Medicine

The special supplement, "The Crisis in American Medicine" [October], is still evoking an unusual volume of letters. A roundup of comment will be published in a special section of the January issue.

THE EDITORS

## THE BOSTON PRESS

### Mr. Choate Comments

*Robert Choate, Publisher of the Boston Herald and Traveler, comments as follows on Peter Braestrup's controversial article, "What the Press Has Done to Boston and Vice Versa" [October]:*

Every so often a smart young reporter spending the winter at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow is encouraged by a professor to study the Boston press. When he meets a local reporter to talk casually about the newspapers' deficiencies, the result is apt to be a somewhat distorted picture.

Peter Braestrup came into the Boston newspaper offices saying that he was commissioned to study the Boston newspapers for the Joint Center for Urban Studies. He was going to write a chapter for a professor's book. He then proceeded to put on paper what he was told by "sixty newsmen, publishers, and politicians" in the process of creating what purported to be a factual description of the Boston press. He sent us his manuscript. We corrected it. We pointed out the innuendo and insinuations and said it was not factual reporting. He couldn't even accept all our corrections, and it has taken Laurence Winship, Editor of the *Globe*, to point out that John I. Taylor is not the brother of William Davis Taylor, Publisher of the *Globe*.

Braestrup has come up with the conclusion that, "If any American city needs an active, crusading 'public service' press, in the best newspaper tradition, it is Boston."

He seems to blame the Boston press for insufficient local coverage, particularly in City Hall, lack of a crusading spirit, failure to get anything accomplished in the public good, particularly in urban renewal, in housing, in hospitals, parks, and tax abatements.

Yet, in the case of my own publications, he gives me or my newspapers credit for building a newspaper plant in the city's first urban redevelopment site and for having inspired in one year a \$30 million highway tunnel under the harbor, a \$50 million civic center and government office building, and a garage under Boston Common. These are all going forward.

This fall, two legislative investigations are going on at the State House, largely inspired by these newspapers, into the Democratic administration of the Metropolitan District Commission and the Department of Public Works. The Chairman of the MDC has resigned, and the Democratic Attorney General is stating he will seek indictments.

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I don't expect the *Herald* and *Traveler* will receive a Pulitzer Prize for any of these accomplishments in 1960. But then I know, having served on the Pulitzer Board for fifteen years, that not everything a newspaper thinks is constructive can possibly be given a Prize.

Braestrup blames competition for the failure of Boston newspapers. I submit that Boston newspapers are the Big League of American journalism. You may not like their front-page advertising, but, by golly, they cover the news locally, politically, nationally, and internationally. They do it on a very wide scale, each according to its talents, and the Boston reader can get about everything he wants from one or another.

No city outside of New York has so much newspaper competition. Only New York has more newspapers. Boston has 7 newspapers: 3 in the morning, 4 in the afternoon, and 3 on Sunday, under 4 distinct ownerships. Contrast this with Philadelphia with 3 newspapers and 2 ownerships, Baltimore with 2 newspapers and 2 ownerships, Kansas City with 1 newspaper and 1 ownership, Detroit with 3 newspapers and 3 ownerships, Chicago with 4 newspapers and 2 ownerships, Cleveland with 2 newspapers and 2 ownerships, Los Angeles with 4 newspapers and 2 ownerships.

In what other city in the world can a newspaper reader buy on the newsstand Arthur Krock, Scotty Reston, David Lawrence, William S. White, Marquis Childs, Holmes Alexander, Arthur Daley, John Drebing in the *Herald-Traveler*; Walter Lippmann, Roscoe Drummond, Doris Fleeson, Joe Alsop, Red Smith in the *Globe*; and in the *Herald* newspapers such writers as Bob Considine, Westbrook Pegler, Jim Bishop, Dorothy Kilgallen, George Sokolsky—to list a few? Not to mention all the writers of the *Christian Science Monitor*. . . . Braestrup passes this off as a "smorgasbord of syndicated punditry."

I contend it's not a smorgasbord, but a solid fare for the newspaper reader. There is not an outstanding newspaper feature in the United States that is not on display in Boston newspapers. In addition, each Boston newspaper has a fistful of local writers who can compete with their counterpart in any other city. My papers, for instance, just recently, through sudden death, lost Bill Mullins in politics, Rudolph Elie in music and drama, and Bill Cunningham in sports, each nationally known in his field. Never has there been such good newspaper coverage by *Herald-Traveler* and *Globe* of metropolitan Boston's vast complex of hospitals and educational institutions, as well as the solid ring of scientific and electronic satellites around the city.

While Braestrup credits my own *Herald* with getting more Pulitzer Prizes

for editorials than any other newspaper in the history of awards, he does not mention that we also got two Pulitzer Prizes for photographs.

As for crusading on a local level, we have had some success over the years: In 1942 the *Herald* printed a report from the Boston Finance Commission, a body created by a legislative action to watch on the affairs of Boston. We were promptly sued by the then Mayor, James M. Curley, for \$500,000. The case was tried before a jury—no slight hazard in Boston with a Mayor like Curley—and a mistrial was declared by the presiding judge when Curley's lawyer said he was having difficulty in introducing evidence. But in the preparation of the case, the *Herald* dug up so much material on Curley's handling of the General Equipment Company that a suit was brought by his successor, Mayor Mansfield, and it was the result of evidence produced in this suit that finally sent Curley to jail in Danbury. . . .

According to the Boston Real Estate Board, Boston has more public housing development per capita than any other large city—\$140 millions' worth—with a substantial clearance of slums. It has the finest international airport on the East Coast within ten minutes' taxi ride of the city proper. It has a magnificent central artery. It has just about cleared the way for a \$150 million Prudential Cen-

ter, and like most of the older American cities is struggling to develop an enlightened and progressive urban renewal program. All these have been backed by its newspapers.

To be sure, it lacks many things—notably a freeway to the west, where lie the sixth-richest suburbs in the United States; intelligent planning of its transportation system, along with co-ordination of its programming under the federal highway bill. All these things are being vigorously presented day in and day out by all the Boston newspapers.

Braestrup says the *Herald* plays up Republican events "while stressing the political setbacks suffered by Governor Foster Furcolo." To be sure! In the September primaries the Democrats voted: O'Connor 270,081, Furcolo 217,939, Buckley 70,744, blanks 64,323—a total of 405,148 against an incumbent Governor. If there had been no competition among Boston newspapers there would have been no defeat of Governor Furcolo in his own primary.

Of course there is always room for improvement. Is there an editor who, having put his paper to bed, does not wish that he could have made it better? And who does not each day vow to himself that tomorrow's issue will be better than today's?

ROBERT CHOATE  
Boston, Mass.

### Mr. Braestrup Comments

With characteristic energy, Mr. Choate seizes upon one error—the *Globe's* hard-working Taylors are cousins, not brothers. Then what?

(1) Mr. Choate fails to challenge seriously the facts with which I upheld my central thesis: Boston's press does not provide the city with consistent and aggressive newspaper leadership.

(2) Describing what his *Herald* had done on the city level to prod, explain, and expose, Mr. Choate takes us back to 1942. Curley was a worthwhile target, but what has the *Herald* done in Boston lately? Not much that I could see.

(3) Mr. Choate's spirited efforts on the state level deserve more space than I was able to give them. But Mr. Choate somewhat overstates my estimate of *Herald* effectiveness. Certainly he would agree that his new-found Democratic ally, Mr. William Callahan of the job-rich Massachusetts Turnpike Authority, deserved at least equal credit (or blame) for the controversial tunnel, garage, and state office building legislation.

(4) The *Herald's* latest accomplishments cited by Mr. Choate occurred after the completion of my study. I am

not surprised that the Republican *Herald* has cheered on investigations of Democratic officialdom. In all fairness, however, the rival *Globe's* thorough examination of the troubled Boston school system, which also followed my departure, should also be mentioned.

From all reports, the *Christian Science Monitor* still remains in a class by itself.

(5) In general, Mr. Choate views Boston's problems and its press with an optimism which the city's politicians and civic leaders and even his fellow newspaper executives might find excessive. Yet, with all due respect, I cannot see where he damages my case. Indeed, in praising the heavy use of syndicated material and the *Herald's* page-one Republicanism, he seems to reinforce certain of my arguments.

Devoted and competent newspapermen work in Boston. They need encouragement and support from management to do the job that needs doing. In recent weeks, there have been signs of progress, hints of change in the Boston air. All power to those, like Mr. Choate, who are finding room for improvement.

PETER BRAESTRUP  
Washington, D. C.

Further comment from Boston will be published next month.





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# THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

## Ten Christmas Cards, And That's All.

**S**PECIAL Christmas greetings to a list of high-spirited people who have done something during the past year—sometimes unintentionally—to make the world a little more livable:

1. *To David B. Steinman, one of the most enduring artists America has yet produced, who was still working until a few weeks of his death at the age of seventy-three last September. His four hundred major works have given pleasure to millions, and will continue to do so for generations, though few people outside his professional circle have ever heard his name.*

Dr. Steinman (who once taught at the University of Idaho and at City College, New York) believed that steel is a natural medium for the American genius, just as paint is for Frenchmen or music for Italians. Perhaps because he grew up in a tenement district under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, he decided to become a builder of bridges which would be aesthetic as well as engineering masterpieces. His aim was "a poem stretched across a river." The result was eight awards for beautiful structures, among a body of work which may well be the most impressive one-man legacy in construction since Hadrian.

It includes the lovely Henry Hudson Bridge in New York State . . . the longest suspension bridge in the world, across Mackinac Straits in Michigan . . . the Sydney Harbor span in Australia . . . the Thousand Islands Bridge over the St. Lawrence . . . the Florianopolis bridge in Brazil, largest in South America . . . the Tagus River Bridge in Portugal, not yet completed . . . plans for a link between Europe and Asia across the Bosphorus . . . and scores of other structures which lift the eye and heart of anybody who takes the trouble to look at them. It is one of the mysteries of American criticism that a Steinman remains almost unknown, while a Jackson Pollock becomes a national culture hero.

2. *To another artist, Jerry Davies of Toronto, for the ultimate criticism of the Abstract Expressionist school of painting.*

His entry, entitled "Fallout," was judged one of the twelve best paintings in the annual Western Ontario art show. He later explained that he had merely provided a handsome frame for an old piece of brown paper which he had used to cover his drawing board, and which had acquired over the months a patina of spilled glue, splattered paint, and random pen and pencil scratches. To the judges, presumably, it looked better than innumerable other imitation de Koonings, of the sort that are now proving so lucrative to the fashionable galleries.

3. *To Mrs. Stuart Krinsky and Mrs. Stephen Grob, of Scarsdale, New York, for a different kind of service to the arts.*

With their own labor and at their own expense, they have arranged a series of traveling exhibits to display original paintings and sculptures—borrowed from top-flight museums—to some twenty schools on the outer fringes of New York. In the basements of their homes, with no helpers except their husbands and children, they have mounted and packaged exhibits which have so far been enjoyed by more than eighty thousand students, teachers, parents, and visitors; and at least forty more schools are begging for their services.

4. *To the top banana in American education, Dr. Lawrence Derthick, for an unwitting demonstration of what is wrong with the men who run our schools.*

Dr. Derthick is United States Commissioner of Education. He also is a former president of the American Association of School Administrators, trained at the University of Tennessee and Columbia's Teachers College, and festooned with an honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters by Yeshiva University.

The Miami school board decided last spring to banish two classics—Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984*—from its reading list for high-school seniors because one mother thought they were too strong a diet for children. When Dr. Derthick was asked to comment, he declined on grounds that he had never



read either book. Neither, it turned out, had the Miami superintendent of schools (a Ph.D. in Education) nor the principal of the high school.

(Lest these be thought unfair examples, culled from the intellectual Everglades of Florida and Washington, it might be well to cite a case from White Plains, New York, where the schools are supposed to be well above average. One junior-high-school English teacher, who had been tamped full of education courses at Cornell and Teachers College, recently told me that he had never read a line of either Mark Twain or Herman Melville.)

5. *To an honest Irishman, the Earl of Rosse, vice-chancellor of Trinity College in Dublin.* On a recent visit to the United States he turned down a drink of Irish whiskey. Though he acknowledged that it is one of his country's proudest and most profitable exports, he said: "I don't like it. I prefer bourbon."

6. *To the bravest engineer since Casey Jones, former local chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in Birmingham, Alabama, named J. C. Laney.*

To the horrified astonishment of the union hierarchy, Mr. Laney suggested right out loud that the Brotherhood's policy of featherbedding was all wrong, and that the railroads ought to be permitted to eliminate unnecessary jobs in a gradual and humane fashion.

Specifically, he couldn't see any reason why near-bankrupt railways should be compelled forever to employ firemen on Diesel locomotives. (Since these engines burn fuel oil, they don't need a fireman any more than your family car does.) Mr. Laney proposed that all the present firemen should be guaranteed their jobs for life, even though they would do nothing for their pay but look out the cab window. But when they died or retired, the road should not be forced to replace them. A similar formula, he pointed out, is working satisfactorily on Canadian railways.

To this argument, the Brotherhood bosses had two irrefutable answers: (a) such a plan eventually would wipe out the firemen's union and all its officeholders; (b) Mr. Laney was tossed out of his local chairmanship forthwith.

7. *To Maxim Radin, recently of Oakland, California, for the most succinct explanation of the trouble with American medicine.*

At the age of eighty, he took the \$35,000 he had saved during a lifetime of barbering and started for Yugoslavia. Reporters wanted to know why he was forsaking this country—which after all had treated him pretty well—and for a Communist state at that?

What lured him back, he said, was not the fact that he was born there; he hadn't seen the

place in fifty-five years, had no relatives, and felt no special affection either for the land or its politics. But its system of socialized medicine looked pretty good to an old man.

"If you have a few dollars, you can stretch it," Mr. Radin explained. "If you get sick here, you're cleaned out clear as a whistle. I'll do better over there."

8. *To United States customs officials—who probably get more undeserved curses than any other civil servants, except income-tax collectors—for an example of courtesy and helpfulness beyond the demands of duty.*

Austrian publishers had sent an exhibit of their best books last summer to the American booksellers' convention in Chicago, only to find that it was hopelessly stranded in a dock strike there. So they ordered a duplicate shipment to be sent by air.

It arrived—in forty-five packages, weighing nine hundred pounds—on a Sunday night at O'Hare Field. The Austrian representatives had only a few hours to get the shipment into the city and arrange it for exhibition before the convention opened. They never would have made it, if the customs officials hadn't cleared the parcels in a few minutes—and then rounded up an out-size taxi and helped load the books aboard. Dr. Walter Holoubek of the Austrian Publishers' Association was so pleased that he wrote a letter of praise to the Vienna newspapers.

9. *To the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose New Jersey chapter presented its Americanism Medal to Dr. Wernher von Braun for his "spiritual contribution to the world."*

Dr. von Braun's most memorable spiritual contribution was made while he served Hitler as head of the Peenemünde guided-missile experimental station. There he developed the V-2 rocket which destroyed much of London and Antwerp, taking hundreds of lives. He also helped perfect a guided anti-aircraft rocket which was about to be turned loose on American planes just as the war ended, and was working on a hundred-ton rocket designed to strike at the United States. Since the war he and a number of his German associates have been working on American missile projects.

In the past the DAR had expressed its spiritual values by protesting against scholarships to foreign students, opposing aid to our war-crippled Allies, and refusing to permit Negro singer Marian Anderson to perform in its Washington auditorium. Its turn-the-other-cheek attitude toward von Braun seems to represent a net gain.

10. *To Dr. Morris Janowitz of the University of Michigan, for a remarkable book which has not yet received the attention it deserves.*

Dr. Janowitz' book, *The Professional Soldier*,

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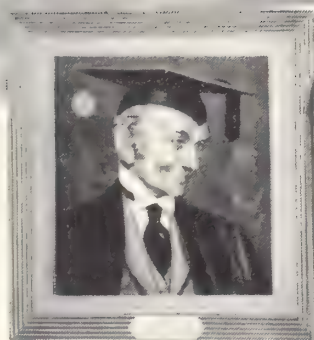
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## THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

is the first hard, careful look at a group of New Men in American society: the career military officers who are rising—like the scientists—to a level of status and influence without precedent in our earlier history.\*

Because Janowitz really knows his soldiers, it is a far more informative book than such scary fantasies as C. Wright Mills's *The Power Elite*. Ever since World War II he has been probing their innards with the tools of a trained sociologist. Consequently he can tell you precisely how they think, what social backgrounds they come from, their style of life, what images they carry of the outside world and of the enemy, their political beliefs, how they deal with politicians and civilian superiors, and what ambitions they hold for the future.

In the telling, he dismantles some fine old myths about "the military mind" and the officer caste. Unlike Mills, for example, he isn't worried about the possibility that the military will come to dominate American society, as the Prussian officers once dominated Germany. For one thing, our professional soldiers aren't at all like Prussians. Neither have they ever attained anything like the role in politics held by the military elsewhere—even in England—nor is there any likelihood that they will.

They are not drawn from a special aristocratic military class, as most officers have been in France, Germany, England, and most other countries. On the contrary, they come from a broad cross section of middle-class families (often rural); and those who climb to the top of the hierarchy tend to "come from families of lower social status or more marginal circumstances."

Moreover, the Heroic Leader type, which has dominated military organizations ever since Achilles and Beowulf, is becoming increasingly rare among our top elite group. He is being replaced by two new types: the Military Manager (such as Marshall, Gruenther, Schriever, and Raborn) and the Technologist (exemplified by Admiral Hyman Rickover).

\*Published by the Free Press of Glencoe, Illinois, \$6.75.

The Heroic Leader, of the General George Patton stamp, will never entirely disappear, of course, because his qualities are always needed—but he no longer sets the tone for the establishment. Indeed, few people outside of the services have yet realized how much that tone is now set by intellectuals, such as Generals Taylor, Gavin, and Bonesteel, who could more than hold their own in any faculty club in the country.

Curiously enough, the elite nucleus which holds the key posts in all three services is not made up of organization men. On the contrary, its members are mostly nonconformists, "characterized by powerful impulses to dissent and to challenge the structure of military authority." This is true of personalities as different as MacArthur and Ridgway—and the nonconformist tradition of the high command goes all the way back through Leonard Wood (the only surgeon who ever became Chief of Staff) to Grant, Jackson and Edward Preble.

Finally, the professional officers do not constitute a tight, unified group, intent upon imposing its policy on the country, as Mills argued. Anyone who has ever watched the Pentagon in the throes of making a decision knows that military people are just as varied and pluralistic in their views as any other segment of American life. Janowitz, however, distinguishes two main streams of military philosophy: the Absolutists and the Pragmatists. Each has its own doctrine about national goals and strategy—and the collision between the two accounts for most of the bickering and confusion which has beset the Pentagon ever since the end of the war.

The Absolutists—who are broadly identified with Air Force thinking—see war as a crusade against evil, in which total victory should be the goal. They argue for absolute weapons, such as the big bombers and intercontinental missiles; in politics, they tend toward extreme conservatism; in geopolitics, their eyes focus primarily on the Pacific and Asia; for leadership they turn toward heroic types, such as MacArthur and Curtis LeMay.

The Pragmatists, on the other hand, represent the Army school of thought, as expressed by such spokes-



## THE EASY CHAIR

men as Taylor, Gavin, and Ridgway. Their model leader is Marshall; their minds are oriented toward Europe; they think of war as only one means of attaining national goals; and they don't believe there is any such thing as total victory in an age of atomic weapons. Consequently they would like to see this country better prepared to fight limited wars, relying less on absolute weapons and more on such prosaic tools as the infantryman and the airlift. Their political thinking is a good deal more sophisticated than that of the Absolutists—they realize that we have to get along with difficult allies; that our competition with Russia is likely to last for generations; and that political and economic strategy may prove even more decisive than purely military measures.

*The Professional Soldier* is one of those rare books which can honestly be described as badly needed. In past generations, the attitude of the American public toward its soldiers has usually swung back and forth between two extremes. In wartime we are respectful to the verge of hero worship; in peacetime we have been indifferent to the edge of contempt. In the present era—which is neither war nor peace, and which will demand a big military establishment indefinitely—neither attitude makes much sense. We now need to learn, for the first time, not to look at our military people with either reverence or suspicion, but to try to understand them and to learn to work with them as a normal, necessary part of our society. Dr. Janowitz' book is a fine start.

THESE ten Christmas cards—if you can call them that—are all that this department intends to send out this year. We are joining Henry Dreyfuss, the industrial designer, and a few other rebellious characters in a revolt against the extravagant excesses which have overwhelmed the whole tradition of holiday greetings. So instead of overburdening the mails, and our friends, with another bushel of cards, we are sending a check to CARE, to help feed a few hungry youngsters in Africa. Anybody else who feels that is more in keeping with the Christmas spirit is invited to do the same.

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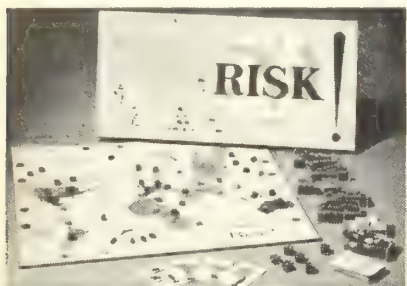
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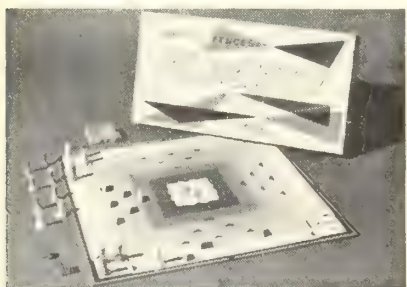
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# AFTER HOURS



## ENCOUNTER WITH COCTEAU

*Hans Bendix, Danish correspondent and cartoonist, reports on his interview in Paris with Jean Cocteau.*

**SCENE:** An apartment on the second floor in the Rue Montpensier, the famous narrow street with the small, select theatre restaurants. From the House of Molière—the Comédie Française—to the little old Palais Royale Theatre, founded in 1781, the street squeezes in between the Rue Richelieu and the stately historical complex of the Palais Royale. A shallow boudoir, *fin-de-siècle* velvet furniture, a divan with a welter of billowing silk cushions. The light comes in through a big French window opening onto the galleries and idyllic statues of the Palais Royale garden. Wintry blasts outside. On the mantelpiece photographs of Colette, Sarah Bernhardt, André Gide, Picasso, and many other celebrities with dedications to the poet and jack-of-all-trades, Jean Cocteau, who from his earliest years has been in the vanguard of well-nigh all the arts and whose films have made their triumphal progress over the whole world. Ingeniously contorted picture frames and vases of artificial flowers. The room is crammed with curiosities, bric-a-brac, and bibelots. From the hall an over-size American refrigerator can be seen through the kitchen door. After

a significant delay, the door to the boudoir opens and in rushes the seventy-one-year-old but well preserved *maitre*.

"What a shame that I should receive you and Madame in this squalid state!" (Ultramarine silk dressing gown, silk brocade scarf, and a huge flashing ring on his left little finger.) "I was shaving, that's why I had to keep you waiting. I never open letters. But oddly enough I opened yours—and read it. I receive nobody, I am a hunted animal. The maddening thing is that all the practical inventions which are supposed to make life easier turn it instead into chaotic confusion. You can never do what you want to, only what you don't, as it says in the Bible. Not from inclination but because the conditions of life today are so intractable. Now and then I flee from Paris to my refuge at Milly-la-Forêt near Fontainebleau, barricade myself in my house there, isolate myself like a monk. But *you* I want to see. For I believe you are a kind-hearted person. At least that's how I read your letter. Ah, when one grows old it's not honor or wealth one longs for—just human kindness.

"But for some reason I didn't get your name marked on the blackboard. I'm a Moses with the tables of the law. On one of them I chalk down ideas that occur to me, ideas



## AFTER HOURS

hat I never get time to carry out. In the other I note important appointments and engagements. I have no secretary, never have had. It seems to me it's just an additional bother to have a secretary. But I have the housekeeper who let you in. And I have my Siamese cats—three of them. Animals are superior beings, who should at least be spared in existence so contrary to nature as monogamy. Just think if one of them were to jump off the Eiffel Tower because it had found out that the other one had been unfaithful to it. I couldn't bear it. As it is they are congenial and tolerant creatures because they live together in utter promiscuity, protected from the pain of human society's artificial tragedies.

What was I about to say before this digression? Oh yes, so I forgot to mark our appointment on the blackboard. It's the Institute's fault. I should never have agreed to become immortal. Immortality poisons life. Yesterday Jean Rostand was to be made a member of the French Academy—the biologist, you know, a son of Edmond ('Cyrano de Bergerac') and a brother of Maurice. As his academic godfather, I had to make the baptismal speech, toggled out in the green uniform with the gold palm leaves on the collar, the sword, the cocked hat, and all the rest of it. I hate it as I hate all outward show. After I had been 'immortalized,' I also became a member of the Belgian and American Academies and an honorary doctor of Oxford University. After all the spanking I've had in my time, my aging shoulders are now weighed down with honors. But judge not. Most people are happy to parade the uniform of the immortals.

"Do you know the story about Anatole France? Ah, you do. Well, you'll hear it again—after all, they're still playing Mozart, *n'est-ce pas?* Besides, Mme. Bendix certainly doesn't know it. She's much too decent, I can see. Well, here it is. On the way home from an evening session under the dome at the Institute (the French Academy, where the forty immortals assemble) Anatole France met one of God's creatures, whom he took home with him. Later in the evening he had hung his uniform on the back of a chair, and at dawn it caught the good lady's astounded

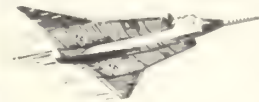
# A letter to the motoring public about a remarkable new car

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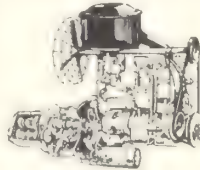


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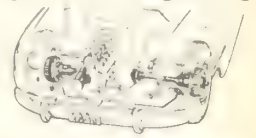


Most notable of Saab's many unique features is its front wheel drive, developed and perfected more than ten years ago. By combining the engine, gear box and differential in a compact front-end power pack, Saab offers exceptional traction, maneuverability and ease of handling—even in mud, snow and sand.



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Saab is a beautiful car. But its sleek body lines are as functional as they are handsome. The design was actually developed in a wind tunnel to minimize wind resistance and air drag. As a result, Saab's ride is amazingly smooth, quiet and stable—even at high speeds. Another advantage of the car's aerodynamic design is remarkable fuel economy which averages 33-38 miles per gallon.



An authoritative automotive magazine recently referred to Saab as the "safest small car in the world." Here again Saab's aircraft experience was of prime importance, for the car was actually subjected to stress tests in much the same manner as airplane construction is tested. Saab's body shell is an armored fuselage of heavy gauge steel, welded and reinforced for tremendous strength and solidity.



Saab is unique among cars. Its compact exterior dimensions belie its interior spaciousness. Compared with other imported cars Saab offers more leg room, more head room and much more luggage

space for greater driving comfort. The special convertible seating transforms the car at will into a utility wagon for big loads or a camping unit to sleep two. Although it consistently wins sports car rallies and competitions—often against larger, more powerful cars—Saab is very much a family car. It is nimble in traffic, easy to park.



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## AFTER HOURS

eyes. She was overawed. Out of sheer veneration for the uniform she now did her utmost to please the old gentleman. But there is a limit to the receptiveness of old age. So you can see that the battlefield of fame has its inconveniences.

"Are you shocked, Madame? God bless you if you are. You would be an exception. The capacity to blush is precious. It's a gift our time has lost. Nothing is shocking nowadays. The brutality, horror, and shamelessness of the second world war destroyed practically everything—Henry Miller, Sartre, Genet, and Brigitte Bardot the rest. In 1941 I defended Genet as a witness in court. So I do not condemn. I merely state the facts.

"Twelve years earlier I had written *Opium* and illustrated the book myself. I'm a jack-of-all-trades, you know. I draw, paint, write, make movies—nothing is sacred to me. I knew how to write about opium—staked my health to learn all about it. It was *Les enfants terribles*, though, that really hit home. Lots of youngsters were living like my imagined characters, only I didn't know it. I thought I had created them, that they did not really exist. Many more modeled themselves on the book, just as happened after the publication of Goethe's *Werther*. I was called a disgusting seducer of youth. In 1947 I began work on the movie 'Orpheus.' That is my 'Faust'—the blood of a poet. As late as 1951 I succeeded in creating a scandal with 'Bacchus.' My friend Mauriac strongly disapproved.

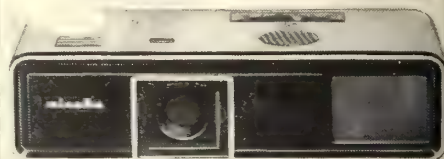
"MY painter friends were able to shock because they emerged in a period when people were still interested in art revolutions. I met Picasso as early as 1916. He has been a perpetual sensation. His secret has been that he never tired of throwing overboard the successes he had achieved. This was drastic. The bourgeoisie never knew where they had him. It bewildered and irritated them, and that, you know, is what butters an artist's bread.

"Like Picasso, Modigliani painted my portrait when we were all young. It has traveled a great deal and has made a fortune since it was first sold for a trifle. It has finally landed in a museum. In those days we were not

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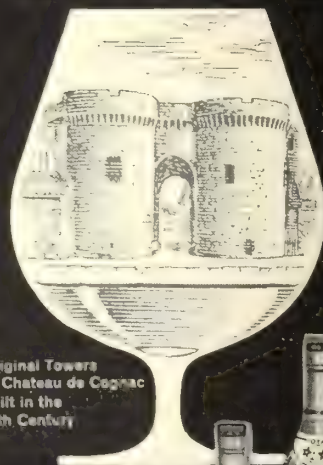


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## AFTER HOURS

concerned with the destiny of things. One of us lived for the history of art. We were merely concerned to live. And live together. Modigliani drew with extreme elegance. His line often as pale as the ghost of a name. He was our aristocrat. The keenness of his portraits was striking, even for those who had never seen the models. Modigliani's self-portraits are a reflection of the nobility of his nature, his svelte grace, his dangerous mystical genius. His line like the horn of the unicorn which never dips into stagnant water. It avoids puddles with the suppleness of a Siamese cat.

"Artists who have grown up since the second world war are to be pitied. They are in a bad way. The poor devils are punching pillows. Empty aesthetics—the so-called music for the eye' is as hollow and barren as the ding-dong of frozen poetry. Nobody is bowled over by being served up ingenious blobs of color slapped onto a big canvas at record speed. It is the speed in the horsepower of a car, or the luxury refrigerator, or television sets that oppress our epoch. Mysticism is relegated to the regions of the moon and the unknown universe. But if people are apathetic toward art, what can be done about it? I do not know. We are living in a period of transition. I decorated the chapel in Villefranche-sur-Mer. Probably nobody has seen it but Charlie Chaplin, whom I myself dragged in to see it with his entire progeny."

COLETTE mournfully raised his eyes and peered out the window.

"Look at the sere and yellow leaves of the trees as they sadly dance among the gas-lamps in the Palais Royal garden. In days of yore Casanova and Boswell chased beautiful ladies down there. Death is desolating my garden. Colette lived here, my valiant friend. The Nazis carried off my Jewish friends, who never came back. Perhaps it is better, after all, to drown oneself in a breathless round of work and not indulge in sad memories.

"I have just come back from London where I made a film, 'The Lovers,' which was successful because the public expected it to be scandalous. Film-making is work. People think you are finished with a film



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at a  
time,

one  
at a  
time!

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when you have 'shot' the pictures. But that is when the really serious work begins. I am directing 'Orpheus' Will' with the subtitle 'The Lady Who Mistook the Epoch.' Do you know Carl Dryer in Denmark? I lower arms and salute him. He knows what he wants to do in his films. There are so many bunglers.

"Isn't your sketch of me good? If not, make a new one but with the speed of lightning. Everything turns out miserably when one has time to think it over. Let me autograph it first. Then I shall be spared seeing how you regard me and we may continue to think kindly of each other. Have you finished? You must forgive me, but the blackboard is merciless. I have an appointment and I never cancel. I have politeness in the blood and am its obedient slave. I should like to talk more with you. However, we have opened up to each other, exchanged ideas. Monologues can be intolerably boring. That we have got along so happily is due to the conversational form. The one party creates a springboard for the thoughts of the other.

"By the way, what have you said? I shall recall it later when you have left, things must always have time to sink in. Promise me to come again. And bring your charming wife with you. You must promise me unconditionally, dear Madame. Not all Danish women can be like you. That would be too great a gift from Providence to a single nation. *Je prie qu'on se rejoie dans la vie, Madame.*"

—Hans Bendix

## THE MUFFLED DERNIER CRI

An American girl, Elizabeth Stark Cameron, traveling in Italy last spring copied the following from a folder given out by the Tourist Information Center at Capri:

**C**APRI: Unexpectedly an unbelievable image appears: an ancient print? a modern painting?

Closer examination shows it to be a signed work: the portrait of Capri, signed by the Creator.

It still bears the signs of divine workmanship; roughly hewn in a surge of genius, the work is still fresh, without alteration. The Cre-

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## AFTER HOURS

tor worked hastily and left his in-  
 spirations the way fantasy had just  
 named them, rough and unrefined.  
 Perhaps this is why Capri may ap-  
 pear too modern, absorbing in its  
 dynamism. But it's not just a trick.  
 The artist wasn't merely using im-  
 pressionism to hide the errors in his  
 design; he had just finished the de-  
 sign of the Universe which, not with-  
 standing its hasty making, shows the  
 hand of the master. The sparing  
 technique of this painting may be  
 explained by the circumstances of  
 the moment; the Seventh Day was  
 the day of rest but can a true artist  
 ever really rest?

Instead, the Creator thought to  
 meet this day and set to work  
 once again. He looked at his palette  
 and saw that it was lacking in cer-  
 tain colors; the white had all gone  
 to paint the Polar regions; of the  
 mixture of shadow not even a  
 shadow was left; all used up to ob-  
 tain the conventional gray of the  
 northern countries.

But how very many bright and  
 audy colors there were still left!

The toil of creating the Universe  
 had been long and drawn out; six  
 eternal days, the duration of which  
 was never been really understood,  
 and amidst enormous difficulties: it  
 had all been quite necessary, in order  
 to keep the darkness separated from  
 the light, the water well divided  
 from the land! . . . In bad humor be-  
 cause he was aware that the work  
 wasn't taking form the way he would  
 have liked, the Creator had used the  
 more expensive colors sparingly; but  
 at the end he saw that blues and  
 greens of every gradation and lac-  
 quers of every sort were left over;  
 there was even an entire tube of  
 chrome-yellow—enough for a com-  
 plete solar system. He thought,  
 "what to do with it all?" Throwing  
 away his brushes, he set to work with  
 a palette knife, slapping pure colors  
 onto his canvas without even read-  
 ing them—cobalt for the sky; for the  
 sea ultramarine edged with emerald  
 green along the coast.

He squeezed out the tube of  
 chrome-yellow and lit up the sun;  
 then, dazzled he stepped back and,  
 finding himself before the master-  
 piece of the Creation, uttered a cry  
 of joy, the *dernier cri* of the Uni-  
 verse: CAPRI.

—Author Unknown



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## "LISTEN, YANKEE"

### *The Cuban Case Against the United States*

C. WRIGHT MILLS

C. Wright Mills, Professor of Sociology at Columbia University, and author of such books as *The Power Elite* and *The Sociological Imagination*, visited Cuba last August and made an intensive study of its revolution. Using a wire-recorder, he spent three eighteen-hour days with Fidel Castro, interviewed many of the principal government officials, and spoke to hundreds of Cubans while traveling the length of the island. The article which follows draws on these conversations and attempts to present a composite viewpoint of the Cuban revolutionary. (It will be included in Mr. Mills' book entitled *Listen, Yankee* to be published shortly by McGraw-Hill and Ballantine.) The message Mr. Mills puts in the mouth of the Cubans is, in effect, a piece of propaganda—uncritical, emotional, oblivious of the faults of the Castro regime. But, while criticism of that regime is widely published in America, the revolutionary élan which brought it into power and supports it is little understood; and it is something we must confront if we are to deal responsibly with Cuba and Latin America.

**T**HIS article reflects the mood and the contents of my discussions with revolutionaries in Cuba during August. But it is about more than Cuba. For Cuba's voice today is a voice of the hungry-nation bloc, and the Cuban revolutionary is now speaking—most effectively—in the name of many people in that bloc. In Asia, in Africa, as well as in Latin America, the people behind this voice are becoming articulate; they are becoming strong in a kind of fury they've never known before. As nations, they are young. To them, the world is new.

No matter what you may think of it, no matter what I think of it—Cuba's voice is a voice that must be heard in the United States of America. Yet it has not been heard. It must now be heard because the United States is too powerful, its responsibilities to the world and to itself are too great, for its people not to be able to listen to every voice of the hungry world.

If we do not listen to them, if we do not hear them well, we face all the perils of ignorance—and with these, the perils of disastrous mistakes. Some of the mistakes of ignorance have already been made, in our name, by the United States government—and with disastrous consequences everywhere in the world, for the image and for the future of the United States. But perhaps it is not too late for us to listen—and to act.

My major aim is to present the voice of the Cuban revolutionary; I have taken up this aim because of its absurd absence from the news of Cuba available in the United States today. You will not find here *The Whole Truth About Cuba*, nor "an objective appraisal of the Cuban revolution." I do not believe it is possible for anyone to carry out such an appraisal today. The true story of the Cuban revolution, in all its meaning, will have to wait until some Cuban, who has been part of it all, finds the universal



voice of his revolution. In the meantime, my task has been to try to ask a few of the fruitful questions, and then to seek out and to listen well to as full a variety of answers as I could find.

I believe that much of whatever you have read recently about Cuba in the U. S. press is far removed from the realities and the meaning of what is going on in Cuba today.

Unlike many Cubans, I do not believe that this fact is entirely due to a deliberate campaign of vilification—co-ordinated advertising pressure, official handouts, and off-the-record talks. Yet it is true that if U. S. business interests adversely affected by the revolution do not co-ordinate your news on Cuba, they may none the less be a controlling factor in what you know, and don't know, about Cuba. More generally, business as a system of interests, which includes the media of communication, certainly does play a role in such matters.

It is also true that the news editors' demand for violent headlines does restrict and shape the copy journalists produce. They print what they think is the salable commodity.

Our ignorance is also due to the fact that the revolutionary government of Cuba does not yet have a serviceable information agency for foreign journalists. Those Cubans in a position to help are very busy with the revolution. But more than that: they are increasingly unwilling to help, for they feel that their trust has been betrayed.

"To report" a real revolution involves much more than the ordinary journalist's routine. It requires that the journalist abandon many of the clichés and habits which now make up his very craft, and that he know something in detail about the great variety of left-wing thought and action in the world today. Most North American journalists know very little of that variety. To most of them it appears as all just so much "Communism." Even those with the best will to understand, by their very training and the habits of their work, are not able to report fully enough and accurately enough the necessary contexts, and so the meanings, of revolutionary events.

But one thing is clear: We are not getting sound information about the hungry-nation bloc.

HAVING said that, I must immediately add that whatever may be truthful or useful in this article is due less to any skill on my part than to my good fortune in having been given complete access to information and experience by Cubans close to events and who, once trust is established, are eager to express everything they feel. That trust was given to me, not because of any view-

point I held toward them or toward their revolution, but simply because of their acquaintance with previous books of mine.

In writing about Cuba, I have tried not to allow my own worries for Cuba—and for the United States—to intrude upon my presentation of the Cuban voice, nor have I attempted either to conceal or to underline such ambiguities as I happen to find in this argument. My aim, I repeat, is to see to it that the Cuban Revolutionary is given a hearing.

C. WRIGHT MILLS

WE WRITE to you because we believe that you have lost touch with us. As human beings, it is true, we Cubans have never had any close relations with you. But as peoples, each with its own government, now we are so far apart that there are Two Cubas—ours, and the one you picture to yourselves. And Two North Americas, too. Perhaps this wouldn't matter so much, were it not that we know our Cuba has become a new beginning in the Western Hemisphere, and maybe even in the world. It could be a new beginning for you, too.

To most of us—and we want you to know this above all else—our new beginning is the very best thing that has ever happened to us. To some of us—and we suppose to most of you—much of it is uncertain, obscure, bewildering. But aren't new beginnings always like that? We Cubans are traveling a road no peoples of the Americas have ever traveled before. We don't know, we can't know, exactly where it leads. But we do fear that what you do and what you fail to do might well affect the question. And that does worry us; for you see, it's *our* destiny. To us, the question of Cuba is first of all the question of how we are going to live—or even for how long. And you are involved in this. We don't think you do understand who we are, how we got this way, what we are now trying to do, and what the obstacles along our road may be.

Consider for a moment how it's been that we've known each other.

Some of you came down to Havana—tens of thousands, in fact, during the 'fifties. Some of you came down just to lie in the sun or on the beaches we Cubans were not allowed to use. But some of you came down to gamble and to whore. We stood on our street corners and watched you in your holiday place in the sun, away from your bleak, Yankee winter. We Cubans, like everyone else, we know all about sin, being Catholics of a sort. But in the old Havana, organized sin meant

big money for the few, and every filthy practice of the brothel for girls, twelve and fourteen years old, fresh from the *bohios*, the huts where they lived with their families.

Maybe you don't know two facts about the gambling and the whoring. A lot of that money ended up in the pockets of a corrupt Cuban government, which your government and some of your businessmen supported and helped. Also much of it ended up in the pockets of your gangsters from Chicago and New York and Los Angeles. Nobody knows how many of our sisters were whores in Cuba during the last years of the Batista tyranny. As for the gambling, it was not convenient for anyone to keep records, but slot machines in the tens of thousands were everywhere in the Island. It was a thorough and complete racket, controlled, directly or indirectly, by the big men of the tyranny.

And whatever Cuba has been in all these respects, you helped make it that: by your support of "our" government, by your gangsters who were in on it, and by the patronage and the whims of your rich tourists. Well, that's over, Yankee, please know that: we've made laws and we're sticking to them, with guns in our hands. Our sisters are not going to be whores for Yankees any more.

So anyway—you knew us as tourists know people—and that's not knowing very much.

FOR the rest, how have you known us? By what your newspapers and magazines have said about us. And about this, we Cubans are very sure of one fact: Most of your newspapers and magazines, they have lied to you, and they are lying to you now.

A lot of people in the world who aren't limited to *Time* magazine and the Hearst papers, and listening to your networks and all the rest of it, are getting to know something of the truth about Cuba today. They're getting to know that your press on Cuba is about as real as your quiz programs have been. They are both full of outrageous lies which may fool Yankees but don't fool anyone else.

Anyway, off and on, you've been hearing about Latin America since you were in high school, and we know how boring it's been to you. But you can't afford to ignore us any longer. For now our history is part of your present. And now some of the American future is ours, too, as well is yours.

You say, or you think, "We haven't done anything to you Cubans." Well, that is just not true: look at the history of our two countries,

how they've been involved with each other.

First, in 1818, you tried to buy Cuba outright, for \$100 million. You tried again a few years later. But Spain wouldn't sell, and the U. S. was not satisfied. The Old South wanted Cuba for slavery. And when they couldn't buy it, some U. S. envoys issued the "Ostend Manifesto." Cuba, it said, was geographically part of the United States; if the United States could not buy it, "by every law, human and divine, the United States has the right to take it by force."

It didn't come off: Cuba remained under the Spanish yoke; and against that yoke we kept on revolting. In the late 1860s we began an uprising that lasted for the next ten years; we demanded that the slaves be freed and that Cubans govern their own island. But still the slaves were not freed—until twenty years later—and Cuba was not independent.

Then finally in 1895, inspired by José Martí, Cubans made an insurrection and tens of thousands of soldiers sent from Spain couldn't cope with our guerrillas. The next year, the Spanish sent a big general—he "turned Cuba into a series of concentration camps," and in them we suffered.

But also many Spanish soldiers died. True, for a long time, Cubans failed; true, our countryside was laid waste; true, out of our misery Yankee businessmen made money. They bought land cheap after our devastation. In the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, Yankee bankers went all out for sugar plantations. By 1896 they had about \$30 million of our property. Also, they bought up Cuban mines—iron, nickel, manganese. Bethlehem Steel and the Rockefeller interests—they began to buy us up. By the time this century began, the Yankees owned \$50 million worth of Cuban sugar land, and tobacco, and mines.

Meanwhile, what were we Cubans doing?

Working, as usual, when we could get the work.

But also fighting Spain for our independence, and dying for that. The rest of Latin America, most of it, had already thrown off the old Spanish yoke, decades before, but Cubans were still rising against them at the turn of the twentieth century.

And then came—the Yankee Marines. Our revolutions in Cuba—first against Spain, then against the Yankees—they've come closer together than in most of Latin America. We are the last of the nineteenth-century revolutions and, maybe, the first of the twentieth-century ones, unless you count Mexico. But back to our history for a



moment. At first we thought you were going to help us to be really free—but it didn't turn out that way. In 1901, the U. S. forced upon us something called the Platt Amendment, which simply took away our sovereignty. It gave Yankees "the right" to come into Cuba with guns in their hands if they wanted to, to intervene to see to it that the government here was protecting Yankee property. And that's just what they did.

The first time was before the Platt Amendment, in 1899. One of your generals and his troops occupied our island—after we had just about whipped the Spanish who had been occupying us before you. The Yankee soldiers left in 1902, leaving behind the right to have a naval base—for \$2,000 or \$3,000 a year!—at our Guantánamo Bay; as we write to you, in August 1960—the base is still here.

But you did it again and again: Yankee troops came in 1906. Again in 1912. Again in 1917. And in 1920 you controlled our government directly, without even using your own troops.

Violence and cash, cash and violence. Can you understand why we might believe they are all Yankees think about?

The dollar and the flag, they were all mixed up together. In the late 'nineties only 10 per cent of our sugar production came through mills owned by Yankees. Just before the first world war, about one-third. By the middle 'twenties, the figure was two-thirds. Corrupted Cuban politicians and your absentee capitalists, they got together. Our politicians were grafters and lackeys; your capitalists were upright, honorable men in New York, who paid off the grafters and took out the big money. And we Cubans? We were the vassals of both. It wasn't what *we* did or what *we* didn't do that was making our history and our way of life. It was what was decided in the Directors' Rooms on lower Manhattan.

And we didn't even know those men.

We never saw them.

**J**UST before our revolution, those men in the Directors' Rooms on lower Manhattan controlled more than 90 per cent of our electricity and telephones; about half of what was called our "public service" railroads; some 40 per cent of our sugar land; and practically all our oil. They dominated two-thirds of our imports.

And the Cuban government?—well, your government and corporations had much to do with that and at times ran it outright. Sometimes the truth is simple: those who ruled us were mainly incompetent despots, venal grafters—and often, especially toward the end, bloody butchers.

Revolutions usually exaggerate the evils of the old order. We Cubans have not had to do that.

Fulgencio Batista seized the power of the army in 1933, and with it he seized the government of Cuba. Your government "recognized" him as the true government of Cuba almost immediately. The Yankees didn't intervene then, you can be sure, and he ruled over us, with the power of the army, for ten years. Then again, in 1952, after the war for the Four Freedoms was all over and done with, Batista came back into power. Very soon then his blood-bath began. Before we threw Batista out, late in 1958, this butcher and his gangsters, trained by your military missions, using weapons your government gave to him, had murdered some 20,000 Cubans.

To Batista, anyone who was against him, anyone who complained out loud about anything, was A Dirty Communist. And always his answer was the same: torture them, mutilate them, kill them all. In Havana alone, God only knows how many men and boys were castrated; and when women were raped, their husbands were made to look upon it. And always the same excuse: "The Dirty Communists, they are trying to take over our fine little democracy."

While all this was going on, in the 1950s—just yesterday, it seems to us—for four and a half years, the Eisenhower-Nixon government sold bombs and war planes and bullets and guns to this gangster and dictator. They always said it was for Hemispheric Defense. But those weapons were used to kill Cubans. And that's one reason why it is that whenever we Cubans hear talk about "Hemispheric Defense," we shudder.

Your Ambassadors—hear their names, Yankee, and send them to disgrace!—Mr. Arthur Gardner and Mr. Earl E. T. Smith—did they tell you what was going on? Did they tell you about the inhuman outrages, or did they just watch the sugar quotations? Did your radios, your newspapers, all your TVs, did they tell you all about how bombs made in the U. S. A. were used to kill thousands of Cubans in the city of Cienfuegos in September of 1957? Did they tell you that shortly after those bombings, the United States Air Force decorated the Cuban general of Batista who directed those air attacks? And if they did tell you, Yankee, what did you do?

If we Cubans have "gone to extremes," know this: so have you Yankees. We've been involved with each other in *extremist* ways. The abuses printed in Cuba against the Yankees have been all overbalanced by the abuses printed in the United States against us Cubans. On both sides, some of these statements are extreme, maybe

even absurd. But much that we've said against you is simply the plain, miserable truth, and we know it is because we have lived it; and you don't know it because you have not lived it.

Our country, our Cuba, it *was* simply a political colony of the United States at least until F. D. R., and even after that.

Our Cuba, our country, it *was* simply an economic colony of the U. S. corporations until our revolution.

And all the time, Cuba was a place of misery and filth, illiteracy and exploitation and sloth—a caricature of a place for human habitation. (Between 1902 and 1958 only one new school was built in Havana.) And it is out of all that, the Cuban revolution is struggling. Keep that big fact in mind, Yankee, write it into your conscience, when you read about what's happening in Cuba today.

**W**E CUBANS have had a highly visible standard of living—and of starving and dying, too—but you didn't see that. We did. And that's what our revolution is all about. Our revolution is not about your fight with Russia, or about Communism, or Hemispheric Defense, or any of all that: all those words came later, partly forced down our throat by your government and your monopolies.

Point number one, Yankee, is that our revolution is about our old Cuban standard of starving and our new Cuban standard of living. Of course, it's about more than that, much more. We are building, at breakneck speed, an entirely new society, and we didn't inherit much to build it with from the old order in Cuba. From that we inherited disorder and grief. We're in a fluid moment and everything's at stake; like the men in the Sierra Maestra, now a whole nation of Cubans, we're camping out.

Our soil and climate are among the best in the world; you can grow almost anything. But we couldn't even grow enough to feed ourselves. The reason is simple: we couldn't use our land for the kind of diversified agriculture we needed. We had to import 70 per cent of all we ate at high prices we couldn't afford. Why? Less than one-tenth of all the farms in Cuba held over two-thirds of the land. But again, why? Sugar.

Until 1934, the United States companies that bought Cuban sugar paid the same price as the companies of all other countries. But in that year your quota system was established—in order to protect your producers of beet sugar. A tariff was not enough: your producers couldn't compete on the world market. So the U. S. withdrew

from the world market, setting up special prices higher than this market.

Many people think that the U. S. was making a present to Cuba by this quota price. But that's not true. You have to look not only at the traffic in sugar, but at *all* the economic transactions between Cuba and the U. S. A.

When you do that, you see at once that in return for the sugar quota, as it were, U. S. exporters to Cuba got such an advantage that no one else could compete with them. Producers of sugar in Cuba were given a higher import price, but because of an advantageous tariff, U. S. exporters to Cuba were able to take back any benefit the quota system might have produced. In the last ten years of the tyranny, despite its tiny economy, Cuba lost some one billion dollars to the United States.

To this must be added the fact that about 40 per cent of Cuba's sugar production was in the hands of the U. S. monopolies. *Now* of course, all sugar is produced in *Cuban* mills, and so the economic benefit of all Cuban sales is Cuba's. We're coming out from under, Yankee.

Our revolution is already economic construction. For the first time in the history of Cuba, the rural population is going to have—this is just an example—plenty of chicken to eat at prices they can afford. Who is raising these chickens? People who just yesterday were squatting in miserable *bohios* between the highway and the cane fields. We've built houses for these people with floors and toilets in them, and they've helped build the long sheds of pole and straw matting for the baby chickens.

Who's for the revolution? Those people who are now raising chickens. Who's for the revolution? The people who are eating the chickens these people are raising. You see how it's working? We are going to do the same with our fishing industry. And we are cutting down on the lard we import from you and raising our own peanuts for the good oil in them.

We Cubans, we're a do-it-yourself outfit. We're not capitalists and we're not building a capitalist society in Cuba today. Neither are we building a Stalinist society. We ourselves don't know quite what to call what we are building, and we don't care. It is, of course, Socialism of a sort. We're not a bit afraid of that word—and why ever should you be?

There is one more thing that you must understand about us young intellectuals who've led this Cuban revolution:

Since we did not belong to the old left intelligentsia who had gone through Communism and



been disillusioned with Stalinism and with the purges and the trials and the thirty-five years of all that, we've had one enormous advantage as revolutionaries: We've not gone through all that terribly destructive process; we have not been wounded by it. We've never had any "God That Failed." We don't have all that cynicism and futility about what we're doing and about what we feel must be done.

That's the big secret of the Cuban revolution-ary. We are new men, and we are not afraid to do what must be done in Cuba.

We're always acting with reference to one master aim: to make Cuba economically sovereign and economically prosperous. We don't want to be *anyone's* satellite. So we're increasing and diversifying our production and our consumption—especially in our agriculture; we're doing the same with our export markets and our sources of supply from abroad; and we're beginning to industrialize our island at the same time as we are immediately improving our standard of living.

Think about our economic way like this: At one extreme—say, Stalin's old way—the agricultural problem wasn't solved and there was very little consumer-goods industry; everything went into big heavy industry—for the future. And there were no friends to help the Soviet Union economically.

At the other extreme—perhaps it was Perón's way in Argentina—agriculture was left in a stale condition; there was no heavy industry and no real planning for it. Practically everything went into the consumer-goods industry. Also, Perón had no friends to help him economically.

In Cuba, we've just about solved the agricultural problem by our land reform: we've increased production and greatly diversified what we are growing. For instance, we're going to get cellulose from our wasted sugar cane, and we're going to make paper. We're putting great energies into consumer-goods industries. Already the benefits are showing up in our everyday lives. At the same time, we're doing some work on heavier industry, and we're planning it carefully with an eye to our own resources and markets. And in this respect, we do have friends who are helping us.

So we don't have to be in such a hurry that we'll sacrifice a generation to get industry; we don't have to do that, and that's not our Cuban way.

If you want to make up your own mind about Cuba, here are some things you've got to know:

First of all, we Cubans are part of Latin

America—not North America. We speak Spanish, we are mainly rural, and we are poor. Our history is part of Latin American history. And Latin America is over 180 million people, growing faster than you are growing, and scattered over a territory more than twice as large as the U. S. A.

Second, unlike most of Latin America, we Cubans have done something about exploiters from your country in Cuba and about our own Cuban exploiters of Cubans too. We mean business, your kind of business first of all: economic business for us. Your corporations and your government, they don't like what we've done and what we're doing.

But—here's our third point—we are not alone.

**T**ODAY the Revolution is going on in Cuba. Tomorrow it is going to go on elsewhere. A revolution like ours does not come about just because anyone wants it—although it takes that, too. Revolutions in our time come out of misery, out of conditions like those of the old Cuba. Where such conditions continue and there's a mountain nearby, there'll be revolutions. That is why this continent is going to become the scene of convulsions you've never dreamed of. You can't buy off revolutions with \$500 million of aid. You can only buy off some Latin American governments—and for that, it's far too much money; they can be bought much cheaper!

What will happen when the people of all those South American countries realize their enormous wealth and yet find themselves poor; then looking across to tiny Cuba, they see that Cubans are not poor? What will happen then?

We are all part of "Western Civilization"—so we've always been told. But are we really? All of us?

*Today we Latin Americans die at the average age of thirty-five. You Yankees live until you're past sixty-five. Our illiterate, disease-ridden, hungry peasant masses in Bolivia and Peru and Venezuela, and yesterday in Cuba—are they part of the same "Western Civilization" as you? If so, isn't it a curious kind of a civilization in which such things go on?*

As long as they do go on, perhaps we Latin Americans had better realize that the people of whom we are a part are not part of whatever civilization you North Americans belong to.

Hunger is hunger. To die before you reach thirty-five in Central America while working for the Fruit Company is not so different from dying in South Africa while working in a diamond mine. Disease is disease. And not to be able to

read is the same in any language: it is to be a people without history, it is to be only half a man. Almost half of us Latin Americans are such primitive creatures—we are illiterate. What does "The Free World" of the Yankees mean to us?

If you still think that we are members of the same Western Civilization with you, and if you value that civilization—whatever it means to you—then perhaps you'd better find out what is going on within what you take to be its confines. Many of us know only the confines.

**Y**OUR power and wealth, Yankee—that's why it seems so crazy to us when your government says to us, as it has been saying, that our Cuban government is following "... a pattern of relentless economic aggression ... against the United States. . . ." Now isn't that slightly ridiculous? We are about six million people, you are 180 million. You're approximately two hundred times richer than we. You spend more in a year for lipstick and things like that than all of us down here earn for a full year's work.

Anyhow, it's time you knew that all over the world there's been building up the hatred of what your government and your corporations have been doing. Most of that hate has had no chance to come to your indifferent attention. But some of it has, and a lot more will.

About two years ago—remember?—your Vice President tried to make a good-will tour of South America. In many countries, Mr. Nixon and his company were often jeered at and the questions put to him got sharper and sharper. In Caracas, capital of oil-rich, poor-people Venezuela, the rocks thrown at him got as big as melons; his limousine was attacked. Later that day, the army of Venezuela broke up demonstrations "with bayonets and tear gas." Then Yankee Marines and Paratroopers were dispatched to Caribbean bases.

There have been many more such incidents, some reported, others not. But in the spring and summer of 1960, the results of what you're doing and what you're leaving undone really began to show up—dramatically, violently. In South Korea, on Taiwan, on Okinawa, in Japan. That's not the complete list.

But why are we blaming you for all this? Because of your power, first of all, as we've already said. With such power as you have, if you do *not* act, you *are* acting. Don't you see that? Now you are the main target of this trouble and this hate. All those tens of millions of people, they didn't just happen to pick on Yankees. They

had some reasons, maybe wrong reasons—some of them—but do you even know what their reasons were?

Have you ever tried to find them out?

Tomorrow the returns from what you fail to do, everywhere in the hungry-nation bloc, will be even more evident. But will they be obvious enough to distract you from the energetic pursuit of your private affairs? That's a real question for us Latin Americans. It's also a question about world history—today and tomorrow—a world history of which we are all a part, whether we want to be or not.

So things are not under the easy old control, and your country—and so you, too, if it is your country any more—is becoming the target of a world hate such as easy-going Yankees have never dreamed of.

**B**UT listen, Yankee: Does it have to be that way? Isn't it up to you? Isn't at least some of it up to you? As you think about that, please remember this:

Because we have been poor, you must not believe we have lost our pride. You must not believe we have no dignity, no honor, no fight. If you don't see this, it is going to be a very bad time of troubles for us all.

Don't you see that events all over the world demand that you think, feel, act? We Cubans don't take satisfaction in the fact that we are the center of the Cold War in the Caribbean. We don't like the Cold War anywhere—who does? We don't want to be the Western Hungary—who does?

But we are glad, we have to be glad, that finally many things that must be done are now being done in Cuba.

So what can we say to you to make you understand?

Can we say: Become aware of our agonies and our aspirations? If you do, it will help you to know what is happening in the world. Take Cuba as the case—the Case in which to establish the way you are going to act when there are revolutions in hungry countries everywhere in the world. In terms of Cuba, think again about who *you* are, Yankee. And find out what Cuba, our Cuba, means. We are one of the vanguards of the hungry peoples. Like all vanguards, what we've done, what we're doing, what we're going to do—it puts us on a perilous road. We may fail. We don't yet know where it will all end. But do you?

What does Cuba mean?

It means another chance for you.





# The Reluctant Giver

A Story by GERTRUDE FRIEDBERG

Drawings by Bernard Krigstein

WHEN Mr. Gamp asked stealthily at breakfast, "What are you bringing Ed for his fiftieth birthday?" Mrs. Gamp tried to look as if she had not been waiting for this question with a heavy heart since the moment she had awakened.

Gifting, as pervasive a rite as hand shaking, held the Gamps in compulsive fealty. Almost every day they would find themselves obliged to acknowledge a dinner, applaud an engagement, flatter a weekend, regret a farewell, deplore an appendectomy, envy a voyage, hail an opening, or merely join the posse of ones with a gift. Each gift, demanding as it did a sortie downtown, an anguished search, a feverish assessment of personality, and, finally, decision, put to intolerable strain Mrs. Gamp's earnest imagination.

When at last the gift was unveiled, Mrs. Gamp knew very well what she was in for.

"Inconsiderate," she would murmur bitterly, flinging the announcement aside. There would be the wedding gift, difficult enough for one of Mrs. Gamp's temperament, followed rapidly by a parade of vital statistics which she would be forced to salute at significant intervals. An apartment would be taken, requiring suitable blessing. Thereafter, the young couple would sit watching the clock, greeting every tick as some mathematically computed anniversary which they were ready to share with friends. Children

would insist on being born, would age whenever possible, would embark upon and forsake with honor all manner of commemorable activities, and in no time at all would be graduating from some obscure institution, "great wild things with esoteric tastes," she would say, looking desperately at Mr. Gamp, "and I just don't know what you buy a pair of eighteen-year-old twins, male and female, if they've already read *David Copperfield*."

"It's better to give than to receive," said Mr. Gamp firmly.

Mrs. Gamp didn't know which was worse. The very sight of an object emerging from its tissue paper made her mouth dry, and to possess more than she needed gave her the notion that she jangled. Frequently she would stop and ask Mr. Gamp anxiously, "Do I jangle?"

"I don't hear anything," Mr. Gamp would say.

At a time when she still possessed a perfectly good wrist watch that Mr. Gamp had given her, she received another from a fond uncle. Feeling that her uncle was defrauded if his gift was not conspicuously consumed, she took to carrying the new watch in her purse and whenever she consulted the watch on her wrist she would take out the watch from her pocketbook and consult that also. The two watches did not seem to give her any more time than she had had before, and finally Mr. Gamp told her not to look at the

second watch. "It's ostentatious," he said.

Perhaps it was this very unwillingness to receive that made Mrs. Gamp so reluctant a giver. While an importunate giver may erode innocence, a reluctant giver bites himself in two, makes a nuisance of himself to his friends, and can easily block a nation's economy.

Mrs. Gamp always went downtown for a gift with a heavy heart. She would walk around the stores looking at everything, unable to gird herself to purchase. Shoppers drew away as she muttered angry words of exhortation to herself, and saleswomen fell silent at the approach of her heavy, hopeless tread. Things looked so much better off where they were than bought. She was at her worst in a gift corner. The glittering objects pleaded with her for commitment. She waited for the perfect gift to call her by name, to fly out and perch on her shoulder. Nothing called. Nothing perched. She would just stand there, studying the displays. At closing time the management had no choice but to have her swept out along with the discarded handbills.

**E**VEN when Mrs. Gamp was so fortunate as to choose at last, after many agonized expeditions, a gift which seemed almost satisfactory, there remained the card to write.

"Just a moment," she would say to the salesgirl, "while I dash off a card." Mrs. Gamp schooled herself not to be too fastidious about a card. Usually she felt that she would be content with a few words vaguely relevant to the occasion, complimentary without being effusive, and touched with wit which would not sound labored. Unfortunately, the few words, for which she would gladly have paid at a dollar a word, were never forthcoming.

On one occasion it took her two weeks to write a card. Every once in a while Altman's would telephone and ask how things were coming along. "Just relax," they told her. "Don't worry about us. Get plenty of sleep and don't push yourself. Let it come to you."

Inevitably she wrote, "Congratulations," and let the gift go out. After two weeks the word seemed to have all those virtues of modest compliment, even of whimsy, for which she had been searching.

Mrs. Gamp was at her very best when told precisely what a person wanted. There was, for example, the gift she had bought for her young nephew, a purchase which she eventually scored as a conspicuous success.

She had neglected to buy him a gift when he was born because all the infant clothes looked

as if they would be outgrown too quickly. As it turned out, she was right, because in no time at all the boy was graduating from the military academy and a carriage blanket with a tassel-tied hood was just about the last thing he'd ask for. Mrs. Gamp went downtown with a firm resolve to get him *something* and looked at hundreds of items, but at last it seemed only prudent to wait for his college graduation and get him something really worth while.

One day Mr. Gamp told her that her nephew was opening a new office and Mrs. Gamp went promptly to the telephone to ask him what he would really like. He sounded a little sharp with her, perhaps because it was not the first time she had asked him what he really wanted.

"I'd like to get you something for your new office," said Mrs. Gamp, "and I thought you might have a suggestion."

"Get me a pair of black socks, size 12," he said briskly.

"For your office?"

"I keep a pair of feet under the desk," he said and hung up.

Mrs. Gamp felt at once that this was one gift she would surely buy. She went downtown in high spirits, saying to herself, "Black socks, size 12." She walked into the store like a person who knew what she wanted. Sweeping out of the way two other customers who were just wasting everybody's time dillydallying over vague color preferences, she barked out, "Black socks, size 12." Mrs. Gamp tapped her foot as if, once this purchase were made, she would dash off to several hundred others.

"Cotton or nylon?" snapped the salesgirl. Mrs. Gamp reeled back.

"Cotton," she faltered, "or maybe nylon."

"Knee or ankle? Stretch or stable? Garter or elastic? Ribbed or plain? Reinforced or vulnerable? With or without clocks? Washable or throwaway?"

Mrs. Gamp clutched the counter tightly.

"No clocks," she muttered and turned away.

After a few months her strength returned and she went back to the store to have another go at it. The salesgirl started rattling off her inquisition in a cynical tone which made it very clear that she never expected Mrs. Gamp to know any answers. When she got to, "Ankle or knee?" in her insolent way, Mrs. Gamp snapped

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*Gertrude Friedberg, wife of a doctor and mother of two children, has a group of stories and sketches in the Scribner anthology, "Short Story Two." This is her first in "Harper's."*



back, "Waist." And when she came to, "Plain or ribbed?" Mrs. Gamp managed to put in, "Plucked." From there on it was touch and go, but Mrs. Gamp held her own. At least she felt that it was not entirely her fault when she finally sent her nephew on his fifth wedding anniversary the bottom part of a pair of black, knit, sheared-nylon tights with feet. His thank-you note was reassuring. He wrote, "I have just the place for them under my desk."



THE PERFECT GIFT

**B**UT few gift assignments were as productive as this, and after an afternoon of fruitless shopping Mrs. Gamp would come home and lie down on the floor with a book on her face.

So if Mr. Gamp asked now, "What are you bringing Ed for his fiftieth birthday party?" it was because only the day before he had found Mrs. Gamp lying on the floor with a book on her face and suspected the worst. "I couldn't find anything for him," said Mrs. Gamp sulkily.

"Where did you look?"

"Saks, Abercrombie and Fitch, Macy's, Mark Cross, Sulka's, and Whelan's. And there just wasn't anything."

"There must have been millions of gifts in

those stores. Why in Macy's alone . . ." His eyes glazed a little.

"I couldn't see what anybody would want any of them for. And some cost too much and some, like the magnetic compass I saw at Whelan's, cost too little."

"You couldn't give Ed a compass on his fiftieth birthday."

"That's what I thought," said Mrs. Gamp sensibly.

Yet she had often wondered at the downright blatancy with which others gave gifts. Once she had accompanied Ed's wife, Mary, to buy a gift for an aged logician off to Europe for an honorary degree. The delicacy of this assignment would have shocked Mrs. Gamp into inertia for months. Mary brought the scientist a striped tie. It was the first tie he had ever been given and he wore it constantly thereafter.

"Tell you one thing," said Mr. Gamp bitterly. "You wouldn't catch the Queen of England coming to Ed's party without a gift. Look what she gave Eisenhower when she visited him."

"What?" asked Mrs. Gamp uneasily.

"She brought him an English walnut and black calfskin table with a copy of Eisenhower's D-Day battle plan inlaid and covered with glass. Why don't you ever think up a gift like that?"

"President Eisenhower must have told her what he wanted," Mrs. Gamp muttered jealously. Early in life she had resigned herself to the knowledge that she would never be a queen, but this new royal coup pierced her with dejection.

That evening when Mr. Gamp came home, she was still giftless, but dressed for the party.

"It's time we took a stand on it," she said to Mr. Gamp. "I'm going to tell them outright that we're not giving any gift."

Mr. Gamp knew it was useless to argue. "You'll never get away with it," he said, looking at her apprehensively.

"This is going to take great courage," said Mrs. Gamp, squaring her shoulders. "I feel like a Pioneer."

"You don't have to look like one," said Mr. Gamp. He fixed the zipper at the back of her dress, which had a tendency to gape a little.

When they arrived at Ed's place, Mrs. Gamp put a firm finger on the bell. "We'll offer him our good wishes," she said, with a brave show of correctness. "After all, 'the only gift is a portion of yourself'."

"Not for Ed it isn't," said Mr. Gamp gloomily. "A man like Ed is used to the best."

Inside, Mr. Gamp squeezed ahead of his wife

and set himself in the midst of a preceding group of guests, all of whom were laughing joyously while they unloaded large, festively wrapped packages into Ed's arms. In this confusion Mr. Gamp found that by thrusting out an arm just as a package was changing hands and smiling modestly every time Ed shouted, "Thank you," his lack of a gift went unnoticed. Then he lost himself in the crowd about the bar.

Ed looked at Mrs. Gamp, still at the door, and whispered something to Mary, his wife. Mary nodded disagreeably. Then they came to greet her. "Happy birthday, Ed," said Mrs. Gamp. "I haven't any gift."

"That's all right," said Mary.

"Don't give it a thought," said Ed. His hand on her back was unnecessarily firm as he propelled her into the living-room. "What will you have to drink?"

"Just a little of the decarbonated residue in that empty bottle of ginger ale," said Mrs. Gamp unhappily.

"Coming up," said Ed.

"And I'll just have this burnt cheese canapé that the cheese fell out of," she said.

Ed left her and she moved about, looking for broken chairs to sit on and unpopular guests to talk to. Mr. Gamp headed the other way every time he caught sight of her.

A woman she didn't know leaned toward her confidentially. "I got him a leather desk set," she said. "It's a perfect gift for a man. I give it to everyone."

Mrs. Gamp thought about this for a while. "I didn't get him anything," she said.

"Oh?" said the woman sharply. She looked at Mrs. Gamp with her eyes full of leather desk sets, then plunged into conversation with the woman on her other side.

After a while Mrs. Gamp pushed her way through the guests and came up behind her host.

"Ed," she said solemnly, "I want you to know that you have my very best wishes."

"Ah-ah-ah," said Ed. "Let me freshen that drink of yours. What was yours again?"

"Residue," she said. "Decarbonated residue."

"Oh, yes," he said and dashed off.

When the cake was cut and the guests had sung "Happy Birthday to You," Ed started opening his gifts. He unwrapped a wallet, the letters, E. J. R., monogrammed neatly in gold on the lower right corner.

"Monogrammed!" said Ed, reverently.

"I insisted on the monogram," said a woman close to Mrs. Gamp, her nostrils flaring authoritatively.

"However did you choose?" asked Mrs. Gamp. "They show you such a great variety in that book of monograms."

"I saw in an instant that this was unquestionably the best," said the guest. And Ed nodded.

With a napkin Mrs. Gamp wiped away a bit of deviled egg that she had spilled on her dress. She looked around for Mr. Gamp. He was sitting on the window seat, half-hidden by the drapes.

AFTER a while the table was covered with a litter of boxes and mounds of tissue paper. Besides the desk set and the wallet there were a traveling tie-holder to give a man something to work on while his wife packed his valise, a pair of fur-lined gloves, a mammoth silver shoe-horn for spooning yourself into your shoes without ever having to face them, a cigarette box that popped cigarettes up as the cover lifted, and a leather road-map holder with an attached pad and pencil to jot down witty remarks during a trip. Mrs. Gamp remembered having seen most of them in the stores. They looked like excellent gifts now.

"Say!" shouted one of the guests. "Where's the Gamps' gift?"

There was a solemn hush as all eyes fell on Mrs. Gamp. Mrs. Gamp recognized that this was the moment to which all her life had been leading. It was a moment she had often imagined: her brave, defiant gesture; the white-robed allegorical creature, perhaps called "History," smiling significantly and turning a leaf in a huge book.

Just then the zipper at the back of her neck gave a little. Mrs. Gamp hung her head.

"I would have gone out for one this morning," she said, "but the clock stopped and I didn't know how late it was and the man was coming to fix the refrigerator." Somebody patted her shoulder compassionately. The guests had begun talking to each other again.

"Tell you what, Ed," said Mrs. Gamp, speaking more and more rapidly. "Why don't you look around downtown and if you see anything you like between three and seven dollars you could just charge it to my address, or maybe you better pay for it and I'll gladly send you the money. Then if you wanted to send the gift back to the store you could just send the refund to me instead of the store sending it to you."

"Well, that's all right," said Ed. "You don't have to . . ."

"Just be sure you ask them to gift-wrap it."

Mrs. Gamp went to join Mr. Gamp. "Take me



home," she said. "People are talking about me behind my back."

"What are they saying?" he asked curiously.

"They're saying that I've gained weight and have no firm opinions," said Mrs. Gamp, biting her nails. Mr. Gamp looked regretfully at the birthday cake.

"We could give him the same gift we gave him last time. It's in the window-seat box with all the rest of the stuff he got last time, still half-wrapped."

"What's the use?" asked Mrs. Gamp. "It was bad enough the first time we gave it to him."

**Q**UIETLY they took their things from the coat closet and were just opening the front door when Mary spied them.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Mary sharply. "We have gifts for everybody."

"We don't get any," said Mrs. Gamp sullenly, "because we didn't bring Ed anything."

"That makes no difference," said Mary with tight lips. "Nobody's getting out of here without a gift."

"Please," said Mrs. Gamp. "Let us go as we came, empty-handed but with full hearts."

"What were they trying to do?" asked Ed, coming over with a threatening scowl.

"Trying to sneak out without their gifts."

"Anybody tries to do that, you just hand them over to me," said Ed. "Here you are. Blue-ribboned package for the men, pink for the ladies."

"I wish you wouldn't," said Mr. Gamp mildly, but he accepted the brightly decorated package. It was something Mrs. Gamp could never understand about Mr. Gamp. He didn't really mind getting a gift. She would often ask him, "Just what do you like about it?" and he would say, "Well, you open it up and there you've got something inside that's for you that you didn't have before," and Mrs. Gamp would answer, "That's just it. Then you've got it."

Ignoring Mrs. Gamp's cries of demurral, Mary was thrusting things into her arms: not only the pink-ribboned gift, but a gold and green paper hat, a hand-decorated copy of the words to "Happy Birthday to You," and a pen with "Ed and Mary" printed on it.

"And you just must take some of the flowers," said Mary, snatching a wet sheaf of them from a nearby vase.

"No, please," begged Mrs. Gamp faintly. "I never use flowers."

It was useless to protest. The importunate giver does not even pretend that he is giving you gifts because you want them. "You must take them," said Ed. "For our sakes."

"Come now," said Mary. "Just to please us. Here. Give her some candy too."

"I don't eat candy," said Mrs. Gamp.

She looked pleadingly at Mr. Gamp for assistance, but he stood by amiably and even held out his hand for some of the candy, which they now thrust into every nook and cranny of Mrs. Gamp. "Oh thank you. Thank you," said Mrs. Gamp unhappily, her heart empty but her nooks and crannies full.

"And a piece of the birthday cake," said Mary. "You have to take it whether you want to or not."

"We won't take no for an answer," said Ed, thrusting a huge wax-papered slab under her free elbow.

"I know," said Mrs. Gamp, in bleak resignation. "I can't thank you enough. It's wonderful. And the flowers are beautiful. And thank you for the fabulous present and the candy. It's such unusual candy."

"Let's celebrate another fifty of these," said Mr. Gamp recklessly. "Good-by."

"Good-by. Thanks for coming."

Just as they were sidling out the front door, Mrs. Gamp stopped. "Ed," she said, peering anxiously through the flowers at him, "I had thought of giving you an English walnut and black calfskin table with an inlaid chart showing free parking spots in the city."

"Oh, I have one," said Ed.

"Then it's good I didn't give you another," said Mrs. Gamp and pushed her way blindly out.

As Mr. Gamp helped her into the car with all her little burdens, she said sadly, "All the same, if we could just tell Ed we really like him, it would make a nice birthday present."

"Wrap it up," said Mr. Gamp, "and I'll send it."

"In some handkerchiefs, maybe," she muttered, as he started the car, "with just one initial in the corner."



# WOOD ODORS

BY WALT WHITMAN

Morning after a night-rain  
The fresh-cool summer-scent  
Odors of pine and oak  
The shade.

Wandering the negligent paths  
— the soothing silence,  
The stillness and the veiled  
The myriad living columns of the temple  
The holy Sabbath morning

Incense and songs of birds  
in deep recesses  
But most the delicate  
smells fitting the soul  
The sky aloft, seen through  
the tree-tops  
All the young growth &  
green maturity of May  
White laurel-blossoms within reach  
wood-pinks below — overhead stately tulip-  
trees with yellow cup-shaped  
flowers.

The meow  
meo-o-ow of the cat-bird,  
cluck of robin, gurgle  
of thrush delicious

Over and under these, in the  
silence, delicate wood-odors  
Birds flitting through the trees  
Tangles of old grape-vines.



*Wood odors  
morning after a night-rain  
The fresh-cool summer-scent  
Odors of pine and oak  
The shade  
  
Wander, the negligent paths  
— the soothing silence  
The stillness and the veiled*

Fragment of the manuscript, slightly reduced

SOME months ago I was asked to look through a box of Whitman manuscripts—material originally left by the poet at Glendale with Susan Stafford—which had lain buried in a California attic for almost a quarter of a century, following the death of the friend to whom Susan Stafford's daughter had given it. Among the manuscripts were two neatly penciled pages recording an unknown poem, "Wood Odors." A little page of prose jottings found elsewhere, headed "early May '84"—obviously a preliminary study for the poem—gives us the approximate date of composition.

"Poetic style, when address'd to the soul, becomes vista, music, half-tints," said Whitman. "Wood Odors" is a case in point. Exquisite in workmanship, and to first glance deceptively simple, the poem affords within its small compass an amazingly comprehensive

picture of the major difficulties and rewards attendant upon reading Whitman: reveals a basic nature mysticism, a technique of suggestion in lieu of direct statement, and sound as a factor of high importance. The form of the poem merits careful study. What we really have is a "sound recording" of a moment of vision in the Glendale woods: a skillful *vers libre* excursion into the realm of organic form: the changing and complex sound pattern of the poem suggestive of a hidden pattern of emotion. The technical skill manifested may come as a surprise to those who have maintained that Whitman "wanted art"!

To the Regents and to the Librarian of the University of California I offer grateful thanks for permission to publish the little poem, an item in their recently acquired Livezey-Whitman Collection.

—RINA V. GRANT





## ROBERT BRUSTEIN

*Repertory theatres are cropping up like pennies—some shiny, some rather tarnished; but among them a distinguished critic finds "the blush of a bright and clean beginning."*

OVER the past few years, the educated classes of America have developed a new sense of responsibility toward the arts which, in the theatre, has been reflected in growing enthusiasm for the repertory companies burgeoning in and around New York. Such companies, of course, are hardly novelties in the city, but the amount of excitement generated by them today is practically unprecedented.

In the past, hospitality to permanent drama groups with high ideals was offered chiefly outside New York at places like Virginia's Barter Theatre, San Francisco's Actor's Workshop, the Cleveland Playhouse, Washington's Arena Stage, and the Pasadena Playhouse. New York theatre-goers, on the other hand, were content merely to support the isolated and ephemeral commercial entertainments on Broadway. And, with the exception of the Theatre Guild—which has now turned commercial itself—and the Group Theatre—which eked out a precarious existence throughout the 'thirties—New York companies having more extended visions were usually permitted to expire after a season or two of poverty and neglect.

For the past five years, however, quite a few companies have managed to survive the indifference of the majority audience. Operating in such outlandish places as Greenwich Village, Second Avenue, and Central Park, they have frequently brought real distinction both to dramatic classics and to experimental plays, thereby substantially enlarging the possibilities of repertory as an artistic force.

Partly as a result of their success, repertory enthusiasm has begun to spread like a fever rash. Tyrone Guthrie is forming an ambitious new company in Minneapolis; other groups are preparing to open all over the country; and even the traditionally philistine State Department is coughing up \$150,000 as propaganda money to send some American stars overseas under the management of the Theatre Guild's Lawrence Langner.

But the most highly publicized realization of the idea is still a few years off. The sizable Lincoln Square Center for the Performing Arts in New York will include a Repertory Theatre Association, now scheduled to begin operation in 1963, under the direction of Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead. When it opens, American repertory will become a national institution. Provided with foundation support, private subsidies, a brand new theatre, abundant Broadway talent, a ready-made audience, boundless good will, and the blessings of John D. Rockefeller III, the projected Lincoln Square company is proof that the once unpopular repertory ideal has now become the basis for favor, fashion, and influence.

The theoretical cause of this repertory fever

is easy enough to determine. It has at last become clear—at least to those who care about the theatre as an art form—that if America is ever to develop a satisfactory dramatic tradition it must first have a unified company with plenty of rehearsal time and a vigorous, intelligent, and continuous artistic policy. Conscious of the examples of France and Britain, which supplement their Boulevard and West End productions with state and locally supported art theatres, increasing numbers of disgruntled spectators have grown out of patience, if not out of pocket, with Broadway products, and have begun to seek a headier vintage of dramatic wine than the hit-flop vendors of Times Square can provide.

The Lincoln Square project comes in response to this demand, its purpose being to extract the professional advantages of the New York stage without suffering the economic disadvantages. But while external conditions seem ripe for the formation of such a company, something more than good intentions and financial generosity are needed to make it succeed. For, unlike France and Britain, which draw on an already fixed dramatic heritage, America has been without a responsible theatre for so long that the transition from the commercial to the repertory system will undoubtedly uncover unique problems which may prove difficult to solve.

What are some of these problems? If we examine them—and the ways some of the existing New York companies have approached them—we may be in a better position to assess the future of Lincoln Square.

#### FATTENED SCENES AND "THE METHOD"

THE first great threat to the native repertory system lies in the inner nature of the American theatre artist. The repertory system demands the absolute submission of the individual to a high ideal; yet, the majority of our theatrical eminences seem primarily interested in the advancement of their own careers. The urge to self-advancement can hardly be called the exclusive property of the American theatre, though it is exacerbated there by the public's insatiable thirst for "personalities." But while personal ambition may be an asset to a business organization, it can be fatal to a theatre unit based on co-operation, selflessness, and humility. For if a repertory company is ever to function properly, its members must subordinate their own aspirations to the demands of the company and the play.

Our commercial theatre encourages quite a different form of behavior. On Broadway, a famous "name" can determine the form of a play, the chances of obtaining a theatre, and even whether a work is produced at all. Thus, established stars tend to choose their vehicles for the length and attractiveness of their roles; they enforce revisions designed to fatten their scenes and point their entrances; they influence the casting of supporting roles so that they will not be eclipsed by others; they ingratiate themselves with the audience instead of adapting themselves to the play; they are notoriously unco-operative about rehearsals; and they are obsessively preoccupied with salary and billing. And this kind of careerism is hardly confined to our stars, for many directors, designers, and supporting players as well have developed ingenious methods for attracting attention to their own particular specialties. Since the majority ignore Stanislavsky's admonition to love the art in one's self rather than one's self in art, the commercial theatre has come to resemble a glittering showcase window, inhabited by glamorous dressmaker's dummies, which is hardly the proper atmosphere for ensemble playing or the creation of dramatic art.

The second threat to repertory success lies in the fact that even some of our best and most dedicated professional actors lack histrionic range. In a company presumably dedicated to performing the plays of many countries and periods, versatility and virtuosity of technique are basic requirements. Yet, the current Broadway practice is to cast characters chiefly for their distinctive traits of personality rather than for the ability to transform themselves according to the needs of each role. In England, Olivier, Gielgud, and Guinness are accustomed to playing characters of every age, class, and quality. In America, where actors are forced to repeat themselves from role to role, Olivier would probably be persistently cast as a romantic leading man, Gielgud as a prep-school headmaster, and Guinness as a grocery clerk in the A & P. For many American actors survive by intensifying a single quirk of character which has managed to

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*Robert Brustein's earlier essays in "Harper's" took up "The Men-taming Women of William Inge" and "The Drama of Middle Seriousness." He is assistant professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University and drama critic of "The New Republic." He has directed and acted in plays in the U. S. and in England, and is working on a book to be called "The Theatre of Revolt."*



capture the fancy of the audience; and, in consequence, many American playwrights create characters with already established types in mind, and many theatrical agents turn away gifted performers unless they conform to these types. It is no wonder that our actors often look and sound so much alike.

Of course, a good training program might teach the American actor more diversified techniques. (An excellent program, in fact, has already been suggested by the famous French director Michel St. Denis in his stimulating book, *Theatre: The Rediscovery of Style*.) But our existing programs are woefully inadequate. For example, it is probable that the Lincoln Square company will be drawn mainly from the well-known Actors Studio in New York, not only because Mr. Kazan is one of the Studio's founders but because it has helped produce some extremely gifted performers. But while the Studio has made undeniable contributions to American theatre—promoting dramatic truth, eliminating staginess, and developing a native acting style—it is hardly the proper training ground for a repertory actor.

I am not just thinking of the limitations of that famous Studio stereotype, the lower American primate, scratching his proletarian lice and mumbling erotic incoherencies into his ripped tee shirt. The Studio can boast of achievements greater than this. I am referring to the inadequacy of the Studio "Method."

Primarily a psychoanalytic version of the Stanislavsky technique, which encourages the actor to relate his own emotions and experiences to the role he is playing, the Method has no doubt added to emotional authenticity in the theatre, but unfortunately it has done so at the cost of poetry, imagination, and style, and finally reduced acting to mere imitation. For the Studio actor, confined to his own psychic biography, has become unable to make the essential imaginative leap into another's life, with the result that he tends to play himself over and over again. Thus, the Studio Method is most appropriate to the commercial theatre, where type casters seize on a single salable commodity for exploitation.

Under these circumstances, the vast majority of American actors are competent only in narrow naturalistic roles, even though most masterpieces of the drama were written in other modes. One shudders to think what performers like Ben Gazzara, Pat Hingle, Kim Stanley, or Shelley Winters—all adherents of the Actors Studio—would do if confronted with Greek tragedy, Shakespeare, Italian *commedia*, or French Ro-

mantic drama, when even recent contemporaries like Ibsen, O'Casey, Shaw, and Anouilh seem to baffle them.

To be sure, there are many American actors, trained in European schools or hinterland repertory companies, who are better equipped to play classical roles. But many of them, discouraged by present conditions, have left New York, and the few who have achieved some recognition here have not been able to develop. The limitation of the professional actor is one of the most serious hurdles in the path of repertory success. If it is not quickly removed, the American repertory company—failing to cope adequately with the great dramatic literature—will be forced to settle for the mediocre works it is competent to perform.

#### THE UNFILLED BALCONY

THE third threat to repertory is the most subtle one of all, for it lies in the nature of the American theatre audience. A repertory company can develop a great vision only if it is supported by an intelligent, imaginative, and enthusiastic audience, but the typical American theatre-goer of today is probably the most passive and pliant spectator in the world. When he goes to the theatre he must—to judge from the thunderous applause which greets the most inane theatrical moments—continually convince himself he is having a good time. The limitations of the Broadway audience may well be the result of economics. With ticket prices soaring into the stratosphere, the audience has become more and more dominated by prosperous business people. (It is well known on Broadway that while orchestra seats are at a premium, the balconies are often three-quarters empty.) Going to the theatre is now a form of conspicuous consumption, where many attend not because they want to but because of social or cultural pressures.

In consequence, the New York theatre audiences I have observed over the years appear to be chiefly given over to two types of spectator. The first makes up the matinee, benefit, and convention audiences, and goes to a play for the sake of charity, business, or sight-seeing. (For him Broadway serves up such gooey fudge sundaes as "The Sound of Music," "The World of Suzie Wong," "Auntie Mame," "Take Me Along," and "A Majority of One.") The second type is the cocktail party celebrant who, fearful of drawing an embarrassing conversational blank, trails Kulchur down every neon alley in Times Square. (For him, Broadway invokes the more pretentious

glories of "J.B.," "Dear Liza," and "The Miracle Worker"; the cumbrous opulence of overweighted productions like "Rashomon" and "Becket"; and the summer "festivities" of the American Shakespeare Festival.) Going to the theatre for quick cultural "improvement," charity purposes, or expense-account entertainment does not signify a very vital relationship between the spectator and the stage—which is one reason why the plays are so bad and the opinions of the reviewers so sacrosanct. Any repertory company which plans to appeal to the existing audience, instead of attracting an entirely new one from those multitudes who now stay home out of penury, apathy, or disgust, will be merely an extended arm of Broadway, doomed to mediocrity and pretense before it even opens.

These, then, are the major problems which the Lincoln Square company must solve if it is ever to be anything more than a fashionable plaything for the opulent and the bored. A few of the local repertory companies now in operation—the Phoenix, the Living Theatre, the American Stratford Shakespeare company, and Shakespeare in the Park—have vastly different intentions and ideals, but they all offer abundant proof of how formidable these obstacles are.

#### THE PHOENIX

FOR several years, Norris Houghton and T. E. Hambleton have been presenting plays at the Phoenix, a theatre on Second Avenue formerly devoted to Yiddish drama. But at the Phoenix, every season seems to be the first. Supported by a dutiful but unenthusiastic subscription audience and some generous grants from a couple of foundations, the Phoenix behaves like a man possessing a modest inheritance but not the vaguest idea how to spend it. Pushed one way by off-Broadway ideals and another by Broadway success patterns, it has hitherto reserved decision by spending it on whatever happened to be at hand: here a spectacular directed by Tyrone Guthrie, there a musical, one month a foreign repertory company on tour, the next a Shakespeare play pre-tested at Stratford. For the last two years, a permanent company has been performing under the direction of Stuart Vaughan. Yet, somehow, the sense of uncertainty at the Phoenix is still just as pronounced as ever.

The major difficulty, I think, is that the company has never developed a clearcut identity. Last season, the Phoenix repertory consisted of "The Great God Brown," "Lysistrata," "Peer Gynt," and the two parts of "Henry IV," but the

only thing unified about these productions was that they were all unsatisfactory.

To be frank, the Phoenix has no artistic purpose. One could have forgiven the elephantine literalness of the staging, the monotony of the interpretations, and the unevenness of the acting, if only one had sensed that something important was being attempted. But the tendency of the Phoenix to use the same actors in all the leading roles, to stand pat with whatever pleases the reviewers, and to rearrange programs for the sake of the box office, indicates that the only thing animating this theatre is "success" as Broadway measures it. I finished the season tired of Will Steven Armstrong's perpetually tilted stage, tired of Stuart Vaughan's dogged Methodizing of non-psychological plays, and, above all, tired of seeing some of my favorite dramatic works strewn about the Phoenix stage like so many violated corpses.

For despite its lofty intentions, the Phoenix is doing more harm than good to the cause of great drama. An ambitious brochure promises a "new tradition in the theatre," but the company has developed no new methods of staging, playing, or interpretation to justify such a promise; and even its traditional techniques are labored and inadequate. To be fair, Vaughan has discovered a few accomplished comic talents. But like our star-centered theatre, the Phoenix is unwilling to abandon itself to anything higher than its own survival. And it now functions as a rather dusty showcase for its actors and its staff.

#### THE LIVING THEATRE

USING a tiny stage on the second floor of a converted tenement off West 14th Street, the Living Theatre is like a diminutive warrior, always prepared to battle Goliath but equipped only with a roundhouse punch. When it hits, it hits hard; when it misses, it knocks itself out. Last season, I spent two wonderful—and two miserable—evenings in the Living Theatre. Yet, despite the unevenness of the fare, I always look forward eagerly to the productions of Judith Malina and Julian Beck, the couple who founded the theatre and determine its policies.

These producers have a praiseworthy devotion to experimental plays as the only form of theatrical progress; unfortunately, they are sometimes even more fanatically dedicated to experimental theory. Recently, this theory—a disordered compound of Pirandello, Piscator, and Brecht—was more prominent than the plays in a double bill consisting of Jackson MacLow's "Marrying



RICHARD FROST

## DIRECTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

TO LAND his heavy sled on our green lawn,  
a narrow twist to veer and clear the wires.  
House pointed like a deadly letter A,  
the street used far too much to take a chance.

So, doubly sure, we place our season's grants  
along the sheet beneath the painted tree  
and sweep the hearth of every ignorance  
before the child should wonder or inquire.

The truth we amplify in many ways.  
Our heavy chimney has a deadly flue.  
An architectural fire warms the house.  
Beyond all this, what could we do?

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Maiden" and Sophocles' "Women of Trachis." The first was based on nonsense syllables selected at random by a throw of the dice (drowned out anyway by cacophonous sounds on unidentifiable instruments), and the second—translated by Ezra Pound into idioms of the twenty-three-skiddoo variety—was performed in a manner more appropriate to "The World of Sholem Aleichem." Since the talents of the company (and especially of Miss Malina who cannot refrain from playing leads) are—to say the least—uncertain when not serving contemporary, mordant, and ironic plays, the grim trials of this evening are beyond my power to describe.

Yet, this is the company which performed so immaculately in Jack Gelber's exciting play, "The Connection," and which staged the first performance of Pirandello's "Tonight We Improvise" to make that play relevant to American audiences. In both these productions, the Living Theatre transcended its own pretensions, for at best it functions like a sardonic spotlight of enormous power which can be turned on itself, the commercial theatre, or the dramatic event with equal effectiveness. "The Connection," for example—while creating an atmosphere of cool junkie reality so authentic it showed up the Actors Studio's "Hatful of Rain" as conventional and contrived—featured a brilliant satire on experimental theatre directors; and "Tonight We Improvise" indiscriminately detonated *avant-garde* theories, quack directors, and temperamental actors with thundering explosiveness.

The most penetrating gleams of the Living Theatre's spotlight are reserved for the sleepy spectator. Encouraged to leave the theatre in the middle of a play, badgered into commenting on the action while the play is in progress, confronted in the lobby during intermission with a continuation of the argument, and loosened up with a series of outrageous practical jokes, the spectator is constantly being harried into thought. The Living Theatre is endowed with a spirit of joyous anarchy which holds nothing sacred—least of all the audience.

For Beck and Malina are aware that the pallid quality of our commercial theatre is largely the result of the extreme pomposity implicit in the very act of theatre-going. Consequently, they are attempting to break down the sacred contract of silence between the audience and the stage, creating a new relationship in which the spectator will be an engaged participant rather than just a solemn and detached observer. The limitations of the approach are obvious, but there are dozens of experimental playwrights (including Jarry, Beckett, Ionesco, Vauthier, Ghelderode, Genet, Brecht, Frisch, and Jack Gelber) for whom the company's methods could be admirably appropriate. The Living Theatre is erratic but, in its understanding that there can be no living theatre without a living audience, it is preparing the way for real advance.

## AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE

THE Stratford Festival company in Connecticut has grown fat financially but artistically it is still very lean in the chops. Stratford began operations six years ago under much the same favorable conditions as Lincoln Square, announcing high ideals and large ambitions. It was backed by the Theatre Guild, supported by private contributions, and provided with all the advantages Broadway could afford. Today, having totally failed to overcome any of the threats to repertory, it has degenerated into what Walter Kerr of the New York *Herald Tribune* has called a "cultural Howard Johnson's."

For Stratford's reverence for De Bard is always subordinate to its reverence for profit, its desire for artistry always secondary to its attraction to fashion and festivity. In the plush lobby, portraits of Ben Jonson and Francis Beaumont hang side by side with busts of Maurice Evans and Katharine Hepburn, while plates and mugs bearing Shakespeare's image are sold over the counter along with root beer and Pepsi-Cola.

Inside the theatre, the same conditions prevail.

To emphasize Stratford's "festive" quality, the stage is surrounded by a multitude of what look like oversize potato chips—accompanied in one production by a setting composed of a candy cupola, a filigree cake house, and a peppermint flagpole. In this appetizing environment, one's impulse is to rush onto the stage and eat the set, not to mention any actors you can get your teeth into. But aside from its ability to convert Shakespeare into a Baked Alaska, Stratford's contributions to the drama have been negligible, and its productions downright hopeless.

Its audience, first of all, seems less interested in Shakespeare than in romping on the greensward. The theatre, advertising itself as a pleasant place to kill time ("There is no nicer, happier place to go"), now attracts vacationists, picknickers, schoolchildren, tourists, and suburbanites up from Westport. You will find the same spectators nodding in the barns of summer stock. Seeking casual "seasonal" entertainment, they don't want anything "heavy" and no doubt would prefer at least one movie star to each play.

To accommodate them, Stratford last summer provided two: Katharine Hepburn and Robert Ryan. This, I suppose, is an improvement over the first season which featured Jack Palance, but such progress is measured in millimeters. John Houseman (who resigned two seasons ago) attempted to form a non-stellar company and, though he was ultimately overruled, some of these actors are still the nucleus of the group. Yet, since these performers were recruited from (among other places) Broadway, Hollywood, the Actors Studio, the Civic Repertory, the Mercury Theatre, the Group Theatre, and the Canadian Festival, the Stratford stage resounds with the most polymorphous collection of accents, inflections, and acting styles this side of Babel. Conceivably, this troupe might eventually form a tightly knit ensemble, but the Stratford actors are now so miscast and mishandled, and pursue their own ways so obsessively, that each performance sounds like a dialogue between past, present, and future man. The Festival maintains an academy on the grounds which might help to develop a unified Shakespeare style, but since this school is run by members of the company, my guess is that it is only passing on bad habits. Anyway, the most influential models for the apprentices will probably be the performances of the stars, and about these it would be better to preserve a discreet silence.

Even more depressing than Stratford's affection for Hollywood stars and heterogeneous actors is its affinity for slick, streamlined productions.

Aside from last summer's version of "The Tempest"—directed by an intelligent newcomer named William Ball—I have never seen a show at Stratford which reflected the slightest notion of the author's intention or even the slightest interest in it. The approach of Stratford's artistic director, Jack Landau, is to make the plays as shiny, chrome-plated, and loaded with accessories as a modern car. In past seasons, for example, Mr. Landau effectively scuttled "Measure for Measure" and "Much Ado About Nothing" by placing them, respectively, in nineteenth-century Vienna and Spanish Texas. Last summer, he brought "Twelfth Night" "up to date" also, beaching it on the sands of Brighton. Next year, I am expecting a production of "Love's Labour's Lost" to be laid in a maternity hospital.

#### SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK

WHILE Stratford wraps Shakespeare in pastry dough, the New York Shakespeare Festival bundles him in burlap. Joseph Papp's virile and vigorous ensemble has been presenting free performances for five years on the west side of Central Park. It is now the most brilliant company in America, and by far the closest to the repertory ideal.

It is common knowledge in New York how courageously Mr. Papp has fought for *free* Shakespeare—combating the recalcitrance of the Park Commissioner, the hostility of petty bureaucrats, and the indifference of the large foundations.\* It is not so well known how completely this economic innovation has transformed the theatre audience. Drawn from all classes and income groups, the Central Park spectators have an almost Elizabethan buoyancy and verve which are a startling contrast to the spiritual vacuity of Broadway's mink matrons and expense-account aristocrats. Since the theatre does not advertise, is unaffected by reviews, and lacks any prestigious

\*According to an article Papp wrote for the *New York Times*, both the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations rejected his appeal for funds, the first on the grounds that free Shakespeare destroyed incentive, and the second because it smacked too much of Socialism. It is becoming a puzzle of the large foundations to support what is already prosperous and fashionable, while turning away from what is needy and intrinsically good. The Ford Foundation's grants totaling \$559,000 to four repertory companies, on condition that they match funds by raising local support, do not reverse this policy. Mr. Papp, however, has won over the Mayor of New York and other city officials. A theatre is being constructed for his players in the Park, and they may perform in the city schools in the months ahead.



tone, the spectators—some of whom are seeing their very first play—come not out of duty but out of desire. For those who contend that the theatre lost its life when it alienated the folk and the intelligentsia, here is ample proof that under the proper conditions it can be swiftly and effectively revived.

And the proper conditions certainly prevail now in the Park. On a simple outdoor platform stage, handsomely appointed for each play by Eldon Elder, Papp has produced the most intelligent and imaginative shows in town, accomplishing the astounding feat of creating a uniquely American style for Shakespeare which is both fresh and faithful to the text. Last summer, after a gruff and muscular production of "Henry V," directed by Papp himself, and a less coherent one of "Measure for Measure," directed by Alan Schneider, the company rattled off a version of "Taming of the Shrew" which was unquestionably the finest interpretation of a Shakespeare comedy I have ever seen.

The director, Gerald Freedman, fashioned an outrageous farce style which drew on the Marx Brothers, Mack Sennett, animated cartoons, and *commedia dell' arte*, while exercising his considerable choreographic skill to turn the crowd scenes into uproarious comic dances. To add pandemonium to delirium, Freedman designed a series of pratfalls, tumblings, beatings, and brawls which have not been so superbly executed since the heyday of the silent film, always preserving the style proper to a play within a play.

The paradox is that while the company as a whole can now be compared favorably with any in the world, it consisted last summer of actors who were relatively obscure or who had not shown any previous distinction. Barbara Ann Barrie, for example, too mannered and affected at Stratford, emerged as a controlled performer with an excellent sense of taste; and Jack Cannon, a lazy, indifferent actor at the Phoenix, was a wild animal in the Park, playing Petruchio as a violent, fortune-seeking, swashbuckling Italianate cutthroat who, along with Jane White (brilliant as Kate) created what was surely one of the most vigorous wooing scenes ever staged. Moreover, the company featured a collection of zanies, many of them coming to notice for the first time, who were as demented a pack of mad-brain rudesbies as any in the Hemisphere.

Joseph Papp, in short, has created a new company, a new style, and a new audience, and done so without a single artistic compromise. If the world were just, he would not only have a permanent home in the Park, but Broadway and

Lincoln Square into the bargain, for no one else has done more to keep our decaying theatre pulsing and alive.

#### LINCOLN SQUARE

**A**BOUT Lincoln Square, it is possible only to speculate from the numerous statements of policy circulated in the press by Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead, who will control the repertory company's future. But their statements can perhaps give us a fairly clear idea of the direction the company can be expected to take.

"We intend to make a theatre that is interesting, exciting, vital to us in contemporary terms," said Kazan in a recent interview. "If we do a classic, it has to have a meaning for us today and it's got to be exciting. . . ." In more precise terms, Kazan and Whitehead affirm that their repertory program will "avoid the smell of the library" by ruling out things like "pseudo-realistic productions of 'The Wild Duck,' always that same damned 'Wild Duck'." Instead, the company will perform an annual program of two new plays by "leading American writers," two revivals of "classical European plays," and one revival of "an American classic." ("Everyone," adds Kazan, "should see 'Death of a Salesman' every five years.")

Moreover, the repertory might include sweeping dramatizations of such novels as Werfel's *Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* ("We recreate the social background of that era . . . an environment out of which came the America of today"), and Zola's *Germinal* ("What a play that would make. The coal mines of Belgium. A real Van Gogh feeling about it. A love story there, and a story of labor struggles").

The company itself would consist of thirty "leading" American actors, paid anywhere between off-Broadway minimum and the maximum of a Broadway star, and would spend eight months before out-of-town audiences experimenting with a number of plays in the hope of selecting the first two or three. Finally, the directors are sure that Lincoln Square, though subsidized, will prove no unfair competition to Broadway because its box-office scale will be "almost as high as Broadway's." And with this plan, Kazan hopes to attract "a lot of my intellectual friends [who] have stopped going to the theatre."

At the risk of sounding prematurely harsh, let me try to suggest why Mr. Kazan's intellectual friends may well prefer to stay home.

(1) *Classics vital in contemporary terms.* In theory, a high-sounding ideal; in practice, always

an excuse for a director to spread his personality over a play. We can learn from Stratford about the perils of bringing a classic "up to date." Shakespeare in the Park, on the other hand, demonstrates that the only way to make a masterpiece meaningful "for us today" is to cut past both convention and contrivance to the heart of the author's intention. To such a task, Mr. Kazan does not seem very much inclined. He has yet to direct anything but commercial American plays, and two years ago he announced that he would never produce Shakespeare because, "I am more interested in the life that is around me." This curious statement, along with other evidence, suggests that for all his brilliant craftsmanship and psychological intuition, Mr. Kazan's approach to the drama is peculiarly contemporary. I suspect if he does direct a classic, it will end up either with an American setting or an American social-psychological interpretation. I am not sure the Lincoln Square directors are aware that while you can doctor second-rate works to suit your own prejudices, you don't meddle with masterpieces.

(2) *Avoid the smell of the library.* If the library smells, it is from lack of human habitation, for it is rarely aired by our theatrical elites. Yet, this odoriferous area contains most of the works worth doing by a subsidized repertory company. It would be interesting to tally how many times "pseudo-realistic productions of 'The Wild Duck'" have been performed in this country as compared with pseudo-realistic productions of "All My Sons," pseudo-poetic productions of "J. B.," and pseudo-pseudo productions of "Sweet Bird of Youth." Lincoln Square may succeed in filtering out the "smell of the library" by introducing the stink of the cash box.

(3) *The repertory.* The two new plays by "leading American writers" would probably be more appropriate to Broadway than to a subsidized art theatre; plays by new or controversial American writers would be more to the point. The cycle of "American classics"—after two or three plays by O'Neill, and (this is a generous estimate) one each by Wilder, Williams, Odets, and Miller—will be totally exhausted. The "two classical European plays" might have some merit, but what works could be chosen when most of the great European dramas "smell of the library"? Kazan's plan for dramatizing novels might prove a contribution to the theatre, but hardly to the drama; adaptations like this are better left to the writers of musicals.

(4) *The company.* "Leading American actors"? With pay scales up to the astronomical portions

of a star? Look out! So far, Christopher Plummer and Geraldine Page, both versatile performers, have been announced for the company; the rest will probably come from less resourceful ranks of the Actors Studio. My guess is that, in consequence, within a year or so the repertory will consist mainly of conventional American plays.

(5) *Experimenting out of town.* This seems to be evidence that Lincoln Square will be more inclined to follow public taste than to lead it. Out-of-town tryouts are a peculiar Broadway custom, invariably resulting in the revision of a play to suit the demands of the audience. Is it utopian to expect a subsidized company to revise its audience to suit the demands of the play?

(6) *Box-office scale almost as high as Broadway's.* This increases the probability that Lincoln Square will attract much the same audience as Broadway; it is already preparing the same kind of fare. In its projected ticket prices, as in almost every one of its announced plans, Lincoln Square, three years before its opening date, is effectively undermining the basic purpose of subsidized repertory.

#### TOWARD RIGHT SOLUTIONS

THE prospect, therefore, despite all the love, sweat, and money poured into the project, is not very heartening. The motives of Mr. Kazan and Mr. Whitehead are undoubtedly above reproach, and it is certain that they are among the most gifted men working in the commercial theatre. But their standards for the drama have hitherto been the same as the standards of Broadway—and you do not easily change the habits of a lifetime. One may wonder why—when it is commercialism that is debasing our theatre—the Lincoln Square project was handed over to two men who have hitherto shown no great interest in any other system. But it often seems our national custom to analyze a problem correctly and then come up with the wrong solution.

Meanwhile, other companies—without fanfare, funds, or fabulous theatre buildings—are working their way through to the right solutions. For while Americans will blunder under the most favorable conditions, they can also come through with striking and imaginative achievements against the most overwhelming odds. Stratford and Lincoln Square may suggest that our current repertory fever is only the hectic of an old disease. But for the Living Theatre, and, especially, for Shakespeare in the Park, it is more the blush of a bright and clean beginning.



PAUL BROOKS

*Drawings by the Author*



## *Beachcombing in the Virgin Islands*

TO ME, as to most of us, the term "National Park" has always suggested snow-capped mountains, sculptured canyons, ever-green forests, swift-running streams. We certainly don't associate it with coconut palms rustling above dazzling white beaches, with turquoise and bottle-green oceans, with moonlight on banks of cumulus cloud drifting before the trades. We don't, that is, until we have visited the youngest, and most seductive member of the Park family, the Virgin Islands National Park. Few people, I find, have ever heard of it. That is not surprising; it has been officially in existence for less than five years; as of this writing, it is only just getting under way. When my wife and I pitched our tent on the beach in November last year, we were in fact the only campers on the island.

The Park comprises about three-fourths of the

island of St. John, which is smaller and far less populous than either St. Thomas or St. Croix—the other American possessions in the Virgin Islands group. St. John lies seventy-five miles east of San Juan, Puerto Rico, in the Lesser Antilles. It is about the size of Bermuda, nine miles long and up to five in width, volcanic in origin, the coast a sinuous line of sheltered bays and rocky headlands, the interior a jumbled mass of low mountains rising abruptly from the shore. The climate is benign, with the lowest recorded temperature 65° and the highest 91°, and only five or six degrees difference between summer and winter. Since there is happily no airport on St. John, you go there by boat from St. Thomas—a half-hour run almost due east (the Caribbean Sea to starboard and the Atlantic Ocean to port), through an archipelago of small islands or keys, in what is surely one of the loveliest approaches to any of our National Parks.

The permanent population of St. John amounts to only about eight hundred, largely concentrated in two settlements outside the Park area. For visitors, there is a luxurious resort on the site of one of the great sugar plantations, which is full to the last beachside cabin during the height of the season. And of course there are the old timers among the tourists who "discovered" St. John many years ago, who have their own favorite spots for winter holidays or who have even yielded to its charm and made it their permanent home. Under increasing pressure from the tourist trade, already firmly entrenched on St. Thomas, the whole island might well have succumbed to "progress" within a very few years if Mr. Laurance Rockefeller had not seen the opportunity to present the nation with a unique National Park, where one can step into a wilderness environment hardly out of binocular range of tourists in Bikini.

Arrangements for our trip were simple enough. We had sent ahead by air freight our tent and other camping gear. Snorkels and flippers for exploring the coral reefs we bought in St. Thomas. To be sure, before we left home our friends had raised polite eyebrows at the very idea of camping on a tropical island. They seemed to envisage leeches dropping down from the trees and vipers rising from the ground. In gloomy moments they saw us caught some night in the path of the army ants' autumn maneuvers, with nothing left next morning but a few gold teeth, a skillet, and the tent's aluminum poles. What, they asked, about snakes, scorpions, lizards? These hazards proved illusory. No snakes, no army ants, scorpions small and non-

combative, lizards everywhere and utterly charming. It is true, however, that I did not quite believe in the whole thing until we were packed up and actually on our way.

Until a few years ago, travel on St. John's few rough roads and trails was entirely by donkey. Now it is largely by jeep. There are, I believe, jeeps and drivers available for hire; we were lucky enough to be driven to our destination by the Park Naturalist, whose duties, including lectures in the native villages, take him all over the island. The previous winter he had made the first experimental camping trip in the Park, and reported back to Washington that it was not only possible but a delightful experience.

There was no direct road to the spot we had in mind. The route turned out to be in the form of a giant fishhook: a steep climb up to the centerline road, along the ridge and down to the farther shore, a backward curve and final climb and hair-raising descent to the remote bay that was our destination. This was not primeval forest, nor was it a man-dominated land either. It was something else: an isolated spot where civilization—even luxury for the few—had sprouted quickly and quickly faded away—like the ghost towns in California, or those fabulous cities in the Amazon jungle. Here the lifeblood, while it lasted, was neither gold nor silver nor rubber, but the juice of the sugar cane.

For over two hundred years after Columbus discovered this multitude of islands and named them for St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, they remained relatively unoccupied. Not till the early eighteenth century did the Danish West India Company establish a permanent colony and build a fort whose ruins still stand above one of the Caribbean's finest harbors. "I have selected a place to build a fort," wrote the governor proudly to his king, "and permitted the planters to indicate which pieces of land they preferred."

As one drives through today's jungle, it is staggering to learn that the whole island, to the tops of the highest hills, was cleared and planted—largely to sugar cane—within fifteen years of the governor's letter. From the centerline road one gets a glimpse now and then of an old estate house at the head of a valley, a white dot against

the enveloping green. Down by the bay rises a tall chimney that once served the furnaces of a sugar mill. And the road beneath the tires of our jeep—cut into the volcanic rock of the hillside, built up over precipitous slopes with masses of crushed stone—is the same road over which once rattled the mule-drawn carts of cane. How many slaves died to build it is not recorded. They revolted once, and almost captured the island; a century later when slavery itself died out, the great plantations died with it. So the forest, always lying in wait, reclaimed its own.

#### UNDER THE GRIGRI TREE

AND what a forest! For a northerner, the combination of infinite variety and close similarity between species made identification a nightmare. Every other tree seemed to have narrow "drip tip" leaves for quick shedding of occasional torrential rains, or else long bean pods like our catalpas: one of these is known as "women's tongues," since it rattles in the wind. A few were easy to pick out, such as the kapok with its massive, buttressed trunk and seed pods bursting with the silky fibers that are used for "unsinkable" cushions by American yachtsmen, and as wads for blowguns in the Amazon jungle. We identified the umbrella-shaped rain tree with its pink flowers and pods tasting of licorice; the *lignum vitae*, whose heavy cross-grained wood is so hard it is used for gears; and—most obvious because of its smooth and copper-colored bark—the tree with a name you can taste on your tongue, the gumbo limbo, or turpentine tree. This multipurpose tree not only flavors chicken gumbo, but in the form of fence posts (where it takes root like our willow) helps to keep the chickens safe for the pot.

Here and there along the roadside, rows of gumbo limbos marked the site of an old property line; later we saw a noble avenue of them on the abandoned road between a former estate house and its mill. By the roadside we stopped to sample the sugar apple and the soursop that grow in abandoned pastures like the wild apples of New England—both edible by man and cattle. The pulp of the soursop is used to make a sort of ice cream.

As we reached the curve of our fishhook course, the road dropped off in a series of switchbacks that would put a goat on its mettle. The vegetation changed as we descended. There is less rainfall on the coast than in the mountains, and the slopes and headlands exposed to the steady trade wind have almost a desert dryness. Barrel cacti

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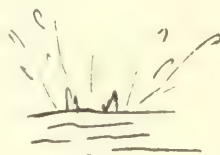
*Paul Brooks, editor-in-chief of Houghton Mifflin Company, expresses his interest in wildlife preservation by serving on the conservation commission of his home town of Lincoln, Massachusetts, and by taking camping trips with his wife in the wilderness areas of our National Parks.*



along the roadside reminded me of those we had seen in the Organ Pipe Cactus Monument north of the Mexican border. I even thought I saw some organ pipe cacti, but they turned out to be a different species, branching some distance above the ground, more like a candelabra. Huge century plants, also reminiscent of the Southwest deserts, were silhouetted here and there against the sky. A flock of goats scrambled up the slope away from the road, as the jeep, with my wife and me walking behind, made its last *slalom* down the headwall to the level of the beach that was to be our home for almost a week.

A wide strip of shimmering white sand between two rocky promontories, the beach was crisscrossed almost to the water's edge with flowering vines. We pitched our tent in the only shady spot, beneath a spreading grigri tree. The smaller painkiller tree in our back yard insured us against emergencies: for a headache you put a leaf in your hat; for sore feet, in your shoe. (An alternate native remedy for headache is a rusty nail stuck in the hair; your friends leave you alone and you recover that much faster.) Water was to be had from the cistern of an old building that was being converted into the Park Ranger Station for this end of the island. (Its former uses were indicated by the ruins of the bay-rum still that went with it.) In our rucksack was a bottle of Puerto Rican rum, and there were lime trees nearby with fruit ready for the shaking. As we listened that evening to the diminishing rumble of the jeep, we figured that we would make out all right.

In respect to other human beings, we "had the beach to ourselves." But I would rather think of us as guests of the permanent residents there. Of these the most conspicuous were the brown pelicans. For them the shallow, sheltered bay, teeming with "fry," was a happy hunting ground. Next day we learned their routine. The earliest arrivals would appear from out to sea, silent and ghostly, at the moment when the cottony clouds at the mouth of the bay were awakening from gray to gold. Slowly flapping and gliding, they would drift in so low over the water as to be almost invisible against the still-dark headlands;



suddenly there they were, grotesque shapes growing gargoyle-like from the rock that protruded above the water a stone's throw from our tent.

By the time I had taken a quick dip, muttered ritual curses on the midges (who have a poet's passion for dawn and dusk), and was scooping a hollow in the sand for our breakfast fire, I would glimpse out of the corner of my eye a vertical streak and a splash of white water: the first dive of the day. From then on till sunset, when the last straggler drifted out to sea, it was an almost continuous show. Perched on a rock or a post, a pelican may appear unwieldy; aloft, he is a functional object to delight the heart of the artist or aeronautical engineer. The broad wingspread with the open-fingered primaries, the fan-shaped tail, are perfectly designed for slow, wheeling flight. But watch him when he sights his prey. In one swift, corkscrew motion the great beak turns downward, the wings fold back, the head (which has been tucked behind the ample bosom in the manner of a contented

dowager) reaches purposefully forward, the feet stream out behind him till finally, in the split second before he hits the water, the whole bird is a living arrow. I spent happy if exasperating hours trying to catch with pen and pencil the various stages in this maneuver.

#### FRIENDLY BEASTS

**T**HIS first morning, as the sun rose higher and sand grew hotter, we knew the time had come to take a look at the cool underwater world ourselves. Diving we left to the pelicans (neither of us folds up much like an arrow) but we did have face masks with snorkels, and rubber flippers to go on our feet. A dark area of the bay bordering the rocky part of the shore had been pointed out as a coral reef. Approaching as closely as we could on foot, we put on the flippers and masks (an initial feeling of claustrophobia quickly vanishes) and swam toward it. What we expected to see I don't know. What we saw was a new world, in a new dimension.

The first sight of a coral reef is one of life's memorable firsts. Intellectually you have known

that this underwater world exists. Friends back from winter vacations have spoken glowingly about it, and you have read about it in books and seen it in professional color movies. Yet none of this prepares you for the moment when you first look through that magic glass, belly-down in the warm, gin-clear water. You feel "like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken"—except that this time you are doing the swimming.

The shapes, the color, the motion—all are strange, yet eerily suggestive of scenery on the earth's surface. Pinnacles and flat-topped mesas rise above the level sands of the shallows; farther offshore, canyons plunge into darkness. But the sharp shadows of a terrestrial landscape are lacking: everything is bathed in a soft, diffused light. Coral, though composed of millions of minute animals, is plantlike in its growth. The variety of patterns is bewildering: trees with thick trunks and proliferating branches, others composed of segments that suggest the Giant Joshuas of the desert; round grooved boulders of "brain coral," and delicate branching "staghorn coral"; gently waving sea fans, wispy tresses, broad rubbery umbrellas. This weird miniature forest, however, is not the cool green of the woods on land; it is a subtle blend of the warm colors of the palette: red-browns, ochers, subdued pinks and purples. And its beauty is but a background for the incredibly gaudy fish that swim in and out among the branches.

The fish, singly and in schools, are what first catch the eye and hold it in a sort of suspension of disbelief. Here is every shape that can swim: fish slender as a pencil or round as a dish; smoothly streamlined or blunt-nosed and square; triangles and teardrops and flying wings; fish that seem to be all head and others that seem to be swimming backwards owing to the great "eye" painted on their tails, like the eye on the hind wing of a Polyphemus moth. Here, indeed, is color comparable to that of the butterflies and moths: bold combinations of bright purple and yellow, of yellow and black; bodies of coppery red, and azure blue bodies with yellow tails; color in broad vertical bands, in spots, in stripes, or softly blended like the pattern of light from a stained-glass window. And this magic world is ever in motion, some fish "grazing" on the minute algae that grow on the coral, others darting in and out of the caves in the coral rock where they are completely hidden from sight (a tiny fish will drive off an intruder twice his size, like a kingbird harrying a crow), still others cruising slowly along, singly or in schools, in-

different to the clumsy Gulliver sloshing about in their sky. The whole community sways rhythmically to and fro with the slow pulsation of the waves. You see but scarcely feel the motion, for you are drifting with it—drifting over the world of the "Forsaken Merman":

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep;  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,  
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground . . .

Friendly beasts, most of them. In the shallows, you have only to watch for the sea urchins, clusters of long, black, poisonous hat-pins fixed to the coral rock. Barracuda frequent these waters, but the experts do not consider them dangerous unless (as seems unlikely) you go swimming about with bleeding wounds. Sharks may come close inshore after dark. We swam happily several times in the moonlight till we learned that the natives—who should know—do their swimming by day, when there is no chance of a myopic shark mistaking the calf of a leg for a wounded fish. We saw neither sharks nor barracuda; this did not disappoint us in the least. The largest beasts—and everything looms larger under water—were the tarpon, steel-gray giants cruising slowly among the reef fish, like battle-ships amid a fleet of bright-colored sailing dinghies. One evening at dusk, feeding only a few yards from shore, they roiled up the water in a terrifying display of power, as schools of jack-sizeable fish in themselves—leaped into the air before them.

#### THE JUNGLE TAKES OVER

**T**HOUGH St. John is one of the smallest as well as youngest members of the National Park family, it yields to none of them in variety. After we had lived for a few days on the beach, and returned again and again to the subaqueous splendor of the coral reefs, we were ready for the more strenuous business of exploring the jungle at our back, which we had seen only from the comparative comfort of the jeep. Our objective was the estate house and sugar mill that we had spotted from the centerline road.

Behind the bay-rum still, and only a few yards from the beach, the trail entered a dense thicket, beneath an enormous rain tree glowing with pink flowers. Soon it emerged on a dry open slope along a ridge of volcanic rock, gray where it had been recently split (the Park Service must have been improving the trail) but mostly



weathered a warm red-brown. The slope faced east, the hot sun stuck our shirts to our backs, and warmed the water in our canteens. This heat and dryness within a step from the open sea comes as a shock to northerners. Here the coast is dry, the tides are negligible, and the low-growing cacti—as we learned after filling our bare legs with barbed needles—flourish a few feet from the coral reefs.

The path up which we were now climbing might have been a hundred miles from the sea. No, not quite. For below us lay a mangrove swamp, easily identified by its murky water, dyed brown with tannic acid. And right at our feet were seashells—top shells, mostly, shaped like a boy's wooden top—which scuttled off at our approach. Some of them were as big as your fist, and each contained a hermit crab that had climbed up into the hills to feed on the foliage. Returning once a year to the ocean to breed and cast off their shells for the next size larger, they sometimes roll like loose rocks down the embankment onto the road—a wonderfully efficient if fortuitous way of speeding the trip. Now and then a dove would explode from under our very feet, like a ruffed grouse in New England woods. We saw the gray kingbird, called Pipiri from its song; the thorn bushes abounded in bananaquits—gaudy black and yellow little birds, as bold and conspicuous as our yellowthroats. We also caught a glimpse of a brown, weasel-like creature darting across the trail: the mongoose, a deadly little animal which is responsible for the fact that there are virtually no ground-nesting birds on the island. Introduced by the sugar planters to help keep down the rats, it has become a serious pest, whose only predator is the red-tailed hawk.

We had to remind ourselves that most of this wooded area was cleared land only a century or so ago. (Some of the great trees—we saw a spectacular kapok tree in flower—were obviously older than that.) But how quickly the jungle took over as soon as the planters departed! No doubt because the signs are less familiar, the struggle for *Lebensraum* seems somehow starker in these latitudes, where the shrubs, like the well-named catch-and-keep, are so thorny that a man without a machete can travel only along the trails; where the light-fearing termites build tiny tunnels across the open ground and up the tree trunks to their huge swollen nests; where the strangler fig year-by-year squeezes the life from the forest tree beneath its ever-thickening coils. As we topped the first rise, we saw one old tree that bravely survived all these hazards, with a termite nest high in its branches, a cactus growing out of

the nest, and below that a strangler fig reaching its tendrils to the ground.

But to appreciate the work of the jungle one has to see it taking over the works of man. After a long descent on a perfectly constructed and still-sound road, and a short steep climb up the valley wall, we emerged into an overgrown clearing. From the midst of it rose a graceful, almost elegant building that suddenly gave solid substance to what had been merely words on a printed page.

#### THE LIZARD FOOTMAN

ONLY the estate house itself was still standing, but one could reconstruct the outbuildings from the pattern of the walls: servants' quarters, stables, kitchen—the latter with a huge oven, door intact, ready for baking. To reconstruct the way of life that went on in the main house was more difficult, though the empty shell was full of murmurs. The architecture was Southern plantation style, twin flights of gracefully curved steps mounting to the columned portico, stuccoed brick walls of pinkish white, screened balconies. One corner of the house was half hidden in a mass of color, where flowering vines from the garden had run rampant, and out of the roof grew a fair-sized tree. The front door swung open, banging in the breeze. The footman had left some years ago, but a lizard welcomed us in. The cool green interior walls stopped short of the ceiling to make use of every breath of air. Even at high noon, ghosts were about; I should like to have returned by moonlight when they might have spoken more clearly. I did the next best thing by descending to the cellar, a dark chamber with vaulted ceiling like a crypt, smelling of dust and damp stone. It was utterly silent except for a weird clicking sound, I suppose of some insect. Broken shutters, empty rum bottles and other rubbish lay about: debris from the last high tide this family was to know.

But what intrigued me was the coffin in the corner. No simple pine box, but the classic hexagonal pattern with sloping cover—obviously a fine piece of cabinet work, and judging from its size, designed for a woman. Why was it never used? When I opened the lid I found a fine purple lining, the rich tone undimmed by contact with the light and air. Was she at death's door from tropical fever, only to recover? And did the plantation fail before another candidate could be found for this elegant box?

If life and death within the big house can only

be conjectured, the source of its precarious prosperity is immortalized nearby on a monumental scale. Down on the edge of the bay, at the end of a broad avenue bordered by shoulder-high stone walls and ancient fig festooned gumbo-limbo trees, stands the massive sugar mill. Its walls are of rough stone, chinked with bits of brick and mortar, giving a beautiful mottled effect. The built-in cauldrons for boiling the cane juice, the great ovens beneath, the tall white chimney rising like a church spire above the jungle—all are still intact. Gear wheels and rusted tools lie here and there in the grass. Hot and sweating after our walk down from the estate house (the mosquitoes kept us at an intermittent dogtrot) we could imagine what it must have been like to stoke these roaring furnaces, to skim these steaming vats. No wonder the work ground to a halt when forced labor was abolished.

Before returning to our beach we felt obliged to pay our respects to the people who preceded the planters by several centuries, but who left the landscape much as they found it, and whose only monument is a few rock carvings and the name of the sea in which they were once supreme. The warlike Carib Indians had conquered the peaceful Arawaks before the arrival of Columbus. Deep in the jungle beneath a waterfall, less than

a mile inland from the sugar mill, we found their curious inscriptions in the rock wall—swirls and spirals and stylized faces—which are presumably connected with propitiation of the spirit of the islands' rarest treasure, water. Now in November the fall was reduced to a mere trickle, and the hordes of mosquitoes from the stagnant pool beneath drove us too soon away from a spot that invited contemplation, that one could easily people in the mind's eye with the painted, shell-bedecked Caribs engaged in their sacred rites.

Before sunset we were back at our camp beneath the grigri tree. The sated pelicans were drifting one by one beyond the headlands. Our brief exploration of the forest, like our first sight of the coral reefs, had increased rather than dispelled the dreamlike quality of our surroundings. Where but in a dream does one cook supper beneath a coconut palm, on a fire of split mahogany? Squeezing a fresh-picked lime into my rum, I felt a fatal bond, not with the ambitious planters or the fierce Caribs but with the still earlier Arawaks, whose easygoing ways were their downfall. "They spent much of their time in hammocks," writes their historian, "enjoying the hallucinations that came with hemp smoked in their nostril pipes." Nostril pipes have gone out of style, but you don't really need them on the beaches of St. John.







## An Open Letter to the Corner Grocer

FOR some time now I've been trying to work out a separate piece with supermarkets — method by which they could go their way and I could go somewhere else. Because the somewhere else have been going out of business at the rate of six thousand a year, I have finally assumed defeat. I am ready, if not altogether willing, to throw in the shopping tin and let my id take over the marketing.

The image of the supermarket as a loathable, if not poison, grocery store persists, though nothing could be further from the truth. The Grandway has no more in common with the corner grocer than the Sputnik has with a pushover. The two 1977 grocery store was a dim room of about 100 square feet, presided over by the owner or his deputy. Everyday bookkeeping was done on the back of a paper bag, and the entire inventory was within reach of a long stick with a claw on the end. What the place lacked in horsepower it made up in inventory. The grocer greeted his customers by name and asked what he could do for them today. The whole shopping expedition, from greeting to delivery, took no more than twenty minutes.

Even though the grocery store was sometimes out of things, there was always another on the next corner. If all you required was a loaf of bread and a dozen eggs, you didn't come out

with a thirty-volume encyclopedia and a plastic shower cap. The motivational researchers have proven, to the delight of their employers, that seven out of every ten supermarket purchases are unplanned. In other, sounder words, if you go into a supermarket to buy four grapefruit, a half-pound of Swiss cheese, and a box of Salines, you are bound by the laws of statistics to come out with an encyclopedia, a bottle of almond-stuffed olives, a package of frozen chopped chicken livers, a unit of Chinese noodles, 'bout 'n' old posters, a phallosculpture, and a copy of TV Guide.

The colossal success of the supermarkets is based upon the fact that nobody, but nobody, can sell you something as well as you can by yourself. As a result, supermarkets now stock clothing appliances, plastic crumming pots, and small trees. The choice is that if you want to be an armchair modern decorator you may fall for an electronic range or a roving poplar.

The supermarkets have engaged anthropologists and psychologists to plan their shelves so that sights are almost invisible except to Tom Thumb or Mr. Basketball. In between, within easy sight and reach, are all the weird delicacies, the super-sonic can openers, the bags of stretch socks, the life-size dolls, and the non-lensed books. Rock & roll plays continuously, and some supermarkets have closed-circuit television as well. This is the poorest television imaginable — all commercials. Extensive illustrations, banners, with phosphorescent lighting hang from the ceilings, like downspouts in a madhouse. It has been proved that shoppers respond to these assaults on the senses by wandering around in a semi-hypnotic state, unable to re-

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Eugene Kimball likes her family shopping in Princeton, New Jersey. She has written an industrial novel and is working on a book of recipes which will include items called "No Fat or No Salt, Fox Moxie" (published in the magazine) and "Famous Wavy or Fried-Potting Keweenaw or Four Phosphors."

By ELAINE KENDALL

*Drawings by Anne Cleveland*



member where they have parked their cars, or why they came into the market at all.

Some of the largest markets cover 100,000 square feet, the area of a medium-sized auto assembly plant or two football fields. The Guggenheim Museum, if flattened, would fit neatly into the canned-goods section. The time consumed in driving to one of these arenas, parking, walking about inside, reading the directional signs, hunting for the brands you want, lining up, paying, and waiting for the parcels averages six hours a week.

People do not believe this until they add it up after the trance has worn off. They are stunned at the discovery that they have spent enough time for a round of golf, a thorough reading of "The News of the Week in Review," two trips to the dentist, and a shampoo. If time is money, the illusory economy of the supermarket collapses right there. Even if one takes the narrow view that only money is money, seven unnecessary purchases for every three necessary ones are not such good odds.

The supermarkets have been quick to take advantage of their confused and fuddled customers. One California market began selling used cars. Bewitched shoppers reached for them the same way they bought car openers—because, like Mount Everest, they were there. Was there even a shopping list that included a '58 convertible?

The power and the glory of the supermarket rest upon the fact that people have been conditioned to buy without making a conscious choice. The same woman who spends an hour in each of three specialty shops before she sends a blouse home on approval strolls through a supermarket collecting an assortment of mer-

chandise that would have given pause to the Collier brothers. Because the supermarkets are still identified in the public mind with food, the spree that takes place inside are sanctioned. It's a sort of innocence by association. Food is Good. Thus the men who would object if their wives went berserk in Bonwit's smile when they run amok in the A & P. Bermuda shorts from the Grand Union acquire a sort of gastronomic immunity just by having shared the same roof with eggs and oranges. Cartier and Revillon Frères, take note. The day when one picks up a tiara with the asparagus or a chinchilla wrap with the muffins may be tomorrow. When a woman says she is going to The Store, that's exactly what she means. It's rapidly becoming the only one in town.

Soon everyone from Land's End to Saigon is going to have to come to terms with supermarkets. Vocabularies will be enriched by new phrases like Lamb Combination (a grab bag of spare parts) and Detergent Week (a year-long fiesta of chemical cleansers). People will have to learn the technique of knocking a box of corn flakes from a Jericho of stacked cereal without having the walls come tumbling down.

As a matter of fact, the adjustment might be easier if each new supermarket had a small boutique in one corner. There one would find a little of everything, tastefully arranged. The boutique would have a telephone and would offer special services like delivery of orders to the timid, the weak, and the busy. There would, of course, be a proprietor in an apron over a sweater, for atmosphere, and a few clerks to man the long-handled sticks. Trends have started with less.



HENRY A. KISSINGER

# THE NEXT SUMMIT MEETING

*One of America's most respected strategists tells why the new President will be under great pressure to meet again with Khrushchev . . . and how such a conference could be turned into an American gain, rather than another fiasco.*

AS THE General Assembly met this fall—only four months after the abortive summit conference—the press was full of familiar speculation about another summit meeting: we read endless rumors and reports about the activities of intermediaries, secret interviews, personal conferences. Once again, the public was given the impression that only an unfortunate personal misunderstanding stood in the way of peace. And, once again, the United States seemed to oscillate back and forth between a posture of apparent fear of a diplomatic confrontation and a diplomacy which treated the affairs of nations as a popularity contest.

This kind of confusion should not be allowed to continue. If the United States is to deal successfully with the Soviet Union, it must recognize how erratic and immature its diplomacy has been in the past. And it must try to discern the pre-conditions for an effective diplomacy—particularly for the personal diplomacy which has been so much in vogue in recent years. So far, we have dismally failed to do either.

Consider, for example, the Paris summit meeting last spring. When it collapsed, a sudden reversal took place in the West. What for years had been advocated as the magic solvent of all

tensions came to be considered as a parody of diplomacy. All the arguments for summit diplomacy which had seemed so persuasive while the conference was being planned were suddenly replaced by their precise opposite. Personal diplomacy, which had been thought capable of ending the Cold War, was now held responsible for perpetuating it. As Mr. Khrushchev's mood changed, the West seemed as much in danger of being mesmerized by his frown as it had earlier been beguiled by his smile.

Yet as the Soviet diplomatic offensive resumes, we will again find ourselves under pressure to attend a summit conference—it has indeed already been foreshadowed by Mr. Khrushchev's speeches at the General Assembly. When this happens, it is essential that we shall draw the correct lessons from the fiasco in Paris—not to mention Geneva and Camp David.

It was not the fact of negotiations which was to blame but the attitude which staked so much on the fact of a meeting of heads of state and so little on the substance of the negotiations. The eagerness to end the Cold War can be as demoralizing as a rigid persistence in the *status quo*, when it is not related to concrete programs or when it creates the illusion that international problems can be settled simply or dramatically.

We will in the years ahead have many diplomatic confrontations with the Soviet Union. It is therefore essential that we enter these conferences without illusions. The problems of summit diplomacy are only a symptom of more general conditions which have produced a diplomatic impasse. If we are to negotiate purposefully on any level, these conditions must be recognized.

Four factors seem of particular importance: (a) the destructiveness of modern weapons; (b) the polarization of power; (c) the nature of Communist ideology; (d) national attitudes peculiar to the West and particularly the U. S.

It is not an accident that the diplomatic stalemate has become more intractable as weapons have grown more destructive. Rather than facilitating settlement, the increasing horror of war has made the process of negotiations more difficult. Historically, negotiators have rarely relied exclusively on the persuasiveness of the argument. A country's bargaining position has traditionally depended not only on the logic of its proposals but also on the penalties it could exact for the other side's failure to agree. When diplomacy failed, other pressures were brought into play. The Congress of Vienna has been considered the model diplomatic conference, but its settlement—which maintained the peace of

Europe for a century was not achieved without the threat of war.

As the risks of war have become more cataclysmic, the result has not been a universal reconciliation but a perpetuation of all disputes. Much as we may deplore it, most major historical changes have been brought about to a greater or lesser degree by the threat of force. Because the violence of weapons has grown so out of any proportion to objectives to be achieved, our age cannot have war. But we have also to learn the painful and complex lesson that peace is something more than the absence of war. Humanity faces no problem more important than how to bring about peaceful change. But the importance of the task must not obscure its complexity.

#### HOW DIPLOMACY GROWS RIGID

THE hard task of diplomacy has been magnified by the polarization of power in the postwar period. As long as the international system was composed of many states of approximately equal strength, subtlety of maneuver could to some extent substitute for physical strength. As long as no nation was strong enough to eliminate all the others, shifting coalitions could be used for exerting pressure or marshaling support. They served, in a sense, as substitutes for physical conflict. For example, in the classical periods of cabinet diplomacy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, a country's diplomatic flexibility and bargaining position depended on its availability as a partner to as many other countries as possible. As a result, no relationship was considered permanent and no conflict was pushed to its ultimate conclusion. Disputes were limited by the tacit agreement that the maintenance of the existing system was more important than any particular disagreement. Wars occurred but they did not risk the national survival and they were settled in relation to specific, limited issues.

Whenever the number of sovereign states was reduced, diplomacy became more rigid. When a unified Germany and Italy emerged in the nineteenth century, they replaced a host of smaller principalities. This reflected the dominant currents of nationalism. But from the point of view of diplomatic flexibility, some of the "play" was taken out of the conduct of foreign policy. To the extent that the available diplomatic options diminished, the temptation to achieve security by mobilizing a country's physical strength increased. The armaments race

prior to World War I was as much the result as the cause of the inflexibility of diplomacy. France and Germany were in fundamental conflict. And neither state could organize an overwhelming coalition. As a result, power had to substitute for diplomatic dexterity, and the period just before World War I witnessed a continuous increase of the standing armies.

World War I accelerated the polarization of power. By the end of World War II, only two major countries remained—major in the sense of having some prospect of assuring their security through use of their own resources and their own industrial and military capabilities. But a two-power world is inherently unstable. Any relative weakening of one side is tantamount to an absolute strengthening of the other. Every issue seems to involve life and death. Diplomacy turns rigid, for no state can negotiate about what it considers to be the requirements of its survival. In a two-power world these requirements are likely to appear mutually incompatible. The area where diplomacy is most necessary will then appear most "unnegotiable."

(The bi-polarization of the world is not necessarily permanent, however. As some of the large but underdeveloped countries create modern industries, we can expect world power to become more diffused.)

The inherent tensions of a two-power world are compounded by the clash of opposing ideologies. For over a generation now the Communist leaders have proclaimed their devotion to the overthrow of the capitalist world. They have insisted that the economic system of their opponents was based on exploitation and war. They have never wavered from asserting the inevitability or the crucial importance of their triumph. To be sure, periods of peaceful co-existence have alternated with belligerence, particularly since the advent of Mr. Khrushchev.

But one of the principal Communist justifications for a relaxation of tension can hardly prove very reassuring to the Free World. Peace is possible, Soviet Communists argue, because war is no longer necessary to bring about the downfall of the non-Communist countries: the West is growing so weak that it will go to perdition without a last convulsive upheaval. At the

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height of the spirit of Camp David, only a year ago, Khrushchev said: "The capitalist world is shaking under the blows of the Socialist camp. What shakes it even more than the rockets is the attitude of our workers toward their work. . . . We have the will to win."

Negotiations with Communist leaders are complicated by one of the key aspects of Leninist theory: the belief in the predominance of "objective" factors. Communist leaders insist that in Marxist-Leninist theory they possess a tool enabling them to distinguish appearance from reality. "True" reality cannot be determined from what statesmen say but rather from the productive processes—the social and economic structure—of their country. Statesmen, particularly capitalist statesmen, are powerless to alter the main outlines of the policy their system imposes on them. Since everything depends on a correct understanding of these "objective factors," "good will" and "good faith" are meaningless abstractions. One of the chief functions of traditional diplomacy—to persuade the opposite party of one's viewpoint—becomes extremely difficult when everything the other man says is discounted from the outset. Khrushchev said at Leipzig in 1959: "History teaches us that conferences reflect in their decisions an established balance of forces resulting from victory or capitulation in war or similar circumstances."

Much of the diplomatic stalemate has therefore little to do with lack of good will or ingenuity on the part of the statesmen. Without an agreement on general principles, negotiations become extremely difficult. What will seem most obvious to one party will appear most elusive to the other. When there is no immediate penalty for failing to agree and when at the same time the balance of power is so tenuous, it is no accident that the existing dividing lines are so rigidly maintained. For the *status quo* has at least the advantage of familiarity while any change may involve catastrophe. But, since these dividing lines are being contested, protracted tension is nearly inevitable.

This inapasse has sometimes led to long periods in which diplomacy has to all practical purposes abdicated its role. Or else it has produced a form of negotiations which has almost seemed to revel in *not* coming to grips with the issues dividing the world. The reference which is often made to the co-existence achieved by Mohammedanism and Christianity or by Protestantism and Catholicism is not fully relevant to the contemporary problem. In both cases, co-existence was the result of protracted, often ruinous, war-

fare—the very contingency diplomacy is now asked to prevent. The desire to resolve the Cold War must not blind us to the fact that the very things which made this effort so necessary also make a creative response more difficult.

#### AN AMERICAN PECULIARITY

THESE obstacles to the effectiveness of diplomacy are magnified by some attitudes toward negotiations peculiar to the West and especially to the United States. From the moment in our national history when we focused our attention primarily on domestic development, we met very few obstacles that were really insuperable. We were almost uniquely blessed with the kind of environment in which the problems that were presented—those at least that we really wanted to solve—were difficult but manageable if enough effort was applied to them. Almost from our colonial infancy we have been trained to measure a man, a government, or an era by the degree of energy with which they attacked their contemporary problems—and hence by their success in finding a final, definite solution. If problems were not solved, this was because not enough energy or enough resolution had been applied. The leadership or the government was clearly at fault. A better government or a better man would have mastered the situation. Better men and a better government, when we provide them, *will* solve all issues *in our time*. Or so we instinctively believe.

As a result, we are not comfortable with seemingly insoluble problems. Many of the erratic tendencies in American policy—for example, the oscillation between rigid adherence to the *status quo* and desire for novelty for its own sake—are traceable to our discomfort when faced with protracted deadlock. We grow restless when good will goes unrewarded and when our proposals have to be maintained for a long time.

This accounts for the persistence of the belief in the efficacy of personal diplomacy—a conviction reinforced in the United States and Great Britain by the passionate belief that peace is the "normal" condition among states. For countries so opposed to the very notion of war, it is not difficult to come to the conclusion that tensions must be caused by shortsightedness or misunderstanding and that they can be removed by a change of heart of the leading statesmen. President Eisenhower, before embarking on an unprecedented round of visits to foreign capitals, was at pains to insist that his purpose was to "clear" the atmosphere rather than to negotiate.

If peace ultimately depends on personalities, abstract good will may well seem more important than a concrete program. Indeed the attempt to negotiate specific settlements can appear as an obstacle rather than as an aid to peace.

"Our many postwar conferences," said President Eisenhower in July 1955, prior to the Geneva summit conference, "have been characterized too much by attention to detail, by an effort apparently to work on specific problems rather than to establish the spirit and the attitude in which we shall approach them."

Within three years of assuming office, President Eisenhower, whose party had charged its opponents with being soft toward Communism, found himself engaged in the Geneva summit meeting which called forth a flood of self-congratulatory comment, both in America and abroad. After a decade of Soviet intransigence, the press was almost unanimous in its assertion that Soviet policy had been mellowed by the personal charm of one man. "The occasion was in fact made for Mr. Eisenhower," said the *New York Times* editorially on July 25, 1955. "Other men might have played strength against strength. It was Mr. Eisenhower's gift to draw others into the circle of his good will and to modify the attitudes if not the policies of the little band of visitors from the other side of the Elbe."

The conviction was widespread on both sides of the Atlantic that the Cold War had been due largely to personal distrust. Since this had been removed at Geneva, an era of peace was beginning. In England, the *New Statesman* wrote:

"It is indeed an intense sense of relief which unites President Eisenhower with President [sic] Bulganin. Neither ever conceived that his own country would launch war. But each giant was quite convinced that the other giant was capable of doing so. It was this conviction which created the climate of Cold War and precipitated the rearmament race. *The Cold War was suddenly called off at Geneva because both sides recognized that these suspicions were entirely unfounded.*" [Italics added.]\*

#### FATUOUS CONFIDENCE

PERHAPS the most moving—if also fatuous—statement of the philosophy of personal diplomacy was made by the then Foreign Minister, Macmillan. At the end of the Geneva Foreign Ministers' conference in November 1955, in a statement which goes far to explain his later

policy as Prime Minister, he said of the July summit meeting:

Why did this meeting send a thrill of hope and expectation round the world? It wasn't that the discussions were specially remarkable . . . it wasn't that they reached any very sensational agreement. It wasn't really what they did or said. What struck the imagination of the world was the fact of the friendly meeting between the Heads of the two great groups into which the world is divided. *These men, carrying their immense burdens, met and talked and joked together like ordinary mortals. . . . The Geneva spirit was really a return to normal human relations. . . . I cannot help thinking that last summer's Geneva idyll was not a vague or sham affair.* [Italics added.]

It is easy to sympathize with Mr. Macmillan's call for a return to normal human relations. One wonders, however, whether the democracies' notion of normalcy is not their Achilles' heel. An atmosphere of confidence is undoubtedly helpful. It is less certain, however, whether the free countries render themselves or the cause of peace a service by making a settlement seem so simple and by evading all difficult issues. Had the Cold War really resulted from personal distrust or were the causes deeper? Is it not possible that such yearning for agreement, and the identification of a settlement with good personal relations, are themselves obstacles to serious negotiations? What conceivable incentive could be left for the Soviet leaders to negotiate responsibly at a summit, when the mere fact of its being assembled plays so large a role in Western thinking?

Hardly a year after the Hungarian rebellion of 1956, many in the West again insisted on a summit conference and construed the attempt to define an agenda as intransigence. At the time of the execution of Premier Nagy in 1958, Joseph Harsch wrote in the *Christian Science Monitor*: "His [Khrushchev's] chances of ever being invited again to Windsor or of reaching the White House ended decisively with these murders. No man with such blood on his hands can hope to be received in such quarters."

Yet within a year an invitation had been issued and was greeted as inaugurating a new era in Soviet-American relations.

In retrospect it may be doubted whether after a decade of Soviet intransigence it was our task to reassure the Soviet leaders—as was so generally claimed at the time of the Geneva summit conference. Since we failed to relate our asserted wish for peace to a concrete program, we may

\**New Statesman and Nation*, August 13, 1955



have convinced the Soviet leaders that they could combine the advantages of professing peaceful co-existence with the fruits of intransigence. Rather than bringing about a spirit of compromise, Geneva may have removed any incentive for it. On the way back from Geneva, Mr. Khrushchev stopped in East Berlin and committed himself to the sovereignty of East Germany, laying the basis for the crisis over Berlin three years later. And within a month the world learned of the Soviet sale of arms to Egypt, a transaction which produced two years of upheavals and brought the world on several occasions to the very edge of the abyss.

Since the Geneva summit meeting made no progress toward settling any of the issues that divided the world, it was no accident that a little more than a year later the concurrent crises of Suez and Hungary marked a renewal of the tensions of the Cold War. Nor is it surprising that the result was not a closing of ranks by the West, but an increasing chorus for another summit conference, which had an agenda no more specific than that of the previous one and which was advocated once more as a means for removing distrust, establishing good will, relaxing tensions, and contributing to the transformation of Soviet society—although no one was able to say precisely how all this would be done.

When the long-awaited summit conference of 1960 collapsed before it had even started, a shudder of apprehension went through the world. A chance for peace seemed to have been lost. But what really imperiled peace was the self-righteousness and evasion of responsibility that had staked so much on formalisms. After all, the prelude to the Paris summit conference had given little cause for the hopes attached to it. At first, we found ourselves maneuvered into the position of seeming to fear meeting the Soviet leaders face to face. By insisting on "progress" at a lower level before he would agree to a conference of heads of state, President Eisenhower only brought about a preposterous situation: he finally claimed that Mr. Khrushchev's mere willingness to go to the summit was in itself an indication of progress. After suggesting that a summit meeting might be a reward for good Soviet conduct, the West finally was forced to treat Mr. Khrushchev's ambiguous postponement of an unprovoked threat as a concession. These vacillations were hardly calculated to encourage the Soviet leaders to approach the summit conference with responsibility.

Moreover, many of the arguments advanced on behalf of summit diplomacy were fatuous in the

extreme. It was urged that only the heads of state could settle the really intractable disputes. No subordinate, it was said, would dare to abandon the rigid positions of the Cold War. In the Soviet Union, in particular, only Mr. Khrushchev was said to be in a position to make really fundamental decisions. And the mere fact that a summit meeting was in prospect was thought to place constraints on Soviet intransigence. A series of summit meetings, according to this line of argument, could not fail to relieve tensions.

But even before the collapse of the Paris conference, many of these contentions were open to serious doubt. It is trivial to pretend that the complex problems which have rent the world for a decade and a half can be solved by harassed men meeting in the full light of publicity for a few days. It cannot be in the interest of the democracies to adopt a style of diplomacy which places such a premium on the authority of a few leaders. Mr. Khrushchev may be the supreme ruler in the Soviet Union and the only one with sufficient power to make binding agreements. It does not follow that the democracies can co-exist with a dictatorship only by imitating its method of operation.

The notion that a series of summit meetings might induce Mr. Khrushchev to forget his demands on Berlin did not do justice to the intelligence of the Soviet dictator or indeed to his domestic position. Surely it bordered on the frivolous to suggest that Mr. Khrushchev might be induced to table his demands without noticing it. And even assuming that he is the most "conciliatory" Soviet leader, he could hardly be expected to tell his colleagues in the Kremlin that the privilege of meeting Western leaders periodically seemed to him more important than specific gains. Indeed, personal diplomacy of the type preceding the Paris summit meeting may force a Soviet leader either to press for some tangible gain or to make outbursts of intransigence to prove his ideological toughness to his colleagues. Far from being the most moderate policy, it is the most risky one.

#### HOW TO LOSE AT THE SUMMIT

**I**N ANY case, it soon became apparent that whatever the benefits of high-level meetings for the Soviet Union, these could be realized without any concrete negotiations and indeed without a summit conference. The separate "preparatory" meetings between Mr. Khrushchev and the individual Western heads of state re-

duced the already slight chances of the summit meeting still further. They gave Mr. Khrushchev all the symbolic gains he might have expected from a summit conference and without any need to confront the Western alliance as a unit. They ensured that nothing of consequence could possibly happen at the summit. If concessions were to be forthcoming, it was certain that Mr. Khrushchev would prefer to make them to the allies individually than at a summit conference—where they might appear as a response to Western unity. At the same time, one crucial function of high-level meetings—to inform the heads of state of each other's point of view—had already been accomplished in individual conferences, and with greatly heightened possibility of misunderstanding.

It has been argued that Mr. Khrushchev interpreted President Eisenhower's behavior at Camp David as indicating a readiness to make major concessions on Berlin and that part of his rage during the abortive summit conference was due to disappointment in this respect. Whether this was in fact the case, the diplomacy leading up to the summit was made to order for this kind of misapprehension. Moreover, since each side had staked a great deal on a presumed expertise in assessing the domestic situation of the other, they were forced into repeated public declarations designed to reassure their own public opinion and—in Khrushchev's case—their own die-hards. This in turn guaranteed that periodic statements of extreme intransigence would become a "normal" feature of diplomacy.

As a result, the idea that the imminence of a summit meeting acts as a check on belligerence was not borne out by the record. In the period preceding the summit, both sides restated their positions in the sharpest possible forms. Mr. Khrushchev in particular delivered a series of extremely menacing speeches. The West, if it wanted to proceed with the summit, thus found itself in the humiliating position of having to explain that no threat had been uttered. These maneuvers were inherent in the nature of personal diplomacy. When heads of state are the principal negotiators, their most effective bargaining device—in some circumstances the only available one—is to stake their prestige in a manner which makes any concession appear as an intolerable loss of face.

The evasion of concreteness, the reliance on personalities, the implication that all problems can be settled with one grand gesture—all these tempt the Soviet leaders to use negotiations to demoralize the West. It is in the Soviet interest

to turn all disputes into clashes of personalities. The peoples of the Free World cannot be expected to run risks or to make exertions because of a personal dispute. If the only obstacle to peace is the absence of face-to-face rapport among leading statesmen, then all the tensions and exertions of a decade and a half have been frivolously imposed on us. Whenever the Soviet leaders succeed in giving the impression that all tensions are due to an unfortunate misunderstanding or else the evil machinations of individuals, they make it more difficult for the West to argue later for concrete settlements.

This is why whenever the Communist leaders have pressed for a relaxation of tensions they have tied the success of it to personalities. Then, whenever the underlying causes of the tension reassert themselves—as they inevitably must if not resolved—the charge can be made that the breakdown is due to the operation of the capitalist system or to the predominant influence of hostile personalities—as is shown by Mr. Khrushchev's vicious attacks on President Eisenhower after the abortive summit conference at Paris. By contrast, it should be the responsibility of our statesmen to make clear that while we are always ready to negotiate, the negotiation must be serious, detailed, and specific.

This is not to say that summit conferences are always to be avoided. It does suggest that when the present period of Soviet intransigence ends and the West finds itself again under pressure to attend a high-level meeting, we should have learned to distinguish form and substance, and to weigh pros and cons without sentimentality.

The advantage of a summit meeting is that the participants possess the authority to settle disputes. The disadvantage is that any statements or threats they make cannot be disavowed. A summit conference can make binding decisions more rapidly than other diplomatic forums. By the same token, the disagreements are likely to be more intractable and the decisions more irrevocable. We should never underestimate the possibility of using summit conferences to mark a new departure in the relations of states. At the same time, it would be foolish to deny the perils of having as principal negotiators the men who make the final decision about the use of hydrogen bombs. They may, after all, come to feel that frustration or humiliation leaves them no alternative but a showdown.

A summit conference may contribute to clarifying the opposing point of view. But this is helpful only if the tension is caused by misunderstanding. Otherwise, clarifying the opposing



points of view may only deepen the schism. In short, the same factors which make for speed of decision also increase the risks of disagreement.

Moreover, when heads of state become the principal negotiators, they may soon find themselves so preoccupied with the process of bargaining that they have little time or energy available for formulating policy. During the period preceding the Paris summit conference, it was an oddity when all heads of state were at home simultaneously. During his last two years in office, President Eisenhower was almost constantly on the move—attending conferences, preparing for or recuperating from good-will visits. Such a diplomacy may suit a dictatorship or a state which wishes to demoralize its opponents by confusing all issues. It is not conducive to developing constructive long-range policies. It may buy time, but at a price which makes it unlikely that the time will be well used.

In such an atmosphere, agreement all too often becomes an end in itself. However unimportant the settlement, no matter how irrelevant, it is said to contribute to a climate of confidence which will “improve” the situation. More ingenuity is expended on finding things to agree on, no matter how trivial, than in coming to grips with the issues which have caused the tensions. In the process, a curious distortion takes place. The difficulties which are “ironed out” are often soluble only because they are inconsequential. But the mere fact that they are settled is taken as a proof of the possibility of “progress.” Agreements, rather than contributing to a solution of the real issues, become a means to postpone coming to grips with them. They do not end the Cold War; they perpetuate it.

This is illustrated by the topics which were slated to be discussed at the Paris summit conference: exchange of persons, nuclear testing, arms control, and Berlin. These are either so unimportant that they can be solved fairly easily but would hardly require the attention of heads of state, or they are so complicated that a summit conference can serve at best as a means of deferring a decision.

Exchange of persons is hardly a subject that should require the attention of heads of state—quite apart from the fact that the significance of cultural exchange in reducing immediate political tensions is vastly overrated. The negotiations on banning nuclear tests depend on technical considerations to which a meeting of heads of state can add little. And indeed negotiations have continued essentially as before despite the collapse of the summit conference.

Arms control is so complicated that the contribution of the summit could at best have been a general statement leading to a detailed examination later. This leaves the issue of Berlin. Here, the Soviet Union could have made a greater contribution to peace by never provoking the Berlin crisis than by insisting on holding a summit meeting over it.

#### TO THE SUMMIT WITH PURPOSE

**W**HETHER to resort to summit meetings is essentially a practical and not a moral issue. They should be held only when there is some clear substantive advantage in prospect. It is sometimes easier for heads of state to break a deadlock and to chart a new course than for subordinates inevitably committed to existing policies. High-level meetings can ratify agreements and give general guidelines for further detailed negotiations. They should be used for these purposes with courage and conviction. But to see in them a magic solvent for all difficulties is to build policy on illusion. Such a course creates constant temptations for the Soviet leaders to use meetings of heads of state to demoralize the West. Phrases such as “relaxation of tensions” or “peaceful co-existence” become devices to press extreme demands. The West is invited to accept Soviet proposals or suffer the penalty of renewed Cold War.

When the primary purpose of summit meetings is thought to be the fostering of good will, in the abstract, they become not a forum for negotiations but a substitute for them; not an expression of a policy but a means of obscuring its absence. The constant international travels of heads of government without a clear program or purpose may be less an expression of statesmanship than a symptom of panic.

The real indictment of the diplomacy culminating in the fiasco at Paris, then, is the attitude of trying to get something for nothing, the effort to negotiate without goal or conception. This is what must be remedied. The problem is not to save summit diplomacy by leavening it with the presence of heads of state from the uncommitted areas—as has been suggested. Rather, it is to clarify our program for whatever negotiations may take place at any level. We can negotiate with confidence if we know what we consider a just arrangement. If we lack a sense of direction, diplomacy at any level will be doomed. Flexibility is a virtue only for those who have purpose.



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HENRY BRANDON

# A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF THE FUTURE

a conversation with Reinhold Niebuhr

*A leading theologian discusses the relevance of different religious faiths to the great issues before man today—social conflict, urban life, nuclear war, among others—and sets out his personal view of religion's future role.*

WHEN I talked with him early this year, Reinhold Niebuhr still lived in the quiet atmosphere of an old brownstone house not far from the Union Theological Seminary, which was the main center of his activities until he retired last June. The large apartment was comfortable and tranquil and exuded an old-world charm. Only a block from Broadway, it seemed remote and insulated against the hustle and bustle of New York's noisiest artery.

In spite of a severe stroke Dr. Niebuhr suffered a few years ago, his mind has remained as sharp and alert as ever and one cannot but be awed by his intellectual powers. He is looked after by his devoted wife, Ursula, who is a theologian—formerly of Oxford University—in her own right. He continues to teach, to write books and magazine articles, and to keep up with everything that happens in domestic and international affairs. Only on preaching he has had to cut down. But even seeing him within the confines of his apartment and seated at his desk, one is well aware, as he expounds his views, of the powerfully dramatic quality of his personality. His imposing figure, his strong features, his penetrating eyes, and his expressive hands help to underline it. All this does not make him overpowering or intimidating. On the contrary,

his deep, warm voice is reassuring to the visitor and so are his patience and understanding for other people's points of view.

Curiously enough it was his social gospel rather than his religious philosophy that made Dr. Niebuhr one of the most influential theologians in the United States over the last thirty years. It is peculiar to the twentieth century that so many theologians and philosophers withdrew into their ivory towers. They preferred to live disengaged from current streams of political and social developments. Dr. Niebuhr, however, belongs to the few who not only stood detached on the banks of these streams observing them, but who also waded into them with both feet. At times he shocked people by entering the discussion as a theologian where only sociologists or political analysts dared to tread. As a liberal Democrat his influence was at a peak during the New Deal period. But his voice continues to be listened to respectfully. Among theologians he probably has the deepest understanding of the roots of American religious thinking.

One of his favorite words is "paradox." He talks about the "moral man and immoral society"; he calls the American nation "the most religious and the most secular of Western nations"; and he once said: "Maybe the final evil of civilization will be salvation." In a generally optimistic society he remains a skeptic, often a pessimist. Norman Birnbaum's remark that "the typical American today is, in fact, a Calvinist with neither fear of Hell nor hope for Heaven" sounds like another Niebuhr paradox because it also illustrates some of his own doubts about how deeply religion is embedded in the American conscience, how much religiosity is being



mistaken for Christianity. As a Christian realist Dr. Niebuhr comes to grips with all our contemporary problems. He writes about Communism, about conservatism, about Socialism, about democracy, about the United Nations, and about world government. He searches always for answers, but he never pretends to be a prophet.

There is also a paradox within himself. Politically, he has been a liberal, at times a Socialist, but as a theologian he has always been a conservative. This paradox partly explains why he became controversial, why he is sometimes difficult to understand. Even his own disciples, at times, did not find it easy to solve this paradox within themselves, and as a consequence some availed themselves only of one or the other of his conclusions. But there can be no doubt that his ideas, his relentless search into the relationship between the Christian Church and the world, have helped to stimulate the mind of modern America in a unique way.

After Dr. Niebuhr and I had settled down in his study, it was not very long before he began to grapple with some of the most difficult and elusive problems of our epoch.

BRANDON: The United States has been called on to become a world leader, so to say, at a very early age. There is a uniqueness about American Christendom, about American religious life. What is its contribution to Christianity?

NIEBUHR: The unique element in American religious life comes primarily from the degree of our pluralism. We don't have a state church or anything approaching a state church; we have separation of church and state; we've a multiplicity of Protestant sects that Europe didn't have; we, significantly, have a greater Jewish population.

I also think it is significant that American religious life has been—at least organizationally—more vital than European religious life. This vitality has developed from two sources: the sectarian church—essentially a lay church—which conquered the frontier, and the immigrant church, which was torn out of its intimate relation to its culture into a new culture, and

therefore had to provide communities which were as integral as the sectarian community. So the late Bishop Bergraf, when he visited the Norwegian churches in America, said these churches are quite different from those in Norway because they all run their own affairs and the laymen are very active.

America may be so religious because it is so secular; that is, it is a highly technical civilization and its communities are bound together—we're a more urban civilization in ethos than you are in England, for instance. In England everyone tries to spend at least a weekend in the country, but we're urban people. We have these urban centers, and they are essentially inhuman. And the religious denominations have established communities in which, to use a high-sounding phrase, "Men are completely known and all-forgiven"—at least "completely known." And that has given vitality to the religious life of America. Maybe it is not ultimately significant in terms of the history of Christianity, the history of Western civilization, but certainly it accounts for the degree of vitality of our religious life.

#### A FRONTIER LEFTOVER

BRANDON: Talking about vitality, the Jewish social philosopher, Herberg, said the other day that never has so much been said about religion and so little meant by it as today.

NIEBUHR: That's true in a way. Perhaps my interpreting the significance of American Protestantism in these quasi-social terms might seem to prove that. Certainly, in America there is a great deal of religiosity—faith in faith. President Eisenhower, for instance, never tires of saying, "You must have faith." But he didn't say faith in what. Just have faith. That's religiosity. And it doesn't bother too much about the ultimate problems of human existence; this type of faith is not effective in changing the course of a nation's policy.

Another curious thing in America is the revivalism. We've got a revivalism that grew on the frontier and is a kind of leftover from the frontier; a simple perfectionism—if you bow your head and give your life to Christ, he'll make you a new creature, and then you'll be color blind, there won't be a race problem, etc., etc. These are fantastic expressions and irrelevant expressions of the religious faith.

BRANDON: Do you think that Billy Graham makes a contribution to giving religious faith a direction?

NIEBUHR: His kind of faith is relevant to some

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*Henry Brandon, chief U. S. correspondent of the "Sunday Times" of London, has been interviewing a number of leading American personalities, including Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe (presented in "Harper's" last month) and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr. These conversations will be included in his forthcoming book, "As We Are."*



PHOTOGRAPH: WERNER WOLFF FROM BLACK STAR

*Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr*



tortured souls who want some kind of simple, ultimate meaning for their existence, and who want to believe that getting this will also solve the problems of the world. But I don't see how it's relevant in any other way.

On a television program, one of the reporters asked him, "How can you justify the religious faith and the goodness of God when so many children die prematurely?" And he said, "I'm not a theologian; but I can only say what the Bible says, and the Bible says: We all die because of our sin." Now that is a rather vulgarized interpretation of the Bible and it's certainly wrong, and it **would** outrage anybody who had any sense of the natural order and the patches of meaninglessness in the natural order. So I don't think that's a very good contribution. I think it was ironic that in a great city like New York he was supposed to come and "spiritualize" the city. Why, he didn't talk about any problem that had any real relevance, either to the intricate patterns of community—or non-community—of a great city, or to the problems that we face, the larger problems of our age. For instance, there are so many Jews in New York and their influence is stronger here than in any place. I think they've made a greater contribution to, broadly speaking, a liberal, democratic spiritual life than any other group.

BRANDON: In the United States the Jews represent only about 3 per cent of the population, the Catholics over 20 per cent, the Protestants about 70 per cent.

NIEBUHR: But in New York it's different. The Jewish influence is in the cities; they're a city group. I explain it partly by their capacity for social imagination in dealing with political problems. I've dealt with more Jewish businessmen who were wealthy and who expressed their idealism not in philanthropy but in social policy. I think the first non-Jewish man of great prominence who has done the same is the present Governor Rockefeller. I'm not a Republican, but I'd say that. There you have a family history starting with an early Christian pietism—the grandfather—coupled with buccaneer capitalism, and the father turning this into large-scale philanthropy, the grandson to social policy.

BRANDON: An Indian the other day wrote that there is a real irony in that America, which inherited such spiritual legacy from the Founding Fathers and such moral giants as Abraham Lincoln, should base its outlook on materialism while the Soviets, who have been nurtured on materialism, should base their policy on what is called "pure philosophical idealism."

NIEBUHR: That's a good point, but I wouldn't say "philosophical idealism." I'd say they're "moral" idealists, after a fashion. I always find it not only ironic but a little bit comic, when Americans talk about foreign atheists and materialists—when we're the materialists, as it were—and we have been more successful than the atheistic materialists in our practical materialism. (We're not talking about the philosophical problem now.) But I don't think that the Communists have philosophically turned to idealism; they still profess what they call a materialistic faith. But they have got the idea of changing the world into some form of justice. I think it's based upon utopianism, leavened by a great deal of pragmatism.

But there is an irony in this that's rather frightening: that the Communist system and ours come together on preoccupation with standards of living. In Nixon's visit to Moscow, in his debate with Khrushchev—significantly in a model kitchen of our exhibition—he talks about gadgets, and Khrushchev either said that they were irrelevant or that they were not available for all people, or that they would have them in seven years. Now the whole debate was on the material and technical success of our culture. This is as ironic as to say we were the original idealists and the Communists were materialists.

BRANDON: Do you mean to say that the United States has lowered the debate between the two systems to the Russian level? To the basis of the Communist outlook rather than a more spiritual outlook?

NIEBUHR: I think that's true, but I wouldn't say that the American attitude is purely a material one. I don't think that any collective attitudes are as simple as that. I would say that in the American experiment there were two sources: There was a New England source—the Puritans—and there was the Virginia source—Thomas Jefferson. They were both idealistic but also materialistic, because what the Puritans said was: If we're virtuous, we'll be prosperous. And what Jefferson said was (and this is a vulgar interpretation of Jefferson): We can only be virtuous if we're prosperous in a moderate manner.

#### A DULLED CUTTING EDGE

BRANDON: We are often told that there is a great revival of religion in this country now. Is this correct?

NIEBUHR: I haven't seen any evidence of it, except that church membership continues to

grow. I don't know the exact statistics, but in the early nineteenth century I think that only 30 per cent of the population—something like that—was in the church, now they're over 60 per cent. This growth is partly due to what I've mentioned before: the church and the synagogue have justified themselves in the urban centers. You remember the theologian, Ernst Troeltsch, whose thesis was that religion grows in the simple attitudes of the countryside and withers in the sophistication of the city. I think American history has proved that just the opposite has occurred: The automobile and everything else have made religion wither in the countryside but it has grown in the cities, and I think partly for the reason that I mentioned—the immigrant churches. This is just a sociological reason, but there are more ultimate religious reasons. I know the people suffer pain, frustration, face death in the cities, and in the context of a religious faith find meaning in these horrible antinomies of urban life which purely rational coherences don't give; that's the religious dimension of it. But one couldn't say that there's a religious revival in the sense that the religious faith, whether it be Jewish or Christian, has taken hold of the country as something impressive to the average person who wasn't previously religious.

BRANDON: You mean there is a quantitative change but not a qualitative one. Is this indicative of a crisis in religion?

NIEBUHR: I don't know about a crisis. Leaving Britain out, you've got this interesting difference: On the European continent a Protestant person is a firm believer (maybe a Biblicist in our terms, but a firm believer) and there is as clear a distinction between secularism and the Protestant faith as there always has been between Catholicism and secularism. In America I think we've got a more complex phenomenon: We've got a secularism which is, on the whole, not anti-Christian or anti-religious, except in some intellectual centers, but is humanitarian; it believes in the moral goals of the enlightenment. In Britain you have a secularism which has inherited many things from Christendom. On the other hand, you have a greater effort on the part of Christians to come to terms with the scientific and naturalistic culture. I must say I belong to those Christians who do try to come to terms with it and not simply oppose secularism as the source of all evil.

Now this situation is, I think, on the whole, good. But the bad feature of it is that you may lose the cutting quality of both a vital religious

faith and, let's say, a vital secular realism. So, there's an overarching sentimentality in American life for which both religious and irreligious people are partly responsible.

BRANDON: It seems to me that in this nuclear age the clouds are not very comfortable for saints to sit on. I wonder, therefore, how long Christianity can endure in its present form today. After all, Mohammedanism has lost its dynamism and other faiths have fluctuated in strength throughout history.

#### THE ULTIMATE TEST

NIEBUHR: If you interpret Christianity just as an ultimate moral idea it becomes irrelevant. But I think, fortunately, Christianity is something more than that. It is, at best, an interpretation of the human situation which holds that not only is love the law of life, but that self-love is a perennial factor in life. I think that the only valid religious faith is one that deals in a significant way with the human situation. So I wouldn't think that the fact that we are living in a collectivist age would automatically make the Christian faith irrelevant, though it would make sentimental versions of it irrelevant.

In what sense is this faith relevant to the great dramas of history that deal with the rise and fall of nations and the present situation of a nuclear dilemma and a Cold War under this nuclear dilemma? That's a moot question. I don't think that Christians and other religious people have asked themselves searchingly enough. I think there's an answer, but it's not a very simple answer.

BRANDON: Would you like to try to go into this answer?

NIEBUHR: Ideally, a monotheistic faith claims there's a center of meaning beyond all the systems of value that we can construct, and makes this center of meaning—the righteousness of God, the justice of God, the love of God—a source of criticism not only for the individual life but for the collective life; certainly the great prophets did this. Ideally, this is the case. But religious people ought to recognize that there's no guarantee that the pious man, in his own religious experience, will make this divine judgment a source of criticism for himself. But there's always the possibility that he will make it a source of security for his values.

BRANDON: These growing doubts in our age about religion, about the concept of God, are something of a crisis for Christianity. Mustn't Christians face the question whether the actual



course of history has refuted the idea of progress and the perfectibility of men, as it has been formulated from the eighteenth century on?

NIEBUHR: Yes, I would say the ultimate religious problem is not whether we can justify belief in God, however defined rationally, but whether we can bear witness to a faith that in some sense has an idea of responsibility for its civilization—our Western civilization, for instance—and in some sense transcends it in the way that Lincoln transcended the Civil War struggle. That is, I think, the ultimate test.

And there it's rather silly for both religious and secular people to be confident that they have the answer. Secularism in the eighteenth century was created mostly by the rise of science, but also by the protest against religious fanaticism. This secularism has produced its own fanaticism, as we know: Jacobinism and Communism. So we're not dealing with a sin of religious people, but we're dealing with the human situation. That is to say, that every man and every nation tends to give a more ultimate significance to its values than it has a right to.

Now, if we transfer this to the problems of a nuclear age, we should value any kind of intellectual discipline which will make us conscious of the fact that we're dealing in this awful struggle, not with a primitive Stalinist despotism, but with a new civilization with its own *élan*, its own self-confidence, as Khrushchev's visit taught us. We should be made conscious, in short, that our democracy, which we regard as the ultimate norm of human existence, has also a very relative character.

Now any kind of intellectual discipline which will do that has a religious quality—or let me say, an ultimate quality—that transcends any simple religious answers to the question. We need not only the intellectual disciplines, but we also need a profound enough religious faith—something like the faith Abraham Lincoln had in his day—so that religious imagination could help people grasp these two horns of the dilemma: on the one hand, responsibility—what is good in our civilization; on the other hand, an attitude of openness to a civilization which we have abhorred, and I think rightly so. Now this is a test, I think, for both the secularists and the religious.

BRANDON: Do you think that Christianity can have the kind of influence on Communism, such in impact, that the two worlds could come closer together?

NIEBUHR: I doubt that very much. Christianity might have greater influence than it now has

on the Western World so as to make the long path of co-existence more tolerable. But as regards Communism, I think it's significant that the Orthodox Church, which was banned by Stalin and then reinstituted by Stalin because it was patriotic in World War II, is still a captive church. And as I see it—and this may shock many Christians—there is no witness of orthodox Christianity in the realm of Communism that would have any significance for Communism except the question of life and death. . . . There people turn to the Christian faith—maybe. I think they do. But so far as having relevance to changing Communist attitudes, I'm very skeptical about that.

#### HEROIC PARSONS

BRANDON: What do you think, then, are the tasks the church faces in this country today?

NIEBUHR: That's rather a large question. The church faces the problems of urban life and the disintegration of the family which I've mentioned. It faces the problem of race which it hasn't solved very well down South. This is, I think, a deeply disturbing factor. I think some Southern parsons have been heroic but they've had to give up their jobs and whatnot because their congregations are devoted to the Southern way of life. What does that mean? It means that the religious community is deeply embedded in the mores of Anglo-Saxon pride, and that there hasn't been enough cutting edge of vitality—enough decent Protestantism—to dissolve those mores. The Catholic church has done better than that.

Incidentally, one might raise some questions about the vitality of pure democracy because the most democratic Protestant sects tend, on the whole, to deliver the parson to the prejudices of the local community, while Catholicism has its monolithic structure. There is the authority of the Bishop and the authority of the Pope, and they can declare that race segregation is un-Christian; and if anybody questions it they simply use their authority to overcome that. I would not say that for this reason liberty and democracy are not valid either in religious or political life. I simply say that there are some limits to deriving the absolute authority for the overarching ideal of Christianity from local communities rather than, let us say, the Christian community.

And I think, also, that Protestants ought to recognize, when they tend to become too fanatic about Papal Absolutism—which I tend

to become on such questions as birth control—that there are certain virtues in a monolithic religious community standing against the prejudices of local communities at least as effectively as the political community does in its Supreme Court decisions.

BRANDON: There is not enough central direction in Protestantism, you mean.

NIEBUHR: Yes, or sense of a great community that has its own standards against the standards of the local community.

Another problem is: Is there enough vitality and imagination for the church to contribute to the almost insoluble problems of a nuclear age where, on the one hand, you face a resolute foe who doesn't seem to want to bargain on anything and, on the other hand, you face the problem of a nuclear war? Now, you ask, is there a Christian solution to this? I think there is a Christian approach. I think there is a religious approach that is valid. But if you ask what is a Christian solution it always turns out to be, as far as I can see, unilateral disarmament; that is to say, it's the old ethic of irresponsibility. We've got to hold

on, in some way or other, so that we're not overwhelmed by this great power, and yet we have to come to terms with it. And that is, I think, a problem so great that all secular idealists and all religious idealists can make their contribution to it modestly by way of intellectual, historic disciplines, on the one hand; on the other hand, by religious imagination that comprehends the terror, the expense, the depth and breadth of this problem.

However much we may hate the foe or, let us say, fear the foe, there ought to be some residual imagination—whether it is derived from intellectual or religious imagination—that at least recognizes we're involved in a common fate, a rather terrible common fate. And the common fate or dilemma is so great that it ought to bridge some gap. Our ability to do this is, I think, the price of our survival.

The only chance that I see of survival is a gradual growth of community across the chasm of this international enmity under the umbrella of a nuclear fear—rather than any provisional disarmament setup.

## TO MARY by Robert Mezey

Coming out of a crowd  
Of dull, unwise,  
Anonymous women and men,  
You seem, with your wanton hair and lavish eyes,  
The incarnation of a dream I had.  
I knew you then,  
And knew that once I heard your voice,  
I had no choice.  
I felt this way before  
And was deceived.  
My mind came to an end.  
I made my fragments live, and I believed  
No one was worth the pain. You are worth more.  
If love can mend  
This shattered remnant of me with you,  
What else can it do?  
Now that I mention love,  
It's no use crying  
Losses against the sky,  
Although I dread the chance of another dying.  
But damn the sky, if hunger makes you move—  
I ask for joy,  
Common as daily bread and meat,  
And like you, sweet.



# THE CRACKED LENS

## *Notes on Hedda, Hollywood, TV, and me*

*What happens when a peaceable writer of TV plays gets caught in the maelstrom of producing a jamboree called "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"? Here is the answer—with all the wisdom of hindsight.*

LATE in November of last year, I was approached by the production firm of Talent Associates Ltd. to write the script of a television documentary to be known as "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood." It was to be video-taped in Hollywood for a Sunday night airing on a national network in opposition to the Ed Sullivan show and the hostess was to be Miss Hedda Hopper, who, it seemed, had declared herself ready to produce almost any motion picture personality not safely embedded in Forest Lawn Cemetery.

Furthermore I was assured by Alfred Levy, the president of Talent Associates and the executive producer of the show, that the approach to this hour-long excursion would be an analysis of the vast changes which have taken place in the industry and that consequently all the facilities of the motion-picture studios would be available to us.

When he added that we would make visits to many celebrated estates, to chateauxes such as Marion Davies and Mary Pickford, and to some historic sets still in existence, I was trapped. I was brought up in Australia on the Saturday afternoon treat of the "pictures," and anything to do with the older, more-gilded days of Hollywood holds an atavistic fascination for me. The following capsule of events has been compounded from scraps of notes that I made during a three-week period which I shall not easily forget.

*December 15:* The vanguard of our production staff, which arrived in Hollywood today, consisted of Michael Abbott, a young producer for Talent Associates, William Corrigan, a director skilled in the documentary approach, and myself. After checking in at the Beverly Hills Hotel, we drove immediately to Hedda's charming little house nearby, where she welcomed us with enthusiasm and a list of more than thirty stars who she declared not only were essential but had given her their solemn word that they would appear. Michael Abbott pointed out that, minus commercial time, we would only have forty-six minutes to include everything. Hedda was unperturbed.

"Some of them," she said, "will only wave."

I said that as we were envisaging a serious documentary we would need to involve the points of view of other workers in the industry such as designers, cameramen, and directors. Hedda nodded.

"I can get you King Vidor," she said. "He plays the banjo quite well and it would be very cute."

Some of Hedda's suggestions were a little bizarre. Did we know, for instance, that Mervyn Le Roy could do a very cute little tap dance? And that Mae West was a deeply religious girl? We might show her coming out of church accompanied by choir boys singing. In the silence that greeted this I said that, charming though the idea was, might it not be misconstrued as comedy in questionable taste. Michael came to my rescue.

"After all, Hedda," he said, "it *is* a Sunday evening program and I'm sure the drug people would prefer us to keep well away from religion. . . ." Hedda relented.

After dinner, I read the rough outline which we had assembled in New York and which we



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hoped would document the transformations of Hollywood life: Cecil B. de Mille's mansion compared to a typical present-day home; glamour from Gloria Swanson to Debbie Reynolds; Gary Cooper watching a television Western star of today; and so on.

Hedda said that it needed more astringency and we agreed. Bill Corrigan said that we needed an explosive start—someone who would not pull punches about what is wrong with Hollywood. Someone like Bette Davis. Hedda said, "Bette's in Laguna Beach with the children and she'll do it." She handed me a list of names and private telephone numbers.

"Now, these are the people I've already contacted and who are waiting for you to call them and tell them what they're to do."

I glanced at the list. It contained thirty-six names.

**December 16:** By noon I had developed a pretzel-like shape, owing to a case of telephone crouch, but very little result. I had spoken to Bette Davis' sister, Gary Cooper's secretary, Marion Davies' housekeeper, and other nameless minions and relatives who were charming and experienced at delaying tactics. The greats of filmdom all seemed to be out with the children, in Detroit at a wedding, in Palm Springs for a few days, or "lying down and would call me back." Finally I struck oil. Gloria Swanson was at home and came to the phone. Her attitude hardly coincided with Hedda's assurance that they were all "clamoring to be on the show."

"Why do you want to do it in the first place?" asked Miss Swanson. "It's too boring for words, all that old Mack Sennett stuff. I'm the only one of them who hasn't written a book and don't intend to."

She was adamant. I said, "Miss Swanson, we can't do a treatise on Hollywood without *you*! You represent a period of glamour that the movies have never recaptured."

"Glamour! I detest that word. It's like everything else in this town, immature. Only the French know real glamour. All they care about here is the ghastly American worship of youth

and that's why there is no place for the mature actress on the screen today. Oh, the men are still around but those aging Romeos are playing opposite *children* and I think it's nauseating. What adult woman wants to see that? How can she identify herself with some *child*?"

When she finally drew breath I said, "Miss Swanson, would you care to say just that?"

"I would adore to!"

I said that I would outline a speech on those lines for her to deliver with what I hoped would be as much acerbity. It was just the kind of thing we wanted.

"Is there a fee attached to this?"

I referred her to Michael Abbott. The fee agreed upon for everybody is the minimum possible for any speaking performer—\$210, or what is known in the business as "scale." Interviewing disembodied stars on the telephone is nerve-racking enough without having to discuss this bewildering news with them.

**December 18:** Yesterday teemed with setbacks. Twentieth Century-Fox has forbidden us the use of their back lot because we are working with video tape, which—to quote an executive—"We are fighting with our lives." Mary Pickford is out with a broken collarbone. The studio where we are to tape the interiors is where they filmed the original "Jazz Singer" and looks as though it has not been swept out since. I spoke to Bette Davis' sister again on the phone and later got Francis X. Bushman to discuss the original chariot race in the silent "Ben Hur."

In the afternoon, Bill Corrigan and I visited the mansion of the late Cecil B. de Mille with the crew. We were met by a charming lady who described herself as a newcomer, having only worked with Mr. de Mille for eight years, but introduced us to Florence Cole who had served with the great man for over thirty. Both ladies spoke in tones of great dedication and awe about the treasures of the library, the multitudinous awards, the collections of Bibles in every size from every country in the world, and the relics from Mr. de Mille's countless productions. Tireless, they ran up and down stairs, and presented us with the Crown of Thorns from the "King of Kings" and horses' headaddresses from the silent version of "The Ten Commandments." Reverently they placed in our hands the original screenplay of "The Squaw Man"—the first feature-length picture ever made in Hollywood complete with Mr. de Mille's own notes in pencil. The keepers of Mr. de Mille's castle generally refer to him in the present tense. "Mr.

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*Sumner Locke Elliott began writing plays in his native Australia; since 1950 he has been in the U. S., is now a citizen and a television dramatist. His original TV plays include "The Gray Nurse Said Nothing" and "The King and Mrs. Candle"; and among his adaptations are "The Count of Monte Cristo" and the new du Pont Show of the Month, "The Prisoner of Zenda."*



de Mille always likes . . . Here is the chair where Mr. de Mille sits when he is watching the daily rushes." After a time, the impression that Mr. de Mille will appear around a corner is overwhelming.

"And here are the Ten Commandments" said one of the ladies, touching two stone tablets resting in a red velvet case. Then she added thoughtfully, "They're *copies* of course. The *originals* are in the Paramount commissary."

**December 19:** I finally made contact with a few of the people on the telephone list. One of them was Anthony Perkins who talked so fast and intricately that my notes read like E. E. Cummings. On the other hand, communion with Gary Cooper was punctuated with silences and heavy breathing. He admitted that he liked to make a Western every two years and after a little more desultory conversation we let it go at that. Even without a point of view, Mr. Cooper's monosyllabic charm comes across like radiant heat.

After I had wrestled for some hours with Tony Perkins' speech, he arrived at the studio with his own. He said, in effect, "When a young performer attempts to individualize himself, he is instantly branded by Hollywood as an ungrateful publicity seeker and so it takes a lot of nerve to say this is what I believe, this is how I'm going to behave and that's the way it's going to be." (This may not sound earth-shaking but it was progress for me. I have been witnessing today the reality I have been reading about for years—that most Hollywood people retreat like sand crabs when called on to repeat publicly an uncomplimentary opinion they have voiced privately. Fear runs through the movie colony like a virus, most of all the fear of offending.)

Michael Abbott said to me, "Now get a good explosive statement from Bette Davis to precede this and we're off to a good start for the opening of the show."

I was banished to the hotel to try again to snare Miss Davis on the phone. Her sister said that she was out with the children. It was like trying to reach Judge Crater.

**December 20:** Jacqueline Babbin, another producer for Talent Associates, has arrived to help co-ordinate the script. Miss Babbin is a handsome brisk girl who could organize an armada. On the plane she had mapped out a synopsis.

"Now everything will work if we group the people into subjects," she said. "We open with your idea of Hedda standing on a mountain top

looking down on Hollywood and then—wham—we go to Bette Davis!"

I said, "Or her sister!"

Jacqueline was assuming that everyone would co-operate from Mae West to the weather. "For instance," she said, "if you can get Gary Cooper to mention de Mille at the end of his speech, that would take us immediately to the de Mille mansion without Hedda's voice over it. Then, get a director like King Vidor to talk about making pictures in Rome and that would get us automatically to Charlton Heston and the 'Ben Hur' boys."

I said, "King Vidor has just made 'Solomon and Sheba' and you won't get that kind of co-operation for \$210."

Jacqueline was not to be defeated. "But maybe he could mention the effect of crime pictures on children and that could get us to Walt Disney." We coined a new phrase, "with Vidor co-operation, with Swanson co-operation," and went on planning a script that I knew by then could only be written after everyone had been taped. Michael burst into the room.

"We have to cancel the show," he announced. It seemed the best news since VJ-Day.

It seemed that the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists known as "AF-TRA" had insisted that the stars appearing were "performers" and must be paid their regular salaries. Even with drop-outs the cost would exceed a million dollars. I left Michael and Jacqueline arguing with Al Levy. I had an appointment with Marion Davies and, show or no show, I was not going to be cheated out of that.

I waited in a high-arched hallway lined with full-length portraits of Marion Davies in many of her famous roles. My appointment had been for twelve-thirty, but it was nearly one before the lady of the portraits came downstairs leaning on the arm of a very attractively dressed younger woman. Miss Davies came toward me slowly, a wistful memory of Miss Phoebe in "Quality Street," which hung nearby. She put out her hand and apologized sweetly for keeping me waiting, but, "You television people are such early birds." As we went down some steps to the huge library she murmured the other woman's name, which seemed to be "Mrs. Girdle," and they continued their conversation concerning Mrs. Girdle's visit that morning to a friend hospitalized for a major operation. Delicate as bone china to the eye, Miss Davies proved herself capable of firing an angry salvo.

"Everyone I know is being cut up," she announced as we settled on satin divans and drinks

were served. "Those damn doctors had me pegged for dead for two years." The conversation continued animatedly about the untrustworthiness of the medical profession until I nerved myself to break in.

"Miss Davies, we're all so excited at the thought of having you on the show."

The other woman looked at me sharply. "What show?"

"Hedda's show," I said, putting the blame on her. Without any conviction I began extolling the advantages of appearing in "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" and ended by saying that the way it was shaping up it was likely to be highly unusual. That, I knew, was certainly not an overstatement.

Into the limp silence that followed, Miss Davies fired another salvo. "What makes me good and mad," she announced with the slight stammer I had always heard about, "is that if you retire they think you're a has-been. I retired because I was good and god-damn bored with the whole thing and I gave up two million dollars to do it."

"That's right, darling," echoed Mrs. Girdle, crossing with me to light Miss Davies' cigarette and beating me to it. "But you don't want to say that on television."

Miss Davies looked at me with a child's blue eyes. "I've never been on television, you know, and I'll be very nervous."

I said there was no need to be. We had a wonderful director and a marvelous crew (did we?); they were experts with lighting and camera.

Miss Davies who had taken my hand, withdrew suddenly. "No close-ups," she said. "I've been going to the dentist and he hasn't finished capping me."

"You'll be marvelous, don't worry," I said.

"You're very sweet."

"And the public wants to see you again."

"I don't know what the hell for."

"What would Marion have to do?" the other woman asked.

We had been ruminating on this for weeks. Hedda had simply stated flatly that Marion must appear on the show. Miss Davies and her friend were waiting. I mumbled that we were bringing the crew to photograph the impressive grounds and pool and that possibly at the end we could discover Miss Davies seated in the library and that she might say a few words about the legendary parties she had given. Had she not entertained both Churchill and Shaw?

"Show Mr. Elliott the pictures of me and GBS at Ocean House," she said.

As I was admiring the photographs—Shaw and Marion in yachting caps—Miss Davies' friend said in a quick undertone. "I don't think Marion ought to do this, she's nervous of appearing on a screen after so long."

Miss Davies beckoned me to see a picture of herself at sixteen and repeated that she was very nervous.

I said that Hedda could do all the talking about the famous parties and that Miss Davies need only say at the end, "Thank you for coming to my house."

She nodded, "I'll wear a simple sweater and skirt."

"Oh no, darling" said Mrs. Girdle. "They want to see you in the full regalia—ice blue satin ballgown with the ermine and wearing your rubies."

"The rubies photograph black. We always had trouble with them."

"Then wear your diamonds," said Mrs. Girdle.

"We'll give you a screen credit as technical adviser," I said to the friend.

"My husband would hit me over the head. He hates television because he doesn't get a dime for all those old movies."

Miss Davies smiled at me. "Stay to lunch because Clark's coming."

Mrs. Girdle! I was about to explain to Mrs. Clark Gable that I had not caught her name when another luncheon guest entered with Captain Horace Brown, Miss Davies' husband. Mrs. Gable introduced me as something like Havelock Ellis and I rose to go. I told Miss Davies not to be nervous, that we all loved her for doing it.

"Thank you for coming to my house," said Miss Davies by way of rehearsal.

**December 24:** We are suffering from fall-out. Mae West, Tuesday Weld, and Mickey Rooney have defected. We have Micky's son but the scene I had written for the two of them to be taped on the Andy Hardy set at MGM is now useless. Late yesterday afternoon, Michael Abbott and Bill Corrigan returned from the Marion Davies house and reported that the sequence had gone very well. Gene Hibbs, the make-up specialist, had transformed Hedda and Marion into radiant ingenues and Marion wanted a close-up.

Later I had the opportunity of watching Mr. Hibbs—a chunky ex-football player—at his Faustian task of rejuvenating the female face. Two adhesive strips of fine net containing little hooks are glued to each side of the temple; then rubber bands are secured to the hooks and tied tightly on the top of the head, lifting up the

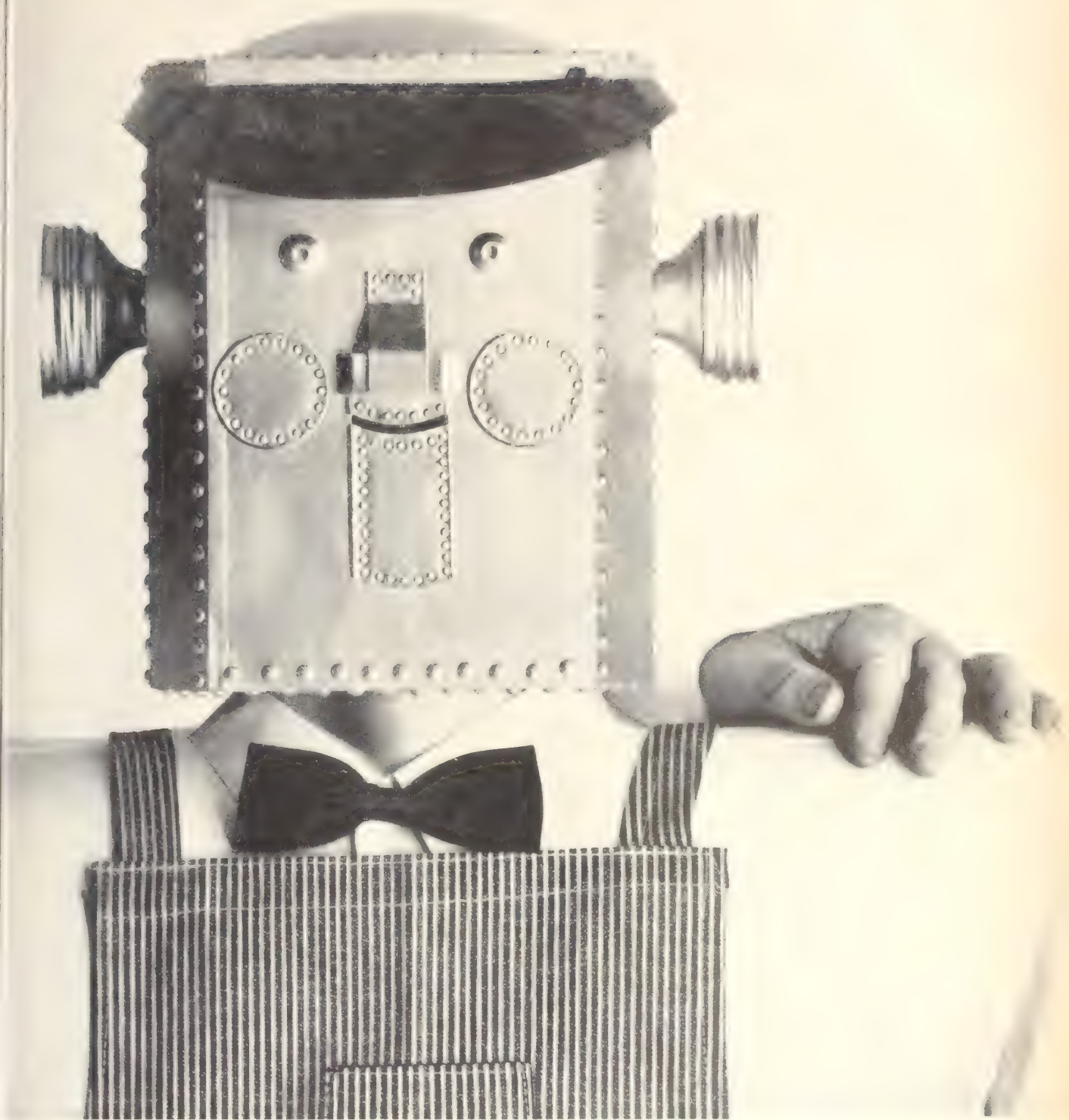




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face until not a nuance of a dewlap remains. Then the hair is arranged so as to hide the adhesives.

Today, at my urging, Hedda telephoned Bette Davis but the phone remained unanswered. During the long delays between takes, she landed Joan Crawford in New York. Miss Crawford would be delighted to appear but could not come to California. I left Al Levy and Michael frantically calling the New York office to arrange a second unit to tape Miss Crawford in the East and found Hedda ad-libbing to the camera.

"Every morning when I get up," she was saying, "I thank the good Lord I'm still alive and living in Hollywood."

**December 25:** Christmas Day on the deserted stages of a motion picture studio is cheerless indeed. We had risen at 5:00 A.M. and spent the morning taping Hedda on top of a mountain overlooking Hollywood in the teeth of an arctic gale. An annoying beep had developed in the sound recording and it had been some hours before it had been detected as an FM station interfering through a nearby radar tower. Hedda had remained uncomplaining on a fence in the wind while the trouble had been rectified. Seven times she had leaned back toward a perilous drop and said, "This is my town. There's no town like it in the world for its business is entertainment."

In the afternoon we huddled like the Hundred Neediest Cases on the cavernous set of the Paris Opera House munching stale sandwiches and potato salad. Renée Valente, who had come the day before from New York to cope with AFTRA, appeared like Florence Nightingale with a bottle of bourbon which cheered us slightly but, as its effects wore off and the day wore on with interminable delays, patience snapped and tempers flared. The sequence recalling the days of Lon Chaney and John Barrymore was somewhat marred by the inclusion of a dismal plug for a current television series—a sop to a local producing company. As I was watching the chaos surrounding us, Michael came up with a doleful face and the news that we must dispense with Joan Crawford. He said, "They've just discovered in New York that we are YOTSY."

"We're *what*?" Whatever it was, it sounded offensive.

"YOTSY. IATSE. International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees," Michael explained. "We ought to be NABET."

"The hell we ought. What's NABET?"

"National Association of Broadcast Engineers and Technicians."

"Oh, the crew, you mean."

"Certainly, the crew. If we tape Crawford in New York with a NABET crew, then our boys will walk off the show because they're a YOTSY bunch."

The news that Miss Crawford had been torpedoed and sunk by the unions was relayed to Hedda.

"Merry Christmas," said Hedda.

**December 28:** Bette Davis finally telephoned yesterday. She is in bed with a towering cold and will be replaced by Bob Cummings.

Debbie Reynolds gave me a forthright point of view by phone. She said, among other things, "I have to remember that I only have about five workable years left. Once you lose the leading lady face, you're cooked, and I'd rather quit than stay around until they don't want me any more."

I wrote her speech around this refreshingly frank statement. An hour or so later she was out of the show owing to a clause in her television contract with the American Broadcasting Company which forbade her appearance on a rival network.

Hedda was alerted on the set and she marched off bristling, to telephone Miss Reynolds. She returned smiling. "Debbie will be here tomorrow," she said. Bill Corrigan said to me, "How does Hedda do it?" I suggested that we change the title of the show to "Friendly Persuasion."

**December 29:** This was Black Tuesday. It began at 7:00 A.M. in a freezing studio with Debbie Reynolds and her publicity aide, a young man with a crew cut and a forceful air who read the speech I had written, and frowned.

"I don't think this is good for you, Debbie; it's too downbeat, it isn't what people want of you. They expect you to be lively and pert because you love your work."

"I don't this morning," said Miss Reynolds. "I'm pretty tired. I've just made five pictures in a row."

"Say that," said Crew-cut, "and say you're just starting another, plus your new television show, and you're very happy because you *love* your work."

I protested that the original speech made a lot of sense; wouldn't Miss Reynolds please say what she had said on the phone.

"I don't mind saying it, Jimmy."

"You can't say you only have five years left!"

"Well, I could say pictures are made too fast today. I think television is too fast."

"Uh uh, better not say that," said Crew-cut. He was crossing out the guts of the speech.

Debbie yawned. "What I really need is a vacation," she said.

"You could say *that*," said Crew-cut.

"Yes, and then I could say, 'Has anyone got a spare room? You have? Miami? I'll be right there.'"

"That's cute," said Crew-cut, writing.

Debbie's prettified speech was being taped when Michael burst in with newspapers. Ed Sullivan had begun a feud with Hedda and the unions, claiming unfair competition. Having paid Charlton Heston a fee of \$10,000 for reading an excerpt from the Bible on his program, Mr. Sullivan was burning about the fact that everyone was appearing in "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" (Mr. Heston included) for a minimum scale. Mr. Sullivan charged that our show was a grievous form of "payola" in which stars were being compensated for their appearance by flattering comments in Hedda's column. All the newspapers bore banner headlines and Hedda thundered back in print: "He's a liar! He's scared to death I'm going to knock him off the air."

Mr. Sullivan had shot back that Hedda had established a reign of terror in Hollywood. Michael was crowing. "You couldn't *buy* this kind of publicity," he said. His smile faded somewhat when a secretary handed him a note informing us that Charlton Heston, who was due at the studio in the afternoon to tape his sequence about "Ben Hur," would not be able to appear on the show because of further Bible-reading commitments with Ed Sullivan. Tension mounted in spirals as Mr. Heston refused to speak to Hedda on the phone and relayed the excuse that he thought our show was only to be a local network presentation. Hedda snorted.

"What would I be doing on a *local* show? What would Gary Cooper be doing on a *local* show?"

After Sol Siegel, a powerful force at MGM, had attempted to reach Mr. Heston in vain, Hedda put down the phone.

"We'll do it without Heston," she said firmly. "We don't *need* him."

Now we had a "Ben Hur" discussion without Ben Hur. I went back to the set to await Gloria Swanson. Promptly at two o'clock the other people concerned in the "Ben Hur" sequence arrived. Stephen Boyd from the current production and Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman

from the silent version. I explained that Mr. Heston would not be with us and apologized that I would have to keep them waiting as Miss Swanson had to be taped first and was late. They stood around shivering in the cold and I found a seat for them on the only available piece of furniture, a grubby couch. It was necessary to rewrite the sequence on the spot eliminating Heston and while I was doing this, Miss Swanson arrived. She was carrying a gold silk dress on a hanger and looked annoyed.

I apologized for the cold studio and she said, without smiling, "I have a telephone. Someone could have called to tell me. I was supposed to have been sent a speech but it never arrived."

I said I was sorry, there must have been some secretarial error, and read her the speech I had written.

She nodded. "That's more or less what I said on the phone but let's work on it. Where is my set? Where is the director?"

I took her over to the set. "Take that chair away. I'll stand to do it." It was removed. Miss Swanson smiled graciously at the crew.

"Hello, boys, hello." She checked the lighting with Bill Corrigan while I held the gold silk dress. Then she turned back to me. "Now where do I change into my dress?"

A dressing-room, hitherto unused, had been put up in a corner of the stage. It was merely wooden slats with gauze stretched across them and without a light or any carpet. It was bare of furniture except for a mirror stuck on a rickety table, and the temperature inside was sub-zero. His enemies would have thought twice before putting Dreyfus in it. Miss Swanson looked in the door.

"*This?*"

She is a small woman, but in moments of displeasure she can add inches to her height and she was growing taller by the minute. When she spoke it was in the chilling tones of a Tsarina giving orders for a flogging.

"I shall want a carpet on the floor and an easy chair and something clean to put down on that table and I'll wait in the car while you fix it up."

She went off and I found our stage manager who said that the only furniture available was the dirty couch on which the "Ben Hur" characters were sitting like frozen mounds, still waiting. I told the stage manager to find a comfortable chair and a strip of carpet and fast, and he went off with a face that said, "Easy chairs, carpet? What next?" Clearly this local television station was ill-equipped to accommodate a star



for whom Paramount had once built a studio in Long Island. Miss Swanson sat in her car and took most of the sting out of her speech with a blunt pencil and then disappeared to change while I hurried back to remind the abandoned "Ben Hurs" that this too would pass.

Hedda caught hold of me coming across the set and said, "I've just had a call from Joan Crawford in New York and *nobody* has bothered to tell her that she can't be used. I think that some apology is in order." I agreed and went to find Michael who was too elated with the Sullivan feud to listen. He had just heard that the New York *Journal-American* had run a long front-page story on it that evening. "It's the greatest thing that's ever happened in television," he said. "Everyone in America will be watching us." I remarked that I hoped the results would warrant it because not a word of script had yet been written to link together the widely disparate interviews and sequences that we had taped.

Several exhausting hours later, after Gloria Swanson and the "Ben Hurs" had finally been taped, we all watched the footage that had been shot and Bill Corrigan echoed my sentiments. Whatever point of view we had envisioned had bogged down into a series of fatuous plugs and amorphous reminiscence. The best things by far were some superb shots Bill had made of the Harold Lloyd estate and of the charming street built for the film "Meet Me in St. Louis" on the MGM back lot. Marion Davies, radiant and charming, was on and off in a flash and the rest was a jumbled hodge-podge that would require enormous ingenuity to put into some semblance of continuity. Hedda watched the screening with us and didn't seem at all perturbed.

"It's a gasser!" she said. "My God, I look forty!"

**January 2:** Ed Sullivan triumphantly announced yesterday that besides Mr. Heston, we had now been deserted by Mae West, Bette Davis, Mickey Rooney, and others who fled weeks ago. Much more exasperating is the news that—even without Gary Cooper and Bob Hope, who are to be taped today (our last day of shooting)—the show is way too long. Even with ruthless cuts I will be left in many instances with only seconds of narration to lead in and out of the twenty-eight sequences. Instead of luminous witty prose I have been driven to such desperate devices as having Hedda say, "Westerns have always been a permanent feature of Hollywood and so are the *Westmore* brothers."

**January 3:** Gary Cooper delivered the speech I had written for him today, word for word, while I stood by abysmally ashamed of it and wishing I had been able to wheedle more out of him on the phone. He remained monosyllabic until after the second take had been pronounced a perfect one; but then he relaxed and suddenly grew loquacious, telling us story after story of the greener days of motion pictures. As he talked on, I reflected dismally that now would be the time to scrap everything we had done and begin again with the knowledge we now possessed, too late. We had had a gold mine of personalities and data available to us and had mined it for pebbles. Behind the inane show we had jammed together in three weeks there was an image of something infinitely more penetrating. Hind-sight is the stable door of television. But then suppose we had actually been able to uncover some of the buried reality of Hollywood, who would have paid for and produced such a show?

Al Levy and Michael did not share my gloom. Al said, "Hedda has done a magnificent job." I comforted myself by remembering a remark with which the actor and folk-singer Theodore Bikel had reassured a nervous actress: "There are four hundred million Chinese who will neither know nor care."

**January 5:** Hedda dubbed in the narrations sitting in an airless booth with me for seven hours, and the production of "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" was completed. She said, "It's great—but never again." We kissed on it. Bill Corrigan and I left on a night jet for New York. Owing to a breakdown in the galley no coffee was served and as we alighted at Idlewild on a clear bright winter morning, water was pouring through the front lounge of the plane.

"How could it be raining *inside* the plane?" I asked Bill.

He said wearily, "Don't you think it's par for the course?"

**January 11:** "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" went on the air last night at eight o'clock. I watched it with friends who were not visibly impressed. Nor were the critics. In audience rating it tied almost evenly with Mr. Ed Sullivan, who failed to appear on his own show because of a heavy cold. Early this morning a friend called me to say that she had missed seeing the show. In fact, she said apologetically, she had not known it was to be on. Neither had four hundred million Chinese.

# "Friendship U" in Moscow

*This winter Russia launches an ambitious training center for young "neutrals." . . . Will it produce a generation of dedicated Communist leaders around the world—or go sour and become a breeding ground for angry discontent?*

ON OCTOBER 1, 1960, on schedule, Nikita Khrushchev's own creation, the new "Friendship University" in Moscow, opened its doors to some 300 students from non-Communist countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. By the end of 1960, the number may reach 500, and about three years from now, between three and four thousand undergraduates should be earning bachelor's degrees there in everything from engineering to Marxist economics. This enterprise, which Khrushchev announced during a tour of Indonesia last February, is Russia's latest challenge to the West in winning over tomorrow's leaders in the neutral and underdeveloped nations of the world.

Superficially, it would seem that this new Soviet crash program might enable Russia not only to catch up with foreign-student programs in the United States, Britain, and France, but also to convert a good many young intellectuals to its ideology. Moscow, however, has a long way to go, for last year (1959-60) Russia was host to only about 930 students from non-Communist countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America (with an additional 875 in the East European satellites), while the U. S. alone had 35,672. Nor is catching up a matter of numbers alone. As I observed the effects of Russia's hospitality on Asian and African students during the two years I spent in Moscow as an American correspondent (up till last summer), it seemed to me that the Soviet Union still has a lot to learn in handling its foreign students, especially if they happen to come from so-called uncommitted countries. The founding of the University of Friendship of Peoples is a sign that Moscow at last recognizes

it has a problem on its hands. But if the University is to succeed, it not only must overcome the disgruntlement which has been increasing among foreign students in the Soviet Union but also must offer one major inducement of greater value than even the present substantial scholarships: a measure of intellectual and social freedom beyond anything known to young people in Russia today.

From all the evidence I could gather, it was clear that Soviet educators do not yet fully grasp this truth—and because of their ingrained insecurity it seemed doubtful that they would learn it soon. For the "new" inducements announced for Friendship University will probably increase the segregation, propaganda, and informing which have already made the foreign student colony in Moscow a hornet's nest of discontent. Last winter, twenty-five young Africans went to the American Embassy in Moscow, fourteen to the West German, and many more to other Western embassies to plead for scholarships outside the Iron Curtain. By this fall disillusioned Africans who had managed to get to Frankfurt, Vienna, and London were talking to Western reporters about large numbers of disaffected Afro-Asian students who left Moscow and Eastern Europe in 1959 and 1960.\*

When Khrushchev dramatically announced plans for the new university during his trip to Indonesia, he took chancelleries—and students—all over the world by surprise. To Western observers it seemed a daring new piece of Soviet prestige propaganda, but perhaps the greatest shock was felt in Moscow itself. The Asian and African students, frightened by rumors of being transferred to Friendship University from Moscow University and other regular Soviet institu-

\*According to the *New York Times* (Oct. 12, 1960), the U. S. State Department denied reports that it "had refused to aid African students marooned in Eastern Europe," and said that students "who wanted to transfer from a Communist-bloc university to the West received the same consideration as others."



tions, began to call it "Apartheid U"—taking over the nickname invented by British students. To the Africans the prospect meant increased tension and double segregation: of black man from white, and of foreign students from their Russian hosts.

The second kind of segregation is infinitely more revealing, since, above all, it reflects the Kremlin's pathological fear that in any encounter between a Russian and a foreigner—no matter how backward and poverty-stricken the foreigner's homeland—it is the Russian who is in danger of succumbing to ideological disaffection. I came to this conclusion after talking in Moscow last spring and summer with three kinds of people concerned: foreign diplomats, students, and correspondents; the new Rector of Friendship University; and the harried Afro-Asian students themselves.

#### COLORED COMINTERN?

**A**SHREWD Middle Eastern diplomat said to me: "Once they set up this new university they think they'll have the whole thing under control. Contact between Russians and 'neutrals' will no longer be haphazard. All contacts will be planned—in channels labeled 'peace and friendship'." The only trouble with the scheme, the diplomat said, is that it won't work—"not unless they pick them at a really impressionable age, fifteen or sixteen, and give them most of their high-school education to boot."

Some foreigners who have been in Moscow a long time are not so quick to discount the university. Remembering the once-famous "University of Oppressed Toilers of the East" set up in the 1920s to train future Communist agents, they think the new university could become a kind of "Colored Comintern." But this will not be easy to accomplish in the 1960s. As an American diplomat with years of firsthand experience in Moscow summed it up: "Friendship University looks like a way of indoctrination without contamination. But, if the Russians want to succeed with it, they'd be clever to go easy on the Communist catechism, to send the students home strictly as trained technicians. If they overdo it, just to have been there will mark a man as 'made in Moscow' for the rest of his life."

Besides segregation and indoctrination, Friendship University offers the Kremlin other major bonuses. First, it will enable Moscow to select those "neutral" students who, from its point of view, are best able to benefit from a Communist education. Second, it will make it possible to ex-

tend special privileges to these young people without making its own students restive.

The need for such privileges is pointed up by a joke circulating among the 65 American graduate students who have attended Soviet universities under the U.S.-U.S.S.R. cultural exchange agreement over the past two and a half years. If the U. S. wants to win friends in uncommitted countries, they say with a smile, the Ford Foundation ought to start sending Afro-Asians to study in Moscow.

"We want to go anywhere in the West. We just want to get out of here at all costs." That is the way one handsome young African put it to me last June, as the academic year came to a close. (For his safety, I do not name him or give his nationality. Writing now in New York, I am not sure whether he, or others whom I quote, have succeeded in getting out of Russia.)

For, while Russia's rising living standards and its growing cities are supposed to appeal most of all to visitors from underdeveloped nations, it is precisely these students, rather than those from the more prosperous U. S. and Western Europe, who complain loudest about low Soviet living standards. Having more illusions to lose, these young "neutrals" are shocked both by their own lot, and by the way ordinary Soviet citizens live.

#### THE "RIGHT" PEOPLE

**T**O THIS beefing, the Russians reply with a beef of their own. Most students who have come to Moscow up to now, they say, have come from the "wrong" social strata. Many new nations select students from the middle and upper classes for Russia because they are best qualified to benefit from a stiff curriculum and are less vulnerable to the appeals of Communism. (Colonel Nasser's handpicked United Arab Republic group—three hundred strong in 1959-60—is a case in point.)

Sergei Vasilyevich Rumyantsev, the ruddy,

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*Priscilla Johnson returned to New York this past summer after two years in Moscow as correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, and this fall she covered the UN Assembly and Khrushchev's weekend press conferences at Glen Cove. After studying Russian as an undergraduate at Bryn Mawr, she took an M.A. at Harvard in 1953 in the Regional Studies Program on the Soviet Union, and visited Russia in 1955-56. She helped to edit the book, "Current Soviet Policies," published by Praeger in 1956.*

silver-haired Rector of the new university, implies it's high time to put a stop to all this. When I saw him last May, he insisted that the sending governments would have little or no say in choosing students for Friendship U. "Social organizations and prominent individuals," he explained, would help the university select. This probably means that the Kremlin is relying on left-wing groups in the sending countries to pick "angry young men" for Moscow.

An engineer by training, Rumyantsev makes the political rationale of Friendship University evident—although he denies it explicitly—when he stresses that students from prosperous areas, such as the U. S., Canada, and Western Europe, need not apply. Neither should citizens of countries already within the Communist fold, like China, Vietnam, and North Korea. Students from uncommitted backward lands, he says, "need it more." And it is expected that the new school will adapt its curriculum to the specific needs of the students who come from underdeveloped areas.

Among the privileges the scholar at Friendship University can expect are free tuition, room, and medical care. He will also get an allowance of at least 700 rubles (\$70 at the tourist rate) a month—more than double that of the Soviet first-year student—plus a special clothing allowance and free transportation to Moscow and home again five or, if he's a medical student, six years later. It is at least a possibility that a grand new edifice will be erected later on to dramatize Friendship University and make it an eyecatcher all over the world.

During the summer, when Soviet students work in factories or travel to Kazakhstan to help gather in the harvest, the lad at Friendship University will be treated to two months of supervised play at resorts in Crimea and the Caucasus. "We want them to get to know the country—and not superficially," said Professor Rumyantsev. The Moscow equivalent of educational "frills"—such as courses in fire-fighting and industrial safety—will be omitted in favor of teaching the rudiments of Russian in the first year.

All this is going to cost the Kremlin a lot more than the 60,000 to 70,000 rubles it expends on each of its own undergraduates today. (This is \$6,000 to \$7,000 at the tourist rate, \$15,000 to \$17,500 at the official rate, over the entire five-to-six-year course.) According to Professor Rumyantsev, there's no limit on what he can spend. "They simply handed us a blank check," he said. "They gave us several tens of millions of

rubles and said 'spend them.' When we run out, they'll give us more."

With so much of the Kremlin's prestige, and so many of its rubles, at stake, why do Afro-Asians and Westerners in Moscow alike turn a skeptical eye on Soviet claims that Friendship University is an adventure in unadulterated altruism? Or that it will reap the enormous propaganda benefits which the Russians expect?

#### "THEY WON'T LET YOU"

THE answer is that Moscow's troubles in the few years it has been training students from underdeveloped areas (as recently as 1956-57 it had only 46 of them) appear to be deeply rooted in fears and suspicions as old as Russia herself. And all the political shrewdness of which a Communist government is capable has not succeeded in eradicating these attitudes. On the contrary, there is evidence that age-old Russian insecurity—plus Communist ideology—have kept the Kremlin from correctly diagnosing what is wrong. And the habits of bureaucracy tend to penalize the rare civil servant or educator who tries even to report the difficulties honestly.

As a result—even making allowance for the fact that students who bring their grievances to Western newsmen or diplomats in Moscow are the extreme cases—the conclusion seems inescapable: A short term in Russia shoves many a "neutral" Afro-Asian over to a sense of identity with the West, and Western values, he never felt before. These sensitive young men soon come to feel that their Russian hosts cannot countenance neutrality on their own home soil. A restless student engineer from Cameroon said to me: "In Africa they all want to come here. We come to be taught but we find, when we get here, that you cannot be neutral in this society. They won't let you." As Moscow sees it, this is only natural. The very least an Indian or African can do in gratitude for a free Soviet education is rush into the Communist bear hug. But once the young "neutral" discovers that the famous Russian hospitality he's heard so much about has its price—ranging all the way from polite abstention from criticism to enthusiastic espousal of Communist causes—he may turn bitter.

If a student becomes more outspoken in his hostility, his Soviet hosts resort to new pressures to bring him into the fold. When a twenty-three-year-old medical student from below the Sahara argued with his language tutor, a woman member of the Communist party, he was finally told:

"It's our job to indoctrinate you, especially



you Africans." The young man replied that she was going about it the wrong way. "I know," she admitted, "but I have no choice but to do my job as I've been ordered."

While the relentless indoctrination is the biggest grievance, the young Afro-Asian's disenchantment sometimes begins the day he sets foot in Moscow. The chances are that he's come from lush jungles or colorful, steaming cities. To him, Moscow seems drab and cold. It is winter seven months of the year. The subdued people, the apparently prudish relations between the sexes, often repel him at first sight. In a hotel elevator and at an embassy reception, I have been cornered by Africans who, only two weeks after arriving, couldn't wait to go home. They just had to pour out their grievances to someone.

Yet when they try to leave Russia, the young men hit snags. Many, from still-dependent nations, have illegal passports if, indeed, they have any travel documents at all. (Students from Uganda, for example, come to Moscow armed only with documents issued by the Uganda National Congress in Cairo.) They'll get no exit visas, Soviet authorities imply, and no money for return passage home, till they've stayed at least two years. Many are doomed to five. So the sensation of being trapped begins, in some cases, at the very outset.

These external difficulties are only the beginning. Some students come solely to study. To others Moscow is a Mecca where race prejudice is nonexistent. Many in both groups are quickly disappointed. For the fact is, nearly every young "neutral" comes to Moscow with a chip on his shoulder. First, he bumps up against the ordinary inconveniences of Soviet life: the endless queues, the shoving, the unfamiliar meals. Next, there's the awkward system of passes, or "*propusks*," for the student or his guest every time he enters or leaves any university building. Many young Africans or Orientals conclude that it's all aimed at them and the color of their skin. They don't stop to reflect that every student at Soviet universities, Russian or foreign, has to comply.

#### LITTLE TRAVEL, LESS SEX

SOME restrictions are in fact for foreigners only. A medical student, for example, may discover that he is barred from lectures on radiation or bacteriology; a physicist cannot enter the nuclear laboratories at Dubna, though he knows VIP tourists often go there. An African student of deep-sea fishing even reported that he was refused permission to visit an "open" Soviet fishing

port. Then there are ubiquitous travel bans. These, of course, irk every foreign student in Moscow, but the black man somehow feels it's only for him.

Next, especially in relations with girls, he runs up against instances of race prejudice. The Russian girl may welcome the African's advances, but her Soviet boy friend becomes wildly jealous. An incident in which a young Somali student was beaten by three Russian boys last March, after asking a Soviet girl to dance, was finally admitted nearly five months later, when reports of the incident were published abroad. There are frequent unpublicized clashes as well. At one big new restaurant, the Ostankino, the police make a habit of taking down names and addresses of Russian girls dining out with foreigners, especially if they happen to be "blacks." Occasionally a girl is arrested or sent to Siberia to "forget."

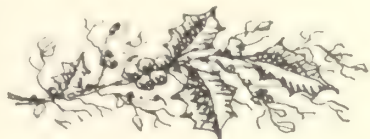
Then, there's the newly planned "segregation" at Moscow University, which many Afro-Asians still attend. Soviet dormitories are known for a delightful custom whereby boys and girls may dwell in adjoining rooms on the same corridor. This year for the first time boys and girls have been separated, not just on different floors but in different zones in the giant university skyscraper. The move is highly unpopular. Soviet students call it "catching up with America." The alleged aim is to raise the university's "moral tone." Among the students themselves—Russians as well as Afro-Asians—the rumor is it's actually a device to keep the willing Russian girl out of the black man's room.

Finally, the Russians can make use of an accumulation of daily annoyances to wring at least a profession of pro-Communism from the unhappy "neutral." On the day he arrives, for example, not knowing a single word of Russian, the young Afro-Asian finds himself billeted, not in the luxurious Moscow University skyscraper advertised all over the world, but in a large, less comfortable dormitory in one of the new sections of town. Here, two Russians and two "neutrals" must share every room. Nominally, it's to help the visitor learn Russian, but he suspects his Soviet roommates are there to spy upon him. "Being treated like an enemy," as one Afro-Asian described it, is a far more galling experience to a colored man who has come with friendly or neutral intentions than to a Russian or even a Westerner, both of whom tend to accept informing as a more or less routine part of Soviet life.

Nor does it stop there. Besides his roommates, other young Russians keep dropping by to quiz

# A TELEVISION YULE LOG

In a few short years, television has joined the traditions of Christmas—and created some of its own. Again, the message and meaning, the sights and sounds of the holiday season will go out to millions through local and network holiday programs like those below.



## VENITE ADOREMUS DOMINUM . . .

Christmas Eve and Christmas Day Services: from cathedrals and churches around the country. Saturday and Sunday, December 24-25.

## AND GLORY SHONE AROUND . . .

"The Coming of Christ": The world's art treasures illuminate the Christmas story. Wednesday, December 21 (8:30-9:00 PM).

## WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE . . .

"Amahl and the Night Visitors": A classic returns to enrich the Christmas season—the beautiful opera of Gian-Carlo Menotti. Sunday, December 25 (4-5 PM).

## TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER . . .

"Golden Child": An original Christmas opera that dramatizes a conflict of love and gold, with Patricia Neway and Jerome Hines. Friday, December 16 (8:30-10 PM).

## ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS . . .

"From All of Us to All of You": Walt Disney and stars (Snow White, Tinker Bell, Pinocchio, and others) make merry. Sunday, December 25 (6:30-7:30 PM).

## 'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY . . .

"The Wizard of Oz": A masterpiece of fantasy and humor—the MGM movie starring Judy Garland. Sunday, December 11 (6-8 PM).

## DECK THE HALLS . . .

A new production of "Peter Pan"—Sir James M. Barrie's classic—with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Thursday, December 8 (7:30-9:30 PM).

## THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD . . .

Marian Anderson and Leonard Bernstein in "Christmas Startime"—a program of the best-loved music of the season. Sunday, December 25 (5-6 PM).

## In December

### OTHER PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

#### "Born a Giant"

Drama of the turbulent early career of Andrew Jackson.  
Friday, December 2 (9-10 PM)

#### "The Combat Deepens"

World War II: Germany invades Norway and the Low Countries; Winston Churchill becomes Prime Minister.  
Sunday, December 4 (10:30-11 PM)

#### "The Red and the Black"

A study of the influence of communism on new countries of Africa.  
Wednesday, December 7 (10-11 PM)

#### "The Working Mother"

The problems facing the job-holding woman with young children.  
Thursday, December 8 (4-5 PM)

#### "Featherbedding"

Study of a widespread industry practice.  
Friday, December 9 (10:30-11 PM)

#### "Yul Brynner's Odyssey"

The representative of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees visits camps in Europe and the Middle East.  
Saturday, December 10 (8:30-9:30 PM)

#### "Dunkirk"

Defeat and rescue of the British forces; Churchill offers "blood, toil, tears, and sweat."  
Sunday, December 11 (10:30-11 PM)

#### "Survivors of the Ice Age"

A tribe of Laplanders drives reindeer herd 100 perilous miles to the coast.  
Tuesday, December 13 (7-7:30 PM)

#### "The Berliners: Life in a Gilded Cage."

How 2,500,000 West Berliners live and view the future. On-the-scene report.  
Sunday, December 18 (6:30-7 PM)

#### "The French Agony"

The fall of France. Churchill orders the French fleet at Oran destroyed.  
Sunday, December 18 (10:30-11 PM)

#### "The Last of the Arctic Nomads"

Visit to a winter camp of Lapps, the Mongolese tribesmen who have roamed Scandinavia for 12,000 years.  
Tuesday, December 20 (7-7:30 PM)

#### "Take One with You"

Britain girds for invasion; Churchill meets with FDR: the 50-destroyer deal and lend-lease.  
Sunday, December 25 (10:30-11 PM)

#### "The Great Holiday Massacre"

Graphic illustration and analysis of America's highway safety problems.  
Thursday, December 29 (10-11 PM)

#### "Year-End Roundup"

An analysis of the important news events of 1960.  
Friday, December 30 (9-10 PM)

#### REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays: Television Workshop  
College News Conference  
Chet Huntley Reporting  
Meet the Press  
The Twentieth Century  
Winston Churchill: The  
Valiant Years  
Mondays: Face the Nation  
Tuesdays: Expedition  
Thursdays: Person to Person  
Fridays: Eyewitness to History  
Saturdays: The Nation's Future  
Mon.-Fri.: Continental Classroom

NOTE: Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE

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the "neutral" on his political views. One African student told me that, fed up with the lack of privacy, he once exploded, "Get out, I've got to study," and his unbidden Soviet guest replied, "What right have you to say that? This is government property."

Sometimes the student falls ill—frustrated and sleepless, his resistance lowered by a climate he's not used to. After several grueling weeks in a Soviet hospital, a twenty-year-old African reported the following experience. When doctors recommended that he'd get well faster if he moved out of the crowded dormitory and into the comfortable university skyscraper, the student went to see the pro-Rector. Barely glancing at the medical opinion, the pro-Rector quickly got down to brass tacks. "How old are you?" he asked the young man. Next question: "Are you a Communist?" Angrily the boy replied: "I am not and I never will be." The pro-Rector ended the interview abruptly: "Very well. You may stay where you are then."

#### SPY MANIA

**E**VEN the visitor's palate is used to bring home the wisdom of paying at least lip service to the cause. At the dorm, a student may find the heavy Russian food set before him unappealing. Dietary concessions, however, are made only to the Iraqis . . . "because they're the most numerous." The real reason, according to other students, is quite different: Down to the last man the Iraqis are hand-picked Communists, willing to do their hosts' bidding because going back to Iraq—where the Communist party is outlawed—may mean being thrown into jail.

Many Africans believe that the first of two batches of Sudanese students who came to Moscow also were Communist stooges. Inside the dorm, the Russians exploited the split (Sudanese and Iraqis against the others) to gain information and set one student against another.

These grievances, however, are only a backdrop to a series of bitter incidents that happened last spring. Most involved the so-called Union of African Students in the U.S.S.R., an unbossed organization the Africans set up for "self-protection." Furious at the presence of any such independent group on Soviet territory—one which at times even resembles an organized "opposition" in miniature—the authorities alternately denied its existence and accused members of "spying for the West."

In April, after several incidents had occurred, the Union asked permission peacefully to picket

Moscow's French Embassy in protest against France's A-bomb blast in the Sahara. "No," came the reply from authorities at Moscow University. "Mr. K. is about to go to Paris and we don't want to spoil our relations with de Gaulle."

Soon after the U-2 incident in May, university higher-ups asked all "neutral" students to dash off two letters: one to Dag Hammarskjöld, condemning American "aggression," the other a letter of approval to Mr. K. applauding his handling of the U-2 episode.

"Why do you ask us to meddle?" came a strongly worded retort from the African Students' Union. "This matter is too serious for mere students. It's only for our governments to decide."

With that, the Soviets expelled twenty-seven-year-old Stanley Omor Okullo of Uganda, the Union's outspoken Vice-President. By the school year's end, expulsions totaled at least six. In addition to these fortunate few, many other students were hoping to win a trip to East Germany, then step across the border to freedom and scholarships—if they could find them—in the West.

This was the impasse matters had reached last July, when publication of Okullo's charges in a London newspaper finally compelled the Kremlin to admit publicly it had a race problem on its hands. Characteristically, however, it refused to step up and take the blame. Denying Okullo's charges, the youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* accused a thirty-one-year-old Harvard graduate student on exchange at Moscow University, Edwin Morrell, of master-minding Okullo's discontent. In the light of Morrell's reply that he never knew Okullo, it appears that the newspaper had sought an easy "out" provided by the spy mania and "vigilance campaign" following the U-2 and RB-47 incidents. (Morrell is now back at Harvard working for a Ph.D. in government.)

*Komsomolskaya Pravda*, however, did not go so far as to credit Morrell with master-minding Friendship University. That, everybody in Moscow seems to agree, is Nikita Khrushchev's brain child—born with a flourish of his pen and his typical platform bravura. The new University is his own daring bid to capture the allegiance of those "uncommitted" students and transform Moscow's educational program for foreigners—from a Cold War debit—into an important Communist gain.

Whether he wins or loses, his University will bear watching, for the ways in which it evolves from now on can surely teach lessons to the world.

# A Statement of Conviction about Overpopulation

A summary of the statement signed by distinguished citizens of 17 countries, including 34 Nobel Laureates, on what must be done to curb the population explosion —and why:

**BECAUSE** two-thirds of the world's people are now underfed;

**BECAUSE** each day nearly 140,000 more people are added to the world's population, and each year 50,000,000 more people;

**BECAUSE** unless a favorable balance of population and resources is achieved with a minimum of delay, there is in prospect a Dark Age of human misery, famine and unrest;

**WE BELIEVE** that widespread, effective and voluntary use of medically sound and individually acceptable birth control is an essential factor in any humane design to raise world living standards and achieve international peace.

**THEREFORE WE SUPPORT** with conviction the efforts, within individual nations, to control the birthrate.

**AND WE URGE** that the United Nations take the lead in establishing and implementing a policy designed to limit population growth the world over — in order that human beings everywhere may develop their highest capacities, enjoy individual freedom, health, privacy, security, and the beauty and wonder of the world.

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\*Signers are from the United States unless otherwise designated.

The full statement has been presented to the United Nations. For a copy of the complete text and further information about it — including suggestions on what you can do to support the viewpoint it expresses — write or call:

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### Christmas in the Vernacular

*The new Season of Affluence has brought new and extraordinary customs that contrast pointedly with a less affluent—but no less poignant—past.*

WASHINGTON—The weather, usually, would be cold and blowy, well before Christmas Day. It would be the time of the Northerly winds would come schooling in from the high plains so cold and swift as the north coast of cattle cars that went on at night with long mournful wails.

And in those dark days when the temples saw the real and only source of fire in the sitting room—and not the phony flames of bric-a-brac that in a corner there was a universal condition of chapped and rough skin and red noses. Nobody—I recall it now, was ever entirely warm; not anyone in the most fortunate way in which we are now—all but go home warmed as Americans.

School would be let out, not a week or ten days ahead of time, but at precisely four o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas Eve. On *celebrated Christmas*, all right; but the *didn't* usually do. Those of us who

went to school on the elegant South Side would walk home in comparative darkness, with only a brief and routine fight, perhaps around at the side of the Farmers and Merchants Bank. Small, dirty clumps of cotton, which had escaped from the company or from the parent gin in the selling and baling weeks just ended, would be lying about in the corners of the bank door or at Mr. Wagoner's drug store. Into these handsily scatterings a boy could reach for a handful of the original Kleenex and thus stop the flow of blood from his nose. (Our own society, though poor, was considerably improvident, since cotton in those days might reach 75 cents a pound.)

Among us South Side schoolboys—the sons of comparative privilege in long black stockings and breeches which looked like skinny plus-fours—my small, tough character here and there might carry, clutched in his fist a stick of sugar candy. He bore it as a status symbol: it was an earnest of the fact that *he* had attended one of our very rare "school Christmas parties." We did not, on the whole, go in for school Christmas parties.

It was, however, always possible that some teacher member of the seven rooms of the South Side School



PUBLIC & PERSONAL

night in the spirit of the season decide to do the handsome thing by he children. If so, a thrifty ten minutes before the four o'clock chime was to ring, she would riskily order a hiatus in routine and crack out a paper bag which she had recently brought in that morning from Hugginbotham's store. From this sack and sack was what we always called a paper bag. She would hand out the largess: a striped stick of candy to each boy; a solid stick of lemon, if usually was to each girl.

With these sticks she would interject observations upon the season. She did not point out that this was a very merry season; she did not give small lectures upon the ancient meaning of Christmas, Christian and pagan; she did not tell us that Santa Claus was of German origin and that Father Christmas was the British way of remembrance. If she felt in a gay and tickless mood, she might say something about having a happy Christmas. But this was the very farthest she would go.

*(We celebrated Christmas, all right; but we didn't overdo it.)*

We would not, on our part, hand the old girl anything. (We would only go shouting out of the schoolhouse into the early gathering dusk.) That kind of thing was not done; she would have been quite thrown off and put out had it been done. True, a very few among us might quickly bob their heads to her in an undeclared wish for a Merry Christmas. But these were on the whole members of that small atypical juvenile band which the majority of us regarded stonily as smarmy teacher's pets.

So, in our small, Spartan, and no doubt rather bleak town, we were always saved from that greatest of perils to the true enjoyment of anything—beginning it too soon and spinning it out too long. And so also with the exchange of gifts. These were few; they were *never* handed back and forth save among relatives and old friends. The postman, had there been one, would never have broken his back on Christmas Eve. We all just went down to the Post Office to get our mail; the earnest and urgent went down twice a week; but the others once a week was quite enough, whatever the season. To extend a gift to a mere acquaintance

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## PUBLIC & PERSONAL

or a casual friend would have been unthinkable: It would have been pushy; it would have embarrassed the recipient; and it would have been unthrifty.

All the same, gaiety was in the air. We did not know then that all things are said to be relative; for us, it was gaiety, unqualified. The boy working his way home from South Side School (and the boy working his way home from North Side School, for that matter, though *he* would not return to quite such domestic affluence) would fetch up at length in the kitchen of his home. There, over a vast wood range about the size of a Volkswagen, his mother—and maybe or maybe not a neighborhood "widow woman"—would be testing and tasting amongst many pots and skillets. The boy himself would be told, first, to pull up his stockings and, second, perhaps, to go to the store for the oil.

He would take a five-gallon can and walk "about four city blocks," as we would call it, his face aflame in the fine sand now carried by the wind of the Norther, to Mr. Terrill's grocery. Mr. Terrill would gravely fill the can with kerosene, sticking on an Irish potato to stop up the spout, and would then give an equally grave good night to the boy. (There *might* be a stick of candy forthcoming in this enterprise, having regard to what day this was, but there might not be, either.)

### THE MOST SPECIAL TREAT

THE boy would take the can home and go about filling the many, many lamps that were in due course and very late at night, say, about 9:30, to glow in celebration of Christmas Eve. These would be the "spectaculars" of the occasion—and especially the very large double-decked lamp, unique to our house, which lit the sitting-room with a special effulgence because of its complicated mantle. The gramophone would be cranked up and ready—but not, one remembers, for carols; but rather for old songs one can no longer remember or even characterize. For this was what no doubt would now be called a Calvinist town, where, though the Baptists were the most numerous and the Methodists the most powerful at bank and store, the

Presbyterians were strongest among the cotton buyers and also controlled the public mind and mood. Carols would have been thought *just a little out of place*.

So there would be nothing of what one could call wassail. All the same, there would be a spirit of the occasion, though the occasion would be little talked about. The family would be ranged around the fire place in the sitting-room. Papa (the term "Dad" was regarded as lacking in dignity and too forward altogether) would sit with pipe in mouth, reading as always only Heaven knew what, and neither speaking much nor much spoken to. The stocking would be hung at the mantel and now two special treats would be passed about, from the place they had been cooling on the kitchen range: Divinity candy and fudge. (The most special treat of all had been at supper: Ambrosia, it was called; a mixture of oranges and shredded coconut, which one had only once a year.)

When it was getting on toward ten o'clock, the fire would be banked, the lamps put out, and one would at last go to bed. There would have been no overtly religious observance or comment of any kind. I do not wish to suggest that all piety existed then and none now. For in the kind of Old Christmas I knew about, little was ever said by anybody of Who was being remembered. Talk of this kind would have been thought to be "a little out of place" because quite unnecessary.

There was, however, a quietness, a sense of rest, about the season which has gone forever. And it may be that just this is what is now most significantly absent: the sense of pause and wonder before what is to many the vastest event in history—and to all a unique event, however else it may be viewed.

But what of Christmas morning? A boy would leave his bed at dawn and (with brothers and sister) go into the sitting-room, where a few half-hidden coals still glowed red in the fireplace. He would take down the stocking and, slowly and carefully, so as to give himself due time to savor its riches, he would begin to draw them forth. The biggest prize would be at the top: it might be a cap pistol; it might be a red pack-

## PUBLIC &amp; PERSONAL

age of Chinese firecrackers, tied in thin, grasslike strings. The traditional—and the absolutely indispensable prize—would be at the bottom. It was an orange. For at that time and in that place and in those Christmases few things were rarer, or more prized, than this exotic thing that had come from a storied place called California—or even from an incredible place called Italy.

Now these were capital gifts, in deed. And though it is a crude thing, I am compelled, for comparison and emphasis, to speak of what never should be spoken of in connection with Christmas: Money. I should say, looking back in time, that parental outlay in this stocking was perhaps very close to a whole dollar. But how to measure a boy's sense of satisfaction?

How does one measure the infinite, express the inexpressible? From that stocking came an incredible richness of wants fulfilled, of dreams brought to reality.

FOR THE LITTLE WOMAN SO MUCH, then for the Old Christmas. I do not say, as I prepare to stand it favorably against our present Christmas, that this was the universal experience of my generation. I recall, simply, *my* kind of Old Christmas. But I think I may describe our present Christmas in more generally applicable terms, for it now has a common quality among us.

Because I do not allege that a strong and palpable spirituality informed the Old Christmas, I need not urge that the New Christmas is devoid of spirituality. It may be that the getting and giving of things which so totally pervades the Christmas of today is not, at the heart of the matter, the principal distinction between the new and the old. The circumstance that the Old Christmas was materially meager does not of itself prove that the New Christmas of vast material outpouring is only that—material.

If I myself had so little, by today's standards, this does not establish that all the things my children (and perhaps yours) now have at Christmas are so heavy in their gross weight as to shut out the special lightness that once had come with



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this season. I do wonder about the abuse caricature opened out in recent Christmases, and none opening me for this Christmas. I have an unending memory of the advertising pages of the New York Times—and even more of so new a publication as The New Yorker—whenever this season comes upon us.

I remember an occasion when in the Times one saw that he could buy sequin-covered pathfinders for the little human at, I believe, \$2 a pair—on allowing which somehow reminds me of a night when I was driving an elderly lady, an in-law connection, away from her home near Reson. Touring the edges of Washington on the Maryland side, we saw a violent neon roadside sign proclaiming:

"Whiskey—Calms Here."

She looked for a moment upon it and murmured: "Oh, for once, indeed, calm and cold!" She was, of course, a vigorous old lady. And it may be that the sequin-covered pathfinders, and all the other fantastically expensive gifts now shilly-lally by Commerce upon the altar of Christmas, would not have so stirred her militant humor as she contemplated the very word which she was so shortly to depose.

But if there is a delectable point in so striking we have become less concerned with the meaning of Christmas as we have got more and more money to celebrate it. There is hardly any question about your irreparable qualities that come from the season. This is certain. The other is important—that persistent notion which no great thing can be achieved. All over the present neighborhood, the Christmas will come around to end the proper saying, and there will be dressed in the manner of the time. There is no harm in this. They will be there all over, and they will go by silent Christmas jingles or full of guests—and so full of Merry Christmases and Jolly News and all this—no such my long-run memories seem like the tales of Old The Tenth walking or sitting or sitting and doing this and so the back of a spade with Christmas wherever it was.

In the evening of this year Christmas period, the parties are known here and everywhere across the country will be going out to buy God

knows what—miniature Rolls Royce, original Gnomes, chemistry sets capable of use by the Atomic Energy Commission, or perhaps more parsimonious gifts like thirty-seven courses of treatment at Elizabeth Arden's for thirteen-year-old girl.

But, by the way, not for my girls. I like to keep abreast, as we all do, but not quite so much abreast as this. And as the presents pile up and pile up, will those who receive them, especially the youngsters, know the joy of the Old Christmas? I think not; if only because one must expect little in order to have much appreciation—either for little or for much.

And the Christmas cards? As read over the proofs of this piece of good while, indeed, before Christmas, these will begin to come in. Here will be one from an otherwise quite sensible politician who has the extraordinary habit, at this season, of hilling himself just below the name of Him in remembrance of Whom this occasion is presumably on foot. Here will be dozens from the good merchants of our city—right down, I shoulder to say, to the man who runs our town's most elegant salon of death (who calls himself a mortician to the quality). Here will be dozens from men one never met, never even heard of—addressed to dear old Bill from Walt or Jim or Perry.

### THE "CLEVER" CARD

ALL these, however, are as naught compared to that manifestation of the New Christmas which, in its appalling crudeness, makes everything else a perfect model of sensitivity and of taste. This is the humorous, the clever, the cynical, the cute Christmas card—or, more often, the "Xmas card." (On this point, at least, I take an absolute position as to the superiority of the Old Christmas to the New: We never then used, or heard of, "Xmas.")

These little humorous manifestos are put together (and sent out) by persons who suppose that to take a traditional line about Christmas is to be a dull fellow, indeed, rather like a dinner guest who can talk only about the weather. The themes are few, usually some variant of the following: (1) A drawing showing the



wrong Santa Claus emerging from the bedroom of Madame—an absolutely side-splitting thing for this season. (2) A really hoity sketch of the good Saint Nicholas at one or another aspect of his toilet.

Accompanying all this feast of wit and reason there will be much "special Christmas music." It will have, infallibly, all that high, dreamy, poetic quality of the recent past: "I Saw Mommie Kissing Santa Claus"; "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth"; and the artistic tour de force of them all, "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer."

Though these eyes have seen much in this world which has seemed odd in the extreme, neither these eyes nor these ears can quite come to grips with the fundamental theory of such fresh and modern manifestations of the Christmas greeting and the Christmas madrigal. Not all the sequin-covered potholders from here to infinity could possibly be so puzzling as artifacts. For while a rational man *could* argue that a fellow giving a woman, say, twenty pairs of pearl-handled fire tongs was only unwisely on fire with the sheer love of giving, no rational being could assert that anti-traditionalism in word and song is any way to celebrate an occasion which if it is not traditional is nothing at all. This is like going to a wedding with a pair of diamond-eyed dice to hand to the minister; like going to a christening for the purpose of hitting the baby in the face with a wet sack; like marching to a funeral with a portable phonograph playing "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar."

If we are absolutely determined to give everybody too much in the way of this world's goods, then let joy be unconfined and let the damn things be massed in mountains from Washington City to the State thereof. But for God's sake (and I do not use the expression entirely in the vernacular, though I know I am no man to lecture anybody on the real Subject of Christmas) let us return to it in pause if not in piety, in restraint if not in religion, and in a decent reserve toward mankind.

Saying which, so endeth my lesson. My regards to the good readers of this old publication; and, if one may say so, a good Christmas to all.



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# *the new* BOOKS

LEO STEINBERG

## Art Books of 1960

*Mr. Steinberg is an art historian, critic, and widely known lecturer on art. With this issue "Harper's" inaugurates a new system of book review coverage in 1961. Paul Pickrel will continue to do general coverage four times a year but for the remaining months special authorities will discuss a year of books in their special fields. The reviewers will include Garrett Mattingly, C. P. Snow, Robert Heilbroner, Elizabeth Hardwick, Stanley Kunitz, Irving Kristol, and Alfred Kazin. Elizabeth Hardwick will write the column for the January issue.*

WE ARE besieged by new books about art, and if their name is not legion, it is because they resist regimentation. Some assume a fresh vantage point, like **The Dentist in Art** (Quadrangle Books, \$12.50); others merely swell the annual quota of books on Paul Klee. Some are masterpieces, like **The Rococo Age** (McGraw-Hill, \$23.50); many more, such as Raymond V. Schoder's **Greek Art** (New York Graphic Society, \$12.50), are embarrassments. Some address themselves to a small expert audience, like J. Richard Judson's very methodical **Gerrit van Honthorst** (The Hague, 1959); others seek the wide market on any terms, so that a picture book of Italian fifteenth-century paintings can be miscalled **Botticelli and his Contemporaries** merely because Botticelli is believed to sell faster than poor Masaccio (Crown Publishers, \$7.95; hand-tipped color plates and a teen-age Italian text Englished into inscrutable pidgin).

How shall I group them all? By subject—so that the majestic fifth volume of de Tolnay's **Michelangelo** hobnobs with Irving Stone's **The Agony and the Ecstasy** (Doubleday, \$5.95; a Michelangelo novel on which the publisher's blurb pronounces the sentence, "Like *Lust for Life* . . .");

I have rejected the notion of arranging them according to price, which seems a paltry criterion. Yet there is much to be said on the pricing of books. E. H. Gombrich's **Art and Illusion** (Bol-

lingen Series XXXV, Pantheon Books), for instance, is not only bounteous in content; it is also a noble work of design and production, where the ever-close correlation of pictures and text bespeaks the publisher's dedication. Priced at \$10, it is the best buy of the year. On the other hand, there is the boxed two-volume **Discourses on Architecture** by Viollet-le-Duc (Grove Press), an excellent thing to have back in print. But the present edition is a photo-offset copy of the first English translation of 1889, reproducing the old steel engravings; it escapes copyright fees and supplies no introduction to reconsider the great French architect-missionary after the lapse of a century. The publishers have made it so easy for themselves that the book, at \$25, is obviously overpriced.


I have thought of distinguishing between real books, which expect and reward concentration—like Robert Lebel's excellent **Marcel Duchamp** (Grove Press again, but in a more generous mood; \$15)—and glossy sales items, designed for display among canapés, or for thumbing during slack moments—like Aubrey Menen's **Rome for Ourselves** (McGraw-Hill, \$15; handsome plates with sandwiched text on brown cardboard). Such books are begotten by layout men whose inclusion of letterpress in the package derives stylistically from the use of newsprint in a Cubist collage.

Similarly, the very respectable text of Eugenio Battisti's **Giotto** in Skira's "Taste of Our Time" series (\$5.75), appears in a context of sheer betrayal. Where Battisti praises a composition for its homogeneity, the layout man shows a marginal fragment. Where Battisti defines it as a pervasive principle that the focal point of a composition is always a hero's grand gesture to which all else is subordinate, the single accompanying illustration shows a subordinate bit. And where the author, speaking of the Assisi frescoes, draws careful distinctions between what he takes to be Giotto's own work and the parts filled in by assistants, the cutting-and-pasting department stanchly supports the assistants. The book double-talks like a couple on the brink of

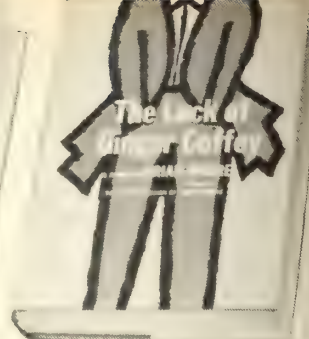
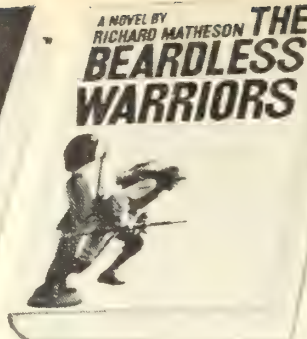
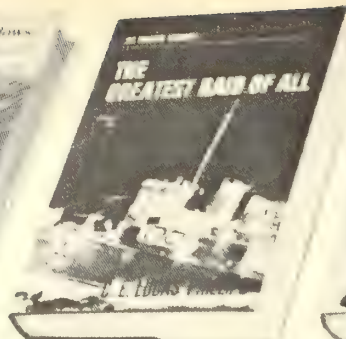
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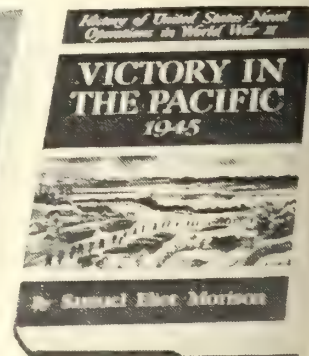
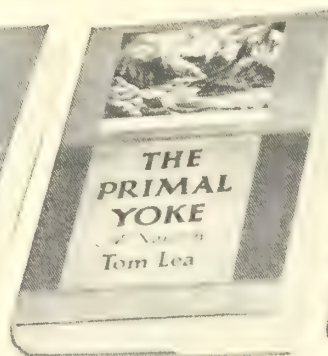


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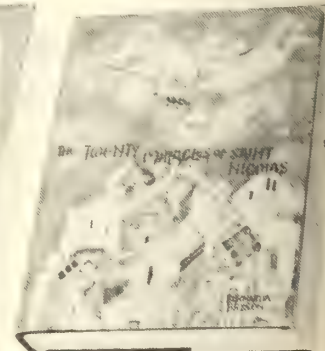
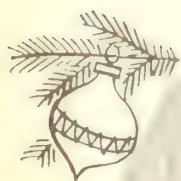


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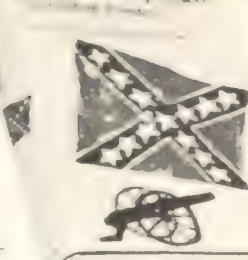
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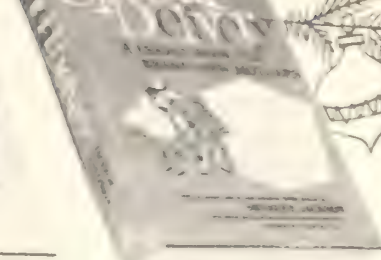
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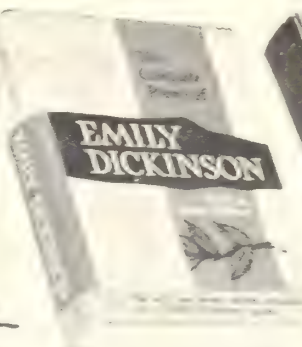
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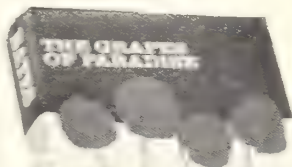
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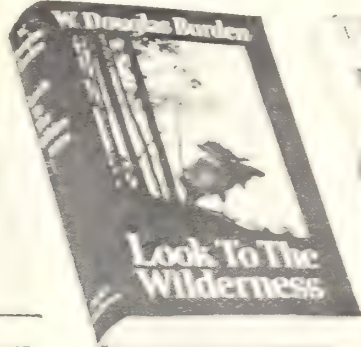
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divorce, trying to tell a story in public. Clearly, the author either did not see the plates chosen, or found himself disenfranchised. The art man never looked at the text, except to measure the linage; and no editor ever questioned the whole.

#### GOMBRICH AND MALRAUX

THE theme of Gombrich's *Art and Illusion* is the psychology of representation in art. Why, asks the author, does art have a history? Why, with "reality" always around us and to be seen for the looking, does every illusionist work confess its own period style? Why does any representational work, regardless of the creator's skill or his illusionist aim, look more like the pictures painted before it than like "objective" appearance? To answer these questions Gombrich inquires into the nature of visual perception, leaning heavily on the findings of experimental psychology. "To perceive," he concludes, is to advance a hypothesis which interprets the appearance in terms of a known concept. And this our first tentative reading is always the most familiar and simple—to be differentiated and refined only if it returns an inadequate answer.

Representational art proceeds in the same way. "Making comes before matching." The artist begins by making a tentative image—using an available schema—as the simplest hypothesis. And this ready-made schema is as essential to him as are the tools in his hands. It is the "pre-existing blank or formulary" on which information is entered; it is what art historians call "period style." Thus, "The injunction to copy appearances is really meaningless unless the artist is first given something which is to be made like something else."

This niggardly précis does little justice to a grand procession of insights and incidents. But I should like to add this: The author has little sympathy for the art of the last twenty years, yet the primacy he assigns to what we call the "act of painting"; his view of appearance as a "stimulus of infinite ambiguity," for which the creative man discovers an alternative reading; his insistence that a picture "can no more be true or false than a statement can be blue or green"; his conception of imagery as a process of finding, of trial and error, of testing for workability; and his description of the created image as a tool to probe the world with—all this makes Gombrich's book more truly contemporary than volumes of propaganda which exalt modern art on obsolete grounds. His theory, like any creative insight, will, I believe, prove so fertile that ten years from now we shall all be repeating his thoughts as self-evident commonplaces, whether we ever read him or not.

As for his manner of writing—one almost feels there is none; it's the man himself, unpretentious

and friendly. His irreverence is reassuring, as when the characters of a Socratic dialogue become "the venerable twister" and "the stooge." And his illustrations are so wittily chosen that one rarely notices how much learning was needed to find them.

Antipodal to Gombrich's *Art and Illusion* is Malraux's *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, translated by Stuart Gilbert (Doubleday, \$20). Where Gombrich wished to persuade us of a new theory, Malraux strives to convert us to an old faith, and his style, appropriately, is incantatory, intoxicant, and Wagnerian. Any statement in Gombrich must be either true or false. In Malraux, every sentence must be a beautiful thought. Gombrich examines the artist's creative preoccupation with the visible world; Malraux proclaims that whatever there is of created value in art is the form given to the invisible.

His book, richly illustrated with ancient and medieval sculpture, seeks to reduce all significant art to a single mystic principle: "Art is the revelation of an Other world." This world, as India teaches, can be "a state of consciousness." The function of art is to induce this state and so to "liberate man from the human situation and from time."

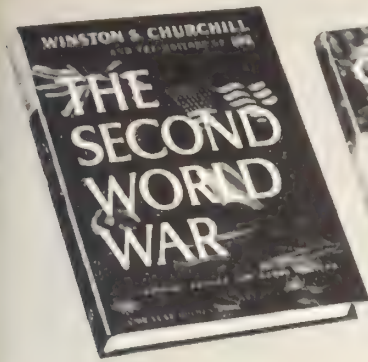
Malraux is not unconvincing when he discusses the styles of archaic, Medieval, or primitive cultures; their apparent indifference to the imitation of the visible world suggests to him an effort to embody "forms of Truth" emancipated from appearance. The trouble begins wherever Malraux discusses works that look disconcertingly representational. Here the artist's avowed intention and passionate search are simply discounted. Classic Greek art—as well as Velazquez, Vermeer, and Chardin—is said to strive only for membership in a world akin to that of an Egyptian statue or a Dogon mask. For Malraux, historical differences and diversities in intent melt away in the homogenized timelessness of All-Art. And to maintain this essential community of all works of art, whether hieratic or naturalistic, he repeats over and over that the latter (Velazquez or the Parthenon Frieze) are not naturalistic at all, as any comparison with photographs is bound to prove.

At which point I am left with the surprised conclusion that Malraux, champion of non-realist art, is simply *retardataire*; whereas Gombrich, the student of illusionism in art, operates at the growing tip of our awareness. Malraux is still awed by the discovery that African and Romanesque sculpture are art. And in the flush of this novel insight, he concludes that only such art as departs from appearance can be creative, sacred, sublime; all the rest being a mechanical transcript of external reality.

Fortunately we know, thanks to Gombrich, that this external reality is the incessant bombardment of infinite ambiguities upon which our eyes pro-

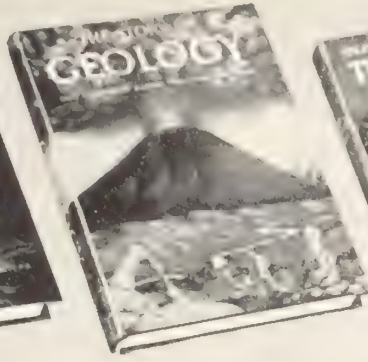


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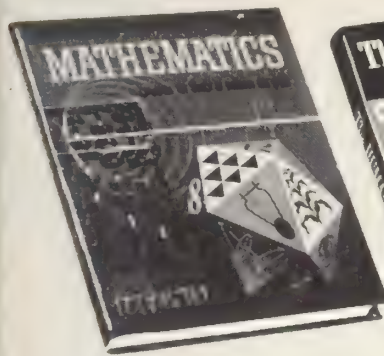
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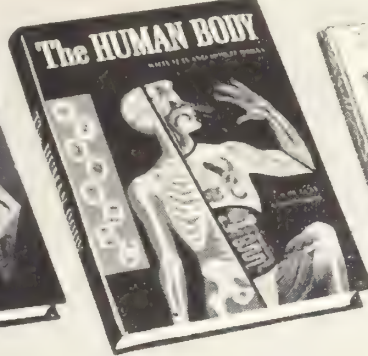
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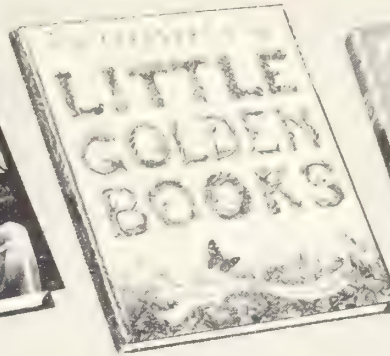
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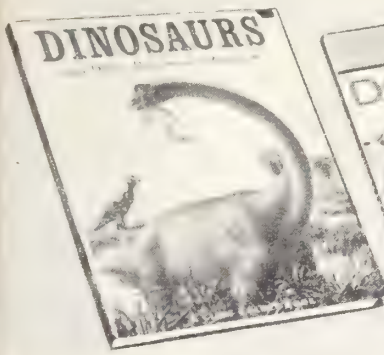
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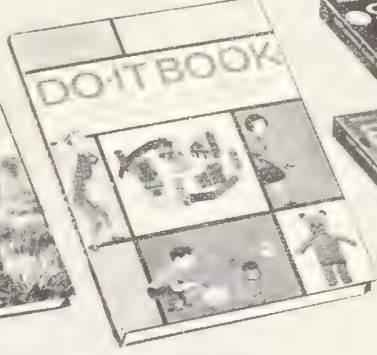
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## THE NEW BOOKS

ject conventional readings; but that these readings may be revelation itself when projected by the eyes of a great artist with an image in mind and materials in hand.

### GREECE AND ROME

AMONG the many new publications on Greece, it is the reappearance of two valued old-timers that makes the best news: An up-to-date version of *Kouroi: Archaic Greek Youths* by Gisela M. Richter (Phaidon Press, \$25), an indispensable scholarly work; and a new expanded edition of M. Hirmer's fine pictorial anthology of *Greek Sculpture* (Harry N. Abrams, \$12.50).

Rome has not fared well this year. There is a first American edition of Emile Mâle's *The Early Churches of Rome* (Quadrangle Books, \$12.50), and there is Aubrey Menen's *Rome for Ourselves*, cited above. Strangely enough, though Mâle was a great art historian and an inspiring writer, while Menen is a novelist with an amateur interest in art, both men repeat the same banal disparagement of Roman architecture. For Mâle it is "an engineer's technique; it would have resembled what our architects attempt to produce today, had not the Greeks clothed it in beauty." On the page following, however, Mâle calls the Pantheon—which is both very Roman and very un-Greek—"an incomparable masterpiece."

Just so, Mr. Menen believes that the Romans had no art whatsoever, "being forced to borrow all of it from the Greeks." And a few pages below: "The dome of the Pantheon is one of the most beautiful ever erected," and of a design "that called for genius of a high order." Neither author notices that something is wrong.

But there is no quarrel with Mâle. His book, completed in 1942, was the work of a vigorous octogenarian and reflects the views, and the somewhat grandfatherly style, of an earlier generation. He draws on a rich store of learning and a deep love of the city. In this field of Rome's darkest ages little is available to the general reader, so that David Buxton's English translation with its excellent notes makes a welcome appearance.

Menen's essay on Rome, on the other hand, is a mistake. Its irrelevant chatter would have been quite all right, were the book called, say "The Grandeur of Rome and All That," and furnished with funny pictures. But the author is in dead earnest and writes with a snarling resentment of the scholars whom he consults for his facts. There are, he says, two ways to study the past: to read what others have written, or to look at the things people made. The former is what historians tend to rely on, but not Mr. Menen.

Using his eyes, he discovers, in the Lateran Museum, "what the Romans were really like." Disgusting table manners they had, throwing food on the floor and, with their "love of coarse pleasures," portraying the resultant mess "for all time in mosaic." Mr. Menen has discovered the famous "Unswept Floor" mosaic—which however originated in Pergamon and therefore can only prove what the Greeks were really like.

About the Etruscans: The reason they are seen to smile on their tombs is that "they had no literature." ("I have observed that a people without books is often as happy as a people without a history.") Later, on the same page, to prove that the Etruscans were "a people without creative artists," he notes that even the smile on their statues was crudely copied from that on archaic Greek figures. He forgets to infer that the Greeks too had no books.

It is a pity that some of the plates in this volume were not saved for a worthier text.

### ON THE MIDDLE AGES

AMONG new works concerning the Middle Ages is the "Library of Illuminated Manuscripts," produced in Great Britain and distributed here by Thomas Yoseloff (who once wrote an excellent little book about Laurence Sterne). They are slender volumes, devoted to the finest manuscripts known—*The Benedictional of St. Ethelwold*, *The Great Lambeth Bible*, *The Rohan Book of Hours*—and their eloquent introductory texts are supplied by leading authorities: Francis Wormald, C. R. Dodwell, and Jean Porcher respectively. But the price of \$4.95 (each) seems high for eight annotated color plates and



# The Swivel Chair



• One of the pleasantest of pre-Christmas occupations is the choosing of books as gifts. This is the chance to pay the subtlest of compliments to another's taste or to indulge one's own. The year-round browser, of course, needs no suggestions: he has already sampled and bought as his favorite books appeared. But the holiday shopper may accept a few suggestions as he faces the tremendous piles of brand-new titles — too many, perhaps, for review in his most trusted columns. The list is long, too long to cite the critics who have backed up the advertiser's suspect praise. If there are skeptics among us, however, the critics' words will be supplied on application to the publishers, at 2 Park Street, Boston.

• On the fiction table, certainly well to the fore, are the established novelists. These are books to buy because you have bought their predecessors. Probably their names are on the best seller list, or perhaps appetite-whetting chapters have appeared in your favorite magazines. Here are: *THE HOUSE OF FIVE TALENTS* by *Louis Auchincloss*, *THE FIERCEST HEART* by *Stuart Cloete*, *THE NIGHT-INGALE* by *Agnes Sligh Turnbull*, *THRUSH GREEN* by "Miss Read", *THE BIG IT* by *A. B. Guthrie, Jr.*, *JOHNNY OSAGE* by *Janice Holt Giles*, and *WHERE THE HIGH WINDS BLOW* by *David Walker*.



• Then, for that darling of the publisher's heart, the reader brave enough to read the new novelist and thereby make perhaps one of the most exciting of intellectual discoveries — the unmistakable signs in a first or second novel of the serious talent soon to be much more widely known. Here are from the current season — *THE PARATROOPER OF MECHANIC AVENUE* by *Lester Goran*, *MORTLAKE* by *Griffin Taylor*, *PROSPER* by *Pati Hill*, *FOR INNOCENTS ONLY* by *Richard Dohrman*.

• Biography and auto — claim a happily large number of the literate who prefer this to all other categories. And there is a happily wide range here to choose from: *FURMOIL AND TRADITION, A STUDY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY L. STIMSON* by *Elting E. Morison*, *WINDSOR REVISITED* by *H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor*, *DAUGHTERS AND REBELS* by *Jessica Mitford*, *SUMMONED BY BELLS* by *John Betjeman*, *TRUMPETS FROM THE STEEP* by *Lady Diana Cooper*, *BERENSON: A BIOGRAPHY*, by *Sylvia Sprigge*, *COPEY OF HARVARD* by *J. Donald Adams*, *THE LANDSCAPE AND THE LOOKING GLASS: WILLA CATHER'S SEARCH FOR VALUE* by *John H. Randall, III*.



• And by natural transition to books of history and fore-  
past: *THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL* by *Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*, *THE LIBERAL HOUR* by *John Kenneth Galbraith*, *THE LEAN YEARS* by *Irving Bernstein*, *IT'S YOUR BUSINESS* by *John Harriman*, *THE STORY OF CANADA* by *Donald Creighton*, *THE SAVAGE COUNTRY* by *Walter*

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• For people who want most to read about writing: *THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1960* by *Martha Foley* and *David Burnett*, and *HOW DOES A POEM MEAN* by *John Ciardi*.

• And for those who read for a new world in the past: *ANNIE* by *Gloria Jahoda* and *THE SECOND LIFE OF CAPTAIN CONTRERAS* by *Torquato Luca de Tena*, translated by *Barnaby Conrad*, or for an entertaining glimpse of the world that is all too close for complacency: *DAILY BREAD* by *Ralph Maloney*.

• A few books defy classification. The strangest example perhaps is *LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN* by *James Agee* and *Walker Evans*, a book that has become a classic while out of print — newly published with an even larger section of the incomparable photographs that so exactly balance the lyrical prose. And a 1960 title, *WEEKEND IN DINLOCK* by *Clancy Sigal*, published with magnificent reviews and total confusion about its fiction-non-fiction status.



• For everyone who has lent or otherwise lost the book he (and his name is legion) bought last spring, a new copy of *THE LAW AND THE PROFITS* by *C. Northcote Parkinson*.

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• Or as a one big gesture, the *ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE* by *Edna Johnson*, *Evelyn Sickels*, and *Frances Clarke Sayers*, and for the still younger, the to-be-read-to set, there are *A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON* by *Michael Bond* and *TALES OF A COMMON PIGEON* by *Sara Weeks*.

• The young scientist is already a world apart. He will know all about *Isaac Asimov*, but there are two books new enough to give to him without fear of duplication, *REALM OF MEASURE* and *BREAKTHROUGHS IN SCIENCE*.

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## THE NEW BOOKS

nine pages of text, and one regrets that no effort was made in these books to convey any sense of the original works as coherent entities. Surely an illuminated manuscript is the kind of artistic unit of which an art book can give some idea.

What we are given here is not a "Library of Illuminated Manuscripts," but selected miniatures designed to be seen as autonomous pictures. (In the *Rohan Hours*, even the indications of scale are omitted.) A model to follow in this field is the *Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux*, published by the Metropolitan Museum three years ago at a far lower price and with far greater loyalty to the original.

A timely antidote to this habit of dismembering works of art that were conceived in a long lost spirit of comprehensiveness, is Eve Borsook's *The Mural Painters of Tuscany* (Phaidon, \$12.50)—a beautiful record of frescoes photographed at last in their original settings. Here for once is a pictorial anthology that makes a genuinely creative contribution.

### PANOFSKY AND THE RENAISSANCE

THE Renaissance shines forth in a new book of sublime power: Erwin Panofsky's *Renaissances and Renaissances in Western Art\** (Almquist & Wiksell, Stockholm, 1960; 2 vols., \$19; based on lectures delivered in 1952 at Uppsala University.)

As everyone knows—to use a sanguine phrase of the author's—Panofsky has one achievement behind him which is unique among men of his rank. In *Meaning in the Visual Arts* (Doubleday Anchor paperback, 1955), he developed a style in which the most esoteric lore and the most extended chains of rigorous reasoning were addressed, successfully, to lay readers. Without compromising his themes, his writing seemed paced to an inward gaiety, as if this veteran of seminars and learned conventions had found a new pleasure in confronting an audience of whom he could assume, without risk of wound-

ing their pride, that they had missed Cesare Ripa's *Iconologia* even in the popular reprint of 1603.

In the present work I felt an initial dismay. It seemed to me that Panofsky had reverted to a heavier Germanic manner. But the style relaxes again after Chapter I. If the reader has not tried Panofsky before, I urge him to read this book immediately after finishing the above paperback.

The opening chapter proposes—against the jealous opposition of medievalists—that there really was such a thing as the Renaissance. Its salient feature for Panofsky is its self-realization; the Renaissance man experienced a sense of regeneration, and this outweighs any number of external features which medievalists can prove to have existed before. To those who have followed the literature of recent decades, and the author's own earlier writings, the major conclusions will be familiar. What is ever new is the range and inventiveness of Panofsky's arguments and the adroitness with which he can trip his opponents. "Curiously enough," he writes, "even those who refuse to recognize the Renaissance as a period *sui generis*... tend to accept it as such wherever an occasion arises to disparage it, much as a government may vilify a regime to which it has refused recognition."

The second chapter surveys the antique revivals in the Carolingian renaissance and the Proto-Renaissance of the twelfth century. Panofsky's characterization of the former is unforgettable: "The Carolingian revival had been started because it was felt that a great many things needed overhauling.... When this was realized, the leading spirits turned to antiquity,.... much as a man whose motor car has broken down might fall back on an automobile inherited from his grandfather.... In other words, the Carolingians approached the Antique with a feeling of legitimate heirs."

The High Medieval attitude, on the other hand, was one of ambivalence, compounded of fascination and fear. Paganism was "something far-off yet, in a sense, still alive and, therefore, at once potentially useful and potentially dangerous." The Renaissance, finally, looked to the classical past "from a fixed distance, quite comparable to the 'distance be-

\*Any books mentioned here which have no American distributor may be purchased at most art book stores, or readers may write to *Harper's* for information.

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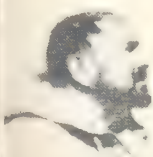
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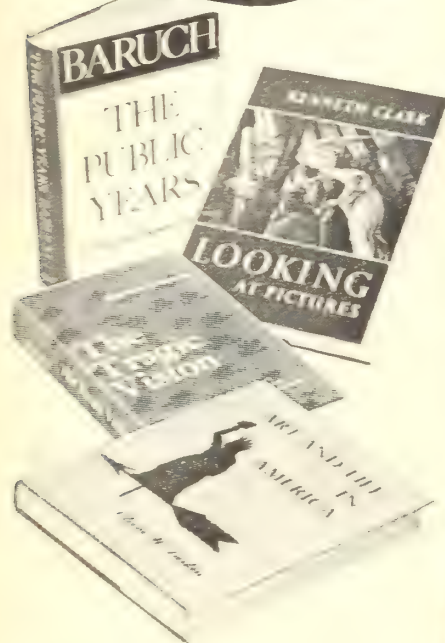
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## THE NEW BOOKS

tween the eye and the object' in that most characteristic invention of this very Renaissance, focused perspective."

But it is the closing words of this section which reveal that what we are reading is not an argument, and far more than an erudite historical reconstruction; it is a sovereign artistic creation, charged with an energy that advances with the authority and the stateliness of a triumphal march:

"The classical world had ceased to be both a possession and a menace. It became instead an object of passionate nostalgia. . . . The Middle Ages had left antiquity unburied and alternately galvanized and exorcised its corpse. The Renaissance stood weeping at its grave and tried to resurrect its soul. And in one fatally auspicious moment it succeeded. . . ."

### MICHELANGELO

WE now have the penultimate volume of Charles de Tolnay's monumental corpus: *Michelangelo: The Final Period* (Princeton, \$30; a sixth volume will be devoted to the master's architecture and poetry). As in the earlier tomes, the high standard of the collotype reproductions (376 of them here) is maintained. The text recounts the circumstances of Michelangelo's life, his undertakings, and his spiritual preoccupations during his last thirty years in Rome. Impressive is the straightforward presentation of *all* known facts together with their sources, and the self-effacing style which implies, without proclaiming, expertise. This is particularly striking where the author speaks of the artist's thoughts upon death.

Chapter II deals in detail with the Last Judgment. The discussion is crowded with new insights and copes lightly with an immensity of factual material. More important, perhaps, it reveals the author's ability to re-create the problems of which the work we see shows but the solution.

Since de Tolnay's work is intended for scholars, I had hoped that Charles Morgan's *Life of Michelangelo* (Routledge, \$6) would prove commendable on a more popular plane, perhaps for young readers. But despite its lively narrative style,

it cannot be recommended. plates are exceptionally poor, the author is given to the thought repetition of discredited old stories. Thus he regards the "Crucifixion of St. Peter" (which he mistakes for earlier of the two frescoes in Cappella Paolina) as a failure, cause the problem of showing a crucified upside down simply can be resolved "with dignity." A criticism of a great tragic masterpiece, this comment was naive enough when Berenson delivered it in 1896. To repeat it as a fresh sight in 1960 is silly.

### THE BAROQUE

THERE are a great many new books on the Baroque period, including the volumes on Belgium and Spain in "The Pelican History of Art." Both proceed on the highest level of scholarship and will be indispensable for reference. *Art and Architecture in Spain and Portugal and their American Dominions: 1500-1800*, by George Kubler and Martin Soria (\$12.50) is the more rewarding partly because of its theme. *Art and Architecture in Belgium: 1600-1800*, by H. Gerson and E. H. T. Kuile seems somewhat too cursory and inhibits reading by excessive enumeration of names, dates, and monuments, a function for which expository prose is ill-suited. Alternation with a catalogue style would have made this book more manageable.

The finest recent contribution in the Baroque field is still *Rubens: Selected Drawings*, by Julius Held (Phaidon, \$25). And there is a new translation of Charles Sterlings' celebrated *Still Life Painting* (Universe Books, \$17.50).

*Velazquez*, by Enrique Lafuente Ferrari (Skira, \$5.75) is another in the "Taste of Our Time" series, an elegant little volume with fine hand-tipped plates (though too often of details alone), and an ably translated text by the Director of the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid. The author makes the most of a biography "unattended by anecdote or eccentricity," telling it with the relish of a good raconteur. Unfortunately, he speaks like an outsider whenever his subject takes him to Italy. It is ill-considered to



# THE NEW BOOKS

y of Caravaggio—who died when  
mini was twelve and Rembrandt  
is four—that he used “all the stock  
ices of Baroque composition”; or  
present Velazquez’s “restraint  
arged with intensity” as the reverse  
Caravaggio’s “frantic gesticula-  
on.” The author has simply not  
oked at the Italian.

In the end I forgave him because  
proved such a good sport in a  
me I invented the other day. It  
onsists of completing the sentence—  
so-and-so is the first modern artist  
cause. . . .” One player fills in the  
ank with any artist’s name whatso-  
er, and the other makes as convinc-  
ing a case as he can. In the three  
ounds we played off, the first  
modern artists in history turned out  
to be Jacques-Louis David, Fra-  
ngelico, and Praxiteles. It is a  
leasure to find the Skira “Taste of  
ur Time” series so game. Last year  
ney had Bruegel “herald the paint-  
ing of modern times with bursts of  
argantuan laughter.” The present  
olume tells us in its valedictory  
nes that the “lyrical, suggestive  
anner of responding to the mystery  
f existence is what makes Velazquez  
ie first modern painter.”

Two new books on Baroque archi-  
ecture must be mentioned by way  
f warning. As I took up James Lees-  
filne’s *Baroque in Italy* (Mac-  
millan, \$7), it chanced to open on  
he chapter devoted to the architect  
rancesco Borromini. On page 155  
read that “the arch . . . at the  
palazzo Carpegna is made of swirling  
moke emitted from a pair of  
olumns representing sacrificial al-  
ars.” Actually, the arch in question  
s made of two twisting cornucopias,  
hich shower their contents upon  
he capitals of two normal columns.  
Overleaf I read: “The Romans, as  
itruvius tells us, invented the  
Corinthian column. . . .” In fact,  
itruvius tells us (Book IV, chapter  
) that the invention was Greek. In  
he same paragraph: “Borromini  
olved a peculiar pilaster motif, . . .  
hich grows slender at the base in  
mitation, so he postulated, of the  
weight-bearing human leg.” In fact,  
he motif was traditional and Bor-  
romini’s anatomic analogy was not  
made with the leg, but with the  
whole human body and in a wholly  
different connection. And still on  
the same page: “His contemporary

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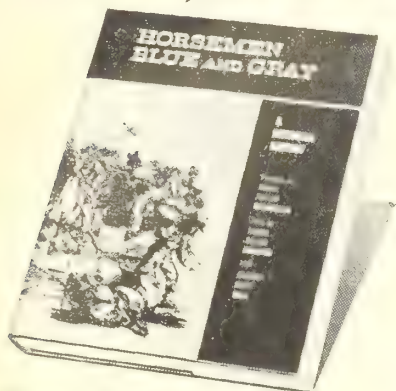
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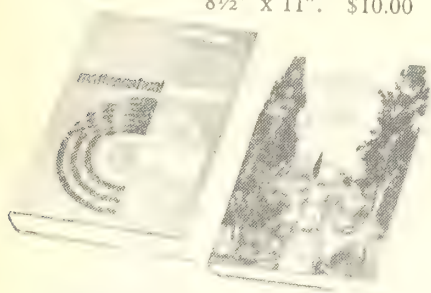


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### BRIEFLY NOTED

Baglione called his architecture 'ugly and deformed.' In fact, Baglione called his architecture "beautiful, graceful, and whimsical." Mr. Lees-Milne neither observes nor reads anything with attention, and he gets his notes all mixed up.

I should add in fairness that I have not read very much of this book, so that there may be pages in it on which the concentration of gaffes is less dense.

Nicolas Powell's *From Baroque to Rococo, An Introduction to Austrian and German Architecture from 1580 to 1790* (Praeger, \$10) fails on a different level. A naïve, sketchy, and often erroneous transcript from more fundamental studies in German, it seems to have been compiled for an exacting academic examiner; and as Sir Kenneth Clark has pointed out, "he who satisfies examiners satisfies no one else." The best available English work in this field is still John Bourke's *Baroque Churches of Central Europe\**, 1958 (Faber & Faber, London, \$6).

The *Rococo Age. Art and Civilization of the 18th Century*, by Arno Schönberger and Halldor Soehner, with the collaboration of Theodor Müller (translated from the German by Daphne Woodward, 316 plates, McGraw-Hill, \$23.50). The authors of this book are scholars of high achievement, being the organizers of the great 1958 Munich exhibition of the European Rococo—one of the most exhilarating and deeply intelligent shows ever assembled, and one which drew this handsome tribute from the *London Times* (June 29, 1958): "So tactfully has this exhibition been conceived that French, German, and Italian visitors all go away convinced that their contribution stands head and shoulders above the others."

This amazing feat, originally recorded in a good catalogue, now finds in this book a monument of unforgettable splendor. In its intellectual maturity and artistic taste, in its transcendence of parochial claims and its sense of all-Europe, this is a most civilized and civilizing book. And when the authors describe a drama by Lessing as "national in the best sense of the word," one rejoices over the recognition, following two world wars, that the word has two senses.

AS an introduction to paintings general, particularly for young readers who, as regards art books still go undernourished, there Kenneth Clark's *Looking at Pictures* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10). These sixteen short essays, which first appeared serially in the *London Sunday Times*, are extraordinarily successful in teaching first steps. In an approach so highly personal, the question is always whether an author can present himself as a man to whom one would wish to be taught. And Clark has the charm to make one decide in his favor, as when he explains the principles that govern his choice of pictures to write about or omit: "Some of the greatest masterpieces leave us with nothing to say. Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna' is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful pictures in the world, . . . but the few banal thoughts it has aroused in my mind would not fill a postcard." And I like his opening remark on Velazquez's "Ladies in Waiting": "Our first feeling is of being there."

At least three books on nineteenth century art make excellent reading: *The Discourses of Viollet-le-Duc* (cited above); Willard Connelly's *Louis Sullivan As He Lived* (subtitled "The Shaping of American Architecture" (Horizon Press, \$6.50); and *The Art-Idea* by James Jackson Jarves (the American pioneer collector and critic), edited by Benjamin Rowland, Jr. (Harvard, \$5.95). Two new books from the Museum of Modern Art commemorate great exhibitions of 1960: *Art Nouveau* (\$6.50), well illustrated and supplied with texts by five experts; and William C. Seitz's *Claude Monet: Seasons and Moments* (\$3.50). Both maintain the visual appeal, the integrity, and the sense of relevance which most of the Museum's publications convey. Mr. Seitz is again the author of *Claude Monet* (Harry N. Abrams, \$17.50, "Library of Great Painters" series)—a large volume of impeccable beauty, one of the proudest achievements in this year's publishing.

In the field of contemporary art, the major contribution is to architecture, with four new books on the

## THE NEW BOOKS

late Frank Lloyd Wright alone. Among these the most conspicuous is **Drawings for a Living Architecture** (Horizon Press, \$35), containing over 200 large reproductions of the architect's drawings. The book is somewhat haphazard in organization and never makes clear to what extent Wright's assistants may be responsible for the presentation drawings in color. What is more important, however, is that in many of the black and white sheets, Wright emerges as a draftsman of genius. There are ground plans here, or even designs for lighting fixtures, which rank with the greatest drawings produced in this century.

**Frank Lloyd Wright: Writings and Buildings**, selected by Edgar Kaufmann and Ben Raeburn (Meridian paperback, \$1.95; the same with hard cover, Horizon Press, \$3.95) is a small book of great scope and concentration—obviously a labor of love. It presents Wright's entire life work, as master builder, polemic, and preacher. The text is Wright's own, and the editors have succeeded in unifying the excerpts by means of tactful explanatory transitions. The illustrational complement is surprisingly generous for so inexpensive a book.

An eloquent interpretation of Wright is Vincent Scully's volume in the "Masters of World Architecture" series published by George Braziller (\$3.95 per volume). The reproductions are plentiful, and their quality is adequate at the price. One criticism to be made of the books of this series is that their writers were allotted too little space. Reading Scully on Wright, or Arthur Drexler on Mies van der Rohe, one wants to beg the authors to linger awhile. George R. Collins' **Antonio Gaudi** is a particularly enthusiastic presentation of a fresh and exciting subject.

The most significant new publication in the modern field—and potentially the most influential—is Robert Lebel's **Marcel Duchamp** (Grove Press, cited above). That the author is sometimes carried away by his admiration, so as to have Duchamp "overtake Picasso and Braque in a few months," seems to me very forgivable. This is a wonderful book, splendidly illustrated, conceived and

*From beneath the pointed red beard, the Byronic collar, and the long flapping cloak*



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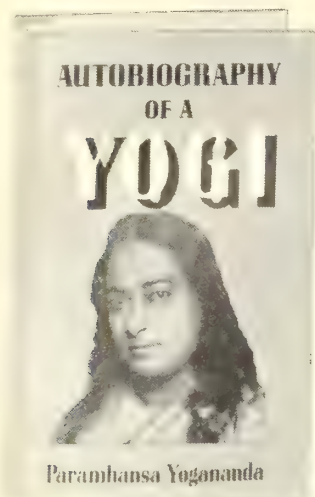
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

written with understanding, humor, and warmth.

**The Sculpture of this Century** by Michel Seuphor (Braziller, \$15) is a useful encyclopedic compendium of data and illustrations. Its text is not memorable, and I am unimpressed by the author's technique of using modern sculpture as a stick with which to beat modern painting.

The Grove Press series of "Evergreen Gallery Books" on modern painters (\$1.95 per volume) tends to be shoddy. It is an insult to be told by Michel Ragon that the whole twentieth-century movement in art, the whole departure from pretty salon painting, is the handiwork of Dubuffet. And the publishers ought to find twenty minutes to insert plate references in the typescripts of texts they propose to publish.

There are at least four welcome reprints in paperbacks: **The Art Spirit** by Robert Henri (Keystone Books, \$1.65); **On Art and Connoisseurship**, by Max J. Friedländer (\$2.25); **How Prints Look**, by William M. Ivins, Jr. (\$1.60); and **Picasso**, by Gertrude Stein (\$1.25); the last three published by Beacon Press. There are, I should add, hundreds more—books of all sizes, and of every degree of hardness of cover; but as Panofsky says in the preface to the book here reviewed—"No one man can read, within a given time, all that a hundred others can write"; or, as my vexed landlady puts it—"why, you'd need a hundred heads to know what's in all those books!"

## BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

**In the Cool of the Day**, by Susan Fitz.

The mind and writing of Miss Fitz are, in my opinion, always touched with grace so that whether she is writing of the publishing business, or of life in New York "literary" circles, or of the wonders of Greece, or of the nature of infidelity, one reads with pleasure and learns to think in new ways. Here she writes of all these things and in her portrayal of middle-aged marriage—one

English, one American—and of a middle-aged search for lost happiness one is continually interested and surprised. Harper, \$4.50

**A Noble Profession**, by Pierre Boulle.

A psychological thriller of surface excitement and subliminal subtlety. A Frenchman, an intellectual, in love with his own self-created image, follows it—in World War II and the British Intelligence Service—through murder, treachery, torture, to the bitter but glorious (to him) end. Mr. Boulle, as in *The Bridge Over the River Kwai*, is at his best sorting out the motivations for the way men act under stress. Vanguard, \$3.95

**Good Bye, Ava**, by Richard Bissell.

Lowbrow houseboat life on the Mississippi; on one, a bachelor whose dream life is with Ava Gardner; a couple on the other, the wife a guitar player "with the greatest body in the Illinois River Valley from Grafton clear to Joliet." A tycoon yacht-owner to shake it all up, a Mother, and various other picturesque minor characters plus uninhibited dialogue make this novel a natural—for the theatre. By the author of *Say, Darling*.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.95

**The Far Sands**, by Andrew Garve.

A new and once more utterly different Garve. This time the mystery and murders involve identical twins, diabetes, and newly-weds among the treacherous tides and "wilderness of sands" of East Anglia.

Harper, \$2.95

### NON-FICTION

**The Memoirs of General Lord Ismay**. With a Prefatory Note by Sir Winston Churchill.

So many of the captains and the kings of World War II have written their recollections and recapitulations of those memorable days—notably, of course, Churchill, whose Chief of Staff Ismay was—that very little new factual information can be added. But like a legend we have heard since childhood, there is a fascination in hearing again and again: This is the way it happened. Each person who tells it adds, necessarily, the new dimension of his own personality—which in this case is a

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on which we  
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### BOOKS IN BRIEF

very great dimension indeed, all the more so because Asmay tries so hard to keep it out. To sum up the work he did, to give the titles, let alone the nature of his appointments would fill a longer review than this. It is enough to say that as Churchill's right hand all through the war he was in the center of everything, though because of the character of the position his name was publicized less than others. He knew all the commanders and their problems well; he tells here how they met the good times and the bad; his pen is an able servant of his wisdom and perception and a great many unexpected, authoritative, and sometimes amusing interpretations of situations and portraits of people appear. All this is wonderfully readable and valuable—and his years of tireless service later as Chief of Staff to the last viceroy of India; as Chairman of the Council of the Festival of Britain (he calls it "a period of comparative leisure"); as Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations; and for five years as the first Secretary-General of NATO cover a large segment of the history of our time.

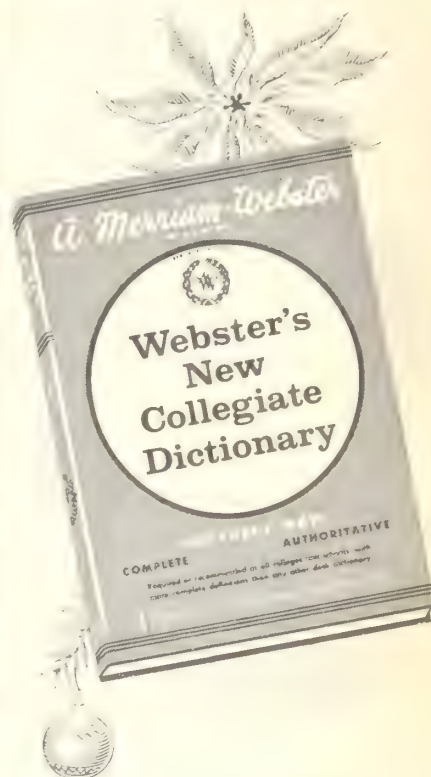
But no part of it is more remarkable to me than the brief story of his young days in India, at eighteen a second lieutenant in His Majesty's Land Forces, first with the Gloucestershire Regiment at Ambala in the Punjab (the very names resound), then with the 33rd Punjabis, and finally with his own 21st Prince Albert Victor's Own Cavalry Frontier Force. His description of the night he joined his regiment is more Kipling than Kipling, and so out of another world that one can scarcely believe that a man so much a part of our own lived through it. He writes of it so vividly that one easily accepts his statement: "I could never help thinking, as I drew my admittedly meagre salary at the end of each month, that it was very odd that I should be paid anything at all for doing what I loved doing above all else." All in all, a panoramic book illuminating a great section of contemporary history from many unexpected angles. Viking, \$6.75

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Viking, \$10

Nine books of special interest to *Harper's* readers have just come out and are well worth noting for the Christmas lists. They are all by people who have appeared in the magazine.

**The Twenty Miracles of Saint Nicolas**, by Bernarda Bryson.

Legends charmingly retold for children and 100 illustrations which give the book the appearance of a rather surprisingly festive Byzantine manuscript.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.75

**The Vulgarians**, by Robert Osborn.

A very serious book with text and more than fifty full-page drawings in color on "the decline of greatness and the rise of mediocrity" in our society. Impassioned satire from both sides of pen and brush.

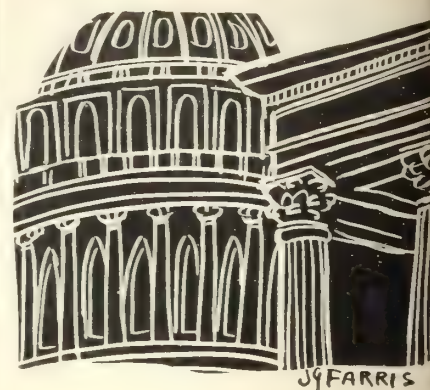
New York Graphic Society, \$3.95

**Wine, Women, and Woad: A Tale of Decadent Rome**, by Ed Fisher.

A lively spoof on the late Imperial Roman era (which of course might be our own). The author, Edipus Piscatorius, "claimed that among his contemporaries, the gap between

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### MY OTHER BOOKS

Why it's fun to be loved—even for the wrong reasons.

By James Michener

### SURGERY FOR STROKES

An eye-witness report on an operation that can—in some cases—repair brain damage that once was almost invariably fatal.

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### ITALY'S NEW CAESAR

A portrait of the little-known Mr. Mattei, who has used a government-owned industrial combine to make himself one of the most powerful men in Europe.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

highbrow and lowbrow had widened too far to be bridged by anything but laughter." NO illustrations except on the jacket but a very funny book. Macmillan, \$3.95

**American Natives, Drawings** by Erich Sokol. Introduction by Steve Allen.

A first book of captionless, textless drawings by a twenty-six-year-old Viennese which speaks volumes about us all. Each of us is there, and all our friends and enemies and acquaintances revealed as we've never been revealed before. As Steve Allen says, "Ink, in Erich Sokol's hands, is an acid that dissolves sham." Harper, \$1.95

**Gone Away: An Indian Journey**, by Dom Moraes.

A whole book of charming travel essays by this poet and reporter, including the one on the Dalai Lama which appeared in the July issue. Little, Brown, \$3.95

**Copland on Music**, by Aaron Copland.

The article on Nadia Boulanger which we published in October is one of the pieces in this collection of discussions of the musical world by the distinguished composer. Doubleday, \$4

**A Zoo in My Luggage**, by Gerald Durrell.

All who remember with pleasure Mr. Durrell's adventures collecting animals in West Africa and his joyous escapades with the friendly Fon of Bafut will want to read this continuation of his travels, difficulties, and delights. Viking, \$3.95

**Summoned by Bells**, by John Betjeman.

Quite fittingly, this British poet writes his autobiography in verse. Much of it has appeared in *The New Yorker*. Houghton Mifflin, \$3

**Times Three**, by Phyllis McGinley.

This isn't quite a biography, but one can read a good deal of the life of the author in these selected poems from three decades. There are also seventy new poems and an introduction by W. H. Auden. Viking, \$5

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## A NEW GENERATION OF PIANISTS

*Prevailing styles among younger performers range from eyes-front, no-liberties-whatever, to mannerisms verging on anarchy.*

The world these days seems to be full of promising young pianists who have made big reputations within the last five years or so. A large number of them are American. They share several things in common: enormous technical ability, sound musicianship, integrity, and secure rhythm. In a way, it is representative of the modern school of piano playing. Few of these young pianists are colorists in the sense that the schools of Liszt and Leschetitzky turned out colorists. They rely very little on pedal effects or variety of finger touch. Nor is their keyboard approach particularly flexible. What they supply is regularity rather than flexibility. They take no liberties with the music, as the old-timers consistently did. They move straight ahead, looking neither to the left nor to the right. In certain kinds of music they are triumphant. In others they tend to sound remote or dispassionate.

Romantic music often suffers under their approach. A good example of the modern school at work is Leon Fleisher's disc of the Liszt *B minor Sonata* and two Weber compositions—the *Sonata No. 4 in E minor* and the *Invitation to the Dance* (Epic LC 3675). The Liszt work is one of the most difficult in the annals of the literature. Its difficulty is not only technical (and some of Liszt's trickiest writing is contained here); it also demands of the pianist an ability to master its sprawling structure.

As far as technique goes, Fleisher is hair-raising. His immense bravura takes care of every problem, and one feels that he is not even breathing

heavily. Anybody who can get around the keyboard with this kind of ability deserves respect and admiration. That said, one has almost covered the ground. When Fleisher's interpretation is compared with some of the great ones on discs—Horowitz, say, or Barere—his playing sounds almost unformed. Granted he is young and relatively inexperienced; but he simply does not feel the Byronic quality of the music. Efficiency is a scant substitute for heart. What it adds up to is that Fleisher is playing music for which he has no emotional rapport. The same is true of the Weber, a work of considerable historic importance seldom played these days.

Another young American heard in a Liszt record is Gary Graffman, playing the six *Paganini Etudes*, the



*A flat Liebestraum*, the *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11*, and several shorter works (Victor LM 2443; \*LSC 2443.) Graffman is another of those fortunate young men with extraordinary pianistic fluency. And the repertoire here suits him better than the Liszt work Fleisher has chosen. The *Sonata* demands mind and heart as well as fingers. But the *Paganini Etudes*, tours de force of

\*Asterisk indicates stereophonic.





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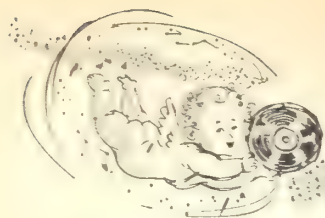
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# Angel's own guide

Signs and portents for good listening

## THE CONSTELLATION OF CALLAS!

A legend in her lifetime... "the undisputed Queen of the World's Opera" (*Time*)... the fabulous performance of *Anna Bolena*. Angel Records make choice gifts!

Her latest complete opera! *LA GIOCONDA*. Recorded at Teatro alla Scala, Milan. In the passionate title role, Callas "comes as close as humanly possible to that elusive thing, the definitive performance" (*Saturday Review*). 6 sides, with complete Italian-English libretto.



Angel (S) 3606 C/L

### ALSO BY CALLAS IN ANGEL STEREO!

Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti). With Tagliavini, Cappuccilli; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Tullio Serafin.

4 sides. Angel (S) 3601 B/L



Callas: Mad Scenes Great moments of operatic madness from Anna Bolena, Hamlet, Il Pirata. "Her dramatic instincts are well-nigh perfect" (*Gramophone Record Review*). Angel (S) 35764

## The Schwarzkopf Spectrum

From Lieder to Oratorio, from Champagne Operetta to Wagner, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's "exquisite voice and personality give special radiance to each song she touches" (*High Fidelity*).



Perfect example: *MORE SONGS YOU LOVE*, an album for Christmas and all holidays, includes the original version of *Silent Night*, in which Schwarzkopf sings both solo parts. With orchestra, organ and chorus, Charles Mackerras conducting.

Angel 3553

### DER ROSENKAVALIER

Another "dream performance," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf magnificent as the Marschallin. Christa Ludwig as Octavian, Otto Edelmann as Baron Ochs, Karajan conducting the Philharmonia. 8 sides, with handsomely illustrated German-English libretto.

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## Guiding Stars in the Musical Heavens!



### KLEMPERER

conducts WAGNER!

Magnificent 2-record set, including selections from *Rienzi*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Götterdämmerung*. With Philharmonia Orch. "It is plain from these 4 sides that Klemperer is a great Wagner conductor, probably the greatest in the world." (*Gramophone*) Angel (S) 3610 B

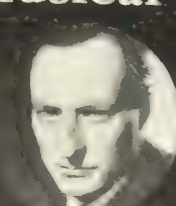


### FISCHER-DIESKAU

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"The best male Lieder singer now before the public and one of the supreme vocal artists of the century" (*High Fidelity*), in the first recording of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* sung by a baritone instead of the more usual contralto. Philharmonia Orch., Paul Kletzki cond.

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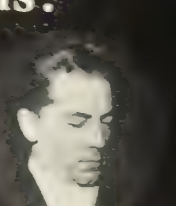


### GIULINI

conducts FALLA and RAVEL

Carlo Maria Giulini, "one of the brightest stars on the horizon" (*High Fidelity*), is now completing his brilliant U.S. tour with the Israel Philharmonic. In his newest Angel album he conducts the Philharmonia in Falla's *3-Cornered Hat*, Ravel's *Alborado del Gracioso* and *Daphnis et Chloé Suite No. 2*.

Angel (S) 35750



### KARAJAN

conducts BEETHOVEN

Herbert von Karajan conducts a "deeply impressive performance" (*Gramophone Record Review*) of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, with Soloists Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nicolai Gedda, Nicola Zaccaria, Christa Ludwig, the Philharmonia Orchestra and the Vienna Friends of Music Chorus. 4 sides, booklet Angel (S) 3595 B/L

## Planets of Rare Musical Pleasure



These 12 violin concertos by Vivaldi include the famous "Four Seasons." Beautifully performed for the first time in stereo by the "great instrumental ensemble of this age" (Toscanini). 6 sides. Angel (S) 3611 C

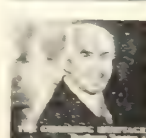


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# to heavenly gifts



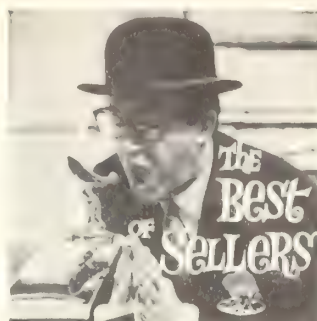
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PETER SELLERS, that is. As in "The Mouse That Roared," "I'm All Right, Jack," "The Battle of the Sexes" and other funny British films. In his, his antic debut on Angel Records, Sellers' multi-voiced mimicry and citrus-lined sense of the absurd make some hilarious hearing. Note particularly his discourse on the art of the pick-up. "A major comic imagination," said *Time*. Angel (S) 35884



### At the Drop of a Hat

Messrs. Flanders & Swann have taken to the U.S. road this season with their "lively, witty, literate, explosively funny" two-man revue (*N.Y. Herald Tribune*) after convulsing, successively, London audiences, Angel Record collectors, and Broadway audiences. Have you heard *At the Drop of a Hat*, yet?

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### Gilbert & Sullivan • Pinafore

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Also: THE MIKADO (S) 3573 B/L



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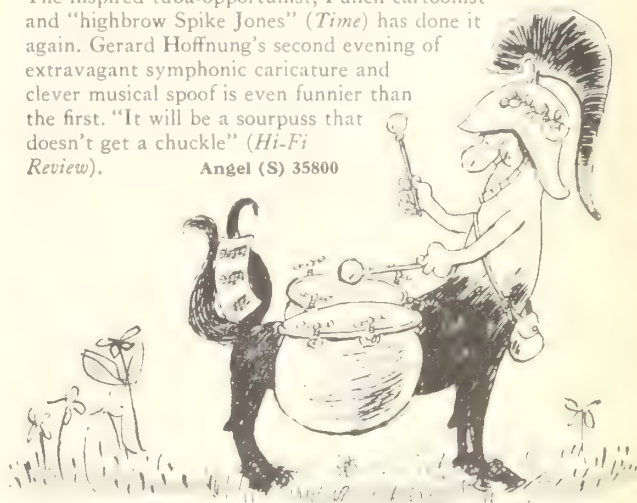
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Also in Angel's Light Opera Series: Noël Coward's "Bittersweet" • Schubert's "Lilac Time"

## The Hoffnung Interplanetary Music Festival

(Very Far Out, Indeed)

The inspired tuba-opportunist, Punch cartoonist and "highbrow Spike Jones" (*Time*) has done it again. Gerard Hoffnung's second evening of extravagant symphonic caricature and clever musical spoof is even funnier than the first. "It will be a sourpuss that doesn't get a chuckle" (*Hi-Fi Review*). Angel (S) 35800



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## The Orbit of Opera

### DON GIOVANNI

Mozart lovers have been waiting for this! A cast "as fine as could be assembled today" (*Opera News*) with 31-year-old Eberhard Wächter as Don Giovanni. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as Elvira; the phenomenal Australian soprano, Joan Sutherland, as Donna Anna; Giuseppe Taddei as Leporello; Graziella Sciutti as Zerlina; Luigi Alva as Don Ottavio. Conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, with the Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus. 8 sides, with complete bi-lingual libretto. Angel (S) 3605 D/L

MOZART  
DON  
GIOVANNI



### DIE FLEDERMAUS

Viennese operetta never had it so good! Otto Ackermann, who has conducted 5 operettas for Angel, directs an all-Viennese cast in a bubbling Strauss performance that has all the nicest effects of champagne. Philharmonia Orch. 4 sides. Angel (S) 3581 B/L



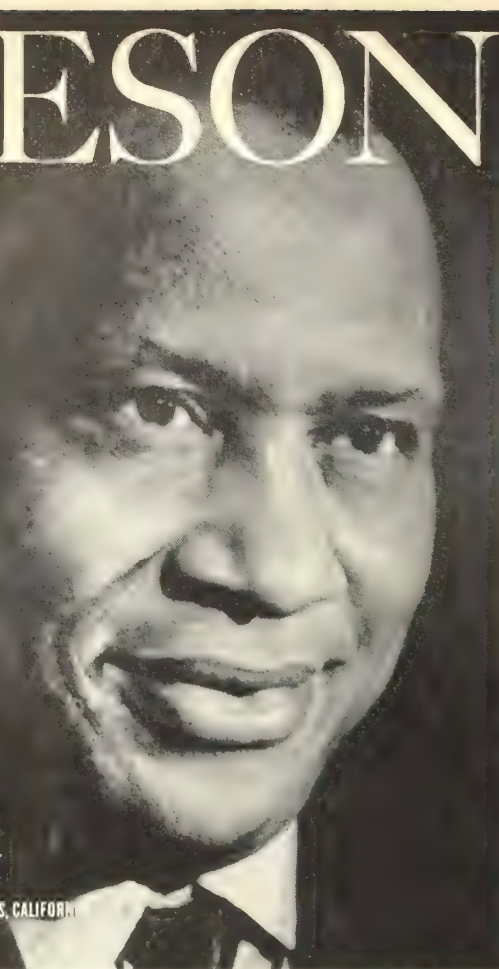


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## MUSIC IN THE ROUN

the literature, are primarily exciting stunts. Graffman's ultra-brilliant playing is perhaps a shade rigid, but he sweeps through the music with terrific vitality. He also gives an indication here and there that he knows what the pedals are for.

### Over- and Understatement

Much in the same school is Julius Katchen, whose disc of the Brahms *Handel* and *Paganini Variation* (London \*CS 6158) is representative of his deft playing. The young man is a brilliant virtuoso. Unlike Fleisher and Graffman, however, he is inclined to overinterpret. He never becomes vulgar about it, but his mannerisms approach *Kitsch*. He makes little holds here and there, changes tempo at whim, and in general suggests artifice instead of art.

Much more satisfactory work comes from Ann Schein in her disc of Chopin's *F minor Piano Concerto* with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Eugene Goossens (Kapp 6001; \*6001-S). Schein came a cropper in a recent disc of the Rachmaninoff *Piano Concerto No. 3*. But here, in music that does not demand an immense weight of tone, she is more than satisfactory. As a technician she is a powerhouse. Even from first-rank pianists one would look far to find an equivalently easy manipulation of the notes. In addition she has a feeling for the idiom—a feeling, one is safe in saying, that none of the above-mentioned young men could match. If her career is carefully fostered, she could develop into one of the great pianists of her generation.

What with all these spit-and-polish young pianists, to whom a wrong note would be inconceivable, it is almost with a sense of relief that one turns to a more modest type of playing. This can be heard in a pleasant disc from Ingrid Haebler. She plays Schumann's *Kinderszenen* and *Papillons*, Schubert's *A major Sonata* (Op. 120) and *German Dances* (Op. 33), and the results are charming (Epic LC 3705; \*BC 1087). Haebler does not try to force the music. She has a fairly soft tone, and she is not compulsive about her finger work. One would not call her a pianist of great intensity; but, then again, this music does not call for great intensity. It calls for grace,



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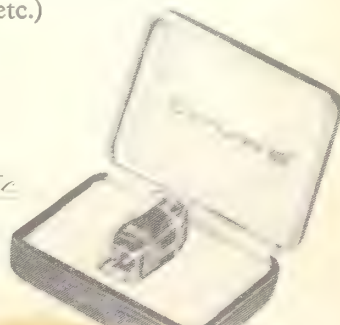
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which Haebler does have. Thus the disc, with the four lovely pieces on it, is one of the most attractive of the year.

One that is going to cause a good deal of talk in musical circles is the latest Bach disc from Glenn Gould. It contains the *Italian Concerto* and the first two *Partitas* (Columbia ML 5472; \*MS 6141), and it contains some of the most impressive Bach playing ever recorded. Also some of the most inexplicable.

The impressive part comes from Gould's ability to do, surely and easily, whatever his instincts want him to do. The brightness and clarity of his Bach are almost unparalleled. This pianist has a linear quality that must be the despair of his competitors. He can juggle voices to suit himself, every strand clear and distinct. His dynamic palette runs from a securely controlled pianissimo to a fortissimo that emerges without shatter. His pianistic armor is complete.

*All Out of Step but . . .*

All the more cause for mourning, then. Musically some of the interpretations come close to being a

travesty. Either that, or everybody is out of step but Glenn. His ideas about Bachian ornamentation seem to be his own and no one else's. His tempos are unlike those of anybody who has played these works. His playing has become so mannered that the composer recedes far into the background. He even does something that, one thought, had long disappeared; he tries to obtain harpsichord effects, as in the "Gigue" of the *B flat Partita*. All one can say is that if he wants to get harpsichord effects, why doesn't he play the harpsichord instead of a concert grand?

If I sound so irritated, it is because Gould's talent is so great; and it appears that he is misusing it. Individualism is one thing; anarchy another. Gould's ideas are becoming cemented. More and more his concerts are becoming a circus, as the young man swoons on his chair before the keyboard, handkerchief carefully arranged to trail from a side pocket, hair craftily disarranged to fall into the eyes. He will end up a latter-day Vladimir de Pachmann. But he could have been so much more.

## JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

### PORGY I

Out of the ten records noted below (and the list is surely incomplete) the number of jazz versions of "Porgy and Bess" worth owning seems to me relatively few. There is something about a score so loaded with sure-fire melodies that both tempts and defeats the musician: it is not so easy as it looks.

Even Ella and Louis, before whom I am normally defenseless, get high billing only out of respect to the pure power of their personalities. Louis does not try notably hard and, worst of all, he is thinking entertainer's thoughts about the songs, rather than the character's thoughts. Ella simply sings them well, and her "well" is merely enough to eliminate the competition.

Miles Davis' version (or, rather, the familiar combination of Miles and Gil Evans) is by far the most original, though there are moments when we are out in that sailboat again, bound for Cadiz, and a long way from Catfish Row. But thought has gone into this one, and a sure sense of how much to innovate, how much of the original to maintain.

"The Jazz Soul" strikes me as slightly more obvious, but by that same token more reliable. Of all the rest, many of which are alive and have appealing solos scattered through them, this comes the closest to building a jazz quality of its own, without intrusive disrespect to the qualities of Gershwin's score.

## AND ALSO . . .

Chopin: Ballade in F minor; Scherzo in C sharp minor; Polonaise in A flat; Three Mazurkas; Two Nocturnes. Charles Rosen, piano (Epic LC 3709; \*BC 1090).

Intelligent, precise but somehow small-scaled playing. Rosen's instincts are refined, but he holds back too much in so grand a work as the *Ballade*. Interesting playing nevertheless.

Beethoven: Sonata in A flat (Op. 110); Sonata in C minor (Op. 111). Hans Richter-Haaser, piano (Angel 35749; \*835749).

The highly-touted German specialist in Beethoven here turns his attention to the last two sonatas. Some listeners may find the playing powerful and noble. This listener finds it heavy-handed, sluggish, and unimaginative.

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1; Krakoviak. Stefan Askenase, pianist, and

Hague Residentie Orchestra conducted by Willem van Otterloo (Decca Deutsche Grammophon 18605; \*148045).

Askenase, a veteran Polish-born pianist, is a sensitive artist. The point of interest about this disc is not the concerto as much as the lively, seldom-heard *Krakoviak*. This work for piano and orchestra is one of Chopin's earliest efforts, and it has some sections that are prophetic.

Dohnanyi: Variations on a Nursery Tune; Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini. Julius Katchen, piano, and the London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult (London \*6153).

Big virtuoso performances of two popular pieces for piano and orchestra. Katchen breezes through the difficulties in fine style, and he also shows sympathy for the musical idiom. In music like this he is a very persuasive interpreter.

The Jazz Soul of Porgy and Bess. Conducted, orchestrated, and arranged by Bill Potts. United Artists UAL 4032.

Miles Davis, Porgy and Bess. Orchestra under the direction of Gil Evans. Columbia CL 1274.

Porgy and Bess. Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong. Orchestra conducted by Russell Garcia. Verve MG V-4011-2.

Porgy and Bess. Mundell Lowe and his All Stars. RCA Camden CAL 490. Porgy and Bess Revisited. Stewart-Williams & Co. Warner Bros. 1260. Porgy and Bess in Modern Jazz. Ralph Burns and his orchestra. Porgy and Bess. Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte. RCA Victor LSO-1507. Percy Faith Plays Porgy and Bess. Columbia CL 1298. Porgy and Bess. Diahann Carroll and the Andre Previn Trio. United Artists UAL 4021. Porgy and Bess. Bob Crosby and his Bobcats. Dot DLP 3193.











